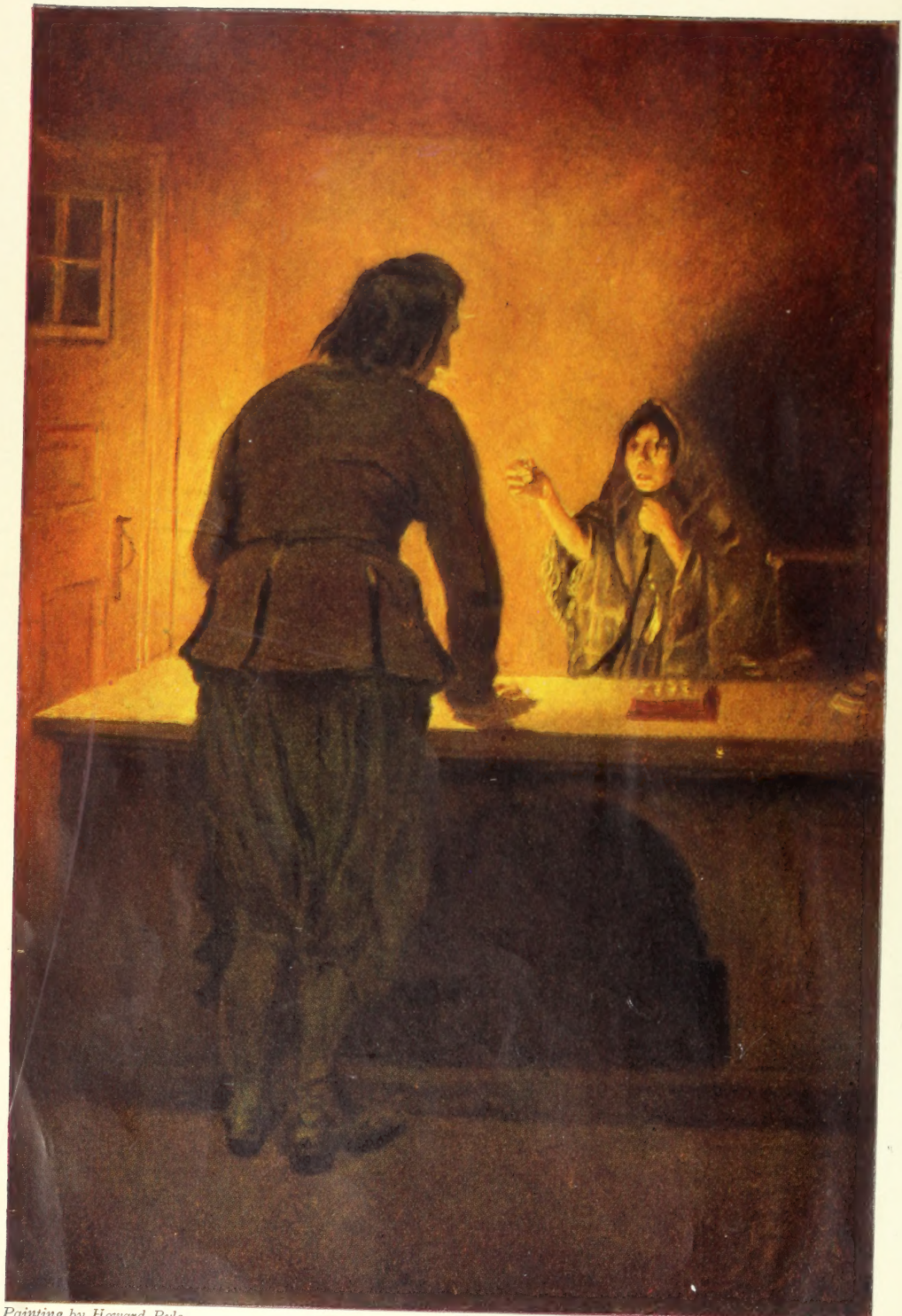
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Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Black Night"

"I HAVE BROKEN IT," SHE WAILED

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXI JUNE, 1910 No. DCCXXI

18260

Marseilles

BY DESHLER WELCH

ALONG the Cour St.-Louis, on both sides of it, under umbrella-like plane-trees, are rows of picturesque kiosks, in the shape of little cathedral pulpits, in which bright-eyed women perched on their high seats are selling flowers that are banked up around them on the railing, and in baskets below on the sidewalk.

In one of them, on a soft May morning, a young girl was so engrossed in a book that she did not immediately see me as I lifted up a bunch of violets and said:

"Combien?"

She caught her breath as she closed the volume, securing a place with one of her fingers between the leaves, and blushingly replied:

"Un franc."

I handed her the silver piece and saw that she was as beautiful as Hebe. Then I asked her what she was reading.

"It is *Monte Cristo*."

"And you are already in love with Edmond Dantès?"

She looked at me with curious surprise and made a feint of adjusting a huge pile of roses. A lot of them spilled to the ground.

"Ah, how could one help it? Was there ever one so magnificent?"

"And little Mercedes—what of her?"

"Oh, Monsieur, I am trembling for her! Where I am reading, Edmond has been dragged off to the Château d'If, and he is in prison. To this day I have looked at the old fort across the blue water and have not even cared to visit it, although my father has a bateau mouche to take the people over, and they go in such crowds to see the place of Monte Cristo—and I never knew much why until now. On Sunday I shall go early; after we have said mass. Have you been, Monsieur? You will know his boat at once, for it is called *Mercedes*, and lies on the foot of Cannebière."

And so, mingled with the strange traditions of Marseilles that are full of historical romance, Greek chivalry, and French cruelty—tragedy, persecution, of centuries ago, away back before the time of Christ—classic fiction has so fastened itself that one must be either tense with its glamour or else very phlegmatic indeed if, standing amid the throngs of strange people who push you along and choke the famous Cannebière down to the picturesque port, you are not thrilled by a sense of something or other that seems almost ecstatic with a pervading emotion of having lived it all before. But it is only in your kaleidoscopic memory, away back in your youth when Dumas and Hugo—and perhaps Gaboriau—opened the way for you into the theatrical world of France. Why, it was Dumas who said of this very street, "If Paris had la Cannebière, Paris would be a second Marseilles!"

You see it now as it was seen then, and a still further then, away back in the days —of Pytheas, I was going to say, when

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the great lane was a rope-walk and lined by the shops of hemp merchants; and its name signifies all that. But we had hardly been much interested in the ancient history, and now, like children, being fed with the sweets of fiction, we have a new taste for facts.

Marseilles began first as a Phœnician trading-station, and its record involves many stories of Greek romance as early as four centuries before Christ, when the Ligurian girls fell in love with the young warriors whose weapons were covered with flowers and whose countenances had that susceptibility writ in them that has so dazzlingly stamped itself in all the Gibsonian portraiture of what a young Greek god ought to be. It was the first fight of the flowers on the Riviera, and to this day there is a tale among the remnant Catalans, who once were known as gipsies of the sea, that the fine brows of their men and the Juno-like eyes of their women can be traced back to this floral encounter.

Pytheas was a citizen of Marseilles at that time, and first declared to the world the existence of the Isle of Britain. He made a voyage thither, and came back with many tales of a strange and pragmatical people who were regaling themselves with a drink of wheat and honey—otherwise metheglin! Then he went as far as the arctic circle and calculated the latitude of Marseilles, and, as if this were not enough to satisfy the ambitions of any man, went on and measured the declinations of the ecliptic! Then the merchants, encouraged by the northern explorations of Mr. Pytheas, sent expeditions to Africa under Euthymes, another local scientist.

Marseilles was early affected by Christianity and the apostleship of Lazarus who was raised from the dead. It is told—but this may be accepted with some caution—that when persecution broke out in Jerusalem, Martha, Mary Magdalen, a Bishop Maximin, a Deacon Parmenos, and Lazarus sailed over to Provence. Mary retired to the cave La Sainte-Beaume, Martha killed a dragon at Tarascon, and Lazarus became the first Bishop of Marseilles. But right here we are confronted by the statement that the first bishop known to history was Orestius in 314 A.D. From this time on, in all of Christendom, no place underwent more trials than this beautiful French seaport. It was along in the early 1430's that the political Mark Tapley of Provence, King René, spent part of his fair-weather days here. It was his daughter Margaret who married Henry VI. He was much beloved by the people of Provence, and used to stroll along the country road in a big Shaker-



A Flower Kiosk

-TO



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

LE VIEUX PORT

like hat and chat idly with the peasants, and at other hours write verses and illuminate manuscripts. If you should visit Aix—where he once held a great festival with a dazzling procession to illustrate the triumph of Christianity over paganism—you can see in the town library King René's work, *The Book of Hours,* with his own illuminations.

Now came the siege of Cæsar's army and the investment by the Constable de Bourbon, pillaging the city in 1524; in 1720 an outbreak of plague, caused by bad sanitary conditions, that killed some 50,000 people—when the heroism of Belsunce, bishop of Marseilles, incited Pope to write:

"Why drew Marseilles's good bishop purer breath
When nature sickened and each gale was death?"

It was not until the seventeenth century that the French Riviera really attracted the attention of travellers who sang its praises and told of its idyllic days under suns of richer gold and skies of bluer blue than anything in dreams of paradise. If Marseilles were not the gates of it, at least it were the vestibule that seemed to be studded with a turquoise canopy and a mosaic floor on which were cloths of gold that hung trailing in a *lapis lazuli* sea. When Addison sailed along the coast from Marseilles to Genoa he was entranced by this skirting of the Mediterranean, which always seems to me to flounce upon the shores with the swish of silken lingerie. But he said of it, "The mountains cover'd with green olive-tree or laid out in beautiful gardens . . ."

"Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume."

And this was away back in the winter of 1699. But then there was no sanctity under these skies that the wine-fed blood of the people could be stilled by; all golden dreams are broken by Punic faith. Human duplicity mottled the picture and, like a cinematograph dissolution, out of it came the spectacle of terror that reigned under Fréron and Barras—when hundreds of victims were carved by the guillotine.



MARKET MORNING

In the midst of this uprising of the people against the aristocracy, there was the singular romance of the "Clary Sisters" who became queens. It was in Marseilles, their home, where they had walked on the Mediterranean heath gathering wild flowers, and perhaps blowing off the feathery down of the thistle to tell each other's fortune under the same tropical breath that caught the fluff of Josephine's hair at Martinique when the gipsy told her that she would be more than a queen. One of the "Clary girls"—Marie—married Joseph Bonaparte, and Eugénie became Queen of Norway and Sweden.

Out of this period was born the hymn of France, composed by Rouget de l'Isle. He was an officer of engineers, and at a banquet was asked to compose a war-song. He wrote it in

his room that night before going to bed, and the next morning his hostess, the wife of the Mayor of Strasburg, tried it on a piano, and in the afternoon the orchestra of the theatre played it in the square of Strasburg, where it created much excitement and gathered many volunteers. Rouget called it a song for the Army of the Rhine, but subsequently it was sung by a regiment of volunteers, mostly assassins, who marched out of Marseilles to Paris, where it was appropriated by the capital and called the *Hymne des Marsellais*. But Joseph Rouget, the author, died in poverty.



A Café on the Cannebière

And thus I have introduced here as briefly and as slyly as possible, so as not to bore you, a bit of history which has seemed to remain more full of vitality than that of any city in Europe, when you come to consider things relatively.

But the Marseilles of to-day is a great bustling city, with modern methods of business, and with many evidences of "Yankee" invasion. The American flag is seen sticking to things in kodak and shoe stores, and in places where machinery is sold. The drug-shops force upon you American soaps and compounded medicines with familiar trade-marks; the stile-turning door, the letter chute, the cash register; and now the curly-headed Neapolitans along the quays, in addition to selling you oysters at so much apiece with a well-known sauce of the "57 varieties," are offering peanuts and bananas imported through American enterprise. In the windows of the charcuterie are tinned goods with starry shields, and the tailor-shops contain picture signs announcing New York "spring and summer styles." In bank windows American stocks are conspicuously listed, and the sign of the American typewriter, the gramaphone, biograph, is everywhere seen. It is all American, whatever the novelty introduced. There are no flaunting cards of England, Germany, or any other nation, although upon the streets one seldom sees an American. The language is only spoken by the Britisher, and as he seems to be unarticulating and scarcely to be understood at three paces, it doesn't count for much. And he seems to be of the haw-haw kind, wearing enormous plaids and monocles, and only looking round a bit while waiting for the "P & O" to carry him off to India or some place else where he is much disliked. As a residential town, while it is perhaps strongly



Château d'If

permeated with commercial interests, nevertheless Marseilles has a social swim that to float in one must be out of the ordinary. There is a broad sense of artistic culture among these people, and their galleries, museums, and other public institutions are enthusiastically supported.

It was on my way from Switzerland to the "Riviera" that I determined to make an interesting break in my journey by stopping off at Marseilles, which I approached *viâ* Lyons, as it also is reached from Paris through one of the great rock valleys of the river Rhone. I rather hesitate to tell of a number of reasons that influenced me to do so. They may appear very small—but I wanted to eat of the celebrated "bouillibaise" which flourishes here as do the olive trees, and which Thackeray has panegyrized, and I wanted to behold the Château d'If.

I had paused at Lyons, where Napoleon had insisted that Josephine should buy her silk—where Claude Melnotte's lady lived, and the place from whence that famous mail-coach came that Sir Henry Irving showed us in such a palpitating picture of clouds of dust, champing, sweating



A Fishwife

horses, and theatrical tragedy. It was in the evening of one of the gentlest days that I arrived in the kingly seaport town. My first glimpse was satisfying as we whirled from the station past "allees" of towering trees where crowds of people lounged, then down through the rue Noailles into the Cannebière, where the 'bus suddenly shot through the portals of a court surrounded by the Hôtel du Louvre et Paix, whose shining sign ever afterward from a distance seemed to be conscious of its glory in showing me the way back to its hospitable arms.

In spite of the late table d'hôte in which we ate of sea fish with wondrous sauce that seemed to taste as I have smelt the fresh breeze from off the ocean in Gloucester Bay when the tide was low and the shoals of rocks were green with glistening weed of the salt water—in spite of this, I say, and the brilliance of the room, with its massive rococo ceiling in gold and reds and scrolls in hues of robin's-egg blue—we hastened out into the human maelstrom that was surging before the gates, and like driftwood were soon cast into eddies encumbered by sudden shores of open-air cafés, where absinthe-drinking groups were undisturbed by boisterous bands of shouting youths who careened over the tables and chairs that were oft-time extended nearly across the pavements into the gutters; where, too, the mob was straggling apparently objectless and demoralized by contact with others as disorderly as they. Great lights of yellowish glare picked out each face with brutal truth; the tide was mostly of the scum, threaded here and there by curious crowds of travellers such as we, and dotted by military uniforms and singular costumes of Orientals—caps, shirts, shawls, turbans in blazoning colors; petticoats in red and purple; black faces, red faces, and faces of yellow, jaundiced by hot sands and opium—and, oh, the horror of those that were blue from



A Fisherman

measure! They were from ragpickers, sailors, soldiers, artisans, from all climes and representing the good and the worst of things in human life. As the hour wore on the pavements ceased to hold them all, the streets themselves became almost impassable, and a dinning noise ascended from screaming drivers, clang of trams, and motor horns. Over all was a cloud of dust that was reflected in crepuscle rays from every lamp.

Such was this Cannebière on that Saturday night! To turn back against the stream that was bent to the crescent quays, where hundreds of ships lay in port, would be to push back the Pactolus sand; and so we warped ourselves along a jutting corner, and somehow we found a tiny pocket hollowed out of an unseen square of buildings, in the centre of which loomed a great oval structure, portioned by a hundred pillars, and lit by a hundred torches. It was the fish market. Within it and outside, between the great posts, scores of such women as only France breeds for its hucksters were erecting their wares behind counters heaped with fish from the Mediterranean, that shone out in silver flashes as if they were alive. And so they were arranged to appear! They were curled in the frenzy of the throw, or leaping like the tarpon. Batches of the red mullet were marshalled in serried columns, and in baskets of seaweed sprawled the giant langouste. Do you remember the ponderous Mother Prochard in D'Ennery's play *The Two Orphans?* Then you will know the type of the market-women of Marseilles, who with their fog-horn and absolutic voices engage in the most unseemly wrangles over bons of the day. While we stood there, participants in a picture that only Doré could paint, two Amazons nearly came to blows, with screams that could have been heard over the housetops.



THE FOG FROM NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE.

On the next noonday we set off in a pleiboim tram to visit "La Réserve," an annex of the hotel, that is known to epicures, gourmets, gourmands, and gluttons the whole world over. Its embowered terraces and rocky gardens, its upper veranda with the little rabbit sparkling with fine napery and service, have been the scenes of philosophy and love, romantic happiness and misunderstanding, for near unto a hundred years—even in the days of the early Catalans, when they deserted Spain and settled hereabouts, "La Réserve" was where they went for their sparkling glass of La Malgue, and to eat sausages from Arles, the prickly echion, the clovis, and the prawn. Here under this portico have sat Dumas, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Byron, Hunt, and Shelley; here it was that George Augustus Sala was inspired to think it were better to

die best known as the author of a good cook-book than the author of anything else, and so it was he left behind him his work of glory in culinary art; here, looking out on the sea, Brillat Savarin thought out much of his *Physiologie du Gout;* here Balzac endorsed this decalogue of gastronomers as "irrefragable as the laws of Kepler"; and finally here that Dickens conceived the first line of *Little Dorrit:* "Marseilles lay burning in the sun."

The road to La Réserve lay first along the left arm of the "vieux port," that was alive with ponderous shipping craft, the feluccas with their loads of oranges from Spain, and old trading-boats with their lateen sails; and then through the Boul de la Corderie; and then into the wonderful Corniche road that carries with it the still pulsating beat of the most momentous history of the world. Ah, how familiar that path was to become to me in my subsequent journeyings along the exquisite Riviera, skirting the coast of France and Italy; the entrancing days at Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and so on through to Genoa! Alas, alas! it is all of the dreamful yesterday—like all beautiful visions that must pass in order to be best appreciated! We sat upon the balcony gazing out upon the azure sea. In the distance, like a golden castle on a rock projected from an undulating blue, was the tragic Château d'If, where Monte Cristo's imprisonment seems more preciously real than that of the actual Mirabeau's. . . . But here comes the little French waiter in full evening dress in the midday sun (I have often wondered how it would seem to get up in the early morning and put that garment on!), and he is followed by that impresario in cookery, Monsieur L. Eschenard, who has come 'way out from his city place to see that Louis serves us bouillibaise as it should be. If there ever was a psychological moment in the consideration of a gustatory thing that must be more or less of import to us in after-life, it seemed to me it was now come. I shall never forget the expression on Monsieur Eschenard's face when the great dish was brought in and presented with a royal air—I do not mean lordly, that would signify imperious; it was not that, rather was it with a sweep of culinary triumph accompanied by a trembling hope that I and it would be found worthy of the occasion. Mine host had been very careful as to the wine selected, and to such other dishes as were to follow. First the appetite was whetted by the *hors-d'œuvre* that were gathered in little compartments in a silver dish as if they were rare jewels in topaz, pearls, and emeralds from my lady's boudoir, offered for inspection; and then the old Burgundy was tipped from a basket woven from silver strands into delicate glasses, through which the little shafts of light from the awninged window glanced with the richest ruby coloring.

Then came the bouillibaise.

Now it was to be tasted! It was put upon my plate from a circular salver that gave one the hasty impression of a painting in the splash of an impressionist's school, but the red was lobster, and the browns and yellows were covering rifts of fish with saffron and herbs. I can see M. Eschenard now as I began my first work of deglutition; he was watching my face with almost painful suspense, but I eased him at once by my cry of elation, "Exquisite!"

"Ah, Monsieur," I exclaimed, "you must be given an epitaph on the bronze monument to commemorate this soul-dish of Provence!"

What is this composition that is truly as artful as a musical symphony or a Whistler harmony? It is a stew, in which the langouste, or crayfish (of which the best comes from the island of Corsica), is the king-pin, surrounded by crabs, oysters, vive, "Jean Doré," rascasse, salinette, or other fish, and covered with a gravy made of saffron, certain herbs, and oil. It is in this sauce that hangs all the law and prophets; it is the great *plat du jour* of many imitating places in Marseilles, as is "bourride," and also "gigot à l'Ail."

We lingered through the afternoon on the terraces and adjoining gardens of La Réserve, and it was enough to drink it all in—the gorgeous lights that were shining on the islands and on the cliffs, and the wondrous colorings that came and went, and over it all a sense of privilege.

We drove back in a yellow-wheeled victoria along the Corniche road and

thence to the Cours Puget, and near by to the "ascenseur" that conveyed us to the Notre Dame de la Garde. There at our feet was the crowded, excited city—its vast array of houses, so close that they seem to be propping each other up and circling around the great water-basins, with the busy quays speckled by people from every corner of the world. On the right is the climbing country dotted over with picturesque bastides—picturesque only here on the curious earth-terraces, where their solid little walls all in cream or white, with red-tiled roofs, seem to harmonize with the atmosphere and the landscape. They are neither ingenious nor clever in their own architecture; they would be rather commonplace on the shaded avenue of an American town, but here they seem to fit in somehow like the parapets of a tower—as necessary as the chalets are in Switzerland.

But I look off now to the right—to the roadstead with its islands, then farther off to the open sea, on which the indigo streaks are growing darker with departing day. The horizon is now so defined that it would seem as if a butterfly's wings would stand out like little sails. In another direction, above the harbor, is the old town, big public buildings and ancient towers; and farther away the cathedral, and then more docks and busy shipping. Slightly lower down I can see the Promenade de Colline, the Château du Pharo, and then the baths of Les Catalans, the Château Endourme, near where the Corniche begins, bordered by olive and lemon trees. Now I turn my eyes to the right again—past the Hôtel Dieu—and they rest on the rue de la République, and on the Bourse, and then on the Cannebière. A little more to the right—not too far; just over there is the Palais de Longchamp, and a bit farther away is the Prefecture, and then the Prado, where you can see the children playing—where they come every warm day with their maids in bright streamers of ribbon, making little spots of color that seem to be dancing like corpuscles.

. . . . It is a Sunday morning. There are quaverings in the sound of a near church-bell that bring me back to a boy's room at home and a window looking out on a garden, the smell of spring blossoms; some one coming up the path with her hands folded over a prayer-book . . . it is Sunday morning here in Marseilles, the azure sky is delicately pencilled with fleecy little clouds like stray feathers, and the sun has spread a yellowish light over the port, and I am bargaining with an old boatman to take me to the Château d'If. Just as he is pushing off his "mouche" that recalls to me the painted tin boats we used to play with in the fountain pool (how marvellous they were with the odd paint smell and their box with the German marks!) a young woman with a streaming red boa and a gayly plumed hat comes running along the quays, calling out: "Père! Papa!"

It is the girl of the flower-pulpit, and this old boatman is her father, and now we are on board the *Mercedes*. She has seated herself on the middle thwart and smiles pleasantly as she pants for breath and recognizes my face. I look significantly at the book she carries. She opens it and hands it to me with a passage marked. As I take it she rests her chin upon her hands and gazes sadly over the water—a picture of Evangeline. The fatal Château d'If appears to be drawing closer. I can discern the low shelving rocks where a stair ascends to a terrace. . . . I read the verse she has marked. It is where Dantès is escaping, tied in the sack that is supposed to contain the body of the dead abbé:

"They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him, one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro. 'One!' said the grave-diggers, 'two! three, and away!' And at the same instant Dantès felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird, falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downward by the same heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the time were a century. At last with a terrific dash he entered the ice-cold water, and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves. Dantès had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six-pound shot tied to his feet."

The sea is the cemetery of the Château d'If.

The Romance of Edwin Gay

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

IT began on a twilight in November, an ugly, cheerless twilight of bleak skies and raw winds, and vaporous darkness, through which the lights of Canal Street blinked and shivered and shone—very like a good deed in a naughty world—which is to say, they did not shine too far.

In the middle of the street, just a little to the left of the policeman's umbrella (lest you should think it was raining, I will explain that sometimes the policeman is there, and sometimes he is not, but the umbrella, being stationary, goes on forever)—a little to the left of the umbrella, then, a young girl stood and waited for the Prytania car. She was slight and rather small, and the light from the arc-lamp opposite showed her to be of a certain pleasing prettiness—big eyes set in a small, pale face, and a great deal of soft brown hair, fluffing beneath an inconspicuous hat. Inconspicuous was her dress too, shabby almost in its brown neatness, and there was a hole in the thumb of the right-hand glove, which she concealed, when she thought of it, with diplomatic adroitness.

For a while she waited alone. It was the hour between night and day when every one has gone home to dinner, and nobody has come back to the theatre—or to work—or to the moving pictures, and the streets were comparatively empty. Then a young man came from the uptown side and waited—for a Prytania car. He was slight, but rather tall, and the arc-light opposite showed him to be presentable rather than handsome. Nice eyes he had, and a cleft in his chin. He wore a comfortable overcoat, and whistled a little tune.

It was that tune which first caught the ear of the girl in the brown dress. She looked at him twice as he whistled, and her lips curved to a small, wistful smile. For all that, it was no common tune—it was the tune which Rodolphe sings to Mimi when together they hunt for her key upon the floor. Beneath her breath the girl hummed an accompaniment. And meantime car after car fled past them, blazoned with every name under heaven but Prytania. It is so when one waits.

The girl in the brown dress sighed and shifted from one foot to the other. She seemed to be considering a question of some importance. The young man in the overcoat walked up and down and whistled. And the lights of Canal Street gave out small cheer.

They had waited, these two, perhaps ten minutes together, when all at once, as the young man turned, with the light upon his face, the girl uttered an exclamation and went toward him, shyly, yet determinedly. She seemed to have decided the question.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a voice that was at once soft and eager and a little frightened, "but—aren't you Edwin Gay? I'm Mary—Mary Vance—you must remember me!"

He hesitated, and she put out her hand impulsively—the right, with the hole in the thumb of the glove.

"I knew you at once, when you turned in the light—"

"Mary—Mary Vance?" he repeated, musingly.

But she drew her hand out of his friendly clasp. "Ah! you don't remember! I'm so disappointed. You've forgotten the Pear Tree in bloom?—and the Haunted Well? That's ten years ago—of course—you don't remember the Pirates' Cave on the beach?" She half turned away from him, an unsteady but dignified little coldness in her voice. "I beg your pardon."

"Please wait!" he commanded, hurriedly. "What could I have been thinking of? To be sure I remember! The Pear Tree in bloom— Jove! that's a memory for a night like this! And the

Haunted Well— And you—you are little Mary Vance!"

She nodded delightedly. "Should you ever have known me?"

"Never," he admitted, gravely, "in this wide, wide world. Do you mind shaking hands again?"

She gave him her hand with unaffected pleasure. "I should have known you anywhere."

"You should, eh? Ten years makes a lot of difference, though. Let me see, you were—"

"Twelve," she supplied, eagerly, "just twelve."

"And I was sixteen—"

"That's what made it so lovely of you, playing with a kiddie like me."

"You were a very jolly little kiddie," he assured her.

She dimpled unexpectedly. "And you were an awfully nice big boy."

It was strange how the street seemed not so cheerless, the lights no longer shivered. A certain atmosphere of comradeship and warmth was like an aura about the policeman's umbrella.

"What are you now?" she asked. "What do you do?" Then flushed and stammered: "How horrid of me! Don't tell me, please."

"Why not? I'm going to ask you the same question in a minute. I'm a newspaper man—and you?"

"I'm a business man," she said, bravely. "I—I'm a stenographer in an office. It's quite fun—sometimes."

"I can imagine," he agreed, dryly.

She nodded, with a light far back in her eyes. "One has to pretend a lot of things."

"You were always good at that. The Pirates' Cave, now—"

She broke in eagerly. "I was across the Lake this summer. It's gone—quite gone. A storm sent the water up across the beach— The bluff just crumbled down."

"But the Haunted Well?"

"That's just the same. I went down and sat on the curb at dusk. It fairly frightened me. You remember how we used to watch for the Woman with Her Head Under Her Arm?"

"I remember."

"And the screech-owls in the woods?"

"Nasty noise they made."

"But I was never afraid so long as you were there."

"I bet I had you bluffed," he laughed, boyishly.

A long car came down the track to them at last. "This is mine," she said, almost reluctantly.

He looked up at it in surprise. "Mine too—Pytania." Then he helped her aboard and followed her in; but when, some thirty blocks uptown, she rang the bell, they were still talking of old adventures.

"Aren't you going to tell me—sha'n't I see you again?" he asked, with an earnest directness. "Let me come—"

"Oh, I'm boarding—" she interrupted, hurriedly—almost, as he thought, evasively.

"What's the difference?"

"Perhaps," she compromised—"who knows?—we may meet like this again. Good-by."

Perforce he stood up to let her pass, lifting his hat, and she was gone. On the seat, where she had dropped it, having taken it off for some reason, lay a small brown glove with a hole in the thumb. Edwin Guy put it in his pocket.

It was a month before he saw Mary Vance again; then one evening, just at dusk as he waited for his car, she crossed the street and stood by the umbrella, looking very tired and small. There were others waiting—an old lady, and, farther on, two college boys discussing a recent football game. Also, there was a rain—a fine, cold drizzle suggestive of pneumonia and like pleasantries.

Edwin Guy passed behind the old lady and the two boys and came to the policeman's umbrella.

"Well, Mary Vance?" he said, gravely. "What sort of weather is this for you to be out in?"

She turned a startled, almost a frightened, face upon him. "I—I didn't see you," she stammered.

"And yet I'm pretty substantial," said Edwin Guy—"a hundred and fifty ordinarily." He added, when she neither smiled nor answered, "I've been looking for you every evening."

"Why, I—I—"

"I believe you've been avoiding me," he accused her. "That's no fair! You show me an old playmate for a nig-



Drawn by Denman Fink

"I'M MARY VANCE—YOU MUST REMEMBER ME"

gardly ten minutes or so, then run off with her and— I've been lonesome, Mary Vance."

"I'm lonesome myself," she answered, with an attempt at lightness.

His look surveyed her keenly. "You're tired—and cold—and blue. Things go wrong to-day?"

"Everything," she breathed, impulsively.

"That's a way some days have," he told her. "But it always balances somewhere. To-morrow may be a corker."

Mary Vance shook her head and smiled doubtfully.

"Not remembering the Pear Tree in bloom this evening, are you?"

"No—I reckon I'm not."

"Nor the Haunted Well—nor the Pirates' Cave?"

"I—I'm pretty tired," she explained, in answer.

"It might help some," he suggested.

Mary Vance turned on him suddenly, her pale little face flushing and eager. "Will you do something for me—if I ask you?"

"If I can," he amended.

"Then don't get on the car with me—wait—or let me wait—for the next one. Will you, please?"

"Any reason?" asked Edwin Gay, thoughtfully.

"None," said Mary Vance, "none at all; it's just that I ask it of you."

"As you please," he agreed, quietly.

"Thank you," she said at once, softly—"thank you, Edwin Gay."

He would have let her go without further words, but just at the last moment she told him timidly, yet somehow with the effect of premeditation, "This is the six-twenty car, you know; I always take it."

"I suppose," said Edwin Gay to himself, "that that's the woman of it!"

He waited next evening for the six-twenty car—and so did Mary Vance. He waited many evenings after that, while December and January and February and March slipped down the year like beads of a rosary under Time's ruthless fingers. Sometimes Mary Vance was there, and sometimes she was not. For a week in December she was ill, and did not go down to the office. In January, for the first time, after much entreaty, she told him where she lived, and Edwin Gay called upon her in the stuffy, stupid little parlor of the Sixth Street boarding-house. After that, though he had always to overcome a sort of reluctant timidity on her part, they went out together occasionally: sometimes to dinner, sometimes to the theatre, sometimes, on Sunday afternoons, for long pleasant walks in the parks, and a comradeship, quaint and happy, grew up between them, founded most appropriately upon that other long-ago friendship of twelve and sixteen.

Edwin Gay had no relations in the South. Mary Vance none in the world, since her father's death. They confessed each to a corroding loneliness.

"Of course I know a lot of men," he said, on one occasion, "fellows about the office, and all that. I've met a good many girls here, too. But that's different. You seem to fit right in, Mary Vance. There was no one to patch up my grouches before you came along. You always did, you remember?"

She shook her head. "I'm the one that's lonely. I don't know a soul, outside this horrible, sordid boarding-house; and you're a positive joy to me. You're so nice and young—and silly, Edwin Gay."

She developed a sense of humor as they progressed, and a creative imagination that was little short of wonderful. Flashes of irresponsible happiness now and then transformed the wistful girl almost into a butterfly drifting in the sunshine. When they went to the opera, for example, sitting high up among the real critics in the Troisième, and heard a golden-voiced Rodolphe searching with Mimi for the lost key, she gasped in sheer delight, eyes and cheeks aflame.

"Suppose I had never found you again, Edwin Gay!"

"But you did," he laughed, softly, and gave her hand an audacious squeeze under cover of darkness and the programme.

Then Mary Vance gasped for quite another reason. She caught her breath and drew her hand away. Until then she had accepted Edwin Gay on an equal plane, so to speak, giving shyly in exchange for his sympathy and understanding her own fanciful zest of living. Now she began to rely upon the past for justification.

"Do you remember," she asked, suddenly, as he was leaving her at the door that night, "how my father used to like you?"

"Probably a lot more than I deserved," he said, cheerfully.

"But do you remember?" insisted Mary Vance.

"He never told *me* so," said Edwin Gay.

She sighed, leaving her hand in his a moment. "It's been a lovely party to-night."

"They sing *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria* next Saturday." He half released her fingers, then closed on them again in a way that sent the young blood stinging to her cheeks. "Want to hear it?"

"I don't want to be selfish. Are you sure there isn't some other girl you'd like to take?" she asked, and held her breath for his answer.

"Sure, Mary Vance—not any girl, anywhere."

"Then I'd love to," she murmured. "Good night," and fairly shut the door upon him.

These were happy days for Mary Vance. It is possible that her mother, if she had had one—or her chaperon, if she had been possessed of such a Young Lady's Guide to Perfect Gentility—would not have approved of the frequency of Edwin Gay's visits—they increased weekly—nor the obviousness of his intentions. But mother there was none, chaperon there was none, and the newspaper man and the little stenographer followed their own sweet will along the trodden path.

April slipped by them, and May; the affair might have drifted happily another twelvemonth, but that Mary Vance grew uneasy and constrained, and Edwin Gay saw it. In proportion as he passed from friendship to a deeper feeling she seemed trying to retreat. She was ill at ease with him, not herself, and when he made laughing reference to the old days of the Cave and the Haunted Well, she was manifestly troubled.

One night he brought her a twig from a pear tree, heavily flowered. "In memoriam," he explained, lightly. "I stole it over a fence at an awful risk—just for auld lang syne. Doesn't it remind you—?"

Above the white blossoms, with their faint, cool smell, Mary Vance lifted big, unhappy eyes to his question.

"Does it remind *you?*" she asked, in return, then began to talk suddenly and fast of other things. It was as if she saw something coming toward her which she at once invited and feared.

Yet the explanation, when it came, came simply enough. They had been walking along the levee of a Sunday evening, by the Park, and had seen the sun go down in a languor of purple and rose beyond the Mississippi. Mary Vance sat down upon one of the stays that run from the top of the levee to the revetment, and Edwin Gay flung himself in the grass at her feet. A half-moon hung in the twilight sky, and shadows were gathering upon the river. Some little distance away a man and a girl were standing; their voices, light with laughter, came indistinctly through the stillness.

Mary Vance sat a while in silence, and Edwin Gay, leaning on his elbow, watched her with gravely tender eyes. Once he put out his hand quietly and patted the ruffle of her white muslin frock where it rested near him on the grass.

"A penny for 'em," he said, presently, with a smile.

"I wasn't thinking anything," Mary Vance denied, promptly, almost uneasily; "just watching the river, and the moon—and—"

"With a wrinkle between your eyebrows," he put in, calmly.

"It grows there," said Mary Vance.

"That it does not," said Edwin Gay. "Now listen to me—there's something been troubling you lately—you haven't been just yourself with me—and I wonder if I don't know why?"

He stopped abruptly, and she folded her hands in her lap, at the same time turning a little pale, perhaps; for his voice was very grave, and his eyes were unsmiling, and the clean, strong line of the chin with a cleft in it had come to have a strange appeal for her.

"I wonder if you do?" was all she said, however.

"Spoken like a diplomat," said Edwin Gay. "Nevertheless, there's an understanding due between us, because—because, Mary Vance, when I suggest

stowing a name upon you, that name, quite naturally, had better be my own."

Beneath the governed lightness of his words a certain husky tremor played havoc with the girl's pulses. She made no attempt to answer him.

"My name," he went on, after a moment, more slowly yet, "is *not* Edwin Gay. Isn't that what's been worrying you, Mary Vance? You found out you'd made a mistake, and you were too gentle-hearted to tell me. I've seen, this last two months, that something was troubling you. I've never felt quite easy under it myself—but I didn't want to lose you—I don't want to lose you now—still, we've got to begin square—eh?"

"Yes," she agreed, in a very quiet little voice, "we've got to begin square."

Edwin Gay plucked a spire of grass from beneath his hand and tore it into little strips.

"I feel almost as if I had no right to expect you to forgive me. It was unpardonable if you like. But when you came over out of the murk that November evening, and said in that soft little voice of yours, 'I beg your pardon, but—aren't you Edwin Gay?' and then when you reminded me of the Pear Tree and the Haunted Well—and the Pirates' Cave—why, I'm only human, Mary Vance—I fell for it. It was like finding the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—to have a real, live, fairy-tale lady with big brown eyes, and as much hair as Rapunzel, walk up to you on Canal Street, out of a November mist, and remind you of a pear tree in bloom. Don't you think you'd have done it yourself? Don't you think, Mary Vance, there's some excuse for me?"

"And after that?" asked Mary Vance.

"Well, after that," he said—he seemed a little hurt at her unresponsiveness—"after that it got to be such a jolly little game, a flesh-and-blood romance, I couldn't bear to spoil it. Besides, somehow it was awfully real to me. I'll bet I remember more now about the Cave, and the Well, and the Tree than you do—though I never saw them. Later on, when I might have told you, if things had stayed as they were—why, I found I cared for you;" he said it very simply, yet somehow wonderfully, so that Mary Vance interrupted in a shaken whisper:

"Please—please don't!" He saw that she was crying then, and sat up at once, drawing himself a little nearer through the grass.

"Please don't what, Mary Vance? Please don't care for you? I'm afraid I've got to."

"Please don't talk like that," she explained, in a distressfully broken voice.

"Like what, Liebchen?" he asked, patiently.

"D-don't ask me to f-forgive you."

"You can't? Oh, Mary Vance!—don't make me feel more of a brute than I am. I know I don't deserve to be forgiven, but—"

Mary Vance began to cry in good earnest. She lifted her handkerchief to her unsteady lips just as two big tears slipped down her cheeks and splashed upon the white muslin frock.

"Is it because I wasn't honest with you?" he asked, very gently. "Don't cry, now, unless you want me to make a scandal by picking you up and kissing you quiet! Is that it? My dear, I should have told you, sooner or later. I'm no saint, but I *am* long on honesty. It's the chief article of my creed."

"I know it," said Mary Vance, between her tears; "that's what's the matter."

He smiled in spite of himself, but her next words wiped the smile from his face, with a startling completeness.

"I—want—to g-go home," said Mary Vance. She stood up, drying her eyes, and pushing back her hair beneath the big black hat she wore.

"You mean you can't forgive me?" he asked, with an incredulous hurt in his look, but she stubbornly refused to meet it. Instead she stared across the river, where the gray shadows had fallen and settled under a bloomy mist of moonshine.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to go home."

"Then it's no use?" he asked, quietly.

Mary Vance answered one question with another. "H-hadn't you rather keep your belief in somebody you—l-liked, than to *know*—they'd deceived you?"

"If that's the way you look at it, I guess we'll go home," said the false Edwin Gay, grimly.



Drawn by Denman Fink

SHE WENT UP-STAIRS AND CRIED TILL HER HEAD WAS HEAVY

He left her at her door, after a miserably silent ride, without another word of protest, and Mary Vance let him go. Afterward, she went up-stairs to her little three-cornered room under the roof, and cried till her head was heavy, and the circles under her eyes came half-way down her cheeks.

Mary Vance went forth to work next morning with a horrible lump of a heart in her breast, and made so many mistakes during the day that the man in whose office she was a stenographer used almost the same language to her as if she had been a member of his family. It was not a pleasant day, on the whole, and that evening she went up in the St. Charles Street car, because too many memories clung to the straps of a certain other. For a week she trod a spiritless road; then, having suffered enough, she wrote a note and mailed it.

"Please come to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, for just a little while," said the note. "I have something to tell you." And that was all.

But he came, promptly to the moment, and Mary Vance, when she descended, with her heart in her throat, from the upper regions, found him waiting for her in the stupid little parlor. (Since it was Sunday night, the stupid little parlor was otherwise deserted.)

"There is something I want to tell you," said Mary Vance like a child who has learned its lesson well. She kept her eyes on the floor, and did not offer to shake hands with him. "Then we can say good-by."

"As you please," he told her, gravely. He added, the moment after, with a flash of reluctant humor, "Though it would be more polite to talk of saying good-by when I have been here a little longer."

"I want to tell you," she went on, bravely, ignoring the pleasantry, "that I *knew* you were not Edwin Gay."

"I know," he accepted, his eyes sombrely regretful. "I could see that you had found it out, and it was troubling you. I would not have forced myself upon you this evening—"

"No," said Mary Vance, "it was not what you think." She clasped her little cold hands tightly in front of her. "I knew that you were not Edwin Gay when I spoke to you that evening."

His look, grown frowningly puzzled, lost nothing of its tenderness.

"Oh—you mean as soon as you spoke?"

"No," said Mary Vance. "I mean *before* I spoke." She drew a long breath and blinked two or three times rather rapidly.

"Before?" he exclaimed, astounded at last. "Before you—"

"I was lonesome," she explained, unsteadily swift, "I was horribly lonesome—and you looked happy—and you were whistling something I liked—and I kept thinking how nice it would be if I knew you—some one young and cheerful—then you turned, under the light, and you looked like Edwin Gay—"

"Who *is* Edwin Gay?" asked his namesake, suddenly and sharply.

Mary Vance's dogged recital faltered rather pitifully. "He was a boy—I was awfully fond of—I used to play with him when I was twelve and he was sixteen. He died that year."

"So you asked me if I wasn't Edwin Gay?" All at once he came nearer and took the small, cold hands into a comforting clasp. "Though you knew I wasn't?"

"But you—you said you were—and it seemed so real."

"So it did," he agreed, gently. He put both arms around her and held her hungrily close against his heart. "Strange, how you fit inside my arms, Mary Vance! Now go on with your horrible tale. To think you've tortured me a week for this!"

Suddenly, above her bent head, he broke out into delighted, boyish laughter. "You little minx! You little two-faced minx!"

"I knew you'd never forgive me," she whispered, chokingly.

For all answer he tilted up her face, with a finger beneath the chin, and kissed her—passionately, at that—in spite of a half-hearted protest.

Presently he began to chuckle again. "Mary Vance," he remarked, "it goes without saying that I intend to be Edwin Gay to you all my life; still—just as a matter of curiosity—shouldn't you like to know the name of the man that you're going to marry?"

"Well," answered Mary Vance, with a shy but shameless little smile, "what is it?"

An Epitaph of Egypt

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

"Within the tomb of a young girl, probably a daughter of Mena, the founder of Memphis, was found the simple inscription that she was 'Sweet of heart.'"

HERE, in this weltering, western world,
The veil of sixty centuries lifts,
And strews a crowded London floor
With trove of Egypt's sandy drifts.
Here, among goblets kings have quaffed,
Love laughs to scorn the goldsmith's art,
Where one small stone in brief attests
Mena's young daughter "Sweet of heart."

Oh, surely, crowned with praise like this,
She found the gods' dread judgment kind;
The Secret Faces at the Gate
Smiled like the ones she left behind.
So long it has been well with thee,
Since love and sorrow sealed thy sleep,
That even Egypt fails to stir
Thy memory in its shrouded sleep.

So long upon thy happy brows
The Overcomers' Crown has pressed,
It cannot hurt that strangers' eyes
Break in upon thy quiet rest.
No space within the Fields of Peace,
Nor any earth-strayed winds recall
How the last lotus on life's brink
Flung the first whiteness on thy pall.

Yet well through all the changeful years
Thy tomb has kept its ancient trust!
The love that left thee with the stars
Still proves thee peerless in the dust;
More splendid than these gems which light
Death's way for kings with quenchless flame,
A chisel steeped in tears has traced
The legend of thy fragrant fame.

Home Life of the Silk-Mill Workers

THE CONSERVATION OF OUR YOUNG WOMANHOOD

BY FLORENCE LUCAS SANVILLE

Executive Secretary of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia

THE town straggled into existence at a point marked by a towering coal-breaker, and broke off where the single street disappeared behind a hill of black culm. The houses sat in dejected and irregular rows, where they had been thrown up close to the dust of the unpaved road. For every dozen houses there appeared a dingy yellow "hotel," its invitation expressed on the ground-glass windows — sometimes in English, sometimes in Hungarian. Over all things — houses, yards, and roads — had settled a coat of fine black coal-dust.

We entered the town at noon, just as the chorus of whistles from the factory and the coal-breakers was subsiding; and by the time the trolley-car had disappeared in its own cloud of dust, the road was dotted with hurrying black-faced boys, girls with tattered colored aprons, and an occasional man with coal-smeared face.

We had a double object to attain — to secure work at the factory and to find board in the town. We had reserved this town for a prolonged stay, as a former visit had indicated that it possessed typical features of some of the worst of the mining settlements in the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania, and therefore offered valuable opportunities in our effort to realize some of the more pressing needs of industrial betterment.

The little settlement lay about five miles from one of the larger towns of Pennsylvania, connected with it by a trolley line and two coal-carrying railroads which passed through it on the way to more important communities farther north. Its three thousand inhabitants — American and Hungarian, with a scattering of Welsh and Polish Jews — lived in the houses between the saloons and coal-breakers on the main street, or along half-defined streets that ran part way up the hillside. The three collieries provided work for the men and boys. The silk-mill employed a large number of the girls both day and night — another mill in a near-by community inviting, through its better conditions, a still greater number, in spite of the intervening two miles.

While Miss Cochran crossed the railroad track to ask for work at the factory, I stopped at a candy store to inquire about board, and waited for my friend's return. She came back shortly, proclaiming success, and we proceeded together to a recommended address. We found the house with some difficulty, tracing it to the rear court, into which it was crowded with four others of its kind. It was not an inviting home. There was little space between its front door and the rear door of the front house, and the intervening hard-trodden dirt blazed in the hot sun. The back yard extended to the railroad tracks, an ash and refuse heap and a row of unsightly outhouses marking its progress. A hydrant in the foreground supplied the needs of the four families. These disadvantages were offset, however, by the fact that the daughter of the house worked in the silk-mill, and offered a ready channel for introductions to our other fellow workers.

We finally agreed to come for supper that evening, arranging to board here with Mrs. Wilson, but to occupy a room at her mother's house across the street. We had chosen this plan when we found that the room offered us here was, for practical purposes, a hallway, opening directly from the stair, with no intervening wall to screen it. In view of the necessity of writing up our nightly notes, and discussing the day's doings, not to mention the ordinary disadvantages of

so public an abiding-place, we hailed the suggestion that we occupy a smaller but more secluded room across the street.

At sunset that evening we arrived with our bags and went directly in to supper. We had entered a typical American family of the community. The father, a naturalized Welsh miner, had deserted his wife two years previously, leaving a little son of eight, and Nellie, a sixteen-year-old daughter, who worked in the silk-mill. Her earnings and the help of the grandmother were the only resources of the family. The mother was a gaunt, nervous woman, morbidly absorbed by the subject of her deserting husband; and the conversation at supper revolved steadily around him and his neglect, except for interruptions by Nellie, who showed herself at first meeting a pretty, rather pert and self-sufficient young person. She had chosen to work at the more distant and better-conducted mill, pitying Miss Cochran for her prospect of work at the near one. "They treat yer like dogs. I'd be d—— if I'd work there!" she declared, and advised me to try for a job at her mill. As Miss Cochran and I were anxious to separate our efforts so as to cover as wide as possible an experience, I consented.

Soon after supper we were escorted to our lodging by Mrs. Wilson, Nellie remaining behind to soak (in salt and water) her feet, swollen from the day's standing, and to go to bed. The grandmother's house presented almost a pleasing aspect. It had been built nearly a half-century earlier, before coal-mining had taken the place of farming; and it had the gabled roof, porches, vines, and bushes of an earlier day. The woman who greeted us was a wrinkled, kindly old soul, who did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of lodgers, and tried to point out the advantages of living where we ate. As we seemed unimpressed by these arguments, she finally and apologetically showed us to a tiny little space—more closet than room—behind the parlor, completely filled by a bureau and a bed, where we deposited our belongings.

As we sat on the porch with old Mrs. Evans, after Mrs. Wilson had returned home, the whole sorry panorama of the life about us slowly began to unfold. Mrs. Evans kept a little penny candy and cigar store which she had added to her house. As the evening wore on, the store and the adjoining porch became filled with young men and boys, who called across to her as they proceeded up the steps, looking askance at the two strangers.

"Them's my boys," Mrs. Evans explained, in language interspersed with the same freedom of profanity that had startled us on the lips of Nellie, and her mother as well. "They come here summers and winters. There hain't nuthin' for 'em in this hell of a place but the saloons. They know they kin use my store and porch like their own, jest so long as there hain't no gamblin'. I give 'em dominoes and checkers—and they kin drink their ginger ale and root beer, and smoke. Since I let 'em come in here, by G——! some of these here saloons have given me —— for sp'ilin' their business!" She chuckled, then saddened. "The poor boys go to the devil fast enough with the drink; if it's this much I kin do fer 'em, I'll do it!"

And before our three weeks' stay was completed we saw the bitter correctness of her statements. In all the community hers was the only effort which sought to make good as attractive as evil; which offered itself as a rival to the saloons. She told us once of the grieved expostulations of the Baptist minister on the subject of her keeping her store open on Sundays and allowing the boys to play there.

"'What 'd they do then?' I asks him. 'The men manages somehow to git hold of their drinks Sunday nights; would yer have the boys do the same?' But he's no kind of a man and couldn't see it. You can't expect nuthin' out of a hog but a grunt nohow; so I don't heed him, and goes my own way."

The influences of the church in the town apparently counted for nothing. Except for the Greek Catholics, I do not remember hearing of any one's going to church while we lived there. Perhaps Mrs. Evans had provided the explanation. But we found that she had only too aptly described the resources of the town. Two "Nickelettes" — moving-picture shows — were permanently established there. No one can thoughtfully deny that this form of entertainment possesses

wonderful opportunities for good if they are properly developed. We have made a point of visiting as many of them as possible in the various towns where we have worked; and we have seen some shows that provided an education as well as a cheap and harmless entertainment. But the shows in the very small settlements are of an inferior kind; and those which we visited in this town were brutal and degrading. The one other source of entertainment offered was a dance pavilion, which was opened while we were there, and was patronized by most of the young people and many of the older ones. This took the place of the winter dance-hall or "casino" which adjoins one of the saloons. We joined in the dancing several nights at the pavilion, and I was impressed with the chance for harmless recreation which it would afford under proper control and management. But this one, situated in an unlighted grove, and exposed to visits of unknown and questionable people, held dangerous possibilities for unescorted girls. Sometimes the good sense and social pride of a girl will prevent her from accepting dances with entire strangers when her own young men friends are present. But the opportunity is continuously placed before her. Miss Cochran and I were both asked to dance by two young men who, as strangers ourselves, we thought belonged in the community, but who were later described to us as "drummers."

After a couple of weeks the pavilion was closed for some reason which we were not able to fathom. Rumor had it that the "priest had ordered it shut." But what was the reason for this order, even if given, we could not ascertain.

We had no opportunity to see the rest of the town until the next Saturday, as I was fortunate enough to secure work the next morning by starting off at six o'clock with a company of girls to take the two-mile walk to the mill where Nellie worked. When we did wander about the town on Saturday afternoon, we saw what we had been led to expect, from visits to many other communities of its kind. No trees, or grass, or paving; acres of hillside on which to settle, and yet narrow, crowded alleys cut into and across rutted ways that stood for streets; absolutely no system of sewerage, but a series of horrible streamlets running into an open gutter at the side, or in the middle, of the main path—or collecting in loathsome pools; on all sides heaps of garbage, cans, and refuse.

We saw dozens of children playing about in the sunlight—fair-haired Hungarians many of them, some of them Americans—all born into a world of sordid dirt. At eight years old the arm of the law—if it catches them—forces them into school. But it would require a genius in the schoolroom to raise the vision of those young eyes beyond their coal-grimed surroundings, above the black heaps of coal waste that on every side cut off the splendid hills. The teacher has a fair chance at them for three or four years, when the pressure begins from home to utilize them by diverting their young feet into more lucrative paths. These paths lead but in two directions—for the girls, into the silk-mill; for the boys, into the breakers. For those children whose teachers are persistent enough to hold them within the protection of the law the possibilities of school life continue until they are fourteen; for the others—and in Pennsylvania these have numbered uncounted hundreds—at eleven or twelve years old the way is blocked, brutally and impassably, by an eternal succession of days or nights of toil.

Practically every boy whom Mrs. Evans discussed with us while we stayed with her, including her own son, had graduated from school to the coal-breaker before he was fourteen—some boys as early as ten or eleven years. The coal-breaker is a gaunt, tower-like wooden structure, at the top of which the coal is broken into the required sizes for use, and then sent in a continuous stream down chutes which empty into waiting coal-cars or pockets. The boys are employed to pick out of the moving stream the pieces of slate as they appear—straddling the chutes, or sitting on small wooden projections at the side. The atmosphere in the breaker is so thick and dark with flying coal-dust that an attempt to take a photograph of a couple of boys at noon, near a window, resulted in one indistinguishable black surface; the noise is so great that I could not



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover Half-tone plate engraved by H. Lenroth

THE HOME OFFERS LITTLE TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECT OF EXCESSIVE TOIL

distinguish the words of my guide even when he put his mouth close to my ear and shouted; the movement and shaking of the whole structure is at times so violent that in some breakers I have been obliged to hold tightly to a hand-rail for safety. The boys grow so cramped from long sitting in one position that sometimes they seize the opportunity to chase each other around the slippery metal platforms. And there was not one superintendent in the four or five collieries that we have happened to visit who did not, upon our questioning, relate at least one tragedy that had occurred in his experience, of a boy who had slipped into a coal-pocket and been smothered, or had been mangled and killed by falling into the machinery. When we have asked whether the slate-picking could not be done by mechanical devices, the invariable answer has been, "Yes, but the boys are cheaper."

The one advantage of work in the breakers is that the boys have been protected by union regulations of the men from excessive hours of work; ten hours a day with an interval at noon is the prescribed day—adhered to because the workers themselves are the enforcers of the rule.

For the girls in the neighboring silk-mill there is no such protection. In a certain limited district where a successful strike was once organized, ten hours a day are prescribed as the result. But night work even there extends for eleven and a half hours; and outside of this district an excess over ten hours of day work is the rule. The influences which surround these young girls during these hours I have described as an eye-witness in a preceding article in *Harper's Magazine*. While different from, they are no more elevating than those to which their brothers are subjected in the breakers. "The kids like to quit school to go to work," replied a fellow worker one day in answer to a pitying remark drawn from me by the sight of some of the overheated little girls who were carrying the bobbin-trays to and from our frame. "That is," she added, "they like the notion at first. But they git tired of it after a little, and then it's too late to git out agin. I guess their pa's git kinder used to the extra money."

So, then, at about the age of fifteen, these defrauded little ones, sickened and weary of the burden which in the ignorance of early childhood they had perhaps welcomed as a novelty, begin to think of marriage as a release. "Most all the girls expects to git married quick," many girls have said to me; and it seems that marriage at seventeen years old is very usual.

"Hain't you married?" demanded my small Hungarian "learner," about fifteen years old, during my first day in the mill. At my "No," her eyes dwelt in perplexity upon my left hand, and travelled upward to my face, and thence to my hair, where the gray hairs are distinctly noticeable. In incredulous amazement she reiterated, "Hain't you never *been* married?" Then she added in scorn: "H'm! Most of the girls around here marries when they're seventeen. I expect to."

"What 'll you do that for?" I asked.

"Oh, I dun'no'. To git out of the mill, I guess," she answered, without interest.

What is sought as a release from monotonous toil by the girls themselves seems to be encouraged, for unknown motives, by their parents. During our stay at the Wilsons', marriage and its preliminary or attendant circumstances provided more conversational material than all other subjects combined. Nellie's beaux—who numbered legion—were a source of ever-explosive conversation between her none too tactful mother and her wilful self. Maternal pressure was all for an immediate choice and marriage; Nellie insisted that she was only having a good time with all the boys, and had no desire for a more serious move.

This desire for early marriage is the more remarkable on the part of people whose own married life has been dismal or tragic. It would seem that Mrs. Wilson, the deserted wife of a drunkard, would hesitate to urge an immediate marriage between her sixteen-year-old girl and a young man not yet twenty-one. The pity of it is that her derelict husband was but one of many such in the town. No one has, that I am aware of, been interested in making a statistical record of the cases of desertion and of confirmed drunkards among the families of a mining population. Were this done

I am convinced that even the appalling figures that have been gathered in certain congested districts of great cities would be surpassed.

We could find no satisfactory explanation of the great number of desertions. It seems quite probable, however, that the effect of mine-work, especially when begun at a very early age, has been to brutalize the men and pervert their natural feelings. Drunkenness, which may be another contributory cause, is more easily accounted for. Since early boyhood the lighted and sociable saloon has been the only town attraction after a day of underground gloom. A bishop of one of the dioceses of Pennsylvania was recently remonstrating with a drunkard in one of these mining-towns, and asked him how it was that he had come to such a pass. "Bishop," said the man, turning upon him, "if the coal had got rubbed into yer hide fer years, until yer'd given up ever tryin' to git it out, ye'd git drunk yerself!"

Even the homes which now send forth these children to early toil have an advantage which will be denied to the homes of the next adult generation of the community. The mothers of these present workers had at least a normal girlhood, in so far as it was free from factory work and provided opportunity for an average home training.

These girls of to-day have not normally, with the exception of Sunday, any opportunity to take part in home duties; or if such duties fall to them, as is frequent, the more evil is their case. The burden of home work, before or after an exhausting day or night in the mill, is a cruel imposition rather than a training; the double tax upon a girl teaches her to loathe the one as much as the other, and the physical strain often results seriously. A woman who was attempting to help the young people in one of these mining communities has told us of a girl who, at eighteen years old, is a hopeless invalid from the combination of mill work and home work. As the oldest daughter of the family, for years she had carried this double burden —doing the family washing on Monday nights, and the ironing and mending on subsequent nights, until outraged Nature finally demanded her toll.

It is only to be expected that "home" influence in a community where human life is merely incidental to industry, where collieries are planned with purposeful care, but houses strewn haphazard at their base, can offer little to counteract the effect of excessive toil on the one hand, and the saloon and the saloon "casino" on the other. The houses are cramped for room, especially among the Hungarian families, where the prevailing number of children seemed to be eight. Washing is not a complicated operation —a small basin of cold water, and a towel changed weekly, perhaps, serving the needs of a family. Some men in despair give up the attempt to wash off the dust of the mine, and we have seen them in the evening, before their door-steps, still covered with the impenetrable coating of black. Other men bathe in a tub on their return; and in this another evil occurs. For we have been told that in the crowded condition of some homes, where the kitchen is the centre of life, privacy is impossible; and the afternoon bath is taken, when necessary, in the presence of the family.

Perhaps the neglect in personal care which struck us most forcibly was the disregard of teeth. Toothache was of common occurrence, but the idea of a dentist seemed to occur to no one. Instead, people continuously send in to their neighbors to ask if they had "somethin' to cure the toothache." We noticed the miserable condition of the teeth of even the young girls. And we scarcely met a woman above thirty years who had not false teeth.

The care and money spent on food in the home was disproportionately large when compared with other expenses. In this respect the families of these small towns differ very essentially from the corresponding working class in large cities, where food expenditure bears a comparatively low ratio to rent and clothes. The supply of food even in the Wilson family, where the income was at the lowest ebb, was positively lavish. Often dinner offered us more than one kind of meat, a variety of vegetables, pickles, and condiments, cakes and preserves. The cooking, too, excepting that of the meat, was palatable and wholesome. The only seriously unappetizing

element in our food was the manner of serving. The same articles of food in the same dishes were left on the table for meal after meal, or shoved into a closet to be promptly brought forth again. Too much of an article was invariably provided at its first presentation, and it persistently reappeared until it was finished. Delicious home-made cake, most tempting for luncheon or dinner, lost its attraction on the breakfast table. Freshly sliced cucumber was submerged in a bowl already occupied by week-old slices swimming in vinegar. We learned with practice to capture deftly the pale-green pieces, leaving the brown ones for a further fate. Our "dinner pails" were always well supplied with a variety of eatables, including usually a jar of preserves, tomatoes, or some other semi-liquid substance. And I noticed that the dinner pails of my companions were usually equally well supplied. It was perfectly apparent that a disproportionate part of the family budget was devoted to food in other families as well as in our landlady's.

Books and other resources for recreation fell below, as far as food rose above, the normal level. Not one household which we saw possessed a book of any description. In the families where there were men, the local newspaper usually arrived daily. But neither reading nor conversation of any general nature furnished any part of family life. Nellie Wilson—over sixteen years old—told us in a wholly matter-of-fact manner that she had never written a letter in her life. She was surprised at our amazement, and defended herself by adding, "None of the girls ever writes letters." Conversation reflected this contraction of interests. It dwelt chiefly upon the deeds and misdeeds of friends and relations; and it served as all too clear a mirror of the social and moral standards engendered by an environment in which toil and its incidentals completed the whole circle. The revelation of the working of a girl's mind under such conditions was appallingly revealed to us one evening at supper, when Mrs. Wilson was absent. Nellie took the opportunity to explain that her mother had gone to attend the enforced and unexpected marriage of a nephew to a girl whom he had wronged. With this incident as a text, Nellie launched forth into a conversation concerning herself and the girls and boys of her acquaintance, the substance and facts of which appalled us no less than the perfect equanimity with which she accepted them. Not only did she at sixteen years old know evil, but she both accepted and expected it. In her case, and with her disposition, such knowledge may provide fair ammunition against personal danger for herself; in the case of other girls of her set, with their temptations and the lack of protection in their social life, it will continue to mean, as it already has meant, disaster.

There seems to be little in the home to counteract this danger, and local customs only accentuate it. Apparently a young man is not supposed to call unless he is already established as "steady company." I asked Nellie how, then, people ever "got to keeping company." "Oh," she replied, "the girls meets the fellers outside. They takes us to git ice-cream, and see the moving pictures and to dances, and we can tell pretty soon if we want them or not. Why, how do folks do in the city?"

Thus a young man is not tried and tested in the safety of a girl's home, but under conditions where the evil in him, if it exists, is discovered too late to be warded off. We could not discover how this remarkable custom originated, or why it is perpetuated and encouraged by the parents.

When we left that town in mid-July it was with many misgivings in our hearts for the future of the headstrong and undisciplined though warm-hearted girl, against whom—with hundreds of girls like herself—the influences of society, home, and industry seemed to have leagued themselves in deadly array. And even with her temperament, and with the ill-advised thrusts of a self-absorbed and weak mother, Nellie had certain staying qualities which may yet prove her salvation. Also, she had had at least the advantage of school training until she was fourteen—won for her by an unusual display of strength on her mother's part. The father, before his desertion, had persistently tried to put the child to work, "so's to git more for drink," as Mrs. Wilson confessed to us.



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pasco

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

AT AN EARLY AGE THEY BEGIN TO THINK OF MARRIAGE AS A RELEASE

Nellie was only twelve years old at the time, and her teacher remonstrated with him on the ground that she was not of legal working age—fourteen years.

"Well," the drunkard had argued, "can't we *make* her fourteen? Lots of others do!" But in this case mother and teacher combined were too strong for him. Not many of Nellie's fellow workers had been granted so long a childhood; and at sixteen their ten hours of daily or eleven hours of nightly toil is already an old story.

Except the early marriage, which at all events presents the attraction of novelty, what is the outlook of these girls? Socially, the picnic park of the nearest large town is their most extended vision, for gala occasions such as legal holidays. We spent the Fourth of July at one such with a crowd of girls, and saw clearly enough its possibilities. For ordinary occasions there are the railroad station and the street corners as rendezvous, with the weekly and semi-weekly public dance at the "casino" as the favorite reaction from the monotonous day.

Industrially, life presents a vista of days of toil in which the work never varies, and the weekly recompense never rises above the $5.25 mark. We have met many girls who, after eight or nine years of work in one factory, were receiving only five dollars; and I have talked with a few others in a mill where the wage standard was especially low, who, after ten years of work, were being paid four dollars a week. There is no incentive to develop skill, since the only reward of merit is the imposition of more disagreeable and difficult tasks. The clearest instance which I recall of this was in the case of a young Italian who was assigned as my "learner" at doubling. She was a pretty girl of about eighteen, with a face striking in its clear pallor and its sweet and gentle expression—very different from the rather rough Slav and Irish girls working on the neighboring frames. "Maggie's the best doubler on this floor," confided one of these same Irish girls to me. "She's a great learner, too. There hain't no one can tie up ends so fast on this floor; she's been here seven years."

So I was impelled to ask Margaret how much she received for this skill. "Five dollars and a quarter," she answered; "they don't pay no more except to foreladies."

"Not after seven years!" I ventured. "Won't they ever give you more?"

"Nope—nuthin' but more sides to keep up or harder silk," she replied.

The very next morning her words were put to proof. We were working on a variety of natural-colored silk, called "organ"—hailed with delight by the girls and proudly exhibited upon my arrival as the best time they ever get at that mill. Five minutes after the whistle, the forelady called Margaret—and that was the end of her. When I saw her at noon her face was disconsolate and weary. "They've put me on some rotten new white Canton they just got in, and I'm near wild with it. It's always the way, because I keep my ends up they give me the worst silk."

No more money was given to her in return for the truly exhausting work of keeping up threads that are continuously breaking; her only reward for work that was conscientious and quick in the extreme was a harder and more disagreeable job.

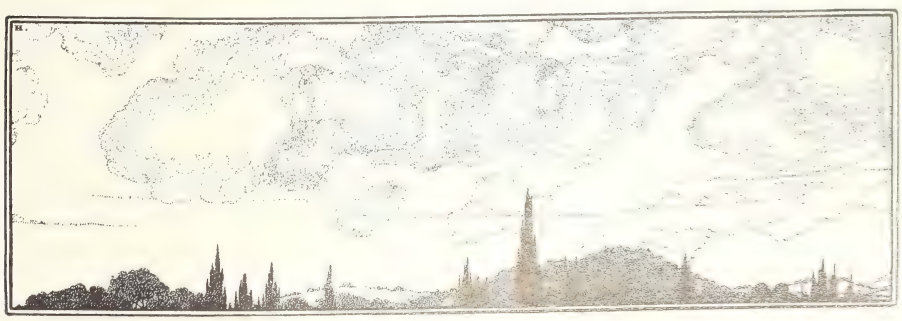
Working-girls suffer an economic disadvantage even in the disposal of their wages—small as they are. With boys, the weekly earnings are considered in a sense their own, even if the greater proportion of them is paid into the home; and they usually keep out enough for their own use and necessities. A girl's earnings, however, generally are not considered her own by her family. They are paid over entire, and she is given such clothing as is necessary—not the money to buy it, but the clothing itself. This is true of working-girls in the city as well as in the country. I have met working-women as old as thirty years who are not allowed sufficient economic independence to buy their own clothing with their earnings. And thus they are deprived of the sole compensation which their life of toil might hold for them—the feeling of independence and the pleasure of expending money earned by their own efforts.

Detail for detail, the industrial and the social welfare of our young workers are bound together—the word "social"

signifying all that affects their intellectual and spiritual, as well as emotional, natures. A speaker at a recent meeting in Philadelphia defended the long working-day on the ground that girls only get into mischief when they have too much leisure time. At a subsequent meeting another speaker lamented the difficulty of inducing girls to desire any "improving recreation," and deplored the degeneracy of the working-girl as shown in her sole devotion to dancing.

In the premises of both speakers there was a sting of truth; but the conclusions of both were alike incorrect and unjust. If girls fall into mischief in their leisure hours, it is because we have consistently neglected to provide for them in even the smallest degree the sort of amusement and recreation which is so painstakingly devised by mothers of the well-to-do classes for their growing daughters. The instinct for pleasure exists alike in girls who work and girls who play, except that perhaps it is keener in natures that are starved and thwarted by unnatural and extended toil. These are the very natures to whom all expression of this instinct is most persistently denied. The form of amusement which is accessible to the slender pocket-book of a girl who receives a weekly wage of five or six dollars is not either elevating or truly recreative; and her opportunity to share this recreation in a normal way with her boy friends is rudely limited. But it is grimly the counterpart of the opportunities offered in life to her more fortunate sisters, in the shape of opera and theatre parties, receptions, balls, and luncheons. So long as the cheap public dance-hall, the ten-cent vaudeville performances, and the unsupervised moving-picture shows are the only resources offered to a normal girl with a hardly saved twenty-five cents weekly for pleasure, so long will her leisure hours be filled with these things.

To those who, like the second speaker referred to, lament—with the best intention in the world—the lack of response to really good opportunities, in lectures, classes, and sewing-circles, let the reverse of the picture appear. Such leisure as working-girls now have is forced by society into the worst channels; but also, still more leisure and different conditions of work must prevail before the girls will consider the more serious attractions now offered in vain. Not by any stretch of the imagination could I picture myself attending a lecture at the close of any day's work that I have put in during the last two summers. In spite of the novelty of the whole environment, and my ulterior interest in studying my companions, my mind as well as my body tended to be in a stagnant condition at the end of ten hours of monotonous, unremitting, and irritating work. The girls who are still standing in front of the machines where I stood for a few weeks, and who see no cessation of the dreary repetition of days, are in a far worse case. They crave — and conversation pointed indubitably in this direction— one of two things: wild gayety when the day's work is over—light, motion, fun, and noise—or bed. For their sapped vitality there is no intermediate; and there can be none for the average girl so long as ten or eleven hours in every twenty-four of her adolescent years are inexorably consumed in occupations and under conditions which stunt her youth and foredoom her womanhood.



The Black Night

BY JAMES HOPPER

THE weazened apothecary put on his mantle and his hat, wrapped his muffler thick about his thin, dry neck, placed his hand on the door-knob, and then turned his sharp nose abruptly upon the apprentice. "And see that you watch well," he snarled. "Sleep light, and keep an ear to the bell. There's much illness abroad; sleep light and with an ear vigilant!"

"Yes, master," answered Jean the apprentice, humbly.

The little old man's querulous note rose to a sudden fury. "Yes, but you don't!" he piped, shrilly. "You don't, you worthless one! You sleep and snore and snore and snore! As though I did not feed and house and clothe you! Three weeks ago last night Mother Gros came for spirits of camphor and rang and called and could not wake you—!"

"I slept too hard that night, master; it is true I slept too hard; but it won't happen again, it won't happen again," said the pale apprentice.

"See that it won't, see that it won't," pursued the old man, with bitter voice. He paused again with hand on the door-knob, his small eyes peering about the shop with malevolent scrutiny, peering upon the dusty bottles on the shelves, vaguely golden and red in the weak candle-light, upon the jars of crystals, the packages of herbs hanging from the black beams. "Humph!" he growled, mollified and yet uneasy. "Everything is well, is it? Everything is well?"

"Everything is well," answered the apprentice; "everything, master. I will watch."

"Well, good night," said the old man. "Good night. And sweep early in the morning. Good night."

His arid hand at last turned the knob. He took one step and seemed to drop into a hole, so black was it outside. For a moment there sounded loud the drumming of the rain upon his cloak, then the door slammed upon his disappearance, setting in motion the bell, which immediately began a rusty ding-dinging.

Jean remained, nose in the air, watching the bell as though he did not like it; then, when finally it was stilled, gave a big sigh and turned away. He lowered the two lamps that burned beneath the red and the green bowl at the window, slid the light of his candle inquisitively among the shelves, into the obscure corners of the shop, then passed through the small door at the back into his room; into the closet, rather, that served him as room. His narrow cot almost filled it, the narrow cot upon which, after the day's long toil, he stretched in uneasy somnolence, his ear alert to the night-bell, to the bell apt to clamor at the deepest hour of the night at the urgent tug of some pale inhabitant of Penthière.

But it was not time yet even for this torturing half-rest. Keeping on his clothes, Jean sat himself on the cot, his back against the wall, and drew from the folds of his blanket a thick, damp tome that exhaled an odor of age. He opened it out across his knees, placed the candle close upon his pillow, sighed, knit his brows, and began to pore upon the yellow pages. It was an old book of old lore, written in obscure and barbaric Latin, and crammed with the names and properties of drugs and herbs; for several months already he had toiled over it, seeking to stuff into his brain, numb with weariness and long vigil, the endless and fantastic catalogue; and this night the work was harder than ever. The candle sputtered and sputtered, as though continually an invisible hand were attacking it; grains of sand seemed to roll upon his eyeballs; his head was of lead and stubbornly beat back the knowledge he sought to place within it. He would read over and over again the same name, the same sentence, and then when, placing over it his hand, he tried



Painting by Howard Pyle

"AND SEE THAT YOU WATCH WELL," HE SNARLED

to repeat it, he found that he could not, that he had forgotten. "I am not well," he murmured; "my head is not well." And rounding his shoulders, lowered his eyes closer, as if to drink with them the black characters from the yellow parchment.

Suddenly he started upright, the book slipping down between his knees, and remained thus, immobile, one finger unconsciously raised in a listening attitude. A bell was tolling outside, the big bass bell of the prison of Penthière; its grave murmur thrilled within the small room. "A prisoner being brought in," said the pale apprentice, "another poor prisoner being brought in." But the bell was continuing to toll, and he was counting. "Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Twelve! One condemned to death," he murmured. "A murderer condemned to death. They will cut off his head tomorrow, on the square. O God, tomorrow, on the square!"

He rose, took up the candle, and passing through the shop, opened the door upon the street. A gust of wet wind blew out his light, but he remained there at the door, the rain flagellating his blanched face, and gazed across the street toward the big, vague loom of the prison of Penthière. Up high a lantern swung at the hook of a long iron rod; it threw a wan glow upon the upper portion of the great studded portals, upon a part of the gray walls, shining with water. And below, on the lower edge of the halo of pulverized light, Jean discerned the cocked hats and large capes of two gendarmes; and between them a lean, bloused form with bared, shaven head bowed toward hands chained in the form of a cross.

The portals swung open; the great capes, swelling to a whirl of the wind, ballooned off into the court, sucking in with them the manacled figure; the portals swung shut; and the mournful bell, continuing its tolling, seemed to mark the inaudible footsteps, till an interior door having slammed, it stilled suddenly.

Jean closed the door and relit his candle. He was wet. A shiver suddenly sprang from his heels to his hair. "Tomorrow, on the square," he said.

And going back to his room, he sat himself on the cot, and reopened the big book. This time, though, he could not. His head swung from side to side a moment; his eyes closed invincibly; he fell sideways upon the mattress in a leaden sleep.

When Jean awoke, it was to the sound of the night-bell. It was trembling and tinkling in a call at once weak and urgent. He leaped from the cot, picked up the candle, and his eyes, his limbs, his very bones full of sleep, he staggered through the shop to the door. With a fierce gust of rain and wind, a child drove in.

It was a girl, a little girl of misery. Her dress was thin; her feet were bare within her wooden shoes. In the ends of the mean shawl wrapped about her head and knotted beneath her chin she had wrapped inadequately her two hands, red and swollen with the cold, and upon her thin face the rain-drops were mixed with tears. "Oh, quick, sir," she gasped, looking at Jean with big fear eyes; "oh, quick; the medicine, the medicine!"

She was holding out a small flagon. Jean took it from her and with blinking eyes read the sticky prescription, then stepped behind the counter to compound the drug. "Who is it for?" he asked, taking down from the shelf a red phial and a box of powders, "who is it for?"

"My mother, my mother; quick, quick, sir!" cried the little girl. "She is all weak and white."

"She is that way often?" pursued Jean, who in the prescription had recognized a powerful stimulant of the heart.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Quick! And then we give her some of the medicine, and she wakes up. But to-night there was no medicine left in the bottle, none at all in the bottle—oh, quick, sir!"

Jean was working as fast as he could; but his hands were numb and his head was leaden. Three times he mistook the proportions and had to begin all over again. But at last he had the flagon filled with the precious stuff. The little girl's hand went out for it and gripped it like a claw. She held out a copper piece. "That is all we have, sir," she said; "that is all we have."

"Go; for the love of the Virgin go, little child; I'll take the two sous," said poor Jean, knowing what terrible suffering

would meet on the morrow the news of his generosity, and what eking out of food and sleep would pay for it. "Go, little child!"

And before he had said his last word he was alone within the room, resonant to the lash of the rain upon the glass. The child had vanished in the darkness like a sprite.

Jean locked the door and stood a moment in the centre of the shop, swaying with the nausea of interrupted sleep. Then, picking up his candle, he made two steps toward his room, and stopped abruptly, petrified.

The light, as he swept up the candle from the table to a position ahead of him, had slid in a chromatic scale of color along the bottles, flagons, and retainers upon the shelves; it shone now, fixed, upon a deep-red phial that glowed like a ruby with some inward intensity of its own. Next to this phial was another of the same shape, but containing a liquid of a lighter hue which was one of the ingredients of the drug he had mixed for the child. And now, as with light held high he gazed upon the phial burning with the deeper red, burning like a ruby with a sort of fatidic malevolence, he thought that he saw its fluid content, behind its black cross-bones, swaying gently, almost imperceptibly, as though of late it had been agitated, as though of late the small vessel had been picked up and tilted, its poison poured—

A cold sweat oozed out upon the brow of the poor apprentice; his fingers began to tremble; he dropped the candle, which went out, and left him in darkness. For an agonized minute he went fumbling about on his knees; and when again he had a light he was reassured for a moment. The wicked red phial glowed now with a fixed flame; its liquor was stilled. He approached and looked close. A cry escaped him. Upon the dusty rotundity of the small vessel he read, as so many accusing hieroglyphics, the print of his thumb and two fingers against the glass. "O God!" he cried. "I have given poison to the little child! I have killed the mother of the little child! O God! O God!"

Again the candle slipped from his quaking hands; but he did not stop to relight it With a last hope of catching the child, of snatching from her hands the terrible thing they so innocently bore, he had bounded to the door, thrown it open, and had flung himself out into the street.

There he stopped a moment, paralyzed by the mere impact of the elements, catching his breath as one drowning. Above, far and humid as a star, the lantern of the prison glimmered; it flashed up intermittently a part of the massive portals, a bit of the walls, glistening with pouring waters. Steadying himself on his thin legs and shielding his eyes with both hands, he peered up and down the street, black beneath the low sky, between the high walls. But there was no one, not a sign of life, not the flitting of a shadow. In the distance a lamp upon a post vacillated faintly. He ran toward it, throwing searching glances into corners, alleys as he passed; he came to it, looked about, passed it. Beyond its small circle of swaying light, he stopped and listened. But no clatter of little wooden shoes reached him in the immense patter of the rain; only the hollow thump of his own heart. He retraced his steps, passed the shop, went on down the street, explored narrow ways, alleys, culs-de-sac. But the city was as one deserted of long years, peopled only of the rain and the night; a vast gurgling of waters from roofs, from gutters, slanting roofs, gargoyles, pierced by long shrieks of wind, filled his ears, his head, whelmed him—there was no other sound. He called. "Little girl; little girl!" he cried. But the words, fiercely snatched from his mouth and torn into bits, were hardly heard of himself. He returned to the shop.

He was wet and very cold, and trembled to the marrow; but he forced himself to some degree of composure, relit the candle, and examined again the bottles. The small one of the vicious red leered acidly at him, throwing toward him its swollen belly with the telltale finger-marks. He looked at the other, the one of lighter hue which he should have used for the medicine of the child, and with a feeling of faint hope and of perplexity he saw that upon it too was the slight trace of his thumb. He remembered that twice, in compounding the drug, he had mistaken his proportions and had had

to begin again. Which phial had he used last—in that final draught whisked away by the child, pressed tight against her thin little bosom, what had been poured, life or death? He sought to recall his movements, tried to repeat them in pantomime. But he could not; his brain, harassed with long toil, with lack of sleep, with fever and fear, refused to tell him what he asked.

Despairing of the earth, then, Jean had recourse to heaven. Going back to his little room, he knelt against his narrow pallet and addressed the picture of the Virgin tacked up against the wall. "O Virgin Mary," he asked, "make it right. O Virgin Mary, I implore you, make it that I used the right medicine. Do that, I pray thee, Virgin Mary; for I was pure of heart and of intention; I pitied the little girl and her poor mother; but I was very tired. You see, Virgin Mary, I had toiled hard and studied long. And so, I was tired, Virgin Mary, tired! Make it that I used the right medicine, Virgin Mary, please make it right!"

The picture seemed to recede from him, to go back into the wall which rounded behind it in the form of a niche, in the form of a great nave. At the same time it seemed to enlarge, to glow, and to smile, till at last Jean saw only, far in the golden rain of a distant sunset, a glory of compassionate womanhood amply mantled in the blue of the sky. "Virgin Mary, please," he murmured.

His head by that time had dropped upon his arms, and he was sleeping. His lips still stirred. "Virgin Mary," they whispered.

And kneeling thus, his head upon his couch, beneath the holy picture, Jean dreamed. He dreamed that his prayer had not been granted; for the night-bell, in renewed persecution, began again to ring; and rising in answer and opening the door upon the night, he was confronted by the large flow of two great mantles. From them simultaneously two grave voices sounded. "Come with us," they said; "you have murdered and must pay the forfeit." The mantles flapped with a noise of thunder; they streamed with cataracts of water, as did the two cocked hats above them.

"I have not murdered," Jean said; "my heart is innocent."

"You have killed by erring, you who should not err," responded the twin voices. "Come with us."

And, submissively, Jean locked the door behind him, and placed himself between the two gendarmes. They three crossed the street in the blinding rain, the two great capes slapping Jean's pale face, and stood at the portals of the prison of Penthière, beneath the lantern which winked weak and far through the spume of the elements as a star seen behind flowing clouds. And the big bell began to toll. Jean counted the strokes. "One, two, three," thrice repeated—the signal for one accused of heinous crime. The fatidic number tolled again as he crossed the court, and it came to him once more, muffled and far, as he wound down a black, slimy, and interminable stairway. Suddenly a door, silent as if made of a chunk of the night, closed upon him hermetically, and he was in a dungeon. There, stretched upon a heap of straw, panting beneath the oppression of superimposed walls, he seemed to remain many days—days confounded with night, which were a mere flowing of time in darkness. Then along a street ablaze with sun, through a throng of convulsed faces, they led him to the Tribunal to be judged.

He stood at the bar, between the two gendarmes, and before him, very high, were judges—judges that were black and a judge that was red. They questioned him with a terrible and malevolent persistence, and he could not satisfy them. He wearied himself to the point of death repeating and repeating his story, crying out to them the innocence of his heart, the purity of his intentions, his weariness, and his mistake—and they could not understand him. Each time they frowned like deaf men trying to hear, and then began again to question and question, implacably and dishonestly. To one side, on a stand like a pedestal and drawing always his eyes, the ruby phial leered at him redly. Behind him was a sea of livid faces, and the little girl was there. She stood on a chair, her pale face wet with rain and tears, and pointed at him in fixed accusation her little finger, purple with cold. To the right, up a pulpit like that of a church,

a man climbed alacriously and began to speak. He wore a long black robe and had the jaws of a wolf. He spoke long and venomously, waving his long black sleeves like the wings of a great bat. Behind, the white faces howled. Then there was a deep silence. The judges, black and red, leaned toward each other; their heads in a circle, they whispered inaudibly. The heads separated, and then the judge in the centre, immensely red in his flowing robe, said shortly, "À mort."

But he did not stop there. Like a machine wound up now, he began to repeat and repeat, with a dry and flat intonation like the sound of two sticks struck against each other, "à mort, à mort, à mort—to death, to death, to death." And Jean, being led away by the two gendarmes, as he cut through the throng that now droned like bees, heard following behind him, in mournful and monotonous reiteration, the words "à mort, à mort, à mort—to death, to death, to death."

Outside, it was again night, and again rain and wind. He went heavily over the cobbles, between the thundering, streaming cloaks, and at last stood before the portals of the prison of Penthière. Above him the lantern flickered faintly, like a star very far in the mist. His head was shaven, his shoulders were bent, and his hands were chained together in the form of a cross. And the big bell began to toll. It tolled slowly and interminably, as Jean counted the strokes, the dreary tale with which it received those condemned to die. The portals swung open, and as he crossed the street the bell's clangor fell from on high in brazen blows upon his head; it bent his head toward his hands, chained together in the shape of a cross.

Jean awoke with a great cry of horror, and broke out weeping with joy. For he was still kneeling by his bed, the candle sputtering at his elbow. "O Virgin Mary," he cried, his face bathed with tears; "O Virgin Mary, it was but a dream, a dream! It was not true, not true, not real!"

And suddenly he sickened to a drooping of his heart as the limits of his dream became clearer to his mind. He had dreamed; the arrest, the imprisonment, the trial, were a dream. But before that—before! And clear, now, acidly vivid, there came before his eyes the scene before the dream—the coming of the child, the compounding of the drug, the telltale marks on the deadly ruby phial. This was no dream, no dream; it was true!

The poor apprentice slid shudderingly to a huddle on his knees. "O Virgin Mary," he murmured, desolately, "you have not interceded for me. You have forgotten me. You have but doubled the bitter cup. First the agony of the dream, then the second and real agony. The dream, it will begin all over again, the dream. O Virgin Mary, hark; the bell is ringing! The dream begins again, real this time. They are there at the door, the two gendarmes, waiting for me; the judges are at the bar. It begins all over again. O Virgin Mary, hark; the bell is ringing!"

The night-bell, in fact, was again ringing; at first confounded in his brain with the dream-tolling of the prison curfew, it was now sounding in his ear detached and clear, a light treble at once weak and urgent. "They are there, waiting for me," said the pale apprentice, and on trembling legs staggered across the shop and opened the door.

The elemental fury that met him was such that for a time he could not descry what was before him. Something quick and lithe as a cat had brushed by his legs. He stared at the black vacuum before him —and before him there was nothing else, nothing but the blackness, and in the faint glow of the high lantern a bit of the prison wall flowing with water. A cry behind him made him turn back within the shop, and he faced the little girl.

She was wet, wet, wet; her shawl was a sop, her dress clung like a film along her meagreness; she was crying bitterly, and in her hand, raised high, she held a broken flagon, from which fell still drop by drop a remnant of reddish liquid. Looking at this telltale little vessel, dripping red like a severed head, Jean felt a horrible pain at his heart; his blood seemed to coagulate within it. "It is done," he said to himself; "it is done."

But the little girl was mingling words



Painting by Howard Pyle

THEY QUESTIONED HIM WITH MALEVOLENT PERSISTENCE

with her sobs. "I have broken it," she wailed; "oh, sir, I have broken it! Going up the stairs, I broke it! I fell and broke it; and mother is still white and still—"

Jean remained there, candle in hand, petrified, uncomprehending, looking at her with sombre eyes.

"I have broken it," wailed the little girl. "Going up the stairs, I broke it! I fell and broke it! I spilled the good medicine, and mother is still white and cold—"

Somewhere within Jean a pale, tremulous hope began to flutter like the first heralding hue of dawn after a night of storm. "She did not take it, then," he said, huskily; "she did not take the medicine?"

"I broke it," the little girl sobbed on. "Going up the steps, I broke the bottle. I spilled the good medicine—"

The struggling white thing within Jean was becoming fixed now. Suddenly he understood. His dream, which had taken so long in dream-time, had taken but a few moments on earth. He had slept but a few seconds. Something broke within him like a dam, and then a great glistening river of joy streamed through his being, along his veins, along his nerves, thrilling his flesh, flooding his soul. And kneeling, he placed his arms about the little girl, and kissed her and kissed her and kissed her.

But in another moment he had leaped to his feet and was behind the counter. He seized the ruby phial as it leered at him redly and dashed it crashingly to the floor, then set to work with swift, sure gesture. "I'll make you some more, little girl," he said, working calmly, swiftly. "And I'll go with you this time; I'll go with you to your mother, O little girl!"

A wondrous clearness of vision had come to him. He saw before him all life with tender understanding. "'Tis to be alone that is hard," he said; "'tis only loneliness that is hard. We'll unite our poverties, little girl; we'll unite our miseries, O little girl!"

And very low he murmured, "O Virgin Mary, Virgin Mary!"

Serenade

BY OWEN WISTER

HAVE thy Springtime ere it fade!
  Never shall it come again.
What is man but meant for maid?
  What are maids but meant for men?

April holds for lovers' play
  But her thrice ten days and nights;
Take them, or they'll change to May—
  Few at most be thy delights.

Youth's a friend while winks the eye,
  Time doth rob the high and low,
Kings must kiss their Spring good-bye,
  Princes meet the Winter snow.

Thine and mine be this safe hour!
  Thee and me O let it bless
With a memory that shall flower
  In to-morrow's wilderness!

An Anniversary Retrospect
1900—1910

BY THE EDITOR

TEN years ago the editor concluded the hundredth volume of this Magazine with an article portraying its growth during half a century—the circumstances determining its original type as a popular illustrated monthly periodical, of which it was for twenty years the sole example, and the conditions through which it was developed, the original type persisting in every successive transformation. The transformations had been as wonderful as those of civilization itself in that wonderful half-century of which this Magazine had been intimately and comprehensively the mirror, keeping abreast of the time in all that related to national expansion, world-exploitation, new scientific discoveries, and Arctic, African, and Asiatic exploration, while within its own special domain of literature and art it had been a stimulus as well as the reflection of every advance. Having been always so near to the mind and heart of the American people, their home companion everywhere, even in remote Western pioneer settlements and mining-camps, always meeting their intellectual need for entertainment and in the lines of their aspiration, it had come to be regarded as a national institution.

During twenty of the fifty years then included in the editor's retrospect *Harper's Magazine* had held the field alone. Its contemporaries were in no sense its competitors; with the exception of *Putnam's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, they were miscellanies, limited in aims and scope, and they were not illustrated. It was the artist's pencil that enabled *Harper's Magazine* to exercise so many and so various functions for popular information and entertainment. It was indispensable to the travelling contributor, who, because he was an artist, could not only depict what he saw, but could see what would escape the eyes of other men; it served the teachers of science, the explorer, and the archæologist; it supplemented the novelist and short-story writer, helping to the acute visualization of scene and character; and, apart from all these uses, in the hands of a long line of artists, from Porte Crayon down, it contributed abundantly to the amusement of readers. Without the service of the artist those hundred volumes of the Magazine would not have been what they were—a continuous world-exposition.

During those twenty years the intimacy of the Magazine with the American people was firmly established. Its readers, scattered over a continent, were especially grateful because its contributions were not confined to American sources, but included the best from minds abroad. When other illustrated magazines entered the field, it was only stimulated by the rivalry of the best of these to new degrees of excellence. The competition brought on the golden age of wood-engraving, in the glories of which this Magazine had its full share. This transformation was followed by a greater one when, through the rapid progress of the country in enterprise and culture, the Magazine was released from the comparatively elemental obligations it had assumed of an educational character, and was able to meet its readers on a higher plane of human interest, and thus more amply, because more creatively, illustrate its original type. No magazine, nor indeed any form of periodical publication, can, or should, shirk educational service, but it is the good fortune of a magazine if it can render such service illuminatively rather than formally, and if it can devote itself mainly to the literature of power rather than to that of information. And as to the informing article it is a question of method, the method being determined by the audience.

Thus American readers of the Magazine to-day, who know other lands and peoples either by actual observation or through easily accessible books, do not demand articles of travel like those which, merely for information, they needed forty years ago. Their demand now is upon the writer's creative imagination for individually original impressions. This is also true of the essay; addressed to a more widely cultivated audience, it makes a greater demand upon the writer's imagination and the reader's sensibility than it made a generation ago.

Many years elapsed after the appearance of Darwin and Spencer in the world of science before thoughtful people generally could be brought to understand the import of terms which are now the a b c of common speech. The keen curiosity which everywhere to-day waits at the very door of the scientific investigator's laboratory for his fresh deliverances scarcely existed when Jacob Abbott was writing popular-science papers for this Magazine. Now not only is the general sensibility fully quickened into urgent expectancy, but the theme itself offers, instead of the formal lesson, an exciting romance.

So it is in every appeal to the reader—even in fiction. We pass from the stage where the writer teases the reader and perhaps plays with him, posing as his didactic master or showman, to that in which the reader teases the writer, challenging him to his best in matter and style, scorning his mask, intolerant of tricks, accepting nothing at second-hand. It is in this process that the Magazine—and the whole popular press—gets its evolution through release from crude conditions, through higher opportunity. It is by the same process that the better statesmanship gets its vantage-ground.

But the release is gradual. Indeed, it is only during the last decade that the largest opportunities of the Magazine have been fully realized. There had been, all along, the steady advance, but here the high open ground. So the editor, tenderly and with no abatement of old appreciation, puts back upon the shelf the hundred volumes in black covers with gilt lettering and takes up the score of new volumes since issued, brightly bound in green and gold. From the old caption —*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*—the word *New* has dropped out. The editor remembers that he used to lay particular stress upon that word, as indicating the dawn-like freshness of each Number. But though the word is absent, the newness is there, more characteristic in an absolute sense of each successive Number than in the old series. Even more pertinently the omitted adjective might designate the series of twenty volumes now under review. There is no break in the continuity. The original type persists, only more freshly and interestingly. There has been such a readjustment of the varied elements of interest as increases the variety and at the same time secures better economy and proportion.

Interestingness is the dominant note. The Magazine has a scope broad enough to meet thoughtful readers at every point of essential and vital interest, without undertaking the functions of daily or weekly journalism. But it must be timely. Its field is the living Present. What now, insistently, continuously, and as part of the great living human movement, concerns these thoughtful readers, must constitute for them the main interest of the *Harper* type of magazine. Such a magazine must not only forego certain momentary advantages associated with interests the most poignant, such as are excited by a battle or an earthquake—where indeed it cannot be abreast of the time, but can only follow the perfectly competent Daily or Weekly—but it must absolutely repudiate that which is only objectively or accidentally timely, as it must that which is of merely theatric interest. The real timeliness of the Magazine is evident in other ways. No other periodical, for example, is so timely in laying before its readers the latest disclosures in science, archæology, and exploration, in the imaginative creations of literature and art, and, we may add, in historic interpretation; for the deeper our sense of the living Present, the deeper also our historic sense.

The kind of timeliness aimed at by *Harper's* is not defined by what it excludes. A certain kind of interest is surrendered by the omission of the exciting timely topic and by withdrawal from the picturesque processional and pageantry of occasional celebrations. We may min-

imize the sense of loss, since so much, in any case, is bound to be lost through anticipatory publication of the affair in its most popularly interesting features, but beyond that inevitable loss something is still missing, and there is at least a feeling of regrettable aloofness from the general anxiety or rejoicing. For the thoughtful reader, beset on every side by conversational and journalistic tumult, this aloofness becomes a refuge, and he is grateful that at least in one magazine he finds a retreat upon which is cast no shadow of the overwhelming event. While this repose may yield an almost positive satisfaction, yet this interval of rest is vacuous and insignificant if not occupied by something at least as deeply engaging human interest as the topics displaced.

The principle of selection is positive, with results that commend themselves to readers for positive values which, in a just appreciation, more than compensate for those surrendered. The comparison of values has reference wholly to kinds and degrees of interest, both the kind and degree depending upon the extent and depth of culture on the part of the audience not less than upon the resources of the Magazine—its lofty aims and standard counting for the largest of these, and, next, such breadth of scope and variety of appeal as must naturally invite and engage creative genius in literature, science, and art. Then, given the favoring conditions offered by an adventurously progressive epoch, the world lies open to its choice. Clear vision alone is necessary to determine its selection and the spontaneous organization of all the forces and elements at its command. A magazine, in this fortunate situation, is not a planned machine, but a living organism, open to the main currents of the world's life and thought, and meeting its readers within the circle of interests created by these same currents in them.

Interestingness, from this point of view, that is, in an appeal to a developed sensibility, is the central aim of the Magazine. By a developed sensibility we do not mean one breathing only the highest and rarest of atmospheres in attenuated refinement, one formally or technically educated, or one having special exaltation in a literary, æsthetic, or any other sense; we mean, just what we have intimated, one open to the main currents of the world, sharing the modern world-sense of truth, beauty, humor, romance, faith, and all the real values of life, in the plain human course.

During the past decade the Magazine has had chiefly in view a full response to this high order of interests, and in its accomplishment of the purpose has shown that intensively reflective concentration which, after a period of great expansion —often eccentric and wasteful—has been the distinctive characteristic of the decade itself. The fact that during this time the growth of the Magazine has been greater than at any other period of its history is sufficient evidence of the popular approval of its course in the new lines I have indicated.

In the field of science, where the newness of disclosure is most definitely apparent to the reader, the advanced method of the Magazine in the treatment of the themes presented has been as fruitful as laboratory investigation itself has been. Since the discovery of radium, the successive revelations resulting from the study of radiant phenomena, which, apart from their service to hospital work, have revolutionized physical science, have been promptly expounded to our readers by those who have made them—by Sir J. J. Thompson, Sir William Ramsay, Ernest Rutherford, Professor Soddy, and John Joly. As these men right from the laboratory, so, fresh from observatory work, eminent astronomers, like Lockyer, Darwin, Newcomb, Pickering, Ritchie, and others, have directly communicated their novel disclosures. The wonders of magnetism, photomicroscopy, synthetic chemistry, and even strange curiosities of physics have had their expert expositors. Besides what investigators themselves have written, other writers like Henry Smith Williams and Robert Kennedy Duncan, men familiar with recent developments of science and recognized as competent authorities, have investigated the investigators and their laboratory work, co-ordinating the latest results. Professor Duncan has several times visited Europe for this purpose, and contributed articles of great importance to industry

as well as in the interests of pure science —articles which have made volumes.

In the nearly related field of Archæology direct contributions have been made by Jacques De Morgan, W. M. Flinders-Petrie, Giacomo Boni, Charles Waldstein, Friedrich Delizsche, and other only less distinguished writers. From its earliest years the Magazine held the foremost, and for a long time a solitary, position in the field of Exploration—notably Polar and African. This primacy it has retained, only, in the period we are now reviewing, its articles have been confined mainly to such as definitely contribute to the advance of scientific knowledge or add singularly interesting chapters to the record of adventure. For its notable additions to our geographical knowledge of Central Asia, including vast mountain ranges never before known to the world, Sven Hedin's Tibetan series holds the first place; and this was communicated to the Magazine long before the explorer's return to civilization. To even indicate the range covered in these few years by contributions from explorers, and especially those from travellers in comparatively unknown regions, would take more space than we can spare.

To whatever field it should be assigned —to that of exploration, of archæology, or of scholarly research—no modern discovery, excepting that of the New World, has been so surprising or of such human interest as that recently made by Charles William Wallace, Associate Professor of Literature in the University of Nebraska, who, with the assistance of his wife, has brought to light from the millions of documents filed in the Public Record Office in London official records which give us our first authentic picture of Shakespeare as a man. The account of this discovery, in a recent Number of the Magazine, not only gives the poet a distinctly located lodging in London with a family of Huguenot refugees, but associates him with a love-story and a suit at law growing out of it, and discloses his neighborhood in such a way as to indicate his familiar contacts with fellow playwrights and partners in the Globe Theatre management, and even to intimate that he must, just on his way to that theatre, have sometimes on Bread Street seen and been seen by Milton, then a young child—and all this during the years when he was writing such plays as *Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night.*

Henry W. Nevinson made a dangerous journey into an unfrequented part of West Africa, and contributed a series of papers which are not mere sketches of travel, though, even as such, compelling attention, but sociological studies, exposing the horrors of the new slave trade on the Congo, and arousing to action the manufacturers of Great Britain. A later series from the same writer depicted the atrocities of Russian military officialism in the Caucasus.

Sociology — especially the study of social conditions among working-people— has always had a prominent place in the Magazine. The experiments in behalf of employees undertaken by humane employers, the aims and careers of social economies established by special communities, the evils of child labor in factories, have been described by sympathetic writers; and in recent years still more attention has been given not only to the evil economic conditions, but to organized effort for their relief.

Closely associated with social conditions, but important also as scientific contributions, have been the frequent articles from specialists on medical and surgical progress. Dr. W. W. Keen's papers have been surprising revelations of the rapid advance of modern surgery, and not less important have been those recounting the progress made in the prevention of infectious diseases, by Dr. John C. Torrey, Dr. M. A. Starr, Dr. Ayers, and other specialists.

The new lines taken by the Magazine have surely in these ways brought it into even closer intimacy with the people than in its early period, more nearly touching their solicitudes and sympathies. Grover Cleveland's contributions, embodying the simplest but most profound ideals of statesmanship, as we read them now, seem like farewell addresses of a later Washington—appeals to the national consciousness. President Hadley's and President Eliot's papers in the interests of public education reach the same high plane. President Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People," published serially, was a liberal education to the

people: presenting the American past in a living picture, fraught with timely suggestion and monition.

The historic scene is ever present in the Magazine in every shape excepting that of formal narrative. It is the background and atmosphere of the ultra-modern travel sketch—of the essay—of social and literary reminiscences—and of a great deal of fiction. It is the very substance of John Bassett Moore's articles on American Contributions to Modern Diplomacy; of revised sketches of historical characters; and of innumerable curiously interesting episodes in the affairs of state or in the lives of memorable personages, freshly brought to light by newly discovered documents or correspondence.

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury's two series of Language papers, treating of English Usage and Locutions, have in a special way met a general need, and have aroused more discussion than anything else ever contributed in this field.

I have given so much space to a summary, which, after all, is merely suggestive of the varied texture of the Magazine, apart from fiction, mainly to show the distinctively modern pattern of it all, as meeting an equally distinctive modern expectation. But also it is made evident that the space gained by the exclusion of ephemeral matter has been fully occupied, not by stories, but by timely and substantial articles, yet so much more novel and interesting than what they have displaced that they constitute the more romantic half of the Magazine's contents.

The development of the short story has been, with the exception of those early examples furnished by Poe, Irving, Hawthorne, and the elder Dana, coeval with that of this Magazine, which gave it its strongest stimulus and a generous hospitality. At the end of the Magazine's half-century this species of fiction had a world-wide recognition as peculiarly an American product. Certainly it had far outstripped the American novel in the general esteem, reversing the English situation, in which the novel held an overwhelming superiority, the short story being almost negligible in the comparison.

It seems strange to us now that, with so many American writers of short fiction in the field, there should at that time have been in a Number of the Magazine so many serial novels and so few short stories. Yet the new decade opened with three serial novels, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Israel Zangwill, and Frank R. Stockton, occupying more than one-third of the Magazine, as against about the same number of short stories, with, of course, the minimum of space as compared with any other class of matter excepting poetry. It was a remarkable disproportion due to a traditional estimate of the importance of serial fiction, the readers, too, probably accepting it as a matter of course. Considering the large number of readers who, with the serial before them from month to month, and really tempting them—for it was always a good one—yet waited for its completion to read it uninterruptedly in book form, it might well have seemed that the custom would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. At any rate it was determined that there should be but a single serial at one time in the Magazine. It was thus that room was gained for a variety of short stories. Whether because of the opportunity offered them, which appeared like a solicitation, or because they were waiting their chance, a multitude of short-story writers at once emerged in full array, eager to occupy the land opened to them. Every month seemed to bring a fresh recruit. Some writers of the older group advanced in excellence and often rivalled the new ones in surprises, but it was the later group that developed most of the new variations in the recent evolution of the short story. Here a number of new English writers blended their varieties with those of the new Americans. But the American writers multiplied tenfold as compared with the English.

Thus it happens that to-day every Number of the Magazine contains seven or eight short stories of exceptional and varied interest. In this variety Romance stands forth prominently; where Hewlett stood alone a few years ago there are now six or seven writers, English and American, eminent in the same field.

Humor has been from the beginning a leading feature of the Magazine, accentuated in the "Drawer," but also a prevailing element throughout. The greatest of living humorists writes only

for the Magazine, and how far he is removed from the old style of professional humorists is evident in the spiritual meanings of so much of his fiction. Among Americans there is more of a sense of the play of life than ever before; hence of late it has entered more largely into the representation of life in the short stories of the Magazine.

As for the serial novel, it represents a kind of continuity from Number to Number, if such a representation is necessary in a well-organized magazine. But, like everything else in the Magazine, it is not a question of necessity, but of interest. No novel has been, or can be, published serially in *Harper's Magazine* unless it has the highest rank in the art of fiction, and even the greatest of names is not in itself a temptation. The name may as well not be known, as in the case of "The Inner Shrine," which, without any knowledge of its authorship on the part of its readers, either in serial or book form, yet achieved in both forms a wonderful success.

Certainly the serial novels published in the Magazine during the last ten years—Mrs. Humphry Ward's, Mary Johnston's, Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman's, Alice Brown's, Gilbert Parker's, Booth Tarkington's, and Mrs. Deland's—have sustained the indispensable test. To American readers Mrs. Deland's longer fiction, like her short stories, has had a strong appeal through her sympathetic quality, her simple and plainly idiomatic style, the inevitable course of her drama, and her power to create living personalities.

Any one who considers reflectively and interpretatively the art of the last sixty years must be impressed by its affiliations with literature, the artists often anticipating the writers, initiating new variations in the evolution of the creative imagination. Rossetti is an obvious example. Du Maurier as an artist gave the prelusive note to his own work as a novelist.

The history of the Magazine is illustrative of the leadership and prophetic suggestion of the artist. Even when his office, as an illustrator, seemed to be merely subservient, his complementary service was necessary to nearly all the varied undertakings of the Magazine; but, from the first, he was more than this, else the rapidly developing art of photography would have soon supplanted him. For a long time he contributed graces, felicities, humor, and a sense of realness, not always so apparent in the text even when he happened to be the writer of it. He has fully kept pace with the growth of the literary art in this country, and has always given it an enhancement by his own. He made the advance in photography a means to his own mastery; it became his weapon against the wood-engraver—so far as his own drawings were concerned.

Wood-engraving has not been displaced, but its office to-day is most appreciable in the reproduction of the best examples of the painter's art, old or new—such as is given in this way in almost every Number of the Magazine. It is creative work, and only possible to a master engraver, like Henry Wolf.

In commenting upon the artist and his work in the last ten years, we encounter the same difficulty as in dealing with the writers of short stories—there are so many of him, and of her. At the beginning of this period a comparatively small number of artists furnished the illustrations of the Magazine, but they were the acknowledged masters of their art. The transformation of the Magazine, especially through the prominence given to imaginative literature, proved an exceptional opportunity and incentive to promising young artists—it is impossible here to mention even those who have won eminent distinction.

Color printing has given a brilliant distinction to the new era in illustration, and has become a regular feature in every Number. The process has reached a degree of perfection which permits the reproduction of the artist's work in all its charm of form, tone, and atmosphere as well as of color.

In a period when, to many, it seemed that Poetry had quite abandoned mankind, this highest form of expression in art has been especially honored in the Magazine. More poems have been there published than in any other former decade, and they have generally been poems of distinction. During the period under review poems have appeared in the Magazine contributed by such writers as Swinburne, Aldrich, Howells, Woodberry, Dobson, Van Dyke, Hardy, Wat-

son, Cawein, and Fanny Kemble Johnson. The late John B. Tabb was a frequent contributor. The rare genius shown in Josephine Preston Peabody's poetry long ago won deserved recognition. Of the many lyrists who have made the last decade musical for our readers it is impossible to make individual mention. But that there is no lack of poetic impulse and inspiration in these latter days is shown by the quality of the songs as well as by the number of the singers. It is also remarkable that so many of our best prose writers are also writers of verse. This is not only true of those as well known in fiction and other imaginative work as Howells, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Deland, Alice Brown, Mrs. Freeman, Richard Le Gallienne, and Arthur Symons, but of those eminent as publicists, scientists, and scholars, like President John H. Finley, John Burroughs, Professor Henry A. Beers, and Ernest Rhys.

At the beginning of the decade the only editorial department remaining in the Magazine was "The Drawer"—the "Editor's Easy Chair" and "The Editor's Study" having been discontinued some years before. These two departments were revived. If the restoration of a piece of Magazine furniture, which had been set aside with reverent sorrow but was still so vividly remembered that it seemed like a living thing, needed justification, that need was surely met by the fact that the Chair was returned to its old place for its occupation by Mr. Howells, already a veteran occupant of the readers' affections. To have regularly once a month the familiar but ever fresh and novel expression of his mature genius, not in views and opinions of men and things, but in the terms of his creative vision and feeling of life, was to have, unsealed, the fountain of perennial delights—such delights as were to be accounted among the highest satisfactions promised by the Magazine's renascence. Meanwhile the readers of the Magazine have had the full benefit of Mr. Howells's creative work in the short story, the farce, the poem, and in his many essays on English social atmospheres and manners, furnishing the best examples of that new order of travel sketch which, in the course of this review, I have attempted to show as distinct from the older, more superficial, and formally descriptive sketch, in that it gives real pictures and fresh individual impressions, with a dominant psychical control of all the materials—such as the poet has, or the sympathetic novelist, not producing a systematic order, but creating a harmony. Yet from all such work the reader turns with new zest to listen to the looser harmonies of the Chair, so full of grace, so wisely modulated!

There is a kind of orchestral harmony in every individual Number of the Magazine, not so evident in the early period, when each form of the literature presented was more sharply outlined in distinction from the others. Now, each often partakes of the essential quality of another. The scientific article has its romance and surprises in common with fiction. The essay may be dramatic, or, in the form of a travel sketch, it may be poetic, or a scene from the comedy of life. In everything there is the interest of a story.

When this orchestration is over, and before its tension is fully relaxed in the fun of the Drawer, it has during the last ten years been permitted to the conductor to appear without his baton, in the restored Editor's Study. It is not the old Study, where originally Mr. Howells sat, its windows overlooking the Charles River, and where, after him, Charles Dudley Warner quaintly commented on life and current literature. The review of books is no longer a function of the Magazine—that office being so well performed in the newspapers and special literary periodicals. The new Study was intended to bring the Magazine, through its editor, into closer touch with its writers and its readers. The editor thus became the interpreter of the Magazine in the new lines it had taken—an office which he has enjoyed and which, he trusts, has given some pleasure and satisfaction to his contributors and to readers generally. The expert contributor may have come, through this kind of interpretation, to be better understood by his readers. At least a kind of common consciousness has been established and more and more intensified among those directly engaged in the making of a new literature and those concerned in the relation of the modern

magazine to this creation. Since the editor was so evidently inclined to make much of magazine writing, young writers may have been better assured of a cordial welcome or at least of a careful consideration; they may have seen more clearly that it was the thing offered that counted, not the name back of it; and old writers, whose earliest recognition had been won through their contributions, may have felt more at home with a magazine which spoke to them, and spoke of them in grateful appreciation. Readers too, new and old, were not left out of this homely atmosphere, and, from being so intimately addressed by the editor, many of them have freely talked back. As the writers have surprised him by their disclosures of new qualities, thus helping him to fresh interpretations, so the readers by their communications have suggested themes. For example, the course of the last three or four essays in the Study was originally determined by a letter from a reader in Cleveland, Ohio, who made an earnest protest against the feminization of current magazine fiction, pleading for stories having a distinctly manly tone and attitude. This set the editor to thinking about the "manly tone and attitude" generally—what it had been in the past of civilization and literature, and what the modern feminization really means. He would probably have come to the consideration sooner or later; but here was a living voice, immediately prompting it. That is what the Study is for—to evoke living voices and to be one itself.

The personal side of the communication is of lively interest also. In one way the editor naturally has more chances with writers and artists than with readers—he sometimes actually meets them; and he will be pardoned if he here alludes to one memorable occasion of such a meeting, during the decade, with some two hundred and fifty of them, on the eve of his seventieth birthday, when the counting-room of the Franklin Square establishment was turned into a banqueting hall for his reception of men and women who, as Carolyn Wells so happily phrased it, were the "living Index of *Harper's Magazine*." The impersonality of the editor had always seemed to him, as an individual, a comfortable privilege, and had more and more, in recent years, come to seem just and fitting, since it never could mean uniperson-ality in the case of a periodical demanding, in its complex economy, equally complex associative effort. Even in the Study, where individual expression conveyed, as it was meant to, something personal in the tone and manner of the communication, yet, in its matter and essential meaning, the editor always felt himself to be representative rather than individual, as much so as in all other editorial functions; and he was always glad that the close neighborhood of the Easy Chair emphasized the idea of association. So, on the occasion he has referred to, while impersonality was dissipated by his individual appearance and by its being his birthday, yet all the other circumstances made the affair representative and associative.

The editor addresses the readers of the Magazine every month, but he cannot meet them in any such assembling. The writers and artists appeal to them, but cannot by direct contact know with what success. Those who determine the principle of selection and the plane and lines of development divine as best they can the tastes and interests of the audience they desire to reach through the resources of literature and art at their command, but can have only one assurance of success—the prosperity of their undertaking. If the selection follows the individual tastes or interests of any of those engaged in the making of the Magazine, it is likely to be eccentric and certain to fall short of a catholic scope. It is liable to the same perils if it follows the expressed demands of individual readers. The thoughtful audience is collectively wiser than any individual. Thus in ways that are better divined than studied out, all the elements concerned are spontaneously but reflectively brought into harmonious association. Because the Magazine has won so much space for distinctively creative work, the note of spontaneity in it is dominant, and surprises abound; there is weather in its atmosphere, free play of the elements, and a varied temperament. It is a living organic part of our new literature.

The Little Man

BY WINONA GODFREY

THERE are old maids and old maids and unmarried women. The Misses Reed were unmarried women. Most of the real dyed-in-the-wool old maids are married.

Miss Olive was a living refutation of the popular theory of the tragedy of spinsterhood. She was forty six or seven, handsome, regretless, and happy. She glanced up from her embroidery to cast upon Marcia a look at once keen, affectionate, and half impatient.

Marcia's sewing had dropped to her lap, her usually nimble fingers rested on it listlessly; her absent eyes stared out unseeingly at the romping leaves in the wind-swept street; it was very evident that her thoughts dreamed far afield.

"What are you thinking of, Marcia?" asked Miss Olive, with a sort of dryness, as if she guessed.

"Oh, nothing." Marcia started a little guiltily and took up her needle at once. A faint color crept into her somewhat sallow cheeks, and she did not look at her sister.

They sewed on in silence for some moments, then Miss Olive observed, without preamble:

"Sometimes I think that you'd like to get married." Her voice held the merest hint of scorn, as if the idea were beneath them both.

"I don't know what makes you think so," replied Marcia, rather wearily.

"Well, sometimes I don't know what's the matter with you. You look sort of moony."

"Is that a sign?" asked Marcia, smiling a little.

"The postman's stopping," said Miss Olive, irrelevantly, as his whistle called her eyes to the window. She put down her sewing deliberately and presently returned with a letter. "It's for you, Marcia. I don't seem to know the writing." They did not receive many letters, but she spoke without excitement.

The color blazed to Marcia's cheeks when she saw the writing. She half rose, as if to seek to read it in solitude, then sank back as she realized what greater curiosity such a course would arouse. Her hands trembled a little and her heart throbbed painfully as she read. It was only a note, and she had read it through twice before Olive spoke in some surprise.

"Well, who's it from?"

Marcia hesitated. "Mr. Bush," she finally gave out, in a very low voice.

Miss Olive stared. "Norton Bush!" she ejaculated, in perfect scorn. "The little whipper-snapper!"

"Oh, please!" cried Marcia, unsteadily.

Miss Olive put her needle in again with an air of compromise.

"Well, what does he want?"

Marcia seemed to answer almost against her will. "His—wife—is dead."

"Wife's dead!" exclaimed Miss Olive again. "And he's writing to tell you about it! Of all the ideas!"

Marcia rose, cramming the letter back into its envelope, and picking up her sewing, prepared to leave the room.

"What you could ever see in that little runt," Miss Olive almost groaned. "It certainly beats me!"

Marcia did not reply. Going to her own room, she sat down on a window-seat to think, the letter still grasped tightly in her hand. Her own agitation amazed her. More, it frightened her. She had not suspected that old emotion was to be so easily resurrected. Again she opened the letter. His wife had been dead some weeks, the writer said, apathetically. He was not doing much of anything. He was coming there soon. Might he see her? That was all.

She would not see him, Marcia decided. What was the use? There was nothing between them. And then, although she did not wish to, in spite of the protest of some saner, calmer self,

memory, as memory unbidden and undesired will, began to repicture the past for her.

Ten years before, the sisters had met in some casual fashion Norton Bush. From the first he had been an object of derision to Miss Olive, although he was just an ordinary man and not particularly ridiculous. True, he was neither handsome nor distinguished in appearance; he was a small man, short and thin, with light hair, which he wore roached up in front, and rather good eyes.

Marcia had been very nearly thirty at that time, and in spite of herself his attentions pleased her. She had been one of those quiet, drab girls, who are intelligent and neither unemotional nor ill-looking, who have, in fact, all the domestic virtues, and yet lack some drawing quality, so that in girlhood they are left sitting in corners, and when they are women, are never considered, and frequently never marry. And these women, whose emotions and desires are hid behind a certain shy pride, can bear any stab but ridicule.

Miss Olive, without meaning in the least to be unkind, employed unconsciously the most efficacious means to prevent Marcia's marriage to Bush. Everything about him she derided; made a caricature of his looks, laughed at his views —in fact, thought and spoke of him with contempt.

So in the face of it all Marcia was ashamed of her growing interest in "the little man," as Olive called him. Nor was this solely on account of her sister's unflattering opinion. She was herself dimly conscious of having descended from the nobility of her own ideals. Norton Bush was not such a man as her youth had dreamed of—that big, manly, masterful man whom all men respected. No, Norton was not brilliant, he was not even big—she knew in her heart that he was insignificant in other ways as well as in physique—and yet—

Anyway, when he asked her to marry him she refused. She wanted to marry him, but had not the courage to brave the fancied oblique smile of her world. He did not appear to be particularly crushed by her rejection, and after a while removed to another town. He wrote to her occasionally, but both she and Olive regarded the incident as closed. And Marcia knew that now she would never marry.

After a few years she received a card announcing his marriage to another woman. After that his name was seldom mentioned in the Reed household.

But Marcia had thought of him a great deal, and always with an impression that her feeling for him was that of some separate and inscrutable personality whose emotions she neither understood nor controlled. Now as she sat holding his letter, the herald of his re-entry into her life, that curious duality returned upon her.

Everything had been over and doubly seared by his marriage, the whole interlude put aside, the trend of her life settled, and now by these few lifeless words all was cast back into chaos. She tried to think, to consider calmly. She was bewildered, a little surprised and frightened, yet within throbbed a strange expectancy.

"Marcia!" Miss Olive's voice, with its old note of mingled impatience and anxiety, called her to replace the mask of every day.

"Yes," she answered, rising to thrust the letter into a drawer, and passing a hand over her forehead as if to smooth away any sign of perturbation. As she turned to the door, her sister tapped and entered.

In spite of their difference in temperament, the elder sister loved the younger with that almost maternal affection which sometimes enhances the sisterly, especially when one has had much care of the other in childhood. After her rejection of Norton Bush, Marcia had not gone into any decline; no one, indeed, noticed the slightest change in her—except Miss Olive. A little conscience-stricken, she thought she observed in Marcia a new resignation, a sort of *settling*, as it were, as if she no longer expected anything more of life.

And though she said nothing, the good lady was a little troubled. Unable to see anything attractive in the man herself, convinced that Marcia's marriage to him would be a mistake in every way, and would never conduce to her permanent happiness, she nevertheless felt (and rightly) that her attitude had been the

chief factor in Marcia's decision. She disliked the responsibility for having in a way prevented Marcia from making the experiment. If Marcia had married him and been unhappy, it would have been upon her own head. If she did not and was unhappy, Miss Olive felt the responsibility in a measure hers. She wanted Marcia to realize her escape, remain as she was, and be happy, too.

Now the whole question seemed about to be reopened, and Marcia's looks and actions showed that she was likely to meet it in the same old way. While Marcia was having her reverie upstairs, Miss Olive had been chafing and debating with herself below, with the result that she finally ascended to state her own position once for all.

"Marcia," she began, briskly, as she seated herself, "I can see that we're going through the same old performance with Norton Bush, and I want you to understand at the start that I'm not going to put my oar in again."

"It seems rather early to begin to discuss it," Marcia replied, coldly.

Miss Olive pursed her mouth a little. "As I've said a thousand times before, I don't see what you want to get married for—"

"How do you know I want to?" asked Marcia, in some exasperation.

"Oh, fudge!" said Miss Olive. "Here you've got a good home," continuing her remarks, "enough to live on nicely, peace and quiet, and you don't know what you'll exchange it for with that kind of a man; but that isn't what I started to say. You know what I think about the whole business, and before, I admit, I did everything I could to make you decide the way you did. This time I sha'n't have a word to say. I've made up my mind to leave you to make up yours with no interference from me. You do what you want to, and don't consider anybody's opinion but your own."

It would seem, being thirty-nine years old, that Marcia might very well be left to her own devices, but she understood Miss Olive's meaning, and understood, too, that no thought of herself nor of any consequences to her own mode of life had entered the elder sister's mind. It was this knowledge of Olive's complete disinterestedness that made her accept such not too delicate discussion without resentment.

She wished that she might tell this placid, contented woman something of the vague longings and unrest that warred in her own breast, had it not seemed useless to try to explain to another what she herself did not understand. After a moment she spoke slowly, as people do, with no hint of what had been in her heart to say.

"I think all this is rather premature. I don't believe Norton has any of the intentions you think. It will be time enough to decide when he mentions the subject." Yet she had told herself that she would not see him! And deep within she knew that he meant to ask her again. Marcia was not at all a deceitful person, either.

"Oh, well," said Miss Olive, "we know where I stand, anyway."

When Norton Bush came, Marcia received him with no outward agitation. He looked just about the same, very little older, a few added lines about the eyes and mouth perhaps.

Marcia saw and realized, what she had always seen and realized, that he was a little, rather insignificant man, who moved nervously, who was doubtless somewhat selfish, who was even a little careless in his dress, but who nevertheless possessed some quality that attracted her, that made her find his society agreeable, that made, in fact, the idea of life with him by no means unsupportable.

He made it quite plain that he still cared for her and hoped that his renewed suit might have a different outcome. He spoke casually of his dead wife, and Marcia winced at it, for she felt his marriage to be a disloyalty to the old feeling between them, women being so much more sensitive to such inconstancy than men. He had simply thought that he might as well be married.

Presently Miss Olive came in, greeting Norton graciously enough. Which was to show Marcia that she need anticipate no family friction this time.

When he was gone, Marcia had a revulsion of feeling. She would not marry him. She did not want to marry him. Without conceit she knew herself of finer fibre than he. She must be *proud* of the man she loved and married. What was



Drawn by Harry Townsend

"WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY"

there in Norton Bush to be proud of? even if there was nothing of which to be greatly ashamed. Olive was right. What was she thinking of, to leave the peaceful way of her life, her friends, her set habits of every sort, deserting Olive and the home she loved—for uncertainties, discomforts perhaps—and Norton Bush? She wondered that she had ever entertained such a notion. She was glad he had come back, for she had fancied that she had not quite "got over" that old feeling, and now she knew that she had got over it, and she would not have those restless, groping moods again.

Still, she allowed him to come when he pleased. She presently ceased to argue with herself; she ignored her double-mindedness, no longer tried to analyze her motives or desires—just drifted. She put no more questions—and it was pleasant.

Miss Olive made no comment, only occasionally set her lips tighter against the urge of some contemptuous phrase. She positively marvelled at Marcia. But she kept her word.

One winter evening he came as usual, they talked as usual, she played the airs he liked, then he sat watching her as she skilfully embroidered an orchid on a tray-cloth. Suddenly he seized her hand and took the cloth from her, pulling her to her feet.

"I love you," he stammered. "You know it, don't you, Marcia? You're the only woman for me—you always have been. Will you marry me, Marcia?"

She flushed, hesitated, thrilled by his touch.

"Yes," she half whispered.

He was nervously ecstatic, upset everything he touched, yet it seemed only what he had expected. He had evidently had no misgivings; he had counted on it. Marcia could not sew any more. They sat close together and made plans for the future. She was warm, excited, unanalytical. They were to be married at once. It was all settled. He stayed very late.

But at last he went, and as she turned back into the dimly lighted hall, the tiny streak of light under the sitting-room door, proclaiming Olive still holding vigil within, caught her with sudden pain. Her joy fell from her like a dropped cloak. Instead of going on up to her own room as she had intended, she quietly entered the sitting-room.

Olive was reading; her strong, placid face, her serene, well-poised personality, seemed to dominate the room. A cheerful fire burned on the hearth, the cat dozed comfortably on the rug before it, the chairs were set cozily, the reading-lamp cast a pleasant light; the whole atmosphere was one of homelikeness, of comfort, of contentment, of a quiet life set in tranquil ways.

As Marcia remained standing before her, Miss Olive laid down her book and looked up inquiringly.

"Well?" she asked, sharply, seeing great tidings in Marcia's face. The flush had died out of Marcia's cheeks.

"I'm going to marry Norton," she said.

For a moment the elder sister did not reply; her mouth contracted a little. "You have quite made up your mind?" she asked, slowly.

"Yes." Marcia's voice was emotionless.

"Well, then, I've nothing to say. Of course I hope you will be happy."

The fire crackled merrily in the pause, the cat yawned and stretched himself.

"I don't want to leave you, Olive," Marcia said, in a trembling voice. "I—don't want to leave you," she repeated, looking around the room lovingly.

"Then why do you?" queried Miss Olive, dryly.

"I don't know," whispered Marcia, shrinking back into her chair.

"You don't know!" cried Miss Olive, ringingly. "Marcia, I don't know what to make of you!"

Marcia leaned across the table and laid a hand on Olive's plump, well-kept one.

"I can't tell you what it is," she said, quietly now. "We've been happy together, everything's pleasant here; I feel wicked to leave you here alone, but I—it seems that I can't help it. You understand, don't you?"

"I could understand it," Miss Olive admitted, "but—what *do* you see in that little man, Marcia?"

Marcia's face flushed. "I—don't know," she murmured again, and she didn't. "I'm so sorry you don't like him because I—I guess—I—love him."

"Let's go to bed," Miss Olive sug-



Drawn by Harry Townsend

"OH, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU," SOBBED MARCIA

gested. She did not care for this sort of introspection. "Have a good night's rest, and maybe by to-morrow you'll change your mind," she added, hopefully.

Marcia smiled faintly. At her sister's door, she took Olive's hand and kissed her, an unwonted show of affection between them.

The next morning at breakfast the subject was not broached until Miss Olive said suddenly, "Well, have you changed your mind?"

Marcia shook her head. "We're going to be married to-day," she said.

"What!" gasped Miss Olive. "To-day!"

"What's the use of waiting?" said Marcia. "We've waited so long. We'll go to Mr. Tucker's and be married at five."

Miss Olive stared at her a moment, completely, as she would have phrased it, "flabbergasted." Then she rose, indicating by a gesture that she washed her hands of the whole affair. "I've nothing to say," she affirmed, briefly, and set about her daily tasks.

Marcia began to pack. And with each trinket and little picture that she took down from her walls to place carefully in her trunk her heart sank. She was tearing up her life by the roots—could she transplant it and have it take root as securely elsewhere? Again she began to doubt. And why was she so torn by these tormenting fears and vacillations? Her life seemed so empty if she stayed, and yet she did not wholly wish to go! And the nearer the time for parting came, the less she wished to go.

Her sister spoke to her with a sort of anxious affection—she helped her to get her personal belongings together, helped her to put on the suit that was to be her wedding-gown, then dressed in her own black silk to be ready when the bridegroom came.

Marcia fell into a kind of apathy. When Norton arrived, she looked at him with the appraising eyes of a stranger. Why, he was not as tall as Olive! He seemed someway so unimportant beside the latter's tall, straight figure, with its kind, handsome face, as she shook hands with him and congratulated him—and she could do that sincerely, too.

As in a dream, moving mechanically, feeling detached and dazed, Marcia rode to the minister's house, went through the short ceremony, then back home to drop Miss Olive on their way to the station. She insisted on getting out of the carriage and going into the house to say good-by.

Norton waited, smiling, on the porch.

Marcia's heart beat wildly. She threw herself with abandon on Miss Olive's broad breast.

"Oh, I don't want to leave you," she sobbed. "I don't want to leave it all. I'm afraid. I want it undone—I want it undone!"

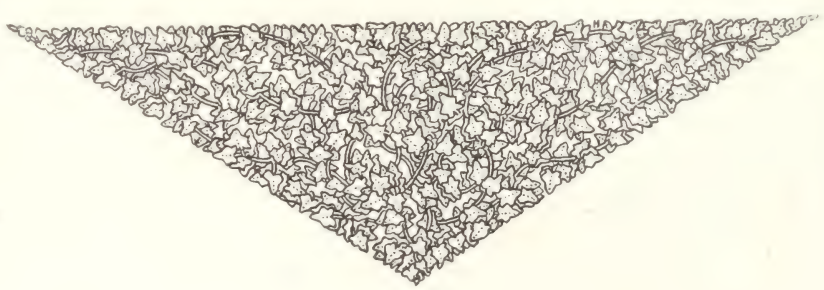
"There, there!" soothed Miss Olive, as she had done when they were children. "You're just nervous, that's all—you're just nervous."

"We don't want to miss our train, dear," Norton called from the front door.

"I'm coming," replied Marcia, wiping her face hastily with her handkerchief.

Miss Olive kissed her and shook hands with Norton again. It was dusk, quiet and frosty, the street lamps just twinkling out as they drove away. When they turned the corner, Marcia saw Olive still standing at the gate, and noticed a last leaf fluttering down upon her head from the bare limbs of the old maple.

After a moment, Miss Olive wiped her eyes, called the cat, and went in.





HAULING WOOL FROM THE ANDES TO THE ATLANTIC

Among the Sheep Ranches of Patagonia

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

THRUMP! thrump! resistingly groaned out the engines in response to the lever which had been suddenly thrown hard over to full speed astern; shush! boiled up the sudding foam, and the little coaster *Patagonia* backed off the bar which thwarted our entrance to the mouth of the Rio Gallegos.

"Largue el ancla!" (let fall), sounded out from the pilot-house, and awaiting deeper water from the incoming tide, we lay at our chains, four hundred miles coastwise from Punta Arenas, and one hundred and fifty north of Cape Virgins, the sentinel of Magellan Strait.

To the northward the long, cliff-cut, sandstone pile of Cape Fairweather turned its crooked nose south, and its escarpments, rich in fossils, followed the river inland. For a thousand miles the coast of Patagonia, now cliff-cut, now low-lying, but ever bleak and brown, shunted back from the sea. The level pampas of shingle, lava, and a few kinds of dry desert shrubs and areas of a drier, scattered grass reach back across the continent, until they finally merge into the deep forest shadows of the frowning Andean chain.

Great desolate deserts, sometimes level as far as the eye can reach, sometimes undulating in graceful monotony, again a chaos of lava rock, out of which, perchance, rises some great nature-sculptured edifice, or, flowing far below the surface of its plains, a few swift, dangerous rivers have forged out deep, steep canyons. In slighter depressions, where the snow drifts and its melted water accumulates, *vegas* (meadows) wave their succulent grasses. Many of the great reaches are desert wastes, *sino agua* (without water),

in which death-like regions an occasional white-bleached skeleton glistens on the stony shingle soil—nature's toll.

Such then are the pampas of Patagonia, and over their sterile reaches sweep the bitter, driving winds from the frigid Andes, raising great sand-storms in summer, and in fall and winter bearing driving rain and snow upon their blasts. Over the treeless surface roam the ostrich, pumas, wild guanaco, and wilder men. There, too, along sections of the littoral and up the banks of the few rivers, courageous, hard-working sheep-farmers, mainly Scotch and English, have taken up land. Many of them are pioneers, having come from the lone Falkland Islands, which lie nearly three hundred miles off the Strait of Magellan; although scattered over its sparsely settled inhabited portions are Argentines of Spanish ancestry, Italians, Austrians, and French, who turn their hands principally to shepherding, shearing, fencing, carting, and other details of ranch work.

From where they browsed and bred over the peaty soil of the Falklands several hundred sheep were brought in 1877 to Punta Arenas, and sheep-raising was thus first introduced into the regions of the Strait, and from this nucleus, and shipments which followed, the stormy Territorio de Magellanes (of Chile) today carries perhaps two million sheep, with Punta Arenas as its centre and base of supplies, while to the north of the Strait, south of Rio Santa Cruz (Argentina), the littoral and contiguous river valleys support perhaps a million more.

Here the towns of Gallegos and Santa Cruz are the rendezvous. To these three ports come wool agents from London, Hamburg, Antwerp, and Havre, although sometimes an estanciero sends his wool at his own expense to the London auction sales. Much of the pampas wool is shipped from Santa Cruz and Gallegos to Punta Arenas, and the wool itself from these regions is known by that name.

Thus this little lonely Strait settlement, the Mecca of southern Chile and Patagonia, is one of the great wool-exporting ports of the world, shipping away on steamers, three years ago, over sixteen million pounds of wool, with a commercial value of over $1,600,000. In addition to this there was a sale of nearly four hundred thousand pelts. Thus sheep-raising in these regions has proved to be more lucrative than gold-digging and more profitable than copper.

Although here in southern Patagonia the few million sheep graze on some of the poorest land in Argentine territory, yet they go far toward piling up her enormous total of perhaps seventy million head of sheep, making her first as an exporter of frozen meat, and second only as a shipper of wool, justifying her maintaining in her beautiful capital, the Central Produce Market of Buenos Ayres, the largest wool and hide market in the world.

It was late in the afternoon before we finally headed into the broad reach of the river mouth, which glistened in a cold sheen, its surface rough cut by the ripping, tearing wind, which here sweeps across the pampas from the Cordillera so persistently at times that vessels requiring lighters have perforce laid for some two weeks waiting to unload, and horses have refused to face it.

"*Gallegos*" the Spaniards call this west wind, and so the explorers named the river, and later settlers the little tinsel town of corrugated iron, boards, and adobe which lies hugging the plain of the pampas on the southern bank, and whose low-lying roof-tops we could already see glistening cold and sharp-edged like the waves of the river which whirled and eddied past.

The *Patagonia* was swung in broadside to the town, grounded and anchored; her starboard chain held her to riverward, while strong hawsers were put out fore and aft and to shore. Amid no little confusion passengers with luggage and camp gear were crowded into the small boats and deposited on the beach.

On a Patagonia coaster are invariably to be found various men who have interests in sheep. Of my two companions one was the senior director of perhaps the largest sheep company in the world, which in the regions of the Strait and Patagonia carried over two million head of sheep, having control of numerous separate ranches, each with its own name and under its own manager. The other, from Buenos Ayres,

owned a ranch or two. Both were on a tour of inspection. Among the other passengers were squatters, shepherds, and gauchos—the cowboys of the Patagonian plains.

Throughout the whole arid, wind-swept length of Patagonia, from the Rio Negro to the Strait of Magellan, only six rivers are to be found. These drain the glacial streams from the eastern slopes of the Andes, and send their swift, icy currents careening to the Atlantic, grooving great canyons through the sandstone soil of the pampas. At the mouths of some of these are mushroom settlements, little Meccas for the sheepmen, gauchos, and Tehuelche Indians, and ports for the few steamers which irregularly put in with cargoes of corrugated iron and other building material for shelters on the treeless pampas; also bringing food, camp gear, and general supplies, and taking away with them the annual cargoes of wool and skins.

Into the mouths of the southernmost of these rivers rush tremendous tides, with a rise of forty feet in the vicinity of Gallegos. To meet the exigencies of unloading occasioned by this extreme rise and fall, a novel expedient has been resorted to. Moored and anchored at high tide alongside the beach, steel steamers are left high and dry as the tide recedes, looking like great stranded leviathans. The cargoes are then transferred in carts, at low tide, or over the short space of water in lighters at high tide. An arriving steamer is an event here, and all Gallegos had turned out to look for cargo and receive news.

We entered one of the four-wheeled rigs on the outskirts of the crowd; the horses were at once whipped into a mad gallop over the stony beach crest, and we were in the town, bolting along the dusty, rutty roads, and were deposited at one of the little hotels of which Gallegos boasts. Less than two years before the small garrison was withdrawn, Gallegos numbered fifteen hundred souls; now but a third of this number remain, and many of the vacant houses can be had for a song.

Gallegos, like many a frontier settlement, is a place of contrasts. Here on its few highways, which crease out into the pampas and disappear, the slow-moving bullock-carts are passed by a truck Fiat locomobile which has recently proved a success within certain limits. Also several single telephone wires sing their ways from the *correo* (post-office) to a few of the neighboring ranches.

At the end of one of these antennæ



Loading Wool-bags on to a Lighter at Gallegos



MERINO RAMS USED IN BREEDING PATAGONIAN SHEEP

of civilization was Killik-Aike, one of the most attractive estancia homes in southern Patagonia, whose owner, Mr. Herbert Felton, with whom I was soon in communication, is a splendid type of the hospitable British sheep-rancher.

Arrangements were made for horses to meet me across the river. The next forenoon, with my *vaqueano* (guide), whom I had picked up in Gallegos, I was kiping across the treacherous mile reach of the river in a sailboat. The horses soon arrived, and we started out.

Patagonia, hitherto a mirage of my imagination, stretched away in reality, a treeless waste of brown, a surface of small brown stones set by nature in irregular mosaic into the brown soil, between which small scattered tufts of brown parched grass grew, the whole surface, as far as the eye could reach, monotonous and brown, broken only by the low-growing maté-negro and maté-verde shrubs, and punctuated occasionally by the slightly greener, prickly caliphate. A gray monotonous cloud covering stretched to the horizon and cooled somewhat the warm color of the pampas by its reflected grayness. There was a wild, unbounded freeness which caused one mentally and physically to breathe deep —white-blooded he must be who does not feel its spell.

Here over these vast undulating plains, from the Rio Negro to the Strait of Magellan, from the Atlantic to the Cordillera, roamed the big Tehueleches in uncontrolled freedom —*Patagons*, the big-footed, the early Spaniards called them, and hence the country Patagonia derived its name.

Here still roam the remnant of those aborigines, in the main unaffected by civilization—save for the worse—but cut off not only from many of their choicest and traditional camping-places *(aike)* in the most fertile spots of the eastern river valleys, but even from the ocean itself; for from thirty to forty miles back from the Atlantic they bring short up against that boundary of the frontier, the wire fence. Even Killik-Aike was on the site of a favorite camping-place, as its name and scattered fragments of a stone age amply testify.

The land which is considered available for sheep-farming the government divides into two kinds, fiscal and freehold. A thousand dollars capital, a knowledge of sheep, and good judgment are considered sufficient assets by the hardy pioneer with which to start, provided he can find satisfactory "camp" (sheep-land). In Patagonia this is of two kinds, winter camp and summer camp.

Summer camp is land where the sheep feed during that season, and may be any grazing-land particularly exposed in winter to the fierce cold and snows which sweep down from the Cordillera, and upon which flocks could not survive during the winter. Winter camp is available land for winter pasturage, naturally more protected, and where the snow falls shallow enough for the sheep to get at the grass.

It can be seen that the extent of winter camp determines the number of sheep a ranch can support. But even under the best conditions severe winters frequently decimate large flocks. To my knowledge a winter's toll of a single ranch was thirty thousand out of forty thousand sheep.

To-day good camp in southern Patagonia is limited more or less to its eastern littoral, mostly occupied, unless one makes the long trek across the pampas to the vegas of the Andean foot-hills; but here enters in that important feature of any exported product—transportation. Here the only available means is the bullock-cart. But despite this drawback one English pioneer has proved its feasibility, although his transportation costs alone would float a small-sized ranch on the eastern littoral.

Could one view the average Patagonian sheep farm from the heights where soars the condor on outstretched pinions, he would look down on what would appear a little tin box of a house, others like it also peppering the plain. Near by he would see distinctly a circular or square enclosure—the corral; could trace faintly the thin thread of miles of wire fencing, squared and cross-cut over leagues of camp, and see this area piebald here and there with great patches and flocks of white—sheep.

Some of the ranch homes, however, are designed and made in England and shipped out ready to be put up, and though of corrugated iron, are nevertheless often of good design and pretentious dimensions. These when finished and furnished, painted without and permeated within by that hospitality one invariably meets in these parts, have most of the comforts and attractions of an average English home: such was Killik-Aike.

A twenty-mile ride, then down a long slope, and a sharp turn brought us to the bottom of a little valley, where a deep *sanga* (gully) burrowed its centre, spilling itself into the Rio Gallegos beyond. In the lee of the eastern slope an attractive gray-painted, red-roofed house nestled—as much as any house could nestle in Patagonia—within a large square enclosure, over which cropped the tree-tops of an orchard and garden—Killik-Aike.

Here I made my home for the greater part of a week, meanwhile gathering information, exploring the surrounding country, trying out horses, and preparing for our trek across the pampas. One day it was a ride over the range to a large *laguna* (lake), where flocks of ostriches scurried away among the brush of the hill slopes, and wild geese and duck disported on its waters. Or it was a tramp across a neighboring valley and up the steep slope of the highest *barranca* (cliff); next to Mount Observation, where I could look away over leagues of country, could see dimly to the south those promontories known as the Tres Frailes (Three Friars).

Down in this valley, by a spring, Hatcher of the famous Princeton expedition had his camp; also Martin; and there, too, still scratched in its soil, could



ROUNDED UP FOR LAMB-MARKING

be traced the rectangular grooves of the little water drains which had squared themselves about the lone camp of another well-known American paleontologist, Barnum Brown.

To the traveller in Patagonia there was one unique asset of which Killik-Aike justly boasted—a garden; for the lack of water and the terrific winds which sweep bare the barren pampas leave only stubble grass and a few hardy shrubs. First, by irrigation at the foot of a protected slope in the lee of a tall fence, a double row of willows was raised; then within this enclosure, by dint of every care, apple, cherry, and other fruit trees and vegetables of all kinds had successfully borne fruit—a garden famed in southern Patagonia.

At other times, alone with my horse, I made excursions westward along the Gallegos, at the foot of the great towering barrancas, in the crannies of whose fossilled sides wild hawks and banderia nested. On one of these occasions the run back was a close race between my horse and the tidal bore which sweeps up the Rio Gallegos with surprising rapidity, having caught and bowled over in its boiling swirl many a crosser at the nearby ford.

But it is this same Gallegos which has made its contiguous territory coveted sheep land; for to the sheep-rancher of Patagonia, next perhaps to good winter camp, the most important assets are facilities for transportation; consequently the estancieros of its shores have but to invest in a single boat or perchance a lighter, and, wool-laden, go down with the tide to the port of Gallegos.

So it was in 1887 that Mr. Felton, coming from his native islands, the Falklands, trekked overland from Sandy Point (Punta Arenas) with three men and eight *cargueros* (pack-horses), and landed on the south side of the Rio Gallegos—as he expressed it, "with what he stood up in."

Two years later he shifted across the river to Killik-Aike, where he rented twelve leagues of land. Some corrals up, a few sheds, dipping-pens constructed, several hundred sheep shipped from the Falklands, and his new venture was begun, not, however, without those numerous and ofttimes unexpected setbacks which the best judgment fails to foresee and forestall.

In the early days, before the fences were up, the sheep were watched by mounted shepherds and dogs during the day, and driven into pens at night. On one occasion this latter precaution was neglected, and when the gray dawn of the gray winter morning diffused over the frozen pampas, the sheep—a flock of six hundred, shipped a little while before from the Falklands—had disappeared. Search proved fruitless, and later in the morning Mr. Felton, while having his coffee, received the unwelcome news.



My Tropilla Drinking

Without a moment's hesitation, though dressed light, he jumped into his saddle, and with a single dog set out. Skirting the range, his practised eye soon picked up the slight track on the hard ground. It led in an unwavering line due east for a straight thirty miles clear to Cape Fairweather, where he finally



HERDERS LEAVING A RANCH

found the entire flock right at the water's edge, with necks outstretched, seeing, as Mr. Felton said, how they could best get back to the Falklands.

The start back began at dark, and man, dog, horse, and sheep were fearfully exhausted. Lightly clad, the owner dismounted and travelled beside his horse in the pitch darkness and freezing cold, the stars his guides. All were weary, so the man took off his saddle, and piled up the prickly grass in an endeavor to get warm; but that insidious bugaboo, *Cold,* was drowsing over him. He knew it was a "move on now" or the big move to eternity. By daybreak he staggered to a shanty. An old man made him the best drink he had ever swallowed, camp tea *(maté),* which he had never before been able to "go," and while the old fellow was frying chops, Felton fell asleep.

One of the greatest difficulties was and still is getting supplies into the country and shipping wool out of it—and all wood construction for the ranches on these treeless pampas had to be shipped from elsewhere at high cost.

After a long wait, the wood for their house, all cut to size in the Falklands, arrived at Gallegos, and Mr. Felton's brother was sent down to raft it up, as was done in the early days. All went well until the ebb-tide began its race toward the sea, cutting and chafing the rope lashings and carrying the entire house away below Punta Loyala at the entrance of the Atlantic. But, as in many events, the tide turned, and with it back came the lumber, which was secured with a boat used to tow it, and finally beached.

So in the face of numerous obstacles Felton began to gain ground, and ten years of arduous labor and fluctuating luck found him at the end of shearing with a fine new shed just built, new tools, dip for washing sheep and curing scab, the whole season's clip baled, and the sheepskins rolled, all carefully stored in the new sheds. It was with well-earned satisfaction that Felton saw the last fleece tied, the final bale hooped and shoved out from the press, and stretched his weary frame to dream, perchance of

The Master

BY ALICE BROWN

STILLMAN, senior editor of that magazine which might have been called *The Pride of America,* was walking rapidly away from his office through the November sleet. He was a tall, thin-cheeked man with deep-set eyes, and stiff hair standing straight up from his forehead; and this latter was so expressive a part of his outline that those who were accustomed to his indoor look were apt to cry out upon the hat as an unwelcome disguise. At the corner another tall man, slightly bent, and the more so to-night because he was holding his coat close and scudding under the blast, almost ran into him and stopped an instant in perfunctory apology. But Stillman knew him and held out his hand.

"Why, it's not you, Brainerd!" he said, warmly, against the icy wind. "I didn't know you were in town. Going to the office, were you?"

"I knew I shouldn't find you so late," said the other, "but I was near and thought I'd venture it. On your way home? I'll walk a step with you."

He turned, and they went on together, Stillman with a hand on his friend's arm now in affectionate solicitude. Brainerd meant a great deal to him, not only as the writer of the new serial the magazine had in its safe, but as primary agent in the best part of the literary life signalizing the last quarter-century. Younger men might not prize that life to the exclusion of the active present, Stillman sometimes thought; but though he was editor of a magazine that had got to keep itself up to date, if it meant to live, he was almost sure he did. It was too dark in these down-town byways to show him exactly what manner of look Brainerd was wearing to-night, but he knew, from old contemplation of it in their confabs running through the years when they had found each in the other the nearest approach to some of the answers life had to give. There was the great forehead, the statesman face with its sensitive mouth and burning eyes, the signs of indomitable will that had, so Stillman believed, wrecked his friend so far as all the chances of a paltry success were concerned, but wrecked him to cast him on what headland of austere achievement only the immortals knew. Brainerd was speaking still, holding his coat tight with one hand and ready to chase his soft hat with the other.

"I had to come up about your letter, Stillman. I really had to. It's wormwood to me to refuse anything you ask, but that I simply couldn't do. Why, that's the crux of the story, the nub of the whole thing. Don't ask me to leave it out. I can't. I won't."

Stillman burst into a delighted laugh. It sounded as if he were glad to be denied.

"Bless you, old man!" he said. "I didn't ask you to leave it out, not *in propria persona.* It was three of the young cockerels in the office. They guided my pen. I told 'em you wouldn't do it, but I was perfectly willing to let them have a try. Don't you worry your head about that. The thing's going in as you wrote it, never fear!"

He had paused before the door of a dingy building, competing in no way with the city's brilliance except in a modest candleshine from its windows.

"See here, Brainerd," he continued, in some hesitation, as if he asked a dubitable thing, "come along in. It's a dinner of the Tribunal, the club I told you about where we pitch into art and letters, and slang one another to beat the band. Come in."

Brainerd shook his head and tried to clutch his collar tighter.

"No," he said, "oh no! I'm not the man for dinners. I've nothing in particular to say, unless I've got my pen in hand, and I'm an awful damper on

the flow of others. I get thinking about things—other things a mile away. That palsies the mirth."

"But they'd feel flattered," Stillman urged weakly, as one who would fain believe in the argument he himself advanced. "They're mostly young men, and it's an honor to have you sit down with them. They ought to have the sense to know it."

"Ought to!" Brainerd jeered, yet with a perfect candor. "Well, so they ought, if it's a question of years, like reverencing your Chinese grandmother because she's weather-worn. But for anything else! No, no, Stillman, no! you're well aware they don't think anything about me except as an old duffer that's elected to write in a lingo they can't abide. That's some of them. They're the ones that have helped compile a neat little biographical sketch of me tucked away in the editorial pigeonhole somewhere. The rest are the humorists. They wake up once in a while in the silly season or when the mother-in-law joke palls, to give an imitation of me, more or less clever. But tolerate me at dinner! They wouldn't, they couldn't. Good-night, old chap. I'm staying at the Pennsylvania over there. To-morrow I'll drop in to see you."

Stillman put out his hand.

"Anything on to-night?" he asked. "You wouldn't let me come round after the dinner? We break up early. Some of the fellows have a night shift, and I can get away with the first."

"Let you! guess I would. My grate is heaped and there's a modest coal-hod hard by. We'll have a pipe."

So they parted; and Stillman, pausing at the shabby door before he rang the bell, watched his friend away through the storm and wondered, as he did at every sight of Brainerd and every syllable from him, over the fatuity of things here below. Have men, he mused, so veiled their eyes that the vision has to be hung before them in every possible light before they bow to it? He had hoped to see in his own time the sufficient recognition of Brainerd, but the years were going fast and little pewter gods were being set up on every shelf. This meant a great deal to Stillman. He was, in a way, a controller of destinies. Many a writer of potential power had he heartened and welcomed gladly to the august portals of his magazine, and to many a man of much undeservedly exploited, had he refused admittance. Yet on Brainerd's standing he had been able to cast no illuminating glow. He could crown him, but he had to go out and pluck the laurels for it himself. The stubborn public refused to help him. Out of his discouragement he heaved a sigh and went pondering into the low-studded room with its long table, where the talk was just beginning.

When they sat down there were an even twenty of them. The laurel wreath, silent reminder of the meed the world accords, stern, reproachful token no one of them might inherit, lay on the table, its only decoration; thus it was always, the one ceremonial it involved being its burning, in a circle of silence, at the close.

This dinner, though its date was that of a regular meeting, was understood to be especially in honor of Jerry Burton, on the eve of sailing for "abroad." Jerry had, unaffectedly to his own surprise, made a modest pile of money out of a novel his colleagues regarded slightingly, and he, on his part, scored as no good at all, and he now, he as frankly stated, having propitiated the lesser gods and got what he could out of them, meant to take their largess, and live as long as possible in the classic seclusion of Cambridge or Oxford, write essays and sacrifice to the high gods only. He was a little fellow with a weazened face drawn to the point of an ineffectual chin, and sitting beside big Flynn, the dramatic critic of the *Scatterbrain*, he looked even more inconsiderable, and so Flynn told him, though in terms less crudely fitted to the basis of their relative deserts.

"What kind of an emissary are you, anyway, to send over to the United Kingdom?" said he, after the fashion he found suited to his acquiescent chum, "you that have faked up a bally book out of nothing?"

"Not out of nothing," said Jerry, peering through his wine as if it were a crystal ball and he meant to see the future of more ten-strikes in it. "Out

of reminiscences of other books I didn't fake."

"Right you are. And you're on Easy Street, and look at me! I've done my three columns a day reg'lar for the last eight years, and there's no Oxford in mine."

"There *is* something reminiscent in your book, Jerry, and that's a fact," said Glendon Springs, a freckle-faced young fellow farther down the table. He drew his pale brows together over his pale eyes and scrutinized the statement, having made it. "It's a bad book, infernally bad. You know I said so in my review, so I've a right to say it here. It's bad as they make 'em, but it's reminiscent of something good."

"Oh, I don't know," said Jerry, with a genuine carelessness. The book had never markedly interested him, except as matter for wonder that so much money had been snatched out of it. "Don't ask me."

Stillman looked quickly up at the moment. Something they did not say, and certainly had not even recognized themselves, seemed to suggest to him implications of vital importance.

"You know we've been negotiating with Brainerd for a serial," he mentioned to the man next him, but in a tone to be heard accurately over the small area of talk. "I've been looking it through."

"Same old sixpence?" called a little man, like a beetle, marked off by stiff black hairs and hard black eyes. "Fog so thick you can't see your hand before you? Style twisted into double bow-knots, 'till you think you're untying macramé lace?"

"What in the blazes is macramé lace?" inquired a rosy, globular man who was eating his dinner almost worshipfully if he chanced on a toothsome morsel, and profanely when his expectations were balked. He wrote poetry of a most delicate and crystalline type—like hoar frost and snow wreaths, said his following. That question was allowed to pale into obscurity, for the editor was continuing in the path his reflections had evidently decreed.

"I'm not so sure it's obscure. I'm not sure but it's devilish clear, if only you've the time to unravel it."

"Trouble is with our day and generation, we haven't time," snapped out a little red-haired man, all spectacles and trembling upper lip. He got his living by dramatic notes, and was in a perpetual state of truculent honesty, defending his point of view with a passionate haste even before it had been assaulted. He was perennially angry and fitted out for the fray by a stiff taste in adjectives. "We haven't time for anything but skimming surfaces. It's damnable, positively damnable. It's stultifying and corrupting, and the punishment for it is that we're condemned to live in the pit of our own fatuity."

Harrison Brisbane, a slow, grave man, who did hack-work on half a dozen dailies, had been looking down at his untouched plate with an air of detachment both from the food and the circle it gave pretext for. He never ate much at these meetings. He never talked much. But when he did speak, the men, even the ones outside easy earshot, listened.

"Speaking of failures—" but nobody had been speaking of them. Only each individual had been conscious, down in the midst of bitter acquiescences and old sick desires, that if failure was to be cited, the finger of life would point to him, saying inexorably, "Thou art the man." "Speaking of failures, should you say Brainerd was a failure?"

The question seemed to hang there in air for them to scrutinize, perhaps to pelt with answers. But for a good many minutes nobody took a shot at it. Everybody got thoughtful, but all the faces looked the same complexion. Brainerd most evidently was a failure.

"Haven't you a word to say for him, any of you?" Stillman inquired pleasantly, with a little smile on his lips. "Am I the only one to take a hand? If I do, you'll say it's because I've got his serial."

Jerry, with one of his hasty turns of speech, as if he were jumping into a ring, broke in on the heels of this.

"Trial!" he called. "Trial! John Brainerd to be tried by a jury of his peers!"

"It's an off night. We weren't to try anybody to-night," the globular man objected. He was lifting some bits of mushroom on his fork, and looking as if,

before they were irrevocably eaten, he might like to photograph them and so preserve their sacred memory.

"No," said the little man like a beetle, in his quick, hard voice, "but we can do it informally. Let it be informally. Go on, Brisbane. Bring your accusation."

The slow, grave man seemed to wait for a moment upon his own words, in the sincere determination that they should be of proper weight.

"I was thinking of Brainerd to-day," he said. "I had occasion to review his life briefly for a biographical sketch, the facts of it, and I found myself afterward coloring up the facts so I could see what they meant—just as you might put a dye in clear water to define the shape of the bottle—to see what they meant to the man himself. These are the facts, as I get them. Brainerd began by writing faithful, likable stuff better than any of its day in America. He promised to be one of the immortals—our little two-for-a-cent immortals, best we make. Well, all of a sudden he changed. I don't know whether he got big head or whether he grew up and overtopped us so we can't look up to him without a stiff neck. I don't know what happened to him. But the stuff changed. In the beginning, as they say about the last new machine, any child could run it. Any creature capable of reading English could take up Brainerd's books and understand 'em. Now—"

"Why, now," said the little man like a beetle—"now he's not only obscure, he's a maze, a labyrinth. He that runs can't read it. If it's an honest runner, he makes faces at it, it gets him so mad."

"I wonder what they think about it, the ones that don't run," said the editor, slowly, out of the painstaking consideration he gave every detail of the pageant passing before him, "the old maids in country towns that get a book out of the library, and, if they haven't read it in two weeks, only say they 'haven't quite finished it,' and keep on at their job of half a page a day? I wonder what a ranchman would think out there on the plains—"

"Have to be a college graduate," snapped the red-haired, spectacled fellow.

"Well, let him be a college graduate. Plenty of university among the cattlemen. I wonder what anybody with time and silence about him like a wide horizon—why, boys, we haven't any time, we haven't any silence. We're hung in a cage like the kind old Balue invented for Louis XI., and every time Wall Street or a spectacular murder case or a new theatre or any other blasted madness of events comes by us, it gives us a twirl. But what would any clear-minded fellow with brains under his scalp say to John Brainerd's stuff if he sat down to it in the stillness—the kind of stillness where you can hear pine-needles dropping round you, or withered leaves?"

There was stillness of that sort at the table for an instant. Every man's mind, in its own particular fashion, returned to some moment of its own when the quiet of life had made itself felt benignly. The little man like a beetle spoke first, in a testy fashion, because the challenge had savored too much of sentiment.

"Well, what's the matter with being clear, anyway? What's the advantage or the special chrism of advertising you're too obscure for the masses—grammar-school masses? They're a good fair average. Let the grammar-school throw a vote now and then. If I find a spring of water in the wilderness, I don't want to stop and analyze it, do I? No, by George! I want to drink."

"I think, you know, he did a fine thing," said a young fellow with thin light-brown hair and a delicate cheek like a girl's. He wrote such drastic comment and criticism that men had often threatened, in good set terms, to lick him, and then, meeting him, had burst into hoots of laughter at his inconsiderable equipment. "I think Brainerd did a mighty fine thing when he slipped out of the race and retired to that gloomy old place of his down in the country."

"Gloomy!" cried the red-haired man. "I guess you'd be gloomy, and so would your hall bedroom, if you made as little as Brainerd makes in the course of a year. Why, his sales are almost invisible to the naked eye. His half-yearly statement must be a 'perfect and absolute blank.'"

"Yet here's Stillman got him for another serial. Stillman pays—don't you, old boy?"

"Yes," said Stillman, seriously, "we pay, but we can't do it often for Brainerd. The circulation wouldn't warrant it."

"Then what in the name of Jupiter and all his satellites do you have him at all for?" squeaked the red-haired little man.

Stillman smiled and said nothing.

"Now don't you put on that inscrutable look," the little man bade him. "That 'I-could-an'-if-I-would' sort of a phiz! If you know anything to the advantage of Brainerd, tell it, right here and now. He needs it bad enough."

"Bless you," said the globular man, "we know what Stillman has him for. He has him to keep up the tone of the magazine. He's trying to cater to the octogenarians who remember there were giants in New England in those days, and the giants wrote for the magazine he's inherited. He knows the magazine's no such matter now, but he wants to give the octogenarians a solemn feast day once in a while, and hypnotize 'em into thinking the wind's in the same quarter."

But Stillman, though he vouchsafed another smile to indicate he took no offence, still said nothing.

"I've been down there to that dismal hole Brainerd's retired to," said the beetle. "It was an early spring day, and there were puddles in the road and ducks drabbling in 'em and a general smell of mud and nastiness. And there was Brainerd in his big bare library—I don't know whether there was another furnished room in the house, but he had a stack of books—there he was, doing proof and lining and interlining, and making a job the compositor must have cursed him for. I bet it looked like half a dozen temperature charts woven into one when he got through with it."

"You know," said the red-haired man, incisively, as if he bit off the words, "I think myself that was rather splendid of Brainerd, going off down there. He's the only man of us all that's had the nerve to give up the whole bloomin' show of things and retire to a corner to do the work he means to do."

"He's consecrated to it," said Stillman, quietly, "Brainerd is."

But because it was so big a word they stared at him a moment, and said nothing, even to challenge it.

"Now," said Brisbane, in his manner of weighing what he had to offer, "I've wondered a good deal if the peculiar thing about Brainerd isn't that he's obscure. It's that he's clear. But we're so infernally dull we don't catch on. Don't you know the wireless fellows and their instrument—I don't understand really the smallest thing about it, so if I get it all wrong, don't blame me—they say the thing is tuned to a certain note—G, it may be, or A. And if they don't get a response, they change their tune. Now, we don't get Brainerd really, any of us, but it's because he isn't tuned to our pitch, and he's so—so inevitable, he won't change his tune."

"Well, then, he may as well be writing his runic rhymes on a piece of brick and tucking them into the sand," said the red-haired man, "for all the good they do."

"Yes, that's pretty much it; for if they're tucked into the sand, Man Friday's foot 'll stumble over 'em some day, and they'll be fished out and Crusoe 'll read 'em."

"Well, I like that," said Jerry. "You assume Crusoe's going to be so much cleverer than we are, do you?"

"Oh, by all odds," said Brisbane. "I think he's going to be clever enough to understand how particularly important it is to sit still and translate the little pen scratches Brainerd's been making all these years, down in his dim old nest."

"Oh, Brainerd isn't great," said the black beetle, decisively. "That's the thing you'd say about a chap that was great, posterity and all that. No, he isn't great."

"I'm not prepared to say he is," Brisbane retorted. "Only, you ask Stillman. I'll abide by what he tells you."

But Stillman would not speak. He only smiled again his smile of a tolerant obscurity and then vouchsafed the same excuse:

"Oh, I can't exploit Brainerd. You'd think I was pushing the serial. Some of you fellows that write notices would say I was working you. Besides, I like him too well."

Glendon Springs took a leap here from Brainerd, the unsung, to Jerry Burton,

sitting with "all his blushing honors thick upon him."

"I know who it is your book's reminiscent of, Burton," he called, in the shrill delight of discoverey, so loudly that all of them turned that way. "What a fool I was not to spot it earlier! Wish I'd said it in my column. Why, it's Brainerd."

"The deuce it is!" said Jerry, placidly eating his roast. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, it's his very fist put to another purpose than he uses it for. It's Brainerd cheapened, to sell."

"Yes," said the globular man, dreamily regarding a crackly bit of fat and then deciding what cubic measure of bread would fit it. "I see that. It's the use of the adjective, it's that trick of tacking your preposition on to the end instead of minding the grammarians. It's the cadence of the sentence, too. You're a nice little boy, Glendon, a nice clever little boy to think that out."

Jerry was undisturbed.

"Well," he said, with philosophy, "don't lay it up against me. If I did, I didn't know it."

"Why, of course you don't know it," the red-haired man declaimed, piercingly. "We don't any of us know it, but we have to sit up nights to keep from falling into Brainerd's pesky style. If you've once read him it clings to you; if you keep on reading him you get saturated and you're lost."

"We find that in the office," said Stillman, unobtrusively. "I couldn't tell you the number of stories that are flung aside every week without further consideration because they're flagrant imitations of Brainerd. And yet, not imitations. It's unconscious, all of it, I'm willing to swear."

"Oh, I don't know what's imitation and what isn't," said the beetle man, gloomily. "Or rather, I know, but it wouldn't be popular to tell. Look at that fellow out West that took a prize from the *Flittermouse*. That story was Brainerd, nothing but Brainerd, in the form of it. I'm not prepared to say the fellow didn't know what he was doing. I think he did."

"Little Jerry didn't know, though," said Burton, with an unmoved front. "He wrote his little book just as nice and careful out of his own head; and the public, they bought it and bought it and bought it, and paid down their good money, and look at little Jerry to-day! Here he sits, the target of every eye, and his steamer ticket's at home pinned on to a cushion embroidered for him by an unknown girl that said she liked his book."

But nobody could laugh. They were all thinking too hard. Only Stillman looked a little breathless, like one running a race and seeing the goal before him.

"But why," said Brisbane, slowly, in his manner of always asking why and cogitating profoundly on the conclusion he meant to make when the data were all in, "if Brainerd's so unpopular—if he can't make his pile like Jerry here, if he can't rake in *kudos,* if the judicious grieve and the ribald laugh—why are they all imitating him?"

"Because they don't know they are imitating him," said Glendon Springs, eagerly, as if he had made the best of discoveries. "They've caught it."

"You don't know you've got typhoid till the germ develops and the doctor tells you so," said the red-haired man.

"Oh, no, they don't know it."

"Well, why are they praised? Why do they make money?" Stillman offered slowly, as if the answer were of the greatest importance and he was trying their pulse and noting every beat, "when he's so far from any sort of worldly stunt?"

"Because they've translated it into the language the market understands," said Glendon Springs. He answered quietly, but his eyes shone. "He's dug out the gold. They've minted it. They've put it into circulation."

"I shouldn't say his was the virgin gold, the ingot," said Brisbane. "I should say Brainerd had put it into a statue—into a whole gallery of statues—and nobody's rich enough to buy such statuary. Nobody's got the eye to want it, maybe, or the great gallery to put it in."

"If we're going to talk in figures," said Jerry, "I'll have a hack at it and say, if his statues are gold, the rest of us have made ours out of base metal.

But they sell. Don't forget my steamer ticket pinned to that cushion. They sell."

"There seems to be the biggest sort of injustice in that," said Brisbane. "Is Brainerd going to die the death of the failure while little folks like our Jerry here go down to posterity?"

"Oh, posterity!" the red-haired man flung in. "Posterity! that's another pair of sleeves. If you talk about posterity—"

"When you go into a picture-gallery Over There," said Stillman, indicating the continent of Europe with a generous sweep of his thumb, "how much time do you spend on the pictures labelled 'School of Raphael,' 'School of Perugino'?"

"Yes," said Jerry, sunnily, "tell us, you fellows, that have made the grand tour. I want to know, so I can remember what to do myself."

"Don't you," said Stillman, with an unmoved gravity, "turn to Raphael and Perugino themselves?"

The red-haired man was leaning over the table and scowling at Stillman, but, it seemed, in pure curiosity and the effort of thought.

"Well, then," said he, in a burst of appeal, "will you tell me why in thunder Brainerd takes such a lot of reading to get at what he's going to say?"

Stillman seemed to feel that this was the moment for a direct statement he had never made before.

"Because he's got more to say than anybody else."

"What's he wrap it round for in so many coils? What's he weave it so fine for, too fine for the naked eye?"

"Count the threads in the widest tapestry ever made," said Stillman, "the tapestry crowded with the biggest figures. You'll find they're multitudinous. Then pick up the old cushion at home, the one on the rocking-chair in great-aunt's parlor. Got a watch-dog on it, or maybe a stag's head. Count your threads there. Any child could do it."

Every man looked at his plate or studied the face of his opposite neighbor, absorbed like his own. The red-haired man broke the stillness.

"Well," said he, "I gather that the sense of the meeting points to the idea that Brainerd's misunderstood, not appreciated."

"Oh, no," said Stillman, "not that. Only referred—he wouldn't appeal himself, but some of us can appeal for him—to the higher tribunal."

"What's that, Stillman?" Brisbane asked.

"The future." After a moment, Stillman went on. A light had broken out upon his face, and he talked eagerly as one who had something of incredible value to share with them. "Why, don't you see what you've said here to-night? You've owned Brainerd works a spell you can't escape. You scoff at his style, but you tear off samples from it and go and have waistcoats made of it as much like it as you can manage. Why, boys, he's our master."

It was by one impulse, it seemed, that they were on their feet. Jerry, perhaps, it was who led—Jerry, whose dinner this had been, and who had seen it converted into a ceremonial before an actual shrine. He at any rate proposed the toast, "The Master."

They drank it in silence. No such meeting of the Tribunal had seen them so moved, all of them in precisely the same way. Something in the talk, the recurrence to ineffable ideals, the martyrdom of obscurity decreed to genius in its lifetime, appealed to that old self each man had believed in, at one stage, as his own indubitable possession, seeing it pierce the darkness of contemporary dulness like a star. For a moment it seemed possible to attain, not the world's suffrages, but a foothold on that steep where climbing is its own present reward. Chairs were pushed back then, and the meeting was understood to be over. No man felt like dropping into the familiarity of an informal conclave as it had been on other nights. But Stillman's voice recalled them.

"Brainerd is here in town. Shall I tell him we—well, I'll tell him we drank to him, at least."

His eyes sought Brisbane's with perhaps a suggestion in them, almost a prayer, and Brisbane leaned over and lifted the laurel wreath in both his hands.

"Take him"—he halted for the confirmation he did not need, and challenged the other acquiescent faces—"take him this."

The Wild Olive

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE feeling of being equal to anything she might have to face continued with Miriam. Now that the moment for action had arrived, she had confidence in her ability to meet it, since it had to be done. At dinner she was able to talk to Wayne on indifferent topics, and later, when he had retired to his den to practise his Braile, she sat down in the drawing-room with a book. Noticing that she wore the severe black dress in which she had assisted at the "killing off" of Evie's family, she brightened it with a few unobtrusive jewels, so as to look less like the Tragic Muse. The night being cold, a cheerful fire burned on the hearth, beside which she sat down and waited.

When Strange was shown in, about half past eight, it seemed to her best not to rise to receive him. Something in her repose, or in her dignity, gave him the impression of arriving before a tribunal, and he began his explanations almost from the doorway.

"I got your note. Young Merrow caught me at dinner. I was dining alone, so that I could come at once."

"You're very kind. I'm glad you were able to do it. Won't you sit down?"

Without offering her hand, she indicated a high armchair, suitable for a man, on the other side of the hearth. He seated himself with an air of expectation, while she gazed pensively at the fire, speaking at last without looking up.

"I hear Miss Jarrott has begun to announce your engagement to Evie."

"I understood she was going to, to a few intimate friends."

"And you allowed it?"

"As you see."

"Didn't you know that I should have to take that for a signal?"

"I've never given you to understand that a signal wouldn't come—if you required one."

"No; but I hoped—" She broke off, continuing to gaze at the fire. "Do you remember," she began again—"do you remember telling me—that evening on the shore of Lake Champlain—just before you went away—that if ever I needed your life, it would be at my disposal?—to do with as I chose?"

"I do."

"Then I'm going to claim it." She did not look up, but she heard him change his position in his chair. "I shouldn't do it if there was any other way. I'm sure you understand that. Don't you?" she insisted, glancing at him for an answer.

"I know you wouldn't do it, unless you were convinced there was a reason."

"I've tried to be just to you, and to see things from your point of view. I do; I assure you. If I were in your position I should feel as you do. But I'm not in your position. I'm in one of great responsibility, toward Evie and toward her friends."

"I don't see what you owe to them."

"I owe them the loyalty that every human being owes to every other."

"To every other—except me."

"I'm loyal to you at least, whoever else may not be. But it wouldn't be loyalty if I let you marry Evie. I'm going to ask you—not to do it—to go away—to leave her alone—to go—for good."

There was a long silence. When he spoke, it was hoarsely, but otherwise without change of tone.

"Is that what you meant?—just now?"

"Yes. That's what I meant."

"Do you intend me to get out of New York, to go back to the south—?"

She lifted her hand in protestation.

"I'm not giving orders, or making conditions. New York is large. There's room in it for you and Evie, too."

"I dare say. One doesn't require much space to break one's heart in."

"Evie wouldn't break her heart. I know her better than you do. She'd suffer for a while, but she'd get over it, and in the end, very soon probably—marry some one else."

"How cruel you can be!" he said, with a twisted smile.

"I can be, when it's right. In this case I'm only as cruel as—the truth. I'm saying it because it must make things easier for you. Your own pain will be the less from the knowledge that, in time, Evie will get over hers."

"I suppose it ought to be, but—"

He did not finish his sentence, and again there was a long hush, during which, while she continued to gaze pensively at the fire, she could hear him shifting with nervous frequency in his chair. When at last she ventured to look at him he was bowed forward, his elbow supported on his knee, and his forehead resting on his hand. Nevertheless, it caused her some surprise when he raised himself and said, in a voice that would have been casual on a common occasion:

"I suppose you think me a cad?"

"No; why should I?"

"Because I am one."

"I don't know why you should say that, or what it has to do with—anything."

"It's about that—that—promise."

"Oh!"

"Do you mind if we speak quite frankly? I should like to. I've been bluffing that point ever since you and I met again. It's been torture to have to do it—damned, humiliating torture; but it's been difficult to do anything else. You see, I couldn't even speak of it without seeming to—to insult you—that is, unless you took me in just the right way."

"You may say anything you like. There's nothing you could possibly tell me that I shouldn't understand."

"Well, then, when I made that promise, I meant to keep it, and to keep it in a special way. I thought—of course we were both very young—but I thought that, after what had happened—"

"Wait a minute. I want to tell you something before you go on." She rallied her spirit's forces for a desperate step, gathering all her life's possible happiness into one extravagant handful, and flinging it away, in order to save her pride before this man, who was about to tell her that he had never been able to love her. "What I am going to say may strike you as irrelevant; but if it is, you can ignore it. I expect to be married—in a little while—it's practically a settled thing—to Charles Conquest, whom I think you know. Now, will you go on, please?"

He stared at her in utter blankness.

"Good God!"

He got up and took a few restless turns up and down the room, his head bent, his hands behind his back. He reseated himself when his confused impressions grew clearer.

"So that it doesn't matter what I thought about—that promise?"

"Not in the least." She had saved herself. "The one thing important to me is that you should have made it."

"And that you can hold me to it," he added, tersely.

"I presume I can do that?"

"You can, unless—unless I find myself in a position to take the promise back."

"I can hardly see how that position could come about," she said, with an air of wondering.

"I can. You see," he went on in an explanatory tone, "it was an unusual sort of promise—a promise made, so to speak, for value received—for unusual value received. It wasn't one that a common occasion would have called forth. It was offered because you had given me—life."

He rested his arm now on a table that stood between them and, leaning toward her, looked her steadily in the eyes.

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're going to say," she remarked, rather blankly.

"No, but you'll see. You gave me life. I hold that life in a certain sense at your pleasure. It is at your disposal. It must remain at your disposal—until I give it back."

She sat upright in her chair, leaning in her turn on the table, and drawing nearer to him.



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

HE DID NOT FINISH HIS SENTENCE, AND AGAIN THERE WAS A LONG HUSH

"I can't imagine what you mean," she said, under her breath and looking a little frightened.

"You'll see presently. But don't be alarmed. It's going to be all right. As long as I hold the life you gave me," he continued to explain, "I must do your bidding. I'm not a free man; I'm—don't be offended—I'm your creature. I don't say I was a free man before this came up. I haven't been a free man ever since I've been Herbert Strange. I've been the slave of a sort of make-believe. I've made believe, and I've felt I was justified. Perhaps I was. I'm not quite sure. But I haven't liked it; and now I begin to feel that I can't stand it any longer. You follow me, don't you?"

She nodded, still leaning toward him across the table, and not taking her eyes from his.

"I told you a few days ago," he pursued, "that there were *times* when it was hell. That was putting it mildly—too mildly. There's been no time when it wasn't hell — in here." He tapped his forehead. "I've struggled, and fought, and pushed, and swaggered, and bluffed, and had ups and downs, and taken heart, and swaggered and bluffed again, and lied all through—and I've made Herbert Strange a respectable man of business on the high road to success. But when I come near you it all goes to pieces—like one of those curiously conserved dead bodies when they're brought to the air. There's nothing to them. There's nothing to me—so long as I'm Herbert Strange."

"But you *are* Herbert Strange. You can't help yourself—now."

"Herbert Strange goes back into the nothingness out of which he was born the minute I become Norrie Ford again."

She drew herself up hastily, with a gasp.

"But you can't do that!"

"It's exactly what I mean to do." He spoke very slowly. "I'm going to be a free man, and my own master, even if it leads me where—where they meant to put me when you snatched me away. I'm going back to my fellow men, to the body corporate—"

She rose in agitation, and drew back from him toward the chimneypiece.

"So that if—if anything happens," she said, "I shall have driven you to it. That's how you get your revenge."

"Not at all. I'm not coming to this decision suddenly, or in a spirit of revenge, in any way." He followed her, standing near her, on the hearth rug. "I can truthfully say," he went on in his slow, explanatory fashion, "that there's been no time, since the minute I made my first dash for liberty, when I haven't known, in the bottom of my heart, what a good thing it would have been if I hadn't done it. I've come to see—I've *had* to—that the death-chair would have been better, with self-respect, than freedom to go and come, with the necessity to gag every one, every minute of the day, and every day in the year, and all the time, with lies. If that seems far-fetched to you—"

"No, it doesn't."

"Well, if it did you'd see it wasn't, if you were in my place for a month. I didn't mind it so much at first. I stood it by day and just suffered by night—till the Jarrotts began to be so kind to me, and I came to New York—and—and—and Evie!"

"I'm sorry I've spoken to you as I have," she said, hastily. "If I'd known you felt like that—"

"You were quite right. I always understood that. But I can't go on with it. If Evie marries me now, it shall be knowing who I am."

"You don't mean that you could possibly tell her?"

"I'm going to tell every one."

She stifled a little cry. "Then it will be my doing!"

"It will be your doing—up to a point. But it will be something for you to be proud of, not to regret. You've only brought my mistake so clearly before me that even I can't stand it—when I've stood so much. You ask me to turn my back on Evie and sneak away. You've got the right to command, and there's nothing for me but to obey you. But I can't help seeing the sort of life that would be left to me after I'd carried out your orders. It wouldn't only be the loss of Evie—I may lose her in any case—it would be the loss of everything within myself that's enabled me hitherto merely to hold up my head—and bluff."

"I might withdraw what I've just asked you to do. Perhaps we could find some other way."

He laughed with grim lightness.

"You're weakening. That's not like you. And it wouldn't do any good now. Even if we did patch up some other scheme, there would still remain what you talked about a minute ago — the loyalty that every human being owes to every other."

"But I thought you didn't recognize that?"

"I said I didn't. But in here"—he tapped his fingers over the heart—"I did, and I do. You've brought me to see it."

"That's very noble, but you saw it for yourself—"

"Through a glass—darkly; now I can look at the thing in clear daylight, and see what I have to do."

She dropped into her chair again, looking up at him. He stood with his back to the fire, holding his head high, his bearing marked by a dogged, perhaps forced, serenity.

"But what *can* you do?" she asked, after considering his words. "You're so involved. All this business—and the people in South America—"

"Oh, there are ways and means. I haven't made plans, but I've thought, from time to time, of what I should do if I ever came to just this pass. The first thing would be to tell the few people who are most concerned, confidentially. Then I should go back to South America, and settle things up out there. When I had done that, I should return to New York and tell—the police."

"I couldn't let you. I couldn't endure it. It would kill me."

He smiled down at her, rather cruelly.

"Oh no, it wouldn't. You'd have married Conquest by that time, and become reconciled to my fate, like me."

She ignored the thrust, and spoke eagerly.

"And what would that be? — your fate?"

"I don't know just yet. I'm not very strong on points of law. I suppose they could carry out the old sentence without further notice; or perhaps they would give me a new trial."

"And if they did give you a new trial—what then?"

"Then I hope I should get off."

"And if you didn't?"

"If I didn't, I fancy I should have to take—the—"

"You mustn't do it." She spoke with conviction, and sprang up again. "You mustn't do it," she repeated. "You mustn't run the risk."

Without moving in any way, he eyed her aslant, a smile, not too bitter, trembling about his lips.

"You probably think the risk would be greater than I do, because your convictions—"

"I have no convictions. If you say you didn't do it I'm ready to believe you. I don't see that it matters so very much —if he drove you to it—"

"It matters to me." He smiled again to see that the wild olive had not yet been grafted.

"If they found you guilty once," she argued, "they may do it again."

"Exactly; but I should have my chance."

"Promise me you won't take it," she demanded, desperately. "I'll do anything. I'll do anything you ask. I'll give in without conditions. You shall marry Evie, and I will never, never say a word."

"But it's too late," he reasoned. "Don't you see that? After pointing out the right road all these months, you can't push me back into the wrong."

"I never dreamed of your taking this road at all."

"I dare say not. But you've inspired the principle—and it's for me to work it out. You've given me a foretaste of the joy of being honest—of being able to speak out, to be myself, to tell the truth —of getting rid of the dodging and wriggling and squirming—of being delivered from the daily, the hourly, terror of detection. I want to be the man that God made and not a creature called up out of nightmare. What do I care how it ends? —so long as I can stand free, just once, on my own feet, before the world and say, Yes, I'm Norrie Ford."

"Don't you care how it ends for Evie?"

"I do; and I believe she'll be happier this way—in the long run. I've kicked against the pricks and shirked it too many years not to know it. She'll suffer less in being true to me, while I fight

my way, than if I were to turn my back on her and shuffle out of her existence. She'll be true to me; you'll see. I'll win in the end, and she will marry a man and not a shadow."

"But if you went on," she pleaded, "just as you had planned—and I didn't say anything?"

"You'd despise me. You've shown me that already. You'd despise me and you'd be right. It would be all very well for the minute. It would be an easy way out of a painful fix. But afterward, when I'd taken it, you'd never give me your respect again—not even the little you've given me hitherto—and God knows that can't have been much. I could stand anything in the world—anything—rather than that you should come to that."

"But I shouldn't, when I myself had dissuaded you—"

"No, no; don't try. You'd be doing wrong. You've been to me so high and holy that I don't like to think you haven't the strength to go on to the end. I've got it, because you've given it me. Don't detract from your own gift by holding me back from using it. You found me a prisoner—or an escaped one—and I've been a prisoner all these years, the prisoner of something worse than chains. Now I'm going free. Look!" he cried, with sudden inspiration. "I'll show you how it's done. You'll see how easy it will be."

He moved to cross the room.

"What are you going to do?"

She sprang up as if to hold him back, but his finger was on the bell.

"You don't mind, I hope?" he asked; but he had rung before she could give an answer. The maid appeared in the doorway.

"Ask Mr. Wayne if he would be good enough to come in here a minute. Tell him Mr. Strange particularly wants to see him."

He went back to his place by the fireside, where he stood apparently calm, showing no sign of excitement except in heightened color and the stillness of nervous tension. Miriam sank into her chair again.

"Don't do anything rash," she pleaded. "Wait till to-morrow. There will always be time. For God's sake!"

If he heard her he paid no attention, and presently Wayne appeared. He hesitated a minute on the threshold, and during that instant Ford could see that he looked ashy and older, as if something had aged him suddenly. His hands trembled, too, as he felt his way in.

"Good evening," he said, speaking into the air as blind men do. "I thought I heard your voice."

Having groped his way across the room and reached the table that stood between the armchairs Miriam and Ford had occupied, he stopped. He stood there, with fingers drumming soundlessly on the polished wood, waiting for some one to speak.

In spite of the confidence with which he had rung the bell, Ford found it difficult now to begin. It was only after one or two inarticulate attempts that he was able to say anything.

"I asked you to come in, sir," he began, haltingly, "to tell you something very special. Miss Strange knows it already. . . . If I've done wrong in not telling you before . . . you'll see I'm prepared to take my punishment. . . . My name isn't Strange . . . it isn't Herbert."

"I know it isn't."

The words slipped out in a sharp tone, not quite nervous, but thin and worn. Miriam's attitude grew tense. Ford took a step forward from the fireside. With his arm flung over the back of his chair, and his knee resting on the seat of it, he strained across the table, as if to annihilate the space between Wayne and himself.

"You *knew*?"

The blind man nodded. When he spoke it was again into the air.

"Yes; I knew. You're Norrie Ford. I ought to say I've only known it latterly—about a fortnight now."

"How?"

"Oh, it just came to me—by degrees, I think."

"Why didn't you say something about it?"

"I thought I wouldn't. It has worried me, but I thought I'd keep still."

"Do you mean that you were going to let everything—go on?"

"I weighed all the considerations. That's the decision I came to. You must understand," he went on to explain, in a voice that was now tremulous as well as

thin, "that I'd had you a good deal on my mind, during these past eight years. I sentenced you to death when I almost knew you were innocent. It was my duty. I couldn't help it. The facts told dead against you. Every one admitted that. True, the evidence might have been twisted to tell against old Gramm and his wife, but they hadn't been dissipated, and they hadn't been indicted, and they hadn't gone round making threats against Chris Ford's life like you."

"I didn't mean them. It was nothing but a boy's rage—"

"Yes, but you made them; and when the old man was found— But I'll not go into that now. I only want to say that, while I couldn't acquit you with my intelligence, I felt constrained to do it in my heart, especially when everything was over, and it was too late. The incident has been the one thing in my professional career that I've most regretted. I don't quite blame myself. I had to do my duty. And yet it was a relief to me when you got away. I don't know that I could have acted differently, but—but I liked you. I've gone on liking you. I've often thought about you, and wondered what had become of you. And one day—not long ago—as I was going over the old ground once more, I saw I'd been thinking about — *you*. That's how it came to me."

"And you were going to remain silent, and let me marry Evie?"

The blind man reflected.

"I saw what was to be said against it. But I weighed all the evidence carefully. You were an injured man; you'd made a great fight and you'd won—as far as one man can win against the world. I came to the conclusion that I wasn't called on to strike you down a second time, after you'd scrambled up so pluckily. Evie is very dear to me; I don't say that I should see her married to you without some misgiving; but I decided that you deserved her. It was a great responsibility to take, but I took it and made up my mind to—let her go."

"Oh, you're a good man! I didn't think there was such mercy in the world."

Ford flung out the words in a cry that was half a groan and half a shout of triumph. Miriam choked back a sob. The little man shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"There's one thing I should like to ask," he pursued, "among the many that I don't know anything about, and that I don't care to inquire into. How did you come by the name of this lady's father, my old friend Herbert Strange?"

Ford and Miriam exchanged swift glances. She shook her head, and he took his cue.

"I happened to see it in a—a sort of —paper. I had no idea it was that of a real person. I fancied it had come out of a novel—or something like that. I didn't mean to keep it, but it got fastened on me."

"Very odd," was his only comment. "Isn't it, Miriam? Now," he added, "I suppose you've had all you want of me, so I'll say good night."

He held out his hand, which Ford grasped, clenched rather, in both his own.

"God bless you!" Wayne murmured, still tremulously. "God bless you—my boy, and bring everything out right. Miriam, I suppose you'll come in and see me before you go to bed."

They watched him shuffle his way out of the room, and watched the door long after he had closed it. When at last Miriam turned her eyes on Ford they were luminous with the relief of her own defeat.

"You see!" she cried, triumphantly. "You see the difference between him and me—between his spirit and mine! Now which of us was right?"

"You were."

CHAPTER XIX

THE one thing clear to Miriam on the following day was that she had ruined everything with astonishing completeness—a curious result to come from what she was firmly convinced was "doing right." She had calculated that, by a moderate measure of suffering to Evie, and a large one to Ford, Evie's ultimate welfare at least would be secured. Now everything was being brought to grief together. Out of such a wreck nothing could be saved.

With Ford's desire to break the force which made him an impostor she had sympathy; but his willingness to risk

his life in order to be in harmony with law and order again was not so easy for her to understand. That Ford should deliberately seek chains in barracks, when—by her surrender on the subject of Evie—she had made it possible for him still to keep the liberty of the field, was to her at once incomprehensible and awful. She had not only the sense of watching a man rushing upon Fate, but the knowledge that she herself had given him the impetus; while she was fully alive to the fact that when he fell, everything she cared for in the world would fall with him.

Her mind was too resourceful, her spirit too energetic, to permit of her sitting in helpless anguish over his new determination. She was already busy with plans for counteracting him, in one of which at least she saw elements of hope. Having conceived its possibilities, she was eager to go and test them; but she had decided not to leave the house until she knew that Ford was really putting his plans into execution. The minute Evie learned the fatal news she would have need of her, and she dared not put herself out of the child's reach. Her first duty must be toward the fragile little creature, who would be crushed like a trampled flower.

Shortly before noon she was summoned to the telephone, where Evie was asking if she should find her in. Miriam judged from the tones of the transmitted voice that the worst had been made known. She was not, however, prepared for the briskness with which, ten minutes later, Evie whisked into the room, her cheeks aglow with excitement, and her heavenly eyes dancing with a purely earthly sparkle.

"Isn't this awful?" she cried, before Miriam could take her into her loving arms. "Isn't it appalling? But it's not a surprise to me—not in the least. I knew there was something. Haven't I said so? I almost knew that his name wasn't Strange. If I hadn't been so busy with my coming-out—and everything—I should have been sure of it. I haven't had time to think of it, do you see? With a lunch somewhere every day at half past one," she hurried on, breathlessly, "and a tea at half past four, and a dinner at eight, and a dance at eleven, and very likely the theatre or the opera in between—well, you can see I haven't been able to give much attention to anything else; but I knew, from the very time when I was in Buenos Ayres, that there was something queer about that name. I never saw a man so sensitive when any one spoke about his name, not in all my life before—and you know down there it's the commonest thing—why, they're so suspicious on that point that they'd almost doubt that mine was Evie Colfax."

She threw her muff in one direction, her boa in another, and her gloves in still another.

"But, Evie darling, you surely didn't think—"

"Of course I never thought of anything like this. I didn't really think of anything at all. If I'd begun to give my mind to it, I should probably have hit on something a great deal worse."

"What do you mean, dear? Worse—than what?"

"Worse than just being accused of shooting your uncle—and it was only his great-uncle, too. I might have thought of forgery or something dishonorable, though I should know he wasn't capable of it. Being accused isn't much. You can accuse *any one* — you could accuse *me*. That doesn't prove anything when he says he didn't do it. Of course he didn't do it. Can't any one *see?* My goodness! I wish they'd let me make the laws. I'd show them. Just think! To put a man like that in prison—and say they'd do such awful things to him—and make him change his name — and everything. It's perfectly scandalous. It's an outrage. I shouldn't think such things would be allowed. They wouldn't be allowed in the Argentine. Why, there was a man out there who killed his father-in-law — actually *killed* him — and they didn't do anything to him at all. I've seen him lots of times. Aunt Queenie has pointed him out to me. He used to have the box next but two to ours at the opera. And to think they should take a man like Herbert, and worry him like that—it makes me so indignant I'd like to—"

Evie ground her teeth, threw her clenched fists outward, and twitched her

skirts about the room in the prettiest possible passion of righteous anger.

"But, darling," Miriam asked, in a puzzled voice, "what are you going to do about it?"

Evie wheeled round haughtily.

"Do about it? What would you expect me to do about it? I'm going to tell every one he didn't do it—that's what I'm going to do about it. But of course we're not to speak of it just yet—outside ourselves, you know. He's going to Buenos Ayres to tell Uncle Jarrott he didn't do it—and when he comes back we're going to make it generally known. Oh, there's to be law about it—and everything. He means to change his name again to what it was before—Ford, the name was—and I must say, Miriam, I like that a good deal better than Strange, if you don't mind my telling you. It seems odd to have so many Stranges—and I must say I never could get used to the idea of having exactly the same name as yours. It was almost like not being married outside the family—and I should hate to marry a relation. That part of it comes as a pleasant surprise, do you see? I'd made up my mind to Strange, and thought there was no way of getting rid of it, unless I—but I wasn't looking ahead to anything of *that* kind. I hope I shall never—"

"So, darling, you're going to be true to him?"

"True to him? Of course I'm going to be true to him. Why shouldn't I be? I'm going to be more true to him now than I was before. He's so noble about it, too. I wish you could have seen the way he broke it to me. Aunt Queenie said she never saw anything so affecting, not even on the stage. She was there, you know. Herbert felt he couldn't go over it all twice, and he thought I should need some one to support me through the shock. I didn't—not a bit. But I wish you could have been there, just to see him."

"I can fancy it, dear."

"Of course I know now what you've been fidgeting about ever since he came to New York. He says you recognized him—that you'd seen him at Greenport. Oh, I knew there was something. But I must say, Miriam, I think you might have told me confidentially, and not let it come on me as such a blow as this. Not that I take it as a blow; though, of course, it upsets things terribly. We can't announce our engagement for ever so long, and Aunt Queenie is rushing round in the motor now to take back what she wrote to a few people yesterday. I can't imagine what she'll tell them, because I charged her on her sacred honor not to give them the idea it was broken off, although I'd rather they thought it was broken off than that I hadn't been engaged at all."

"Miss Jarrott takes it quietly, then?"

"Quietly! I wish you could see her. She thinks there never was anything so romantic. Why, she cried over him, and kissed him, and said she'd always be his friend if every one else in the world were to turn against him. As a matter of fact, the poor old dear is head over heels in love with him, do you see? in that sort of old-maid way—you know the kind of thing I mean. She thinks there's nobody like him, and neither there is. I shall miss him frightfully while he's down there telling Uncle Jarrott. I shall skip half my invitations and go regularly into retreat till he comes back. There's lots more he's going to tell me then—all about what Popsey Wayne had to do with it—and everything. I'm glad he doesn't want to do it now, because my head is reeling as it is. I've so many things to think of—and so much responsibility coming on me all at once—and—"

"Are you going to do anything about Billy?"

"Well, I can postpone that, at any rate. Thank goodness, there's *one* silver lining to the cloud. I was going to give him a pretty strong hint to-night, seeing Aunt Queenie has begun writing notes around, but now I can let him simmer for a while longer. He won't be able to say I haven't let him down easy, poor old boy. And, Miriam dear," she continued, gathering up her various articles of apparel, preparatory to taking leave, "you'll keep just as quiet about it as you can, like a dear, won't you? We don't mean to say a word about it outside ourselves till Herbert comes back from seeing Uncle Jarrott. That's my advice—and it's all our advice—I mean, Aunt Queenie's, too. Then they're going to law—or something. I know you *won't*

say anything about it, but I thought I'd just put you on your guard."

If Evie's way of taking it was a new revelation to Miriam of her own miscalculation, it was also a new incentive to setting to work as promptly as possible to repair what she could of the mischief she had made. With Evie's limitations she might never know more of the seriousness of her situation than a bird of the nature of the battle raging near its nest; while if even Ford "went to law," as Evie put it, and he came off victorious, there might still be chances for their happiness. To anything else Miriam was indifferent, as a man in the excitement of saving his children from fire or storm is dead to his own sensations. It was with impetuous, almost frenzied, eagerness, therefore, that she went to the telephone to ring up Charles Conquest, asking to be allowed to see him privately at his office, during the afternoon.

In what she had made up her mind to do the fact that she was planning for herself an unnecessary measure of sacrifice was no deterrent. She was in a mood in which self-immolation seemed the natural penalty of her mistakes. She was not without the knowledge that money could buy the help she purposed to obtain by direct intervention; but her inherited instincts, scornful of roundabout methods, urged her to pay the price in something more personal than coin. It replied in some degree to her self-accusation, it assuaged the bitterness of her self-condemnation, to know that she was to be the active agent in putting right that which her errors of judgment had put wrong. To her essentially primitive soul atonement by proxy was as much out of the question as to the devotee beneath the wheels of Juggernaut. Somewhere in the background of her thought there were faint prudential protests against throwing herself away; but she disdained them, as a Latin or a Teuton disdains the Anglo-Saxon's preference for a court of law to the pistol of the duellist. It was something outside the realm of reason. Reckless impulses subdued by convent restraint or civilized requirements awoke with a start all the more violent because of their long sleep, driving her to do that which she knew other women would have done otherwise or not at all.

She was aware, therefore, of limitations in the sacrifice she was making; she was even aware that, in the true sense, it was no sacrifice whatever. She was offering herself up because she chose to—in a kind of wilfulness—but a passionate wilfulness which claimed that for her at least there was no other way. Other women, wiser women, women behind whom there was a long, moderation-loving past, might obey the laws that prompt to the economy of oneself; she could only follow those blind urgings which drove her forefathers to fight when they might have remained at peace, or whipped them forth into the wild places of the earth when they could have stayed in quiet homes. The hard way in preference to the easy way was in her blood. She could no more have resisted taking it now than she could have held herself back eight years ago from befriending Norrie Ford against the law.

Nevertheless, it was a support to her to remember that Conquest's manner on the occasions when business brought her to his office was always a little different from that which he assumed when they met outside. He was much more the professional man with his client, a little the friend, but not at all the lover—if he was a lover anywhere. Having welcomed her now with just the right shade of cordiality, he made her sit at a little distance from his desk, while he himself returned to the revolving chair at which he had been writing when she entered. After the preliminary greetings, he put on, unconsciously, the questioning air a business man takes at the beginning of an interview which he has been invited to accord.

"I came—about Evie."

Now that she was there it was less easy to begin than she had expected.

"Quite so. I knew there was a hitch. I've just had a mysterious note from Queenie Jarrott which I haven't been able to make out. Can't they hit it off?"

"It's a good deal more serious than that. Mr. Strange came to see Mr. Wayne and me last night. I may as well tell you as simply as I can. His name isn't Strange at all."

"Ah! What's up?"

"Did you ever hear the name of—Norrie Ford?"

"Good Lord, yes. I can't quite remember— Let's see. Norrie Ford? I know the name as well as I know my own. Wasn't that the case—why, yes, it must have been—wasn't that the case Wayne was mixed up in six or eight years ago?"

"Yes, it was."

"The fellow gave 'em all the slip, didn't he?"

She nodded.

"Hadn't he been commuted to a life sentence—?"

"Mr. Wayne hoped it would be done, but it hadn't been done yet. He was still under sentence of—death."

"Yes, yes, yes. It comes back to me. We thought Wayne hadn't displayed much energy or ability or foresight—or something. I remember there was talk about it, and in the newspapers there was even a cock-and-bull story that Wayne had connived at his escape. Well, what has that got to do with Evie?"

"It has everything to do with her."

Conquest's gray-green eyes blinked as if against the blaze of their own light, while his features sharpened to their utmost incisiveness.

"You don't mean to say—?"

"I do."

"Well, upon—my—!" The exclamation trailed off into a silent effort to take in this extraordinary piece of intelligence. "Do you mean to say the scamp had the cheek—? Oh no, it isn't possible. Come now!"

"It was exactly as I'm going to tell you, but I don't think you should call him a scamp. You see, he's engaged to Evie—"

"He's not engaged to her now?"

"He is. She means to be true to him. So do we all."

Two little scarlet spots burned in her cheeks, but it was not more in the way of emotion than a warm partisanship on Evie's account demanded.

"Well, I'm blowed!" He swung one leg across the other, making his chair describe a semicircle.

"Perhaps you won't be so much—blowed, when you hear all I have to tell you."

"Go ahead; I'm more interested than if it was a dime novel."

As lucidly as she could she gave him the outline of Ford's romance, dwelling, as he had done in relating it to her, less on its incidents than on its mental and moral effect upon himself. She suppressed the narrative of the weeks spent in the cabin and based her report entirely on information received from Ford. For testimony as to his life and character in the Argentine she had the evidence of Miss Jarrott, while on the subject of his business abilities—no small point with a New York business man, as she was astute enough to see—there could be no better authority than Conquest himself, who, as Stephens & Jarrott's American legal adviser, had had ample opportunity of judging. She was gratified to note that as her story progressed it called forth sympathetic looks, and an occasional appreciative exclamation, while now and then he slapped his thigh as a mark of the kind of amused astonishment that verges on approbation.

"So we couldn't desert him now, after he's been so brave, could we?" she pleaded, with some amount of confidence; "and especially when he's engaged to Evie."

"I suppose we can't desert him, if he's sane."

"Oh, he's sane."

"Then why the deuce, when he was so well out of harm's way, didn't he stay there?"

"Because of his love for Evie, don't you see?" She had to explain Ford's moral development and psychological state all over again, until he could see it with some measure of comprehension.

"It certainly is the queerest story I ever heard," he declared, in enjoyment of its dramatic elements, "and we're all in it, aren't we? It's like seeing yourself in a play."

"I thought you would look at it in that way. As soon as I began wondering what we could do—this morning—I saw that after Evie you were the person most concerned."

"Who? I? Why am I concerned? I've got nothing to do with it?"

"No, of course not, except as Stephens & Jarrott's lawyer. When their representative in New York—"

"Oh, but, my dear girl, my duties don't

involve me in anything of this kind. I'm the legal adviser to the firm, but I've nothing to do with the private affairs of their employees."

"Mr. Jarrott is very fond of Mr. Strange—"

"Perhaps this will cool his affection."

"I don't think it will, as long as Evie insists on marrying him. I'm sure they mean to stand by him."

"They won't be able to stand by him long, if the law gives him—what it meant to give him before."

"Oh, but you don't think there's any danger of that?"

"I don't know about it," he said, shaking his head, ominously. "The fact that he comes back and gives himself up isn't an argument in favor of his innocence. There's generally remorse behind that dodge."

"Then isn't that all the more reason why we should help him?"

"Help him? How?"

"By trying to win his case for him."

He looked at her with eyes twinkling, while his fingers concealed the smile behind his colorless mustache.

"And how would you propose to set about that?"

"I don't know, but I suppose you do. There must be ways. He's leaving as soon as he can for South America. He thinks it may be months before he gets back. I thought that—perhaps—in the mean time—while he won't be able to do anything for himself—you might see—"

"Yes, yes; go on," he said, as she hesitated.

"You might see if there is any evidence that could be found—that wasn't found before—isn't that the way they do it?—and have it ready—for him when he came back."

"For a wedding present."

"It *would* be a wedding present—to all of us. It would be for Evie's sake. You know how I love her. She's the dearest thing to me in the world. If I could only secure her happiness like that—"

"You mean, if I could secure it."

"You'd be doing it actively, but I should want to co-operate."

"In what way?"

She sat very still. She was sure he understood her by the sudden rigidity of his pose, while his eyes stopped twinkling, and his fingers ceased to travel along the line of his mustache. Her eyes fell before the scrutiny in his, but she lifted them again for one of her quick, wild glances.

"In any way you like."

She tried to make her utterance distinct, matter-of-fact, not too significant, but she failed. In spite of herself, her words conveyed all their meaning. The brief pause that followed was not less eloquent, nor did it break the spell when Conquest gave a short little laugh that might have been nervous and, changing his posture, leaned forward on his desk and scribbled on the blotting-pad. While he would never have admitted it, it was a relief to him, too, not to be obliged to face her.

He was not shocked, neither was he quite surprised. He was accustomed to the thought that a woman's love was a thing to purchase. One man bought it from her father for a couple of oxen, another from herself for an establishment and a diamond tiara. It was the same principle in both cases. He had never considered Miriam Strange as being without a price; his difficulty had been in knowing what it was. The establishment and the diamond tiara having proved as indifferent to her as the yoke of oxen, he was thrown back upon the alternative of heroic deeds. He had more than once suspected that these might win her, if they had only been in his line. There being few opportunities for that kind of endeavor as the head of a large and lucrative legal practice, the suggestion only left him cynical. In the bottom of his heart he had long wished to dazzle, by some act of prowess, the eyes that saw him only as a respectable man of middle age, but the desire had merely mocked him with the kind of derision which impotence gets from youth. It seemed now a stroke of luck which almost merited being termed an act of Providence that there should have come a call for exactly his variety of "derring-do" from the very quarter in which he could make it tell.

"We've never gone in for any criminal business here," he said, after long reflection, while he continued to scribble aimlessly, "but of course we're in touch with the people who take it up."

"I thought you might be."

"But it's only fair to you to tell you that if your motive is to save time for our friend in question—"

"That *is* my motive—the only one."

"Then, you could get in touch with them, too."

"But I don't want to."

"Still I think you should consider it. The best legal advice in the world can be—bought—for money."

"I know that."

Lifting his eyes in a sharp look, he saw her head tilted back with her own special air of deliberate temerity.

"Oh, very well, then," he said, quietly, resuming his scribbling again. After this warning he felt justified in taking her at her word.

With that as a beginning she knew she had gained her first great point. In answer to his questions she told the story over again, displaying, as he remembered afterward—but long afterward—a surprising familiarity with its details. She made suggestions which he noted as marked by some acumen and laid stress on the value of the aid they might expect privately from Philip Wayne. The beauty and eagerness in her face fired the almost atrophied enthusiasm in his own heart, while he could not but see that this entirely altruistic interest had brought them in half an hour nearer together than they had ever been before. It was what they had never had till now—a bond in common. In spite of the persistency of his efforts and his assertions, he had never hitherto got nearer her than a statue on a pedestal gets to its neighbor in a similar situation, but now at last they were down on the same earth together. This was more than reason enough for his taking up the cause of Norrie Ford, consecrating to it all his resources, mental and material, and winning it.

In the course of an hour or two their understanding was complete, but he did not refer again to the conditions of their tacit compact. It was she who felt that sufficient had not been said—that the sincerity with which she subscribed to it had not been duly emphasized. She was at the door on the point of going away when she braced herself to look at him and say:

"You can't realize what all this means to me. If we succeed—that is, if you succeed—I hardly dare to tell you of the extent to which I shall be grateful."

He felt already some of the hero's magnanimity as to claiming his reward.

"You needn't think about that," he smiled. "I sha'n't. If by making Evie happy I can serve you I shall not ask for gratitude."

She looked down at her muff and smoothed its fur, then glanced up swiftly. "No; but I shall want to give it."

With that she was gone—lighter of heart than a few hours ago it had seemed to her possible ever to be again. Her joy was the joy of the captain who feels that he has saved his ship, though his own wound is fatal.

PART IV.—CONQUEST

CHAPTER XX

AMONG the three or four qualities Conquest most approved of in himself, not the least was a certain capacity for the patient acquisition of the world's more enviable properties. He had the gift of knowing what he wanted, recognizing it when he saw it, and waiting for it till it came within his reach. From his youth upward he had been a connoisseur of quality rather than a lover of abundance, while he owned to a talent for seeing the value of things which other people overlooked, and throwing them into relief when the objects became his. As far back as the time when the modest paternal heritage had been divided among his brothers and sisters and himself, he had been astute enough to leave the bulk of it to them, contenting himself with one or two bits of ancestral furniture, and a few old books, which were now known by all to have been the only things worth having. Throughout his life he had followed this principle of acquiring unobtrusively but getting exactly what he wanted. It was so that he bought his first horse, so that he bought his first motor, so that he purchased the land where he afterward built his house—in a distant, desolate stretch of Fifth Avenue which his acquaintances told him would be hopelessly out of reach, but where, not many years after, most of them were too late to join him.



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

IN SPITE OF HERSELF HER WORDS CONVEYED ALL THEIR MEANING

In building his house, too, he took his time, allowing his friends to make their experiments around him, while he studied the great art of "how not to do it." One of his neighbors erected a Flemish château, another a Florentine palazzo, and a third a François Premier *hôtel;* but his plot of ground remained an unkempt tangle of mullein and blue succory. In the end he put up a sober, handsome development on a style which the humbler passers-by often called, with approval, "good, plain American," but whose point of departure was Georgian. He had the instinct for that which springs out of the soil. He was not a Chauvinist, nor had he any sympathy with the intolerably patriotic. He was merely a lover of the indigenous.

In much the same way he had sought for—and waited for—a wife. He had been rashly put down as "not a marrying man," when he was only taking his time. He had seen plenty of excellent possibilities—fine women, handsome women, clever women, good women—any of whom presumably he could have had for the asking; but none was, in his own phraseology, "just the right thing." He wanted something unusual, and yet not exotic—something obvious, which no one else had observed—something cultivated, and yet native—something as exquisite as any hothouse orchid, but with the keen, fresh scent of the American woods and waters on its bloom. It was not a thing to be picked up every day, and so he kept on the lookout for it, and waited. Even when he found it, he was not certain, on the spur of the moment, that it would prove exactly what he had in mind. So he waited longer. He watched the effect of time and experience upon it, until he was quite sure. He knew the risk he was running that some one else might snatch it up; but his principle had always been to let everything, no matter how he coveted, go, rather than buy in haste.

Lest such an attitude toward Miriam Strange should seem cold-blooded, it should be said in his defence that he considered the aggregate of his sentiments to be those of love, as he understood the word. He conceded the fact that love, like every other desire, must work to win, and proceeded to set about his task according to his usual methods of persistent, unobtrusive siege. It was long before Miriam became aware of what he was doing, and her surprise as she drew back was not quite so great as his to see her do it. He was so accustomed to success—after taking the trouble to ensure it—that he was astonished, and a little angry, to find his usual tactics fail. He did not believe that she was beyond his grasp; he perceived only that he had taken the wrong way to get her. That there was a right way there could be no question; and he knew that by patient, unremitting search he should find it.

He had therefore several sources of satisfaction in espousing the cause of Norrie Ford. The amplitude of his legal knowledge would be to him as gay feathers to the cock; while the contemplation of the prize added to his self-approval in never doubting that it could be won.

It was early March when Ford sailed away, leaving his affairs in Conquest's charge, at the latter's own request. He in his turn placed them in the hands of Kilcup and Warren, who made a specialty of that branch of the law. The reward was immediate, in that frequent talks with Miriam became a matter of course.

His trained mind was prompt to seize the fact that these interviews took place on a basis different from that of their meetings in the past. Where he had been seeking to gain an end he was now on probation. He had been told—or practically told—that what he had been asking would be granted, as soon as certain conditions were fulfilled. It became to him, therefore, a matter of honor, in some degree one of professional etiquette, to fulfil the conditions before referring to the reward. Instead of a suitor pressing his suit, he became the man of business recounting the points scored, or still to be scored, in a common enterprise. In keeping her informed of each new step that Kilcup and Warren were taking, he maintained an attitude of distant respect, of which she could have nothing to complain.

Expecting an equal reserve on her part, it was with some surprise that he saw her assume the initiative in cordiality. He called it cordiality, because he dared not make it a stronger word. Her manner went back to the spontaneous friendliness

that had marked their intercourse before she began to see what he was aiming at, while into it she threw an infusion of something that had not hitherto been there. When he came with the information that a fresh bit of evidence had been discovered, or a new light thrown on an old one, she listened with interest—just the right kind of interest—and made pretexts to detain him, sometimes with Wayne as a third, sometimes without, for the pleasure of his own company. Now and then, as spring came on, they would all three, at her suggestion, cross the street and stroll in the Park together. Leaving Wayne on some convenient seat, they would prolong their own walk, talking with the unguarded confidence of mutual trust.

In all this there was nothing remarkable, as between old friends, except the contrast with her bearing toward him during the past year. He had expected that when Norrie Ford went finally free she would fulfil her contract, and fulfil it well; but he had not expected this instalment of graciousness in advance. It set him to pondering, to looking in the mirror, to refining on that careful dressing which he had already made an art. After all, a man in the fifties was young as long as he looked young, and according as one took the point of view.

Except when Ford's affairs came directly under discussion, he occupied, seemingly, a secondary place in their thoughts. Miriam rarely spoke of him at all, and if Conquest brought up his name more frequently it was because his professional interest in the numerous "nice points" of the case was becoming keen. He talked them over with her, partly because of his pleasure in the intelligence with which she grasped them, and partly because their intimacy deepened in proportion as the hope strengthened that Ford's innocence would be proved.

It was June before she heard from South America. Two or three letters to Evie had already come, guardedly written, telling little more than the incidents of Ford's voyage and arrival. It was to Miriam he wrote what he actually had at heart.

"The great moment has come and gone," she read to Conquest. "I have seen Mr. Jarrott, and made a clean breast of everything. It was harder than I expected, though I expected it would be pretty hard. I think I felt sorrier for him than for myself, which is saying a good deal. He not only takes it to heart, but feels it as a cut to his pride. I can see that that thought is uppermost. What he suffers from is not so much the fact that *I* deceived him, as that I deceived *him*. I can understand it, too. In a country where there is such a lot of this sort of thing, he has never been touched by it before. It has been a kind of boast that his men were always the genuine article. If one of them is called Smith, it is because he *is* a Smith, and not a Vere de Vere in hiding. But that isn't all. He took me into his family—into his very heart. He showed that, when I told him. He tried not to, but he couldn't help it. I tell you it hurt—*me*. I won't try to write about it. I'll tell you everything face to face, when I get up to the mark, if I ever do.

"As for Evie, he wouldn't let me mention her name. I didn't insist, because it was too painful—I mean, too painful to see how he took it. He said, in about ten words, that Evie had not been any more engaged than if she had given her word to a man of air, and that there was no reason why she should be spoken of. We left it there. I couldn't deny that, and it was no use saying any more. The only reply to him must be given by Evie herself. He is writing to her, and so am I. I wish you would help her to see that she must consider herself quite free, and that she isn't to undertake what she may not have the strength to carry out. I realize more and more that I was asking her to do the impossible."

It was an hour or two after reading this, when Conquest had gone away, that Evie herself—as dainty as spring, in flowered muslin, and a Leghorn hat crowned with a wreath of roses—came fluttering in.

"I've had the queerest letter from Uncle Jarrott," she began, breathlessly. "The poor old dear—well, something must be the matter with him. I can't for the life of me imagine what Herbert can have told him, but he doesn't understand a bit."

Miriam locked her own letter in her desk, saying as she did so:

"How does he show it?—that he doesn't understand."

"Why, he simply talks wild—that's how he shows it. He says I am not to consider myself engaged to Herbert—that I was never engaged to him at all. I wonder what he calls it, if it isn't engaged, when I have a ring—and everything."

"It is rather mystifying." Miriam tried to smile. "I suppose he means that having given your word to Herbert Strange, you're not to consider yourself bound to Norrie Ford, unless you want to."

"Pff! I don't care anything about that. I never liked the name of Herbert—or Strange, either. I told you that before. All the same, I wish Uncle Jarrott would have a little sense."

"Suppose—I mean, just suppose, dear—he felt it his duty to forbid your engagement altogether. What would you do then?"

"It wouldn't be very nice of him, I must say. He was as pleased as Punch over it when I was down there. If he's so capricious, I don't see how he can blame me."

"Blame you, for what, dear?"

"For staying engaged—if it's all right."

"But if he thought it wasn't all right?"

"You do, don't you?"

Evie, who had been prancing about the room, turned sharply on Miriam, who was still at her desk.

"That isn't the question—"

"No, but it's *a* question. I presume you don't mind my asking it?"

"You may ask me anything, darling—of course. But this is your uncle Jarrott's affair, and yours. It wouldn't do for me—"

"Oh, that's so like you, Miriam. You'd exasperate a saint—the way you won't give your opinion when you've got one. I wish I could ask Billy. He'd know. But of course I couldn't, when he thinks I'm still engaged to *him*."

"What do you want to ask him, Evie, dear?"

"Well, he's a lawyer. He could tell me all about what it's all about. I'm sure *I* don't know. I didn't think it was anything—and yet here's Uncle Jarrott writing as if it was something awful. He's written to Aunt Queenie, too. Of course I must stand by Herbert, whatever happens—if it isn't very bad; but you can see yourself that I don't want to be mixed up in a—a—in a scandal."

Evie twitched about the room, making little clicking sounds with her lips, as signs of meditation.

"Well, I mean to be true to him—a while longer," she said at last, as if coming to a conclusion. "I'm not going to let Uncle Jarrott think I'm just a puppet to be jerked on a string. The idea! When he was as pleased as Punch about it himself. And Aunt Helen said she'd give me my trousseau. I suppose I sha'n't get that now. But there's the money you offered me for the pearl necklet. Only I'd much rather have the pearl— Well, I'll be true to him, do you see? We're leaving for Newport the day after to-morrow. They say there hasn't been such a brilliant summer for a long time as they expect this year. Thank goodness, there's something to take my mind off all this care and worry and responsibility, otherwise I think I should pass away. But I shall show Uncle Jarrott that he can't do just as he likes with me, anyhow."

Evie and Miss Jarrott went to Newport, and it was the beginning of July before Miriam heard from Ford again. Once more she read to Conquest such portions of the letter as she thought he would find of interest.

"It is all over now," Ford wrote, "between Stephens & Jarrott and me. I'm out of the concern for good. It was something of a wrench, and I'm glad it is past. I didn't see the old man again. I wanted to thank him and say good-by, but he dodged me. Perhaps it is just as well. Even if I were to meet him now, I shouldn't make the attempt again. I confess to feeling a little hurt, but I thoroughly understand him. He is one of those men—you meet them now and again—survivals from the old school—with a sense of rectitude so exact that they can only see in a straight line. It is all right. Don't think that I complain. It is almost as much for his sake

as for my own that I wish he could have taken what I call a more comprehensive view of me. I know he suffers—and I shall never be able to tell him how sorry I am, till we get into the kingdom of heaven. In fact, I can't explain anything to any one, except you, which must be an excuse for my long letters. I try to keep you posted in what I'm going through, so that you may convey as much or as little of it as you think fit to Evie. I can't tell her much, and I see from the little notes she writes me that she doesn't yet understand."

There was a silence of some time before he wrote again.

"I shall not get away from here as soon as I expected, as my private affairs are not easily settled up. This city grows so fast that I have had a good part of my savings in real estate. I am getting rid of it by degrees, but it takes time to sell to advantage. I may say that I am doing very well, for which I am not sorry, as I shall need the money for my trial. I hope you don't mind my referring to it, because I look forward to it with something you might almost call glee. To get back where I started will be like waking from a bad dream. I can't believe that Justice will make the same mistake twice—and even if she does I would rather she had the chance. I am much encouraged by the last reports from Kilcup and Warren. I've long felt that it was Jacob Gramm who did for my poor old uncle, though I didn't like to accuse him of it, when the proofs seemed all the other way. He certainly had more reason to do the trick than I had, for my uncle had been a brute to him for thirty years, while he had only worried me for two. Now that the old chap is dead I should have less scruple in following it up—especially if the old lady is gone, too. She was a bit of a vixen, but the husband was a good old sort. I liked him."

These letters, and others like them, Miriam shared conscientiously with Conquest. It was part of the loyalty she had vowed to him in her heart that she should keep nothing from him, except what was sanctified and sealed forever, as her own private history. In the impulse to give her life as a ransom for Norrie Ford's she was eager to do it without reserves, or repinings, or backward looks—without even a wish that it had been possible to make any other use of it. If she was not entirely successful in the last feat, she was fairly equal to the rest, so that in allowing himself to be misled Conquest could scarcely be charged with fatuity. With his combined advantages, personal and otherwise, it was not astonishing that a woman should be in love with him; and if that woman proved to be Miriam Strange, one could only say that the unexpected had happened, as it often does. If, in view of all the circumstances, he dressed better than ever, and gave his little dinners more frequently, while happiness toned down the sharpness of his handsome profile to a softer line, he had little in common with Malvolio.

And what he had began to drop away from him. Insensibly he came to see that the display of his legal knowledge, of his carefully chosen ties, of his splendid equipment in house, horses, and automobiles, had something of the major-domo's strut in parti-colored hose. The day came when he understood that the effort to charm her by the parade of these things was like the appeal to divine grace by means of grinding on a prayer-mill. It was a long step to take, both in thought and emotion, leading him to see love, marriage, women's hearts, and all kindred subjects, from a different point of view. Love in particular began to appear to him as more than the sum total of approbation bestowed on an object to be acquired. Though he was not prepared to give it a new definition, it was clear that the old one was no longer sufficient for his needs. The mere fact that this woman, whom he had vainly tempted with gifts—whom he was still hoping to capture by prowess—could come to him of her own accord, had a transforming effect on himself. If he ever got her—by purchase, conquest, or any other form of acquisition—he had expected to be proud; he had never dreamed of this curious happiness, that almost made him humble.

It was a new conception of life to think that there were things in it that might be given but which could not be bought; as it was a new revelation of himself to perceive that there were treasures in his dry heart which had never before been

drawn on. This discovery was made almost accidentally. He stumbled on it, as men have stumbled on Koh-i-noors and Cullinanes lying in the sand.

"What I really came to tell you," he said to her, on one occasion, as they strolled side by side in the Park, "is that I am going away to-morrow—to the West—to Omaha."

"Isn't that rather sudden?"

"Rather. I've thought for the last few days I might do it. The fact is, they've found Amalia Gramm."

She stopped, with a sudden start of interrogation, moving on again at once. It was a hot September evening, at the hour when twilight merges into night. They had left Wayne on a favorite seat, and having finished their own walk northward, were returning to pick him up and take him home.

"They've found her living with some nieces out there," he went on to explain. "She appears to have been half over the world since old Gramm died—home to Germany—back to America—to Denver—to Chicago — to Milwaukee — to the Lord knows where—and now she has fetched up in Omaha. She strikes me in the light of an unquiet spirit. It seems she has nephews and nieces all over the lot—and as she has the ten thousand dollars old Chris Ford left them—"

"Are they going to bring her here?"

"They can't—bedridden—paralyzed, or something. They've got to take her testimony on the spot. I want to be there when they do it. There are certain questions which it is most important to have asked. In a way, it is not my business; but I'm going to make it mine. I've mulled over the thing so long that I think I see the psychology of the whole drama."

"I can never thank you enough for the interest you've shown," she said, after a brief silence.

He gave his short, nervous laugh.

"Nor I you for giving me the chance to show it. That's where the kindness comes in. It's made a different world for me, and me a different man in it. If anybody had told me last winter that I should spend the whole summer in town working on a criminal case—"

"You shouldn't have done that. I wanted you to go away as usual."

"And leave you here?"

"I shouldn't have minded—as long as Mr. Wayne preferred to stay. It's so hard for him to get about, anywhere but in the place he's accustomed to. New York in summer isn't as bad as people made me think."

"I too have found that true. To me it has been a very happy time. But perhaps my reasons were different from yours."

She reflected a minute before uttering her next words, but decided to say them.

"I fancy our reasons were the same."

The low voice, the simplicity of the sentence, the meanings in it and behind it, made him tremble. It was then, perhaps, that he began to see most clearly the true nature of love, both as given and received.

"I don't think they can be," he ventured, hoping to draw her on to say something more; but she did not respond.

After all, he reflected, as they continued their walk more or less in silence, too many words would only spoil the minute's bliss. There was, too, a pleasure in standing afar off to view the promised land almost equal to that of marching into it—especially when, as now, he was given to understand that its milk and honey were awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXI

IT was the middle of October when Evie wrote from Lenox to say she would come to town to meet Ford on his arrival, begging Miriam to give her shelter for a night or two. The Grants remaining abroad, Miss Jarrott had taken the house in Seventy-second Street for another winter, but as Evie would run up to New York alone she preferred for the minute to be Miriam's guest.

"The fact is, I'm worried to death," she wrote, confidentially, "and you must help me to see daylight through this tangled mass of everybody saying different things. Aunt Queenie has gone completely back on Herbert, just because Uncle Jarrott has. That doesn't strike me as very loyal, I must say. I shouldn't think it right to desert anybody, unless I wanted to. I wouldn't do it because some one else told me to—not if he was my brother ten times over. I mean to be just as true to Herbert as I can. Not

that he makes it very easy for me, because he has broken altogether with Uncle Jarrott—and that seems to me the maddest thing. I certainly sha'n't get my trousseau from Aunt Helen now. I don't see what we're all coming to. Everybody is so queer, and they keep hinting things they won't say out, as if there was some mystery. I do wish I could talk to Billy about it. Of course I can't—the way matters stand. And speaking of Billy, that rich Mr. Bird—you remember I told you about him last winter—has asked me to marry him. Just think! I forget how much he has a year, but it's something awful. Of course I told him I couldn't give him a definite answer yet—but that if he insisted on it I should have to make it No. He said he didn't insist—that he'd rather wait till I had time to make up my mind, if I didn't keep him dangling. I told him I wouldn't keep him doing anything whatever, and that if he dangled at all it would be entirely of his own accord. I think he liked my spirit, so he said he'd wait. We left it there, which was the wisest way—though I must say I didn't like his presuming on his money to think I would make a difference between him and others. Money doesn't mean anything to me, though dear mamma hoped she would live to see me well established. She didn't, poor darling, but that's no reason why I shouldn't try to carry out her wishes. All the same, I mean to be true to Herbert just as long as possible; and so you may expect me on the twenty-ninth."

If there was much in this letter that Miriam found disturbing, it was not the thought that Evie might be false to Ford, or that Ford might suffer, which alarmed her most. There was something within her that cried out in fear before the possibility that Norrie Ford might be free again. Her strength having sprung so largely from the hope of restoring the plans she had marred, the destruction of the motive left her weak; but worse than that was the knowledge that, though she had tried to empty her heart completely of its cravings, only its surface had been drained. It was to get assurance rather than to give information that she read fragments of Evie's letter to Conquest, on the evening of his return from Omaha. He had come to give her the news of his success. That it was good news was evident in his face when he entered the room; and, almost afraid to hear it, she had broached the subject of her anxiety about Evie first.

"She's going to give him the sack; that's what *she's* going to give him," Conquest said, conclusively, while Miriam folded the dashingly scribbled sheets. "You needn't be worried about her in the least. Miss Evie knows her way about, as cleverly as a homing bee. She'll do well for herself, whatever else she may not do. Come now!"

"I'm not thinking of that, so much as that she should do her duty."

"Duty! Pooh! That sort of little crittur has no duty—the word doesn't apply to it. Evie is the most skilful mixture of irresponsible impulse and shrewd calculation you'll find in New York. She'll use both her gifts with perfect heartlessness, and yet in such a way that even her guardian angel won't know just where to find fault with her."

"But she must marry Mr. Ford—now."

He was too busy with his own side of the subject to notice that her assertion had the intensity of a cry. He had a man's lack of interest in another man's love-affairs, while he was blissfully absorbed in his own.

"You might as well tell a swallow that it must migrate—now," he laughed. "Poor Ford will feel it, I've no doubt; but we shall make up to him for a good deal of it. We're going to pull him through."

For the instant her anxiety was diverted into another channel. "Does that mean that Amalia Gramm has told you anything?"

"She's told us everything. I thought she would. I don't feel at liberty to give you the details before they come out at the proper time and place; but there's no harm in saying that my analysis of the old woman's psychological state was not so very far wrong. There's no question about it any longer. We'll pull him through. And, by George, he's worth it!"

The concluding exclamation, uttered with so much sincerity, took her by surprise, transmuting the pressure about her heart into a mist of sudden tears. Tears came to her rarely, hardly, and seldom

with relief. She was especially unwilling that Conquest should notice them now; but the attempt to dash them away only caused them to fall faster. She could see him watching her in a kind of sympathetic curiosity, slightly surprised in his turn at the unexpected emotion, and trying to divine its cause. Unable to bear his gaze any longer, she got up brusquely from her chair, retreating into the bay-window, where—the curtains being undrawn—she stood looking down on the sea of lights, as beings above the firmament might look down on stars. He waited a minute, and came near her only when he judged that he might do so discreetly.

"You're unnerved," he said, with tender kindliness. "That's why you're upset. You've had too much on your mind. You're too willing to take all the care on your own shoulders, and not let other people hustle for themselves."

She was pressing her handkerchief against her lips, so she made no reply. The moment seemed to him one at which he might go forward a little more boldly. All the circumstances warranted an advance from his position of reserve.

"You need me," he ventured to say, with that quiet assurance which in a lover means much. "I understand you as no one else does, in the world."

Her brimming eyes gave him a look which was only pathetic, but which he took to be one of assent.

"I've always told you I could help you," he went on, with tranquil earnestness, "and I could. You've too many burdens to carry alone—burdens that don't belong to you, but which, I know, you'll never lay down. Well, I'll share them. There's Wayne, now. He's too much for you, by yourself—I don't mean from the material point of view, but—the whole thing. It wears on you. It's bound to. Wayne is my friend just as much as yours. He's my responsibility—so long as you take it in that light. I've been thinking of him a lot lately—and I see how, in my house—I could put him up—ideally."

Still pressing her handkerchief against her lips with her right hand, she put out her left in a gesture of deprecation. He understood it as one of encouragement, and went on.

"You must come and look at my house. You've never really seen it, and I think you'd like it. I think you'd like—everything. I've got everything to make you happy; and if you'll only let me do it, you'll make me happy, too."

She felt able to speak at last. Her eyes were still brimming as she turned toward him, but brimming only as pools are when the rain is over.

"I want you to be happy. You're so good . . . and kind . . . and you've done so much for me . . . you deserve it."

She turned away from him again. With her arm on the woodwork of the window, she rested her forehead rather wearily on her hand. He understood so little of what was passing within her that she found it a relief to suspend for the minute her comedy of spontaneous happiness, letting her heart ache unrestrainedly. Her left hand hanging limp and free, she made no effort to withdraw it when she felt him clasp it in his own. Since she had subscribed to the treaty months ago, since she had insisted on doing it rightly or wrongly, it made little difference when and how she carried the conditions out. So they stood hand in hand together, tacitly, but, as each knew, quite effectually, plighted. In her silence, her resignation, her evident consent, he read the proof of that love which, to his mind, no longer needed words.

Late that night, after he had gone away, she wrote to Evie, beseeching her to be true to Ford. The letter was so passionate, so little like herself, that she was afraid of destroying it if she waited till morning, so she posted it without delay. The answer came within forty-eight hours, in the shape of a telegram from Evie. She was coming to town at once, though it wanted still three or four days to Ford's arrival.

It was a white little Evie, with drawn face, who threw herself into Miriam's arms at the station, clutching at her with a convulsive sob.

"Miriam, I can't do it," she whispered, in a kind of terror. "They say he's going to be put in—*jail!*"

Her voice rose on the last word, so that one or two people paused in their rush past to glance at the pitifully tragic little face.

"Hush, darling," Miriam whispered back. "You'll tell me about it as we go home."

But in the motor Evie could only cry, clinging to Miriam as she used to do in troubled moments in childhood. Arrived at the apartment, Wayne had to be faced with some measure of self-control, and then came dinner. It was only in the bedroom, when they were secure from interruption, that Miriam heard what Evie had to tell. She was tearless now, and rather indignant.

"I've had the strangest letter from Herbert," she declared, excitedly, as soon as Miriam entered the room. "I couldn't have believed he wrote it in his senses, if Aunt Queenie hadn't heard the same thing from Uncle Jarrott. He says he's got to go to—*jail*."

There was the same rising inflection on the last word, suggestive of a shriek of horror, that Miriam had noticed in the station. In her white peignoir, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, and her hands flung wide apart with an appealing dramatic gesture, Evie was not unlike some vision of a youthful Christian martyr, in spite of the hair-brush in her hand. Miriam sat down sidewise on the edge of the couch, looking up at the child in pity. She felt that it was useless to let her remain in darkness any longer.

"Of course he has to," she said, trying to make her tone as matter-of-fact as might be. "Didn't you know it?"

"Know it! Did *you*?"

Evie stepped forward, bending over Miriam as if she meant to strike her.

"I knew it in a general way, darling. I suppose, when he gives himself up to the police—"

"The police?" Evie screamed. "Am I to be engaged to a man who—gives himself up to the police?"

"It will only be for a little while, dear—"

"I don't care whether it's for a little while or forever—it can't *be*. What is he thinking of? What are *you* thinking of? Don't you *see*? How can I face the world—with all my invitations—when the man I'm engaged to is—in jail?"

Evie's hands flew up in a still more eloquent gesture, while the blue eyes, usually so soft and veiled, were wide with flaming interrogation.

"I knew that—in some ways—it might be hard for you—"

Evie laughed, a little silvery mirthless ripple of scorn.

"I must say, Miriam, you choose your words skilfully. But you're wrong, do you see? There's no way in which it can be hard for me, because there's no way in which it's possible."

"Oh yes, there is, dear—if you love him."

"That has nothing to do with it. Of course I love him. Haven't I said so? But that doesn't make any difference. Can't I love him, without being engaged to—to—to a man who has to go to jail?"

"Certainly; but you can't love him, if you don't feel that you must—that you simply *must*—stand by his side."

"There you go again, Miriam, with your queer ideas. It's exactly what any one would expect you to say."

"I hope so."

"Oh, you needn't hope so, because they would—any one who knew you. But I have to do what's right. I know what I feel in my conscience—and I have to follow it. And besides, I couldn't—I couldn't"—her voice began to rise again—"I couldn't face it—I couldn't bear it—not if I loved him a great deal better than I do."

"That's something you must think about very seriously, dear—"

"I don't have to," she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "I know it already. It wouldn't make any difference if I thought about it a thousand years. I couldn't be engaged to a man who was in jail, not if I worshipped the ground he trod on."

"But when he's innocent, darling—"

"It's jail, just the same. I can't be engaged to people just because they're innocent. It isn't right to expect it of me. And, anyhow," she added, passionately, "I can't do it. It would kill me. I should never lift my head again. I can't—I can't. It's hateful of any one to say I ought to. I'm surprised at you, Miriam, when you know how dear mamma would have forbidden it. It's all very well for you to give advice, when you have no family—and no one to think about—and hardly any invitations—Well, I can't, and there's an end of it. If that's your idea of love, then, I must

say, my conception is a little different. I've always had high ideals, and I feel obliged to hold to them, however you may condemn me."

She ended with a catch in her breath something like a sob.

"But I'm not condemning you, Evie dear. If you feel what you say, there's nothing for it but to see Mr. Ford and tell him so."

At this suggestion Evie sobered. She was a long time silent before she observed, in a voice that had become suddenly calm and significantly casual, "That's easy for you to say."

"If you speak to him as decidedly as to me, I should think it would be easy for you to do."

"And still easier for you."

Evie spoke in that tone of unintentional intention, which is most pointed. It was not lost on Miriam, who recoiled from the mere thought. It seemed to her better to ignore the hint, but Evie, with feverish eagerness, refused to let it pass.

"Did you hear what I said?" she persisted, sharply.

"I heard it, dear; but it didn't seem to me to mean anything."

"That would depend on whether you heard it only with the ear, or in the heart."

"You know that everything that has to do with you is in my heart."

"Well, then?"

"But if you mean by that that I should tell Mr. Ford you're not going to marry him—why, it's out of the question."

"Then, who's to tell him? *I* can't. It's not to be expected."

"But, darling, you must. This is awful."

Miriam got up and went toward her, but Evie, who was nervously brushing her hair, edged away.

"Of course it's awful, but I don't see the use of making it worse than it need be. He'll feel it a great deal more, if he sees me, and so shall I."

"And what shall I feel?" Miriam spoke unguardedly, but Evie was too preoccupied to notice the bitterness of the tone.

"I don't see why you should feel anything at all. It's nothing to you—or very little. It wouldn't be your fault, not any more than it's the postman's if he has to bring you a letter with bad news."

Miriam went back to her place on the edge of the couch, where with her forehead bowed for a minute on her hand she sat reflecting.

"Darling," she began, "I want to tell you something—"

But before she could proceed Evie flung the hair-brush on the floor and uttered a great swelling sob. With her hands hanging at her sides, and her golden head thrown back, she wept with the abandonment of a child, while suggesting the seraphic suffering of a grieving angel by some old master.

In an instant Miriam had her in her arms. It was the appeal she had never been able to resist.

"There, there, my pet," she said, soothingly, drawing her to the couch. "Come to Miriam, who loves you."

Evie clung to her piteously, with flower-like face tilted outward and upward for the greater convenience of weeping.

"Oh, I'm so lonely," she sobbed. "I'm so lonely . . . ! I wish dear mamma . . . hadn't died."

Miriam pressed her the more closely.

"I'm so lonely . . . and everything's so strange . . . and I don't know what to do . . . and he's going to be put in jail . . . and you're so unkind to me. . . . Oh, dear! . . . I can't tell him . . . I can't tell him . . . I can't . . . I can't . . ."

She pillowed her head on Miriam's shoulder, like a child that would force a caress from the hand that has just been striking it. In spite of her knowledge to the contrary, Miriam had the feeling of having acted selfishly.

"No, darling," she said, at last, as Evie's sobs subdued into convulsive tremblings, "you needn't tell him. I'll see him. He'll understand how hard it's been for you. It's been hard for every one—and especially for you, darling. I'll do my best. You know I will. And I'm sure he'll understand. There, there," she comforted, as Evie's tears broke out afresh. "Have your cry out, dear. It will do you good. There, there."

So Evie went back next day to Lenox, while Miriam waited for Ford.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Father

BY CAROLINE BRETT McLEAN

"LOTS o' people marries on less than nine dollars a week," said Dave.

"'Tain't enough," Luella answered, with her air of superior wisdom. "It might be enough for two, but there's yer old man to keep."

"Aw, his keep don't amount to nothin'—well, hardly nothin'," Dave hastened to amend, seeing the dissent on Luella's face. "Johnny Smith at the shop married when he was only gettin' eight dollars. An' Frank Clark wasn't only gettin' nine, the same as me, when he married, an' you know they get along all right."

Luella shook her head. "You'd have three to keep right from the start," she said. "Nine dollars ain't enough for three."

"But he earns something himself," Dave said, suddenly. His face, which had settled into the lines of dejection which Luella's refusal to agree to an immediate marriage always brought there, brightened. It had come to him in a sudden illuminating memory that the room which Paudeen styled his "shop" was never quite destitute of shoes, presumably there to be repaired. Certainly often, when he returned from his day's work, he found Paudeen at his bench working. If Dave had heretofore given any thought to that work, it certainly had not been as to its monetary value. It had seemed to him a mere clinging to custom and habit on Paudeen's part. But now there sprang up a hope that it had some value, something to supplement those nine weekly dollars that to him seemed ample to marry on, but which, inexplicably, to Luella did not seem sufficient. Her refusal to marry upon that sum was all the more inexplicable to Dave since few of the married couples of his and Luella's acquaintance had any more. Many had less, owing to loss of time. Dave, handy man in a large paint establishment, seldom lost any time.

"He don't earn nothin'," said Luella, with vehemence. "Ten cents for a patch once in a while p'r'aps. What's that? I'd marry you on the nine dollars all right, Dave," she said, after a while—the vehemence had left her voice; it was soft, alluring—"if there was just me an' you; but there's him, an' nine dollars ain't enough to keep three."

"Knighton's don't never pay no more. We won't never get married," Dave said, gloomily.

"'Tain't my fault." Luella's voice was unfamiliar with that tremor in it. "Oh, Dave, if you hadn't yer old man to keep—"

They had been walking home from work together, and with the last words Luella's door was reached. Dave felt a soft touch on his hand, and then she disappeared within the building with no other farewell. Dave stared after her bewilderedly. His slow mind often failed to keep pace with the quickness of Luella's moods, and it took him some time to realize what this unwonted display of feeling on her part meant. When he did realize it, it was with a sense of exultation. Until now Luella's refusal to marry him on his present earnings had been attributed to moods, to a whim, to feminine caprice; in gloomy moments to a fear that perhaps she did not care for him.

Dave did not remember a time when he did not love Luella. As a boy, silent, slow-moving, slow-thinking, he had adored the flashing, bird-like child. Grown to manhood, his love had lost nothing in intensity. He never knew how or why he had expressed his love. It had certainly not been with any hope of its being reciprocated. It had no more entered his mind that Luella could love him than that he could take wings and fly. When he found that she did, to his adoration was added a sense of gratitude that intensified that adoration



Drawn by John A. Williams

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"I COULD 'A' BEEN MARRIED LONG AGO IF I'D WANTED TO"

a thousandfold. Dave's regard for Luella was something like what a very religious person may feel for his God, reverential, wondering, always a little awed, feeling intensely his own unworthiness, but worshipping with the greater devotion because of that very unworthiness.

But now that attitude of reverential worship was largely swept away. An altogether human passion took its place. If Luella cared, as that unwonted quiver in her voice and the longing it had expressed seemed to indicate, why, then it must be something more than caprice that made her hang back. Perhaps nine dollars was really not enough for three. After all, it was the wife who had to do the scraping and managing. Dave heard her voice again, "I'd marry you on the nine dollars if there was just me an' you," and for a moment his whole being rose in revolt against the circumstance that stood between him and the consummation of his happiness—the necessity of supporting his helpless old father.

The revolt died down as quickly as it had risen. He began to walk on again. But Luella's words kept echoing in his ears. She had said words to the like effect before, but they had carried no special significance to Dave. She had been merely stating a fact, not voicing a grievance that might be remedied. That he should continue to support Paudeen, as he had for years past supported him, was as much in the nature of things as that he should continue to eat three meals a day. And this was not the result of any strong filial feeling on Dave's part. He was conscious of no such feeling; it was the result of the unconscious sense of the obligations imposed by their relationship.

Paudeen had had supper ready for some time before Dave came, but his lateness did not make Paudeen impatient. Paudeen was never impatient. He was very busy all day long in his "shop." Several pairs of shoes had been left on his hands. These Paudeen patched and unpatched and repatched again. Until lately Paudeen had always been very happy. The years had left him his dreams. As he sat alone all day he was big with schemes and projects of all he was going to do for Dave. In the daytime, when he was alone, Dave was still the little boy to be provided for and made a gentleman of. And at the day's end when he came home, big and broad-shouldered and strong, in some inexplicable way his bigness and strength only added to Paudeen's happiness. It was as if a parent could know the unique joy of having a son, small and soft and dependent, and at the same time see that son grown to virile manhood.

But lately Paudeen had not been so happy. Sometimes in the midst of his most glowing dreams he would lay down his work with a dim sense of its futility, and with Dave's home-coming that sense increased. An impalpable something had come between them. If Paudeen could have reasoned it out, he could have traced the beginning of that something to the time when Luella, whom he had seen grow up, came to be recognized as Dave's "girl." Paudeen was patheticallly willing to love her, and Luella seemed more than willing to be loved. It was not anything in the girl's manner toward him that caused Paudeen that vague uneasiness that could hardly be called unhappiness. Consciously, he did not even attribute that new strange feeling to her. She was so soft and pretty and winning. Under her apparent softness and winningness it would take one much more guileful than Paudeen to discern anything inimical to his interest.

When Dave came in, Paudeen looked up from his work with the glad smile that sight of Dave always brought to his face.

"Yer late, aren't ye?" he remarked.

"I was late leavin' the shop," Dave vouchsafed, briefly.

Lateness in leaving the shop was not the reason for his lateness in reaching home; he had not been delayed more than a few minutes beyond the usual time for leaving. Luella worked in a glove factory contingent to the paint establishment. Every night Dave met her and they rode home on the trolley together. To-night he had begged her to walk. That had occurred before, as often as he could coax Luella to walk home, and he had never hesitated to tell Paudeen why he was late. But to-night he could not speak Luella's name. Paudeen's greeting, the low dark rooms, that until now had never seemed to him squalid, brought

back again that surge of revolt. And Dave was ashamed.

"But I kep' yer supper hot," Paudeen added, cheerfully.

While Dave washed himself, Paudeen set the supper on the table. Paudeen waited on Dave before he began his own supper. Nothing was apparently different from what it had been at the evening meal for years. But there was a vast difference. And the difference did not arise out of Dave's failure to respond to Paudeen's remarks. Paudeen could talk away happily to himself without ever receiving an answer. His talk seldom called for an answer, and to a marked degree Dave had retained the silence which had characterized him as a child. And presently Paudeen seemed to feel the difference, seemed to feel that Dave's silence imported more than usual. He looked at him once or twice, with that new, wistful, half-appealing gaze which of late his face had often worn; then he, too, fell silent, his head hanging down a little. He did not care whether he ate any more supper or not.

Dave was as oblivious to his silence as he had been to his former garrulity. He ate his supper steadily, to all appearance intent upon it. In reality he did not know what he was eating. A whole range of new emotions seemed to have been born within him. He did not see Paudeen in the chair opposite him. He saw Luella—Luella his wife; and he was no longer in the dark low-ceilinged room, where all his meals since memory began had been eaten, but in the bright, if tiny, kitchen of the new flats for workingmen, which were being built out near the factory. He and Luella had gone through them one Saturday half-holiday, and Luella had laughingly picked their rooms. The suite with accommodation for a couple could be within reach of men whose earnings were no more than Dave's, but not the suites giving accommodation for three or more.

"So we couldn't live here, even if we was married, 'count o' yer old man," Luella had said. "But I'd love to," she added. "My! couldn't I just make them rooms cozy!" She looked about her lingeringly, wistfully.

At the time Dave had accepted the fact of their inability to live in the new flats, even if they were married, in the spirit with which he accepted the fact that Luella considered nine dollars insufficient for three, a thing which could not be mended, since he only earned nine dollars, and he had Paudeen to keep. But with those new emotions had come quickened perception. The way out was so obvious now that he was amazed it had not occurred to him before. He was not obliged to continue to support Paudeen.

And at that he rose from the table hastily and went into the outer room where Paudeen did his work. The idea was startling, unwelcome. If Paudeen earned anything at all worth while, it might not be necessary to carry it into practice. Dave looked through the shoes on the shelf eagerly. There was only one pair which looked as if they might be there for *bona fide* repairs. But the repairs consisted only of a tiny patch on each shoe, for which not more than twenty cents could be charged. All the others had manifestly been in the shop for a lengthy period, uncalled for, and they bore signs of having been mended and unmended and remended again. That was why Paudeen always seemed so busy. Clearly there was nothing to be hoped for from that source.

Paudeen was clearing away the supper dishes. Glancing through the door as he passed back and forth, he saw Dave make his eager inspection. That Dave should look at his work made Paudeen very happy. He had always had much pride of craft, and as he sat at his bench all day it really seemed to him that he did important work, not mere patching and mending, but finished beautiful products of his skill, the skill that was to win so much for Dave. And now Dave was admiring those finished beautiful products! As he went about tidying up the room, Paudeen was happier than he had been for a long time.

But his happiness did not last long. Presently Dave came in and put on his coat and took his hat from the peg and went out. It was nothing unusual for Dave to go out after supper; nothing unusual that he should go silently; but Paudeen caught a glimpse of his face, and there was something in it; that something—Paudeen could not give it a name

—deepened and strengthened, which heretofore had had the effect of partially dispelling the illusionary world in which Paudeen lived. But never before had it had the effect of wholly sweeping it away. Paudeen went into the "shop" and saw it for what it was: a dark little room. Instead of the array of shining shoes, product of his skill, saw the few worthless pairs; knew himself to be, not the skilled and capable workman of that illusionary world, but a broken old man, regarded as crazy, not much good to any one, hindrance, perhaps, rather than help to Dave.

Dave walked about the streets until late, trying to get accustomed to the idea, and Paudeen sat in his shop with hanging arms and drooping head, his world swept bare of illusions.

Dave got accustomed to the idea. It remained still unwelcome, but no longer startling. He saw very little of Luella in the few days that intervened between the time the idea first occurred to him and when he made up his mind that he would carry it into execution. The factory where she worked had closed down for a week, and an aunt who was paying her a visit kept her time occupied in the evenings. In reaching his decision Dave was not swayed by any further suggestion from Luella, or by the distraction of her presence. From the windows of the room where he worked he could see the block of new flats, now nearing completion. Dave often looked out of the window. Sometimes on his way home he would go a block out of his way to pass them, and would stand looking up at the rooms which Luella had chosen. Well, she would live there. Imagination had come to Dave, and it became very vivid at thought of Luella's surprise when he should tell her. And not only surprise, but joy, too, he felt, and the blood ran swifter through his veins. There were pains in connection with that new power of being able to picture things, but the pains were more than offset by the joy of being able beforehand to see the happiness on Luella's face when he should tell her; standing before those blank walls to be able to see behind them cozy, lighted rooms: their home—his and Luella's. The pains related to Paudeen. In picturing Luella's joy it was inevitable that he should also think of Paudeen—Paudeen, who too must be told, but to whom the telling would bring no joy.

But Dave had plenty of precedent for what he was doing. His case was unusual only by reason of the fact that the maintenance of Paudeen had been a bar to his marriage. The obligation of supporting aged parents seemed to rest lightly on the men of his acquaintance, men among whom he worked. They married, if they so desired, without any regard to it.

Dave was to see Luella when he quit work on Saturday, and then he was going to tell her. They always spent the Saturday half-holiday together. On this particular Saturday he changed his clothes at the shop to avoid the necessity of going home. Just as he was leaving, a message came from the office—the manager wanted to see him. Impatient to be away, Dave went reluctantly. The manager was alone in the office and was writing when Dave entered. He looked up with a nod and went on writing until he had finished, then he leaned back in his chair and looked at Dave, saying:

"You have been with us—how long?"

Dave mentioned his length of service.

"I see," said the manager, with a slowness that was tantalizing to Dave's impatience. "King, our shipper, is leaving. The foreman speaks well of your steadiness and faithfulness. We thought of you to fill his place. What do you say?"

Dave said nothing.

"It will be twelve dollars a week to commence," the manager went on. "Well"—a sharp note came into his voice as Dave continued to stare—"don't you think you'd care for it?"

"Care!" Dave's voice broke on almost a sob. "Sir, if tryin' my level best 'll do it, you'll never be sorry you gave me the job."

"I don't believe we shall," the manager said, vaguely touched. "That's all right, then. You'll start in on Monday." He dismissed him with a nod.

Dave stumbled out of the office somehow. He was as one dazed. There would never be any necessity now for telling Paudeen. And Luella should have her flat. Yes, and a better than the one she

had originally chosen. His joy became exuberant. He wanted to shout the news of his unbelievable good fortune to the passers-by. He broke into a dancing run on his way to the car.

Luella was alone in her room when he burst in breathless from his race up the four flights of stairs.

"Gracious!" she cried. "What you been hurryin' for? It's too early to go anywhere yet."

"I got a raise—a new job," panted Dave. "The shipper's left. They've given me his job. Twelve dollars a week. We can get married right away."

"Can we?" said Luella.

Dave looked at her. Her face had lighted up momentarily at his announcement, but the joy which in imagination he had seen upon it was not there.

"Yes, we can," he said, doggedly. "You was always sayin' nine dollars wasn't enough to marry on. Now there ain't no more excuse." He came closer to her. "Luella, I was comin' to-day to tell you that we'd get married anyhow. I couldn't wait no longer. I was goin' to let the old man go to a Home if 'twas him that was keepin' us from marryin'. But now there'll be lots for us all." His voice rang out joyous.

"Twelve dollars ain't such a awful lot," murmured Luella.

Dave caught hold of her arm. "Look a-here, Luella, don't you want to marry me?"

"Yes, I do." Luella had never heard that note in his voice before. She leaned up against him. "Dave, will yer old man have to live with us?"

"Course he will. Where else would he live?" Dave slipped his arm about her. "Them new flats 'll be ready in a little while. We'll have one o' the five-roomed ones."

Luella turned her face against his shoulder. "Dave," she said, in a whisper, "you was goin' to put the old man in a Home if you hadn't got this new job. Why can't you put him in a Home anyway?"

"Because I'll be earnin' enough to keep him an' you too."

"But I don't want him to live with us," Luella whispered, her face tight against his snoulder.

"I don't know what you mean!" cried Dave. "What harm will him livin' with us do you? It looks like you don't care for me at all, Luella?"

"Oh, I do, I do, I do," she pressed closer to him with each repetition. "You know I could 'a' been goin' with other fellows—I could 'a' been married long ago if I'd wanted to. But I wanted you." She rose suddenly on tiptoe and kissed his lips, and then as suddenly withdrew from his tightening arm, standing at a little distance. "Dave, you gotta choose between me an' the old man."

Dave looked at her piteously. Luella had never kissed him like this before.

"Aw, what you got agin' him, Luella? He won't be no trouble to you at all."

Luella was silent for a minute, looking down. Dave had never noticed how long her lashes were until now.

"Dave, he ain't yer own old man; he ain't yer own father at all," she said at last.

"What?" said Dave.

"He ain't yer own father," repeated Luella. "He ain't nothin' to you at all. He just took you when you was little. Aunt Kate—she's only stepped next door —knows all about it, an' she'll tell you the same."

Dave said nothing.

"An' I wouldn't live with him," went on Luella, a little breathless, "no matter how much money you was earnin'. I didn't say nothin' to you before, 'cos nine dollars ain't nothin' to get married on. But now you'll have to choose between me an' him. We been goin' together long enough. People I know is always askin' me when I'm goin' to get married."

Before Dave could find any voice to answer, the door opened and a massive woman entered. Nodding to Dave, she sank heavily into a chair, then perceiving something electric in the atmosphere, looked inquiringly at her niece.

"Dave's got a raise to twelve dollars a week," Luella explained. "He wants to get married right away, an' have the old man live with us. I told him."

"No, he ain't yer father," the big woman said, in answer to Dave's look. "He took you when you wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper." She grew reminiscent. "My! but you was the solemn little shaver, an' I thought him as crazy



Drawn by John A. Williams Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"ME AND YOU 'LL GO OUT TOGETHER AFTER THIS—FATHER"

as a loon for sayin' he'd keep you, when I was goin' to put you in a Home. Dear, dear! an' to think that you should grow up an' marry Luella, who wasn't more than thought on at that time."

"Who was my father?" asked Dave.

"No great things to boast on," the big woman said, tartly. "He went off and left you, to starve for all he cared. He owes me to this day for boardin' an' takin' care o' you. I'll have to take it out in visitin' when you an' Luella gets married," she laughed.

"Dave ain't said yet who he's goin' to choose between," put in Luella.

The big woman smiled with the wisdom of her greater experience. "It ain't hard to guess who he'll choose," she said. "Fathers and mothers has to take a back seat when a girl comes along—or a fellow, either, for that matter." She sighed a little. "It's nature, I guess, an' I suppose it's right."

"I never cared for no one like I cared for Luella," Dave said, with difficulty. "But him— Aw, it don't seem right to let him go—an' him keepin' me. An' when I'm able to keep him, to keep the two o' them." He glanced from one to the other pleadingly, piteously.

"I won't live with him," said Luella, with finality. "An' as for him keepin' you—how long did he keep you?" A shrill note came into her voice. "Haven't you been keepin' yerself since you was the height o' me knee, sellin' papers when you was too small to do anything else, an' keepin' him, too, for years an' years? I guess all he spent on yer keep didn't amount to a row of pins. You don't owe him nothin'."

"Luella's right," said the big woman. "He had a lot o' talk 'bout all he was goin' to do for you when he took you, but I didn't take no stock in it. I guess he was willin' enough, but he just wasn't able; any one could 'a' seen that. An', as Luella says, you've paid him back for anything he done for you. You can't blame her for wantin' to be by hersel' when she's married. I won't say that it ain't goin' to be hard on the old man, but, Lord! life's hard whichever way you take it, an' old people can't expect to stand in young folks' way. The young people must look out for themsel's. When I get too fleshy to work, an' all my savin's gone, I don't expect nothin' but to go to a Home. Old folks must make way for young folks. It's the way o' the world," she concluded, philosophically.

Dave was gazing at Luella as if he could not take his eyes from her. Never had she seemed to him so pretty. Never had her eyes seemed so deeply blue; never had the slender figure seemed so full of grace and allurement. Her lips as she returned his gaze were parted in a smile, half of triumph, half of appeal, as if with the certainty of her power over him was mingled a little dread. Dave removed his gaze with difficulty.

"I guess I'll be goin' now," he said. "I'm confused like. I always thought o' him as my father."

"Yes, poor boy," agreed the big woman. "An' don't you be frettin' 'bout him havin' to go to a Home. Folks in them Homes is well looked after. You've done yer duty to him, same as if you was his son. Now you have to look after yersel'. An' I guess he wouldn't want to stand in yer way."

Luella followed him when he left the room. "Dave, it's because I care for you so much that I don't want anybody else with us, just me an' you together. You ain't mad with me?" she whispered.

Dave wheeled upon her and took her in his arms. Lifting her bodily from her feet, he held her against him so tightly that she gave a little cry.

"No, I ain't mad. Luella, kiss me like you kissed me a while ago."

She hesitated a minute, but complied, kissing him not once, but twice, in a quick, breathless way. Then Dave set her upon her feet, and she ran back to her room. Her smile was wholly triumphant.

Dave had no definite idea what he was going to do when he left Luella. He did not turn homeward. He was, as he had told the big woman, confused. So many new emotions had been his recently that for a time his mind failed to grasp the meaning of what he had been told. That Paudeen was not his father did not bring with it the sense of shock it might have brought had Dave been more conscious of affection for him. What was uppermost in his mind was a feeling of dismay at the shattering of

the castles he had built on the foundation of those twelve dollars a week. There would be plenty for every one, Luella and Paudeen too. The prospect of being able to provide for those two had made life look very rosy to Dave.

But presently the alternative which Luella had presented forced itself sharply in on his mind. He must choose between her and Paudeen. Feeling still her kisses upon his lips—kisses that had stirred unexpected depths in his nature—there seemed to be no choice left him. His whole being cried out for her, demanded her as imperatively as the body demands food. And then Paudeen's face rose before him, and in the sudden stress of feeling awakened by two such conflicting desires his step, which had been loitering, aimless, quickened almost to a run. He recalled the big woman's words, "He had a lot o' talk 'bout all he was goin' to do for you." Dave knew that "lot o' talk" by heart; was familiar with all the great things that were to be done for him, the constantly laid plans that had never come to anything. Those plans were being laid to this day. The "things" were yet going to happen. Even as a very small boy Dave had instinctively known that those plans and dreams could not alter his manifest destiny, that of earning his living at as early an age as possible. He had never taken them seriously. One did not need to be very mature to realize Paudeen's incapability. And so, while Paudeen had dreamed of the great things he would do for Dave, at a very early period of his life Dave had begun to do things for himself, and for Paudeen too. Perhaps, in a material sense, Paudeen owed more to Dave than Dave owed to him.

But Dave could not look at it in a material sense. Further words of the big woman recurred to him: "He was willin' enough, I guess, but he just wasn't able; any one could see that." Yes, any one could see it. Dave went back all the years that had passed and saw Paudeen then very little different from what he was to-day. At his best he could only have been able to eke out the barest existence. No wonder the big woman had thought him "crazy as a loon" for burdening himself in his condition with a child. That would be the unanimous verdict of every one who knew him.

But it could not be Dave's verdict. He became suddenly indescribably moved at thought of Paudeen, a child himself in his inability to fight life's battles, taking care of him when his own father had forsaken him.

And then the alternative faced him again—Luella or Paudeen. Both faces rose before him and he seemed to be torn in two. Luella's eyes, bluer than he had ever seen them, looked deep into his own; he felt the softness and warmth of her lips against his, saw her half-appealing smile. Paudeen's face wore that wistful look which of late had become habitual to it. More than ever Dave seemed to be torn in two.

He had paid no attention to the direction he was taking. He had not meant to come home, but here he was at the door, and as far as ever from a decision. Paudeen was in the outer room, sitting beside his bench, in his hand a worn old shoe. He had been working on it, but had stopped suddenly. The illusions, that had been swept away by the look he had seen on Dave's face, came back very slowly. He sometimes sat idle for hours together, his head drooping as it drooped now. He looked up as Dave entered.

"I thought you was out with Luella," he said, with surprise.

Dave didn't answer. Dark as the room was, he could see that wistful look in Paudeen's eyes, noted the dejected hanging head, and pity, poignant, melting, more solicitous than the tenderest love, shot through him. A lump rose in his throat; he could not speak for a minute or two.

"I ain't goin' out with Luella no more," he said at last. His lips were white with the agony of his renunciation. He stooped and put his arm about the bent shoulders. "Me an' you 'll go out together after this—father."

And with the utterance from his heart of that name, David knew that he loved Paudeen, and had loved him all his life.

Paudeen smiled up at him, the old smile of child-like happiness.

"I don't know when I'll find time to go anywheres, I'm that busy," he said, importantly, and fell happily to work on the sorry old shoe, which had suddenly been transformed into a beautiful new one.

Microscopic Animals of the Sea

THEIR RELATION TO THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE AND MIND

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

INCOMING steamers occasionally report having passed through large spaces of carmine or purple-colored water, and the voyager in tropic seas will often see the midnight ocean silvered with living phosphorescence; but, excepting these manifestations of infinitesimal animals in congregation, the sea's microscopic life is seldom made visible to the unaided vision. Yet these creatures exhibit some of the most remarkable forms of all animated nature, give hints of an otherwise undecipherable page in the evolutionary process and in the sea's most ancient history, and reveal to the psychologist the first primitive activities which predict the presence of mind and intelligence.

To obtain a clear idea of the relations which these animal minutiæ hold with respect to the small plants about them and to each other, to form a concept of the World Invisible, which includes within itself still other worlds even more minute and far-removed from the frontiers of the seen, it is desirable to secure some ocean-side object which harbors a natural aggregation of microscopic life. A small fragment of bark, streaming with fine plant-like growths, is cut from the water-worn timbers which the receding tide has exposed; and this apparently insignificant fragment, populous with curious life, is placed in a glass of water beneath the microscope. With a low-power lens the general nature of its



TIMBERS EXPOSED BY THE RECEDING TIDE

Upon them many microscopic animals and plants often congregate

stemmed decorations will be discovered. A lens of higher power, when focussed upon the mouldering bark-surface, will discover another finer forestration there; and another lens of still higher power, when directed at the base of these second growths, will reveal yet a finer, more minute colony of stalked animal forms, the protozoans, simplest and most ancient order of animal life. These three orders of magnification in the microscopic realm may properly be designated as worlds, for each has its complement of free-moving inhabitants; and each, in the matter of size and degree of visibility, has representatives swimming or floating upon the broad surface of ocean.



BARK-FRAGMENT WITH ATTACHED ALGÆ AND HYDROIDS

The three circles circumscribe three worlds. Circle 1, magnified 20 times, reveals the first world; circle 2, magnified 121 times, becomes the second world; and the dot 3, magnified about 800 times, reveals the third world of microscopic life

Although the inhabitants of the three worlds chosen for illustration are among those most readily found, they hardly suggest the almost infinite variety and beauty which the microscope reveals, for there are thousands of protozoan species alone. To appreciate the full value of studies directed within these narrow confines it is necessary "to disabuse ourselves of the tyrannous phantom of size." For the minute vital cells, the building units which make up large animal and plant bodies, exercise certain functions of growth and reproduction which are also active in these animals of a single cell; only here they are more readily observable, offering to the biologist an epitome of the constructive forces in Nature's laboratory, its profound and mysterious chemistry.

In the brilliant light which shines from our first world, owing to the lens-illumination, glassy animal-flowers or polyps are visible, crowding the vistas and the tangled branches. The moving tentacles, encrusted with thousands of stinging-cells, are glittering and glistening as if dusted with innumerable diamonds; while the central mouth, within each tentacle circlet, visibly feeds the circulatory fluid flowing through all the stems and branches. For this is an animal colony, or hydroid, which develops small jellyfish within reproductive cases, and releases them until they flutter away in curious birth all through spring and summer.

Other portions of the bark-surface are explored by the same low-power lens, revealing still other vistas. Perhaps a true plant growth, the green-leaved sea-lettuce, comes into view, with each minute cell, which composes its vegetable masonry, dimly visible; or the chance-altered view may reveal such a miniature forest as our picture attempts to show, but the real wonder of which can only be realized by actual seeing. Translucent stems (of a small red seaweed) transmit the light in sections of clear colorless tissue striated with close-set vegetable fibres that alternate with girdling rings of crimson cells close-studded like inset garnet gems. From base to summit they are all aglitter and aglister with sparkling glassy forms—with innumerable crystal bells of the bell-animalcule whose close-crowded clustering chalices, here and there, intermittently, capriciously, snap back upon their thread-fine contractile stems; then, after a moment, float slowly aloft like toy balloons, buoyantly ascend to fullest extension, and tremblingly unfold their fringes of quivering cilia.

Minute crustaceans, with one garnet eye in the middle of their foreheads, (close relatives of phosphorescent copepods of tropic seas) dart to and fro among the seaweed branches; while others, with plated backs like armadillos, scramble over the close-growing beds of stemmed animalcules, tossing the crystal bells as they go. Veritable miniature forests these, where endless vistas open, teeming with curious interest, and populated (as we will discover in our further explorations) by creatures more strange and more wonderful than any the imagination can conceive.

The second world lies deep down in the foreground of the first, at the base of hydroid stalks. For here a stronger lens discovers the bark-fissures, or miniature ravines, crowded with translucent animal stems, the bryozoans. It may be safely said that no more astonishing and little-known creatures are found in all nature than certain members of this large group of animals. For in many varieties the individuals, instead of remaining separate from each other (as in those pictured), continue in contact, as they multiply, building up structures several inches high in the likeness of branched plants; and the body-walls, when calcareous or stony, give the whole delicate growth the likeness of a coral, only more rare and fine.

Small buff-colored masses of seaweed-like character are often cast on shore. Place one of the minute twig-fragments, but a pin's head in size, under the lens, and one is astonished, not by the double row of spined cells that, placed side by side, build up the branch; nor by the circle of tentacles that intermittently put forth and flaringly expand from a door in each cell, only, after an interval, to contract again; but by the eyeless bird's-heads supported upon each cell, that slowly nod up and down, to and fro, occasionally gape wide their firm-set mandible-like jaws, then, after a moment, again snap them shut. What office they fulfil is unknown. Feeding is done with the tentacles, and these avicularia are only appendages which have no connection with the inner body. When it is realized that a small branch of this bryozoan, the *Bugula turrita*, is decorated with thousands of nodding, snapping bird's-heads, and that these curious structures, when found on certain other species, are even more perfectly formed and more instinct with bird-like characters than *Bugula* shows, one is convinced that animals fully as grotesque and startling as imagination attributes to the unexplored ocean depths lie comparatively unknown and unseen upon the beach at our very feet.

The third world, earliest in the order of animal nature, is our last. For as life is believed to have first manifested itself in the sea, so it probably moved in some simple protoplasmic body of a single cell, resembling in some general fashion a protozoan. *Amœba*, a mere particle of protoplasm, gifted with a nucleus (the inner vital centre), and a contractile bubble of liquid which probably performs the office of excretion—this simple living globule slides slowly over the bottom, extends irregular projections of its body substance to aid its progress; and, upon coming in contact with a food



THE FIRST WORLD ON THE BARK-FRAGMENT

Flower-like polyps, supported upon animal stems, glitter with thousands of stinging-cells which encrust the tentacles. The young, or embryos, of a snail (*Eolis*) are breaking free from the egg-case



ANOTHER VISTA OF THE FIRST WORLD

Another portion of bark-surface similarly magnified. Tree-like stems of delicate seaweed are banded with garnet cells. Glassy bells of the bell-animal clothe the vista. Crustaceans live among the brambles.

particle, flows about and ingests it. Bell-animals towering above *Amœba* form this unquestionably primitive forest. Often they spring back upon spirally contractile stems; then, after a moment, float slowly aloft, expand their quivering fringes of food-gathering cilia, and carry on their life-activities anew—and without intermission. For the animals of this world are uninfluenced by night and day, by seasonal transition, and by the ordinary changes of nature. They never sleep, but reproduce themselves so rapidly and profusely that, if left unheeded by the great hosts of sea-inhabitants which feed upon them, the protozoans would, in less than a fortnight's time, entirely fill the ocean. As Dr. Brooks has suggested, they are the present necessary food-supply of ocean animals. They are also the primitive supply, and consequently must have preceded all others in evolutionary history. Like other animal forms, the hundreds of protozoan species have undoubtedly varied and developed from still simpler primitive life-forms.

If from these simple bodies an evolution took place, we would expect to find a long series of forms which gradually increase in complexity and lead up to the highly developed fossils which are found in the Lower Cambrian. But these Cambrian fossils of crustacea, trilobites, and mollusks are the oldest known: between them and the simpler life-forms there is no such fossil record as links later developed animals with one another. Yet the zoologist believes that such a series once existed, but passed away unrecorded because its members were too soft-bodied to form fossils. Even so, hints of these intermediate forms are discoverable; not, however, in inert rock impressions, but in bodies still living, in embryos of familiar shore animals, in living, pulsing microscopic creatures that throng our summer seas, repeating through their transitory life a part of the ancient story of creation.

For the embryos of many animals pass through phases of development when they are vastly different in appearance from the adult. Their earlier developmental phases, strangely enough, dimly resemble some other adult animal lower in the life scale. There is no physiological reason why the young should differ so greatly from the adult, often possessing organs and complicated parts which are discarded and dropped off as the individual grows. In these curiously mobile changes the embryo is believed to live over, as it were, in a brief space—to recapitulate—the age-long changes and forms through which the adult creature has passed in attaining its pres-

ent form. Embryos of mammalia, birds, and snakes are curiously alike and point to a common ancestor, and their growth is a wonderful record of transformation. So the embryos of common shore animals, minute swimming creatures, tell us of a race, progenitors of our crabs, sea-urchins, barnacles, etc., which once lived and freely moved upon the surface of ocean.

The seashore offers no more curious and rewarding study than an examination of these minute life-atoms. Gather a fragment from a timber in sheltered estuary waters. Place it beneath the microscope, and focus upon one of the infinitesimal yellow cases almost certainly to be found there in the midsummer season. The amber-colored structure, barred and strengthened along the ridges that divide its irregularly faceted sides, is full of living bodies that move to and fro within its narrow confines. Now one of the curious animals, after struggling through the central opening above, lies throbbing and palpitating upon the rim. Examine it closely. A transparent curved shell covers the body, except above where two fringed veils or plates project and flare wide. Between them opens the large mouth; above it, the two black eyes, or sense-spots, are situated. The vibrating hairs, which fringe the plates, have never ceased their motion; but now they shiver and more vehemently beat the water; until, clothed in brilliant iridescence as the sunlight breaks in shimmering waves over the transparent volute shell and over the quivering, throbbing wings, the creature slowly mounts in the water. Successive waves of motion circlingly sweep the flashing cilia that rim the borders of the two semicircular wings until they shimmer and glitter like silver spokes of rimless wheels continually turning to buoyantly poise the curious creature midway in the water. Like a bird or a moth it pulses and poises, and oscillates to and fro; then spreads wider still its beating vehement wings, mounts higher and higher and still higher through the liquid spaces, until it disappears among the tangled seaweed stems. Soon we see it again, but now in downward flight. The beating movements have abated, and the impalpable shell, like a feather, slowly sinks and drifts to the bottom. The animal draws back, disappears, and pulls shut the shell's pliable door; then again, almost immediately, emerges, once more leaps aloft upon its beating, iridescent wings, darts here among the hydroid stems, and there among the glittering flowers, and disports itself with multitudes of its iridescent fellows. Once more it sinks to the bottom, where it loses its visionary wings, and is slowly metamorphosed into a slow-moving snail *(Ilyanassa obsoleta)*, which in no wise suggests the brilliant creature from which it grew.



THE SECOND WORLD, SMALL BRYOZOAN ANIMALS
Vital activities are visible through the transparent walls

The common, naked shore snail (*Eolis*), which is decorated with plumes instead of a shell, has a very similar embryo even to the shell—a beautiful fragile translucent envelope, which is cast off during its transformation, hinting at some vastly different life and form in its ancestral history.

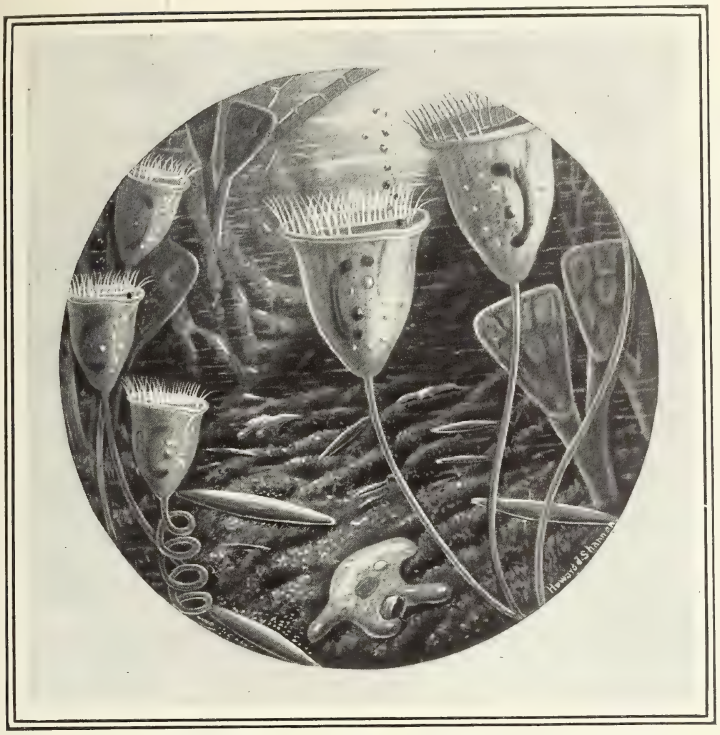
Many other familiar animals masquerade in strange guise of larval change in this microscopic realm. Minute glassy bodies, six-footed, decorated with large eyes, and with hearts visibly beating beneath their transparent backs, develop into shore crabs. Swimming helmeted creatures, trailing extremely long, slender filaments behind them, are transformed and retransformed before they settle down upon some timber as a barnacle, never to change their place more. Other animal atoms develop elaborately rayed and starry edifices which awaken our greatest interest; and then, through some profound inner change, some curious reversal of growth, they begin anew, within the first body, another entirely different one. The first is gradually absorbed and disappears, while the second develops into the familiar sea-urchin. In sunny tide pools, or out upon the broad summer ocean, the microscopic eye sees a world of wonder indeed—a world where fairy forms arrayed with shining spines or glassily integumented, where irregular globes girdled with rings of beating cilia that, like bands of living light about a Saturn, whirl the contained spheres in irregular orbits through the ocean's blue, and where starry forms, drifting in very constellations of life-precipitations, are all and every one but suggestive glimpses partially revealing the life of the ancient Pre-Cambrian Sea.



A BRANCHED BRYOZOAN COLONY

This colony, the *Bugula turrita*, is often found cast upon the beach. In the circle the magnified section of branch shows the curious birds-heads, some with closed, others with open, jaws

Where in the lower orders of life does mind first manifest itself? Shall we believe with certain of the older zoologists that mind first appears in some arbitrarily fixed place in the animal scale, or shall we accept Jennings' belief that *Amœba* and other protozoa occasionally manifest, in addition to their obviously involuntary reactions to their surroundings, a real volition of their own signifying choice and conscious effort? The author quoted has shown that, when irritated, a protozoan exercises a so-called action system; that is, an apparently mechanical series of movements which, under ordinary conditions, serve to remove the individual from the disturbing territory. In addition, some individuals show more than



THE THIRD WORLD, ONE-CELLED ANIMALS OR PROTOZOANS

Amœba flows about a food particle in the foreground, and the bell-animal floats above. Certain zoologists suggest that these forms may be gifted with desires and feelings akin to our own—a consciousness in rudimentary form

one reaction. Each new effort is a more effective movement to secure the animal's safety. Should all prove useless, as when the experimenter persists in directing a stream of granules against a form like *Stentor,* then the protozoan loosens itself from its supporting-place (for it is a fixed body like the bell-animal) and swims away to a new situation. Although some biologists question the tentative explanations which he has given to account for these primitive movements, namely, that they seem governed by consciousness and desire, his work, a model of patient investigation, is the most exhaustive

that has appeared.

Among the smaller sea-creatures there are many, much higher than the protozoa in the scale of life, yet so minute that hardly do we look for any activities which even suggest mental powers; so that the apparently ingenious, intricate devices which they employ are all the more impressive. One of these animals, a minute worm, three-sixteenths of an inch long, builds, for its protection, a tube of sand-grains, which it cements together. It often lives on timbers amid the breakers, at the base of hydroid stems, whose amber-colored trunks form the trees, while the glittering sand-grains form the boulder-strewn foreground of the ravine



THE EMBRYOS OF A SEA-SNAIL ESCAPING FROM THEIR EGG-CASE

These active creatures dart about among microscopic sea-weeds like birds among tree branches. They hint of a past evolutionary history when the ancestral form of the snail was a free-swimming, minute, surface animal



A TUBE-BUILDING MARINE WORM

An interesting evidence of constructive abilities in a very low form of life. *Polydora*, building, with sand-grains, the tube-like house in which it lives. The actual size of the objects circumscribed by the circle can be contained in a capital letter O on this page. The glassy blocks are grains of sand

in which it builds. Its appearance is unique. A double-ended lip hangs over the wide mouth; four black eyes are set upon the forehead; and two streaming tentacles rise therefrom, continually tossing and writhing to and fro.

Deprive the animal of its tube and it will wander hither and thither without pause. Soon, however, it becomes quieter; the place where it abides seems to engage it; and see, the building has already begun! Tentacles are tossing and turning and scourging the surroundings, and now they grasp and drag inward the glittering sand-grains, hauling them up to the mouth. The head is uplifted, the upper lip flung back until the mouth gapes wide and grasps the sand-grains. Almost immediately they are cast forth covered with cementing substance. The bristled feet, by pawing backward, drive the sand-grains toward the worm's middle, where they accumulate and the tube is begun. The structure proceeds with speed: sometimes so rapidly that it is not well made. Gaps show in the walls. These imperfections the creature also appears to realize, for he ceases building, extends both tentacles about a sand-grain, then retreats down the tube, dragging the building-block after him. He is seen to be actively engaged there, and as the finished tube shows no holes, it is reasonable to suppose that he mends them. It is amusing to see him struggle with a grain too large to pass down the opening. How he pulls and jerks it from side to side, until the effort proves useless, and another grain is secured and successfully dragged down. When one end of the tube is well advanced, the worm turns about and works at the other extremity. Often he curves his tentacles far back over the outside, apparently to test its firmness, then withdraws himself and rests, almost motionless, except for a slight up-and-down motion of the head. He may be applying cement to the inner walls. Of this the observer cannot be sure, but is persuaded that the small creature's efforts are not aimless or accidental. For these labors directed to a definite end, these faculties of constructive endeavor, regnant in this minute tenement of translucent tissue, lift it to a place of dignity and impressiveness independent of size, and more akin to ourselves than it is to the far simpler, primitive, life-forms from which it evolved in the immeasurably ancient past.

On the Bird-Cage Road

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

THERE was a damp March rain on the bird-cage road, so that the old-fashioned double carriage lumbering heavily over it was drenched in the dismal mist. The decrepit horses, buried under the streaming vapor, plodded of necessity slowly through the clay mire, their check-reins loosed that they might be as little as possible hindered in their journey. The hands of the old man who drove them were wet and chilled like the trembling old man himself in his shabby green coat, smelling of the stable. The man on the back seat, under the dripping hood, and the shrouded figure beside him, seemed also to shudder with a sense of cold not wholly proportioned to the extreme misery of the weather. But next the old man, in front, the lady with the young, dark, handsome, and sharp-set face was astonishingly cheerful, even when the rain drove the most wretchedly against them.

For she and the old man were bound on a secret errand with the two behind them, who suspected nothing. In her dark fashion she nodded meaningly at him, and he, with a quick look back at her, nodded in his turn and clucked more urgently to the horses. There must be haste on the road, whether it were practicable or not, else the two might escape them. They were such a cunning pair of birds—mad birds.

But as yet only a quarter of the way was gone. It was as though the carriage and the horses were chained under some sad spell—hurrying, and yet making such a slow, strange haste in the mire. The old man's clucking dying away futilely between his teeth. The morning wearing on, and still scant look of day. A drizzling half-night enveloping each rod of the country pike, sunk into the lonely hills like a well.

The start had been made at what would have been dawn, had not the miserable storm obscured the sky. In the ruined house set back from the village street behind its chestnut trees there had been an early bustle and stir. The ancient shutters had creaked open with a melancholy sound, and lights had passed back and forth quickly before the windows. No thought had been in the mind of the old man's companion of postponing the journey because of the noise of water running swollen in the sagging eaves overhead. Early as it was, and dark as it was, and steadily as the rain was coming down, when the others had but risen from their beds she sat waiting in the yellow chamber. No more than her velvet dress and her ragged satin shoes was the sweeping weight of her hat congruous to that gray dawn. The lamplight revealed in the chamber the decay of a former grandeur. The canary-colored brocade of the chairs was threadbare, and little but tatters was left of the curtains of flowered silk. Although tenanted, it had a singular atmosphere of being an untenanted spot. On the mantelpiece the gilded clock had stopped, and dust lay on the table and the neglected desk. Here the wind, blowing with a great sound around the house, appeared to rattle with more of desolateness at the window-panes, to shriek with a deeper mournfulness in the chimney.

When the carriage was ready the old man, shaking in his coat, had opened the door.

"We must go right away," he said, in a low tone, "and *shut up our birds!*"

"Yes, yes," she had answered, with her dark eagerness, "we must go right away!"

Had he not besought her to muffle herself in it, she would not have put over her shoulders a heavy travelling-cloak against the weather. She had minded nothing of the morning's chill. Some birds imprisoned, and some set free!

It was evident that the plot they had hatched together gave the old servant

no especial pleasure. He had turned pale, pointing from the front door to the carriage drawn up on the gravel driveway. "They're in," he had whispered, with an aspect of guilty woe. "Richard and Mary air in."

The handsome face, nodding secretively, had begun suddenly to ponder something. "*There used to be three of them, Thomas.* Who took the other one away?"

He had stood putting his hands over each other lamely. "Your ma *flew* away," he had managed to explain, at length.

Three mad people always about one! "She may come back."

But the old man had shaken his head reassuringly, his face grown paler.

As the carriage, with the four stowed in it, had creaked off, it was possible, glancing back at the old house through the dim twilight struggling forth, to see the green which was already showing faintly in its trees, and the garden with the broken fountain. A pleasant home enough, despite its ruin, had it not been for the rainy wind crying about it, clapping dismally, because of its easterly course, the shutters of the yellow room, so that they swung to and fro, through no will of their own, like crack-brained things.

A quarter of the way finally gone, by extraordinary efforts, their legs getting more and more caked with mud, the horses strained on farther to the beech woods, scoring another point in the miles to be made.

"Faster, Thomas, faster, faster!" The young eyes under the sweeping hat were fixed ahead on the road.

"Git up!" said the old man, desperately.

The day before he had helped his seatmate to their secret plan, going into the nailed yellow chamber with an armful of wood for her fire.

"Mad, mad, mad, Thomas!" she complained, as he entered, looking up from the hearth, her small, soft hands beating on the threadbare arms of her chair.

"Mad," he said, sadly. But he had an idea ready.

"How would ye like, Kitty"—he stooped over the andirons toward her, that those yellow walls might not hear—"to drive away with your brother 'n' sister to-morrow, *and shut 'em up out the road*—" He had broken off weakly in a tremble of pity.

She had looked athwart the room, knowing well whither the road led. "Like birds in a cage," she cried, forlornly, "like birds forever in a cage?"

"*Like birds in a cage.*"

It was a clever scheme, even though, trying to hurry to its consummation, the old man took no pride in it.

He was twisted down by his years—fallen into decay like the old house left behind, but betraying no evidences of a fine past. He must always have been dingy, and smelling of the stable. His head kept shaking in a palsied way, as though once started by something he had never been able to stop it. Within it his eyes blinked out dimly—kind, frightened old eyes, which had plainly, by the manner in which they fluttered in their sockets, witnessed a deal too much in the course of a long service.

He rubbed his forehead mournfully from time to time with his mitten.

Strange things had been in the old house since he had become its servant and its friend, in Richard Elton's time. Strange things! Richard Elton in the prime of his life, stooping always over Latin books, letting his money slip through his fingers as wheat through a poor sack—an inheritance which would have kept up the homestead to which in his youth he had brought his bride, willing to brave with him the family history, willing to bring into the world another Richard Elton, another Katherine and a little Mary. It was told that the bride had laughed, coming into the ancient rooms.

Strange things! The dark, comely, middle-aged gentleman crumpling together in his chair to a forgetfulness of money wasted and a fine place gone to rack, dying just as he had learnedly scanned a line, and leaving to nobody's care but that of his servant, old from the beginning, his wife and three children.

The damp mitten began to rub the corners of the scared old eyes.

It might have made no difference if Richard Elton had tried to do more, a doom being said to rest on the house since his mad grandfather built it. House and riches handed down with a taint in the

blood. There were dreadful tales of the yellow chamber. Some had occupied it briefly, to be hastened off through the hills along the road, some for all their days. From those windows other young faces had looked out wearily, and old faces had hollowly peered forth. One face had mowed there so many years, hidden by the chestnut trees, that the village forgot about it. Only when there was borne across the front door-step a hideous old woman in her coffin did people outside remember Richard Elton's young sister Katherine, who had been beautiful. The rumor ran that those who escaped the nailed chamber but sank into futility.

Strange things in the old house! Richard Elton's fatherless children by and by grown, and another Richard Elton creeping in his manhood to a chair and Latin books, another Richard Elton doing nothing, his father's own and only son. His sister Mary not much better than he, a shrinking figure in the faded rooms. Yet the ruined place redeemed by gayety and spirits. What hopes had not been built on Richard Elton's middle child, another young Katherine Elton, marked by a dark beauty and having a merry heart!

The mitten fell down feebly on the old man's knee. He could not deny that Kitty Elton had been his favorite, as she had been her mother's pride, the two bound by a close love.

No wonder that with such grace and gayety about, lovers should have early come to the old place almost as thickly as bees in the summer about the broken fountain. No wonder that by every one something running in the Elton blood had been forgotten. Perhaps if three years since another Katherine Elton had taken longer in her choice of a lover—

Did Richard Elton's wife have no forebodings when for lack of money to buy new ones she began to fashion bridal garments for the child who loved her best, out of rich old dresses handed down with the house and kept in the cedar presses in the garret?

Strange things in Richard Elton's house! Wedding-greens tacked up in the long parlors, and the lamps lit for the marriage night. A lover who did not come, and gay Katherine Elton waiting on the landing of the stairs in her white dress, until she slowly turned to stone. The mockery of the greens, the wedding-guests emptying out of the rooms, whispering to each other that nothing an Elton did could ever come to aught.

Strange things! Another Elton to stoop over books, though never reading a word because of her grief and pride.

Strange things! In six months' time the closed shutters of the yellow room opened once more—the creak they had made!—and another face looking out from between the tattered curtains. Another young Katherine Elton in mad old Katherine Elton's chair.

The old man blinked out at the road.

If the faded yellow peacocks on the tarnished walls could but have strutted always above an Elton sitting with young, harmless hands!

Strange things came to pass!—and nothing ever any worse than Richard Elton's wife—the bride who had laughed—hastily buried four days back, with a white cloth hiding her throat.

Young Katherine Elton's merry heart!

His tongue was thick from clucking. He prodded with his stump of a whip. Staggering and streaked with sweat, the horses, by another gigantic exertion, reached the coal mines. A half of the way was gone.

The dark head next him nodded eagerly with its hidden meaning in the direction of the town where the bird-cage was. "It's all you can do with mad people, Thomas—shut them up forever where they can't get out."

"It's all you can do," said the old man, wretchedly.

Did the birds on the back seat tremble? The young voice grew more guarded.

"Though they don't always treat them well over there, Thomas. There was little Lureily out in the country, with two stories about her death, and Uncle Robert whose mouth would not stay shut when he came back, showing he had been a long time alone in dying!"

"Poor birds," the old man whispered, hoarsely, "poor, pretty birds!"

Cautious as they were, they had been talking far too loud. The shrouded figure behind them struggled suddenly to its feet. The man beside it buried his

dark face impotently in his hands with a groan.

The old servant sat up more bravely. "Mary! Richard!" he warned.

If any fear had been aroused, and horror started toward an impending fate, it seemed allayed. The two white faces on the back seat stared again into the rain.

The coal mines passed, the road nevertheless did not change in its dull winding—an intricate, crooked road. Once, in the old man's hearing, Richard Elton had made it straight. So wild had been the winter's cold, the old house cracking in it like a ship, and the snowbirds flying against the window sashes, that he could not stick all day to his books. From the windows of the long parlors his eyes were enforced upon the first of the way out which many of his race had gone from the yellow room. "It's a road," he cried out, fiercely, lifting his hand toward it, "of immortality, else otherwise this life would be a monstrous injustice."

The carriage lumbered on an interminable period. With the same difficulty trees and fences were left behind. A village, crawled through, stood out stark and dripping. Nobody out in its street. Everybody here, too, rendered apparently powerless. After, the village road grew more of a torment, the mud deeper.

The man on the back seat pulled out his watch and studied its hands unavailingly. "We'll be late to the hotel for dinner," he said, as though it made no difference whether he proffered the remark or not, fixed as they all were under an evil charm.

"Git up!" said the old man, dully.

The roof of the country hotel began to rise eventually out of the sickly mist. Clucked to and prodded at over again, the tired horses were forced nearer and nearer to it.

They were almost blown when they were stopped at last before the whitewashed gate. The hotel-keeper stood out in the rain, with his rosy face, beholding the occupants of the carriage in a not unkindly curiosity. Nothing but a journey with a bird, or birds, would fetch anybody out in such weather, and he knew who was coming to-day. "A wet morning," he called, jovially.

"A wet morning," answered the old man.

The four clambered out stiffly. The feet of three of them moved like the wooden feet of men and women in a Noah's ark, shoved forward by the hands of children. Only the ragged satin shoes possessed a quick motion, going ahead into the house, but not so swiftly that they did not gather upon them sombre stains of the rain.

The old man followed the hotel-keeper to the barn to help put out the horses for their hay. He cast anxious glances back over his shoulder.

"Oh, they'll be all right in the house," the hotel-keeper said, lightly; "my wife's used to it."

He swelled out importantly. Many a vehicle had stopped before at his hotel for dinner, hurrying this way through the hills, the pike into which two counties emptied, a better and a quieter route than the railroad, to the bird-cage with birds who suspected nothing. He could tell entertainingly of all the birds he had fed—the other mad, dark Eltons who had left the yellow chamber; the rich old gentleman, said to have been wearing underclothes of silk, convinced that he was on the way to the poor-house and weeping into his plate; the poor old cripple in yarn socks, believing himself to have become very wealthy, and going on along the road with a kingly bow; the farmers' wives—many of these sad birds!—their hands for the first time idle; little Lureily from out in the country, coming in the farm wagon beside her father and mother, sitting up in her stiff little maroon-colored Sunday dress in a patient despondency. Two stories about her death when she went home again on the straw.

But the old man did not wish to listen to anything about birds.

Yet the hotel-keeper did. He had questions to ask. Sending his chore-boy up into the loft to shake down the hay, he began to rub down the legs of the off horse in the stall. "Ye ain't hevin' no trouble?"

The old man bent over the near horse. "Not so far."

Overhead, the chore-boy, with his pitchfork in his hands, leaned down interestedly to listen. He was very fat, and had a waist of a greedy size, so that the china buttons of his jersey were long ago

bursted off and lost. His hair, standing upright, was of a dusty color, and, underneath, his eyes had a total lack of expression.

The hotel-keeper cleared his throat, and all at once stooped nearer the old man.

"I heerd," he said, rapidly, "that there was a . . . done!"

One word in his sentence was hard to catch from the loft. There was an *m* in it, and an *r* and a *d*, and it had a terrible sound. Guessing at it, the chore-boy let the pitchfork drop out of his fat fingers.

"Hurry up with that hay!" commanded the hotel-keeper.

But the pitchfork lay where it had fallen. Some of the old man's answering words were distinguishable.

"Own mother. . . . Don't know . . . did it . . . got out yellow room. . . . Innocent . . . you 'n' me. . . . Fonder . . . mother . . . anybody . . . right mind."

"Oh, my, my!" said the hotel-keeper; "how was it done?"

An ear overhead could not hear, but a blank eye glued downward could see the gesture which the old man made.

"Oh, my, my!" said the hotel-keeper again, "wasn't it awful?"

"It was," answered the old man, slowly, "a dreadful thing."

"Been quiet since?"

"As quiet as ye see now."

"Though o' course they ain't no tellin' when—nor a-keepin' somebody at home any more."

The old man shook his head with the movement he could not stop. "It's got to be done or we'd all go the same way!" He trembled after the hotel-keeper into the house. When they were gone, the chore-boy, as though caught, too, under the fate which rested upon the world, tossed down a bundle of hay with a paralyzed jerk.

The horses harnessed again, and the carriage ready before the gate, the four were stowed in once more.

"Thirteen hundred already over there," gossiped the hotel-keeper, carefully, tucking in the cushions.

The old man heard. But not he alone understood what was meant. Muffling herself in her heavy cloak, his companion again set her dark face eagerly forward.

Standing in the puddles, the chore-boy stared after the soft hands fastening the clasp of the cloak. Even after the carriage had dragged up the hill and had disappeared over its brow, still he stood and stared, until an expression came at last into his goggling eyes—an expression of horrified fear.

But one more quarter of the journey now left and the road smoother because of the altered character of the soil. Yet the dreary enchantment which had all day seemed to follow after the travellers from the old house and had rested before them on their path was lying there still. Only the spell of slowness was subtly changed to a still more direful thrall of exceeding haste. The old man would now have checked the speed they made, would now have gone more slowly than even they had come through the most execrable of the road's mire. But the fagged horses were hard to stop on the downward slope of the hill toward the bird-cage town, tearing along with a sickening rapidity, pushing on stubbornly, their heads down.

Moment by moment, notwithstanding his anxious pulls backward on the reins, the bird-cage was closer.

As objects out of a bad dream, the painted signs of the town began to come on the fences. In spite of all he could do, he could not avert the town itself toward which he had been striving. Roofs and steeples and the huge form of the bird-cage beyond the bridge which crossed the little river in their midst rose gloomily against the sky, wrapped in the same half-night which had enveloped the road.

Though dripping like the single street of the village gone through, the town streets were not empty. People were hurrying forward. Here everybody accomplished something. Nobody now able to stop.

The horses' feet made a clatter on the stones. But the old man's breath was gone. The hoofs fell to a dull thud on the wooden planks of the bridge and went up the rise of land beyond, until in the end the barred windows of the bird-cage looked down on the carriage top.

He had but strength enough left to whisper the last of the famous plan.

"You take 'em in, Kitty, while I tend to the valises. They're expectin' ye inside. They've got a letter. I'll wait out here."

The little dark head nodded once more.

"Thirteen hundred and one," his companion counted, wisely, "thirteen hundred and two!"

The three getting out of the carriage and going up the steps and in under the heavy portals of the First State Hospital for the Insane, her feet ran on ahead. The old man waited in the wet and cold, holding the horses.

He could not share her joy in the success of their undertaking. He blinked out dejectedly into the rain.

Even turned back on the bird-cage road, alone on the front seat, with behind him, curiously, in the carriage the pair of birds whom it had been planned to leave, he stooped without conceit.

Thirteen hundred and one.

How Wonderful Is Love!

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HOW wonderful is love!
More wonderful, iwis,
Than cherry-blossoms are when Spring's first kiss
Warms the chill breast of earth,
And gives new birth
To beauty! High above
All miracles—the miracle of love,
Which by its own glad and triumphant power
Brings life to flower.
Oh, love is wonderful!
More wonderful than is the dew-fed rose
Whose petals half unclose,
In gladness of the light,
When first the Dawn comes robed in vesture cool
Of fragrant, shimmering white!—
More wonderful and strange
Than moonrise, which doth change
Dulness to glory—
Yea, with a touch transforms the mountains hoary,
And fills the darkling rills with living silver bright!

Not music when it wings
From the far azure where the skylark sings
Is wonderful as love!—
Not music when it wells
From the enchanted fairy-haunted dells
Where, shrined mid thorn and vine—
An ecstasy apart,
Drawn from the life-blood of a yearning heart—
The nightingale pours forth forever
The rapture and the pain, that naught can sever,
Of love which mortal is, yet knows itself divine!

The Question of the Atom

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

THE question of the atom is really one of the most interesting and informing in contemporary knowledge. It is so interesting because the mere question "*Is* there an atom?" has been the *casus belli* of a fratricidal strife which for almost a generation has divided chemist against chemist, and it is so informing because it illuminates so clearly the workings of human nature in those cold regions of Science in which presumably, and ideally, human feelings have no place. The question "Is there an atom?" has associated with it all the *odium theologicum* of medieval days, all the proverbial hatred of contending divines, and, when chemist meets chemist, because the attitude of each man is fixed, because it is a personal matter, it is as impossible to discuss in intellectual honesty as either politics or religion. This is of course sufficiently curious and wrong, but the wrongness of it is emphasized through the consideration that it is a fundamental matter in the teaching of chemistry. When about half the chemical departments of the colleges and universities are teaching chemistry on the basis of the atomic theory and the other half refuse to mention the word atom, or mention it apologetically with a blush, and when, as is oftentimes the case, there is disaccord on the subject, and high debate, in any one instructional staff, it affords a poor prospect for a future crop of investigational chemists, and it may even be suspected that there is about the whole matter a certain unreason. All this may be a matter of surprise to the cultured layman, who probably takes his atoms, as he does his microbes, as a fact. But atoms are not a fact, but a theory, and therein lies the root of the trouble. We have had many theories in the past, some of them great fruitful theories, such as that of phlogiston, and of caloric, and of the corpuscular nature of light, and these theories are to-day nothing but discarded rungs in the ladder of man's advance. Is it not possible that the atomic theory is no more than these the expression of a truth of nature? Thus, one reason for all this regrettable disaccord is purely pedagogical, certain chemists believing that, owing to the tremendous utility and scope of the atomic theory in the explanation and elucidation of natural phenomena, some young gentlemen at the threshold of their science may find a quagmire of confusion between fact and theory, and therein a pitfall for their unwary feet. It is true that the physicist with his undulatory theory is not worried by such fanciful considerations, but cheerfully uses and teaches his light-waves, which, by the way, no man has seen any more than he has an atom. The biologist, too, is in no whit better case, yet he, too, teaches and uses his theory of evolution without overmuch regard for the undiscriminating student. There must be other reasons for this curious attitude of certain informed chemists, though these can scarcely be considered in an article of this general character. Meanwhile it may occur to the reader that the refusal of certain chemists to base their teaching on the conception of atoms may be due to evidence against the validity of the atomic theory. No. On the contrary—and this will be the subject-matter of my paper. The fact of this disaccord is introduced here merely to apprise the reader that in presenting and drawing conclusions from some certain new and very interesting knowledge, this knowledge is subject to partisan interpretation, to such an extent that the layman who happens to peruse these pages may, perhaps, form a judgment concerning it as good as that of any average party to the controversy.

With regard to absolute knowledge as to the ultimate constitution of matter, we all recognize it as impossible. Science is like Palomides, "that good knight" of the Arthurian romance, who pursued a beast called Galtisant. It was a "questing beast" and forever uncatchable; nevertheless with Palomides it was his "quest," which, with quite human divagations and excursions, he religiously pursued. The ultimate nature of matter is the "questing beast" of science.

But about this matter, accepting it as phenomena, it is either infinitely divisible or it is not; there is no *via media*. If it is not, then it is composed of ultimate particles. Now, the atomic theory states not that there are ultimate particles, but that there are ultimate particles of *chemical reaction*. It may be true, and, accepting the theory, doubtless is, that the ultimate particles of chemical reaction, or atoms, are themselves built up of particles smaller still. With these the atomic theory *per se* has nothing to do.

But about these ultimate particles of chemical reaction, or atoms, the evidence upon which the theory of their existence rests may be said to be all of chemistry, most of physics, and a large portion of every other field of natural knowledge; in other words, it is stupendous. This evidence, however, is wholly *inferential*, and so long as this is true there remains always the conceivability of some other explanation to account for the facts, innumerable though they be. But if we could take our atoms out of inferential into demonstrational evidence we should at once leap an infinity of difference in credibility—all the difference between the necessity of an indefinite piling of Ossa on Pelion of cumulative evidence, and a heaven of certainty where one fact is as good as a million. If we could but indubitably capture our atom. While I do not say that this can be done to-day, the approach to its accomplishment is so close and the attack is, if I may be permitted to use the word, so "sporting," that it has an absorbing human interest.

This appears when one considers what it means in the way of difficulty, this capturing of an atom.

The spectroscope is one of the most delicate instruments for the detection of matter ever devised by man. With this instrument Strutt has been able to show that it is possible to detect the gas neon in one-twentieth of a cubic centimetre of ordinary air; and on the basis of Ramsay's work it is a fact that this quantity of neon corresponds to about one-half of one-millionth of a cubic centimetre. Transferring the statement to terms readily understood, there is a particular particle lost in a thimbleful of air with four million others: problem, find that particle. It can be done.

One would think that a particle so unimaginably small would approach fairly close to the dimensions of the theoretical atom, but such is not the case. This particle, on the basis of the current conception of the atomic theory, must contain about ten million million atoms. As Sir J. J. Thompson says in another connection, if we had no better means of detecting an individual man than an individual atom we should conclude that the earth was uninhabited. It is apparent that the spectroscope, delicate though it is, does not make a beginning in the attempt to capture the individual atom. So much for the difficulty.

Let us, however, disregarding the fact that an immense, incalculable number of facts of organic chemistry, other chemistry, mechanics, diffusion, expansion, spectroscopy, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, sound, meteorology, radioactivity, and so on and so on indefinitely, all lie beautifully arranged, correlated, and explained within their proper limits, and ever increasing in volume because of the atomic theory—disregarding all this, and despite the immense difficulty of it, let us ask ourselves either for demonstrational evidence or for inferential evidence with which the *Chemical* Atomic Theory, if I may so call it, has nothing to do.

There is one instrument which is as much more delicate in detecting the existence of small particles of matter as, under certain conditions, the spectroscope is than the human eye. This instrument, marvellously little known, is the ultramicroscope. With the best modern microscope the smallest particle which it is possible to see is about 1-7000th of a millimetre in diameter. This diameter is just about the length of half a wave of visible light. It is unreasonable to expect the

best microscope to possess a resolving power greater than this, for with particles smaller than half the length of a wave of light they obviously cannot reflect the light by which they may be seen; for example, one cannot expect a grain of sand to reflect a water wave; the wave simply embraces the grain. Outside of the fact that the limits of visibility may be somewhat extended by using light-waves of short lengths, as with ultra-violet light and photography, there is one way by which success may be achieved. Particles, no matter how small, may be seen if they are caused to emit a light of their own—to become sufficiently self-luminous. Whether this is a valid explanation of the observed phenomena, or whether the extension of visibility is due to illumination in a dark field, may be a matter of opinion, but the summarized facts are as follows. The light from a powerful arc-lamp or from the sun is passed through a strong condenser in such a fashion as to transform it into a superlatively intense but superlatively minute beam. This wisp of intense light passes through the windows of a cell and impinges there upon the substance under examination; the small area illuminated by it is then examined from above by a good microscope. As a result of this simple mechanism and under certain conditions there spring into visibility particles which are as small as the stars are distant. They are not unlike stars even in appearance as they lie twinkling there in the depths of the infinitely small. They are like stars, too, in that their actual shapes are not delineated, though they may be observed by the hour with fascinated interest. Even though it is actually true that their forms may not be observed, their average size may nevertheless be calculated, not in terms of theory, but of fact. Thus, in examining the particles of gold in ruby glass the area of the minute beam may be calculated, the number of particles of gold in this area may be counted, and since the weight of gold introduced into the glass and its specific gravity are both known, all the factors are provided for estimating their average size. So determined, the particles of gold in glass average six-millionths of a millimetre in diameter. *The smallest particles estimable in a colloidal solution of gold measured 1.7 millionth of a millimetre.* This means that in its capacity for determining minute quantities of matter the ultra-microscope is thirty-seven trillion thirty-one billion times as powerful as the best modern spectroscope, which, as we have seen, is capable of detecting one-half of one-millionth of a cubic centimetre of gas. A graphic idea of the transcendent powers of this instrument may be obtained by examining the diagrammatic representations in Fig. 1. The little dots *f*, *g*, and *h* represent visible particles of colloidal gold some six to fifteen millionths of a millimetre in diameter and magnified ten thousand times to render them representable; the corresponding circle A represents a human blood corpuscle, itself an excessively minute object, magnified in the same degree.

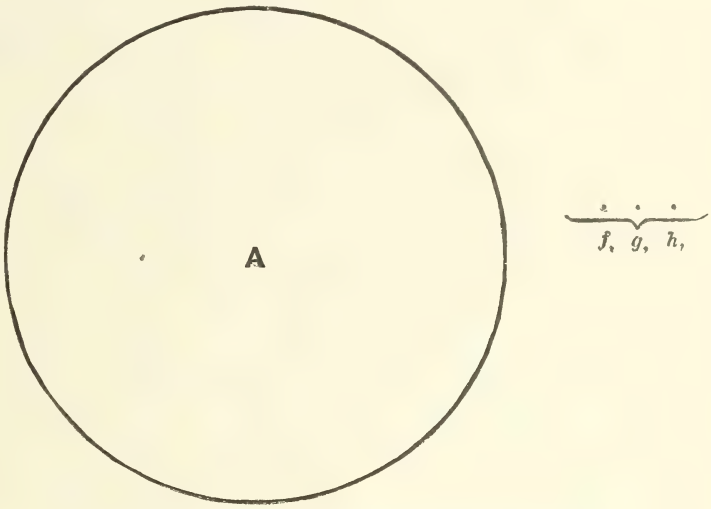


FIG. 1.—COMPARATIVE SIZE OF A BLOOD CORPUSCLE (A) AND PARTICLES OF COLLOIDAL GOLD (*f g h*.)

Quite apart, therefore, from any inferential evidence, we have the positive demonstration of the fact that matter is

capable of existing in the condition of discrete particles infinitesimally small. It therefore becomes an interesting matter to compare these particles of measured diameter with the calculated dimensions of our hypothetical atoms and molecules. This comparison is represented in Fig. 2. Here we have in figures *a*, *b*, and *c* the estimated diameters of the hypothetical molecules of hydrogen, alcohol, and chloroform magnified one million times, and in *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, a conventional representation of our colloidal gold particle under the same magnification. It will be seen at once that the smallest particles of matter observed under the ultra-microscope, while they are not actually of molecular or atomic dimensions, are of the same order of magnitude; the ultra-microscope has jumped the difference between the wonderful power of detecting a particle of matter containing only ten million million hypothetical atoms, the ultimate achievement of the spectroscope, and one containing, let us say, a few thousand. It may therefore be taken as an indisputable fact not only that matter can exist in particles infinitesimally small, but that the dimensions of these particles are perilously close to those assigned in calculation to "the inferential atom."

But the ultra-microscope has proved capable of throwing a demonstrational light upon the theory of atoms in quite another phase.

Quite apart from the ultimate particles of matter in themselves are the motions of them. Molecular motions infer molecules, and molecules infer atoms, and atoms infer the atomic theory. The kinetic theory of gases, therefore, which deals with molecular motions, is an integral part of the atomic theory and stands or falls with it. This theory assumes that a gas consists of a vast number of particles in constant motion, in constant collision with one another and with the walls of the containing vessel. It assumes, too, that the particles travel in straight lines between collisions—in paths which are very long compared with the diameters of the particles concerned. It has been found possible by this conception to explain to a remarkable degree the physical properties of a gas and to predict successfully unknown relations of these properties. In fact, the kinetic theory of gases has been one of the most powerful engines of research ever devised for forwarding theoretical and experimental knowledge.

Turning, now, to the ultra-microscope and its revelations of infinitesimal particles, let us permit the original discoverer, Zsigmondy, to speak for himself of their properties.

"A swarm of dancing gnats in a sunbeam will give one an idea of the motion of the gold particles in the hydrosol of gold. They hop, dance, jump, dash together, and fly away from each other so that it is difficult to get one's bearings. This motion gives an indication of the mixing up of the fluid, and it lasts hours, weeks, months, and, if the fluid is stable, even years. The smallest particles which can be seen in the hydrosol of gold show a combined motion consisting of a motion of translation by which the particle travels from one hundred to one thousand times its own diameter in one-sixth to one-eighth of a second. . . ."

But the hydrosol of gold is a liquid, and the kinetic theory, while it certainly is applicable to liquids, has, after all, mainly to do with gases. It is interesting,

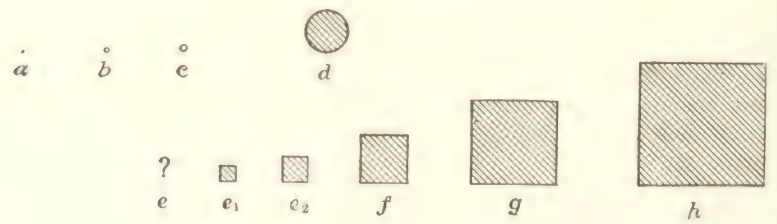
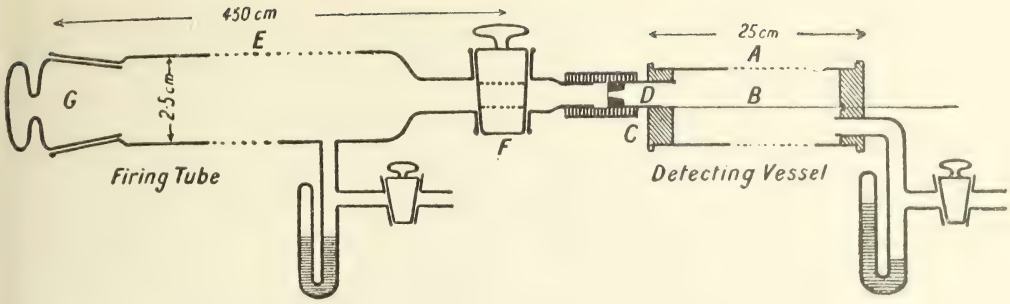


FIG 2.—HYPOTHETICAL MOLECULAR DIMENSIONS

a—Hydrogen molecule. *b*—alcohol molecule. *c*—chloroform molecule. *d*—molecule of soluble starch. *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*—gold particles in colloidal gold solutions
Linear magnification, one to one million



RUTHERFORD'S MECHANISM FOR DETECTING THE INDIVIDUAL ELECTRON

then, to know that Ehrenhaft has recently succeeded in extending the observations of these movements to gases. Thus, by striking an electric arc between silver poles, he has been able to produce a fine silver dust in the air, and on examining the dusty air with the ultra-microscope the suspended particles showed not only the motions of those in liquids, but to an exaggerated degree. Let the reader notice, then, that these particles, which are more or less of the order of molecular magnitude, possess the type of motion ascribed to molecules by the kinetic theory of gases, which is a theory dependent upon a theory. The type, we say, but there is more than this to it. It has further been shown that using the kinetic theory it is possible to deduce by calculation, and with a fair degree of accuracy, the motions actually obtained.

One of the most striking confirmations of the kinetic theory of gases is due to the work of Perrin. As everybody knows, the density of the air decreases the higher one goes; thus, at about six thousand metres above the surface of the sea the air is but half as dense. All this is understandable, theoretically, always theoretically, on the basis of the kinetic theory of gases. Now, Perrin has obtained a suspension in water of practically equally-sized spherical particles of gamboge which, while exhibiting the characteristic motions referred to, gradually settle through gravity to the bottom of the vessel. On counting the relative numbers of these particles in layer after layer from the bottom up, he has discovered that the number diminishes in miniature just as the density of the air diminishes and in accordance with the same law. Moreover, it looks as though these particles in arranging themselves acted reciprocally with the molecules of the solution; in other words, that they behave as though they were molecules themselves. However this may be, we adequately explain the decrease in density of the air on the theory that the air consists of particles, but in the experiment above referred to we find demonstratively that particles experimentally behave in just that way. By means of this unique instrument, then, and quite apart from any theory, we see, literally see, first that matter can certainly exist in particles more or less of the order of atomic magnitude, and, next, that these particles have the movements of the type and character that on *a priori* considerations we have been compelled to ascribe to particles which, chemically speaking, are ultimate.

But the ultra-microscope does not actually capture the individual atom. This achievement has been reserved for an instrument still more powerful and the most sensitive in the world.

In the competent hands of Rutherford, and in a research which will stand as classical in its refined and accurate experimentation, the instrument which has proved capable of this incredible feat is the electrometer.

In a paper of this general character the method of its accomplishment must be summarized, but its essentials are as follows: Everybody knows that radium gives off rays of three types—the alpha, beta, and gamma rays. The alpha rays alone concern us. On the basis of an enormous amount of knowledge it may positively be taken for granted that these alpha rays consist of positively charged flying particles, and that these particles

are of atomic dimensions.* It is true that the considerations upon which this statement is based are to a certain extent theoretical, but these theories have stood impregnable to the attack of immense experimentation, and they have nothing to do with the chemical philosophy of the atomic theory. The alpha rays are charged particles, they fly through the air at the rate of about twenty thousand miles a second, and they are of atomic dimensions. The feat to be accomplished consists in catching them one by one; it transcends any analogy with which one might attempt to compare it.

Its success depends upon the power these particles have of rendering electrically conductible the air through which they tear their way. This property, by what might be called a trigger arrangement, Rutherford succeeded in magnifying thousands of times, until finally it became adequate. A diagrammatic representation of this apparatus will be found in the accompanying illustration. Here in the text let us merely say that it is a most attractive study in ballistics. There is a firing chamber containing the radium, and there is a target chamber containing the detecting arrangement connected with an outside electrometer, and between the two there lies a window of thin mica only one and one-half millimetres in diameter. In the firing chamber, infinitesimal projectiles from the radium fly through the window into the detecting chamber, and there, upsetting the electrical equilibrium of the air within, they cause a ballistic jump of the electrometer needle connected with it. One, two, three, four, at the rate of about thirty a minute, as they enter through the window, they cause one, two, three, four corresponding jumps of the needle. Counting the atoms! It is, indeed, wonderful. If the reader is interested in watching a master at his work, let him read this research in its original presentation in Vol. 81 of the Proceedings of the Royal Society.

In this research he will find as well that Rutherford has laid his hands on an interesting confirmation of his work. Many people have seen, and will always remember, the scintillating stars of light that result on placing a bit of radium before a screen of zinc sulphide. It is like a swarm of fireflies on a dark night. Now, it has been suspected that the flashes of light were due, each of them, to the impact of an individual alpha particle, but no verifiable method existed for proving it. With the arrival of Rutherford's needle-jumps, however, the method arrives. If they really are due to the impact of individual alpha particles, then, under comparable conditions, they ought to correspond in number per minute with the needle-jumps of the electrometer. They do so correspond. Hence we have, now, not one, but two valid methods of identifying and counting the individual atoms.

But a critical reader at this point is likely to object: "These alpha particles of which we are speaking are 'queer' things. They may be of atomic dimensions, as you say, but how do we know that they are atoms? What are they atoms *of?*" This introduces Rutherford's crowning research.

In a research immediately following the one we have referred to, he and Mr. Geiger showed on the basis of theoretical assumptions that the alpha particle was almost certainly an atom of helium. This does not interest us so much except in so far as it exemplifies the amazing validity of these atomic hypotheses in radioactive investigations. It does not interest us, because, in a research almost immediately following this again, and published in the *Philosophical Magazine* for February, 1909, he with Mr. Royds proves, not thinks—*proves* that this is actually, veritably, the case.

How he accomplished it even the layman may understand in the research referred to.

The whole achievement rests upon the possibility of blowing a small glass tube having walls less than 1-100th of a millimetre in thickness; a tube of so thin a glass permits the alpha particles to fly through it, but resists a vacuum. Within this tube there is the radium firing its alpha particles, and surrounding it is a vacuous space, into which the alpha particles fly. After the lapse of two days, but growing stronger and stronger up to

* The proof of this statement is too extended for consideration here, but it may be found simply stated, *in extenso*, in a book by the writer, *The New Knowledge*.

six days, there appeared in this vacuous space and between the electrical terminals within it a phosphorescent light which to the spectroscope lying in wait for it indisputably signified itself as helium. They proved that the helium was not in the glass used, was not due to any air leak, was not in the mercury within the apparatus, was not due to any leak of radium emanation; in fact, they proved indisputably, "up hill and down dale," that it was, and could not be anything else than, due to the alpha particles; that, in simple fact, a collection of discharged alpha particles is, *en gros,* helium.

The gas helium consists of particles, but are these particles atoms? Here follows the proof:

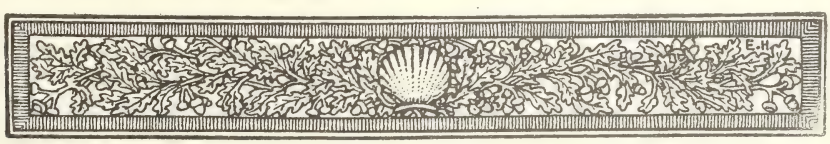
Dewar has shown, quite apart from theoretical considerations, and as a matter of fact, that one gram of radium produces a volume of 0.00000532 cubic millimetres of helium per second. Rutherford, by his counting method, has proved that this same gram of helium produces 136,000,000,000 alpha particles per second. But these 136,000,000,000 alpha particles constitute collectively the 0.00000532 cubic millimetres of helium. Therefore it follows by mathematical necessity that every cubic centimetre of helium under standard conditions contains 25,600,000,000,000,000,000 alpha particles. But this value is in remarkable accord with that which through a dozen different methods has always been held as the number representing the ultimate chemical particles in a cubic centimetre of gas. Therefore the discharged alpha particles in monatomic helium gas *are* the atoms.

But helium in its physical properties is more or less like any other gas; therefore every other gas presumably consists of particles. But every other gas, generally speaking, will, under suitable conditions, become liquid and solid; therefore every substance of any kind whatever presumably consists of ultimate particles of chemical reaction.

I do not say that this remarkable demonstration of the atomic theory of matter is absolute. Not at all. Let us say, rather, that, taking into consideration the immense amount of inferential evidence of the atomic theory, together with evidence of this demonstrational character, we are as sure of it as, for example, we are sure that the rings of Saturn consist of satellites, which every sensible person, on the basis of the evidence, is willing to believe. We are almost as sure of it as we are of parentage, which, after all, is a theory. In simple consistency we should expect the teacher who introduces young gentlemen to organic chemistry without the atomic theory to introduce us to his "putative father"; the atomic theory is the father of organic chemistry.

At any rate, it permits us to speak of atoms and molecules without a blush. It enables us, too, to deprecate this business of writing text-books of elementary chemistry without the atomic theory. This has always been illogical and essentially absurd, and while after a certain fashion it may be accomplished, it has always worked to the serious hampering of chemical instruction.

Modern knowledge has thus enormously strengthened the validity of the atomic theory, but it has not informed us, and does not teach us, that these atoms are actually ultimate in their nature or simple in their constitution. The reverse is the case. We are no more sure of the validity of the atomic theory than we are that these atoms are actually highly complex. The modern idea of the atom is that it is, like the planet Saturn, made up of a nucleus related to satellites. We are sure that it consists in part of particles of negative electricity, we believe that it is made up in part of positive electricity, and we are inclined to think that there may be something in it quite apart from either. We shall never have a valid notion of the inner nature of the atom until we solve the nature of positive electricity, and about this, so far, literally nobody knows.



By the Second Intention

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

"DEAR Mr. French," my letter began, "Cordelia and I have a mind again to get married. But having once been engaged and quit, we have no mind at all to be engaged again and divulge it. Would you mind, please, you and Mrs. French, if we eloped? It seems so much the more feasible and private way."

I would rather have broken it to him by word of mouth, but for some things it is written words or none. If you have determined to elope with a man's daughter, you can't very well go and ask leave of him. Suppose he objects! Of course he will object, especially after consulting his wife. The only way, if you propose to consult him at all, is to write, and mail the letter on the way to the church and come back to the house afterward for the answer.

Cordelia felt she just couldn't be publicly engaged to me again. Of course I didn't mind. I think meanly of the engaged state *per se*, but I had always rather be engaged to Cordelia than not. But that was only because I had always wanted to marry her, and had been glad to throw any convenient obstacle, even an engagement, in the way of her marrying any one else. The thing that had bothered me was to have the engagement end without our being married. I wanted to have it die a natural death in church, with flowers and a minister, and it had irked me very sore indeed to be "released" like a baseball-player before the end of the season. It left me on a miserably awkward footing with the rest of the world and with her, and it left her in the same case. Nobody quite knew whether to congratulate either of us on getting rid of the other. People naturally wanted to know why, and of course you can't tell in the newspaper. It was awkward for our families. There was a feeling that they ought to quarrel, because somebody must be to blame, and the other side ought to resent it. But they didn't want to quarrel, and wouldn't; not even a little, to keep up appearances. They held their tongues and went on about their business as before, but inevitably flocked more apart than they had been wont to do, because when they met it excited too much interest.

I don't mean that they were such conspicuous people that the London papers had cables about them. It was only that when Mrs. Fessenden or Mrs. Somebody Else got home from the Jenkinses' tea she told her family, and whomever she had to dinner, that Mrs. French and Harriet and Mrs. Jesup were at the Jenkinses' and spoke, as they passed, as politely as though nothing had happened. And then would follow a little chattering tribute of discourse about Cordelia French and Peregrine Jesup, and why did they break their engagement, anyway!

Not that my family, or Cordelia's, got direct reports of what was said at Mrs. Fessenden's dinner table. They didn't; at least, not often. But they knew what must have been said, and families don't like to be subjects of speculation, or of critical, or even compassionate, observation. They can bear the eye of approval, of admiration, and even of a moderate envy, but what family likes to have the Fessendens, the Jenkinses, the Underharrows, the Overtons, and the rest of the families getting their heads together to swap surmises as to what the Frenches and the Jesups have got in their closet!

Maybe you'd like to know why Cordelia and I loosed hands after our intentions had been six months on file. In this private way why should I not explain that it was not so much the fault of either of us as of the conditions of life as we found them. You see, I was twenty-three and Cordelia was two years younger. I was studying the profession in which I hope to be useful in my day and generation, and by the practice of which I hope

to derive a respectable maintenance from a contributory world, which Cordelia was already inspecting. That's what she was doing. She was out of school and looking about, shifting from continent to continent to get a better view; getting acquainted with people and things, ascertaining whom and what she liked and what places seemed more joyous to her than others. What for, so much inspection and investigation to prepare her for a destiny already measured off, tied up, and waiting to be called for? If she had been in college, she might possibly have kept. I don't know what are the merits of the woman's colleges as depositories for engaged girls, but they may have a value for that use. But a roving life of enlargement by travel and social experience has no such value at all. There was I, tied up to professional studies, on such allowances as my indulgent parents could afford me without too gross injustice to their own family life and their obligations to their other dependents. And there was Cordelia, diligently qualifying herself to live creditably and profitably on an income of from twelve thousand a year up.

You might suppose that ordinary precautions would have been taken to prevent her from seeing much of a person so unsuited to her needs as I, but they were not. There was nothing against me: I had no criminal record, did not drink much, was of respectable origin, had known Cordelia a long time already, and was such a person, in a general way, as she might properly enough marry sometime, if circumstances suited. Cordelia came out, and went to dances and dinners. She had to dance with somebody. Male persons of the dancing age and disposition with incomes of from twelve thousand up are rather scarce. Dances cannot be equipped with such alone: neither can dinners. So Cordelia danced with anybody who asked her soon enough, and that was often me; and she ate her dinner alongside of whoever was put next to her, and that was sometimes me. And when it wasn't me I wished it was; and so what happened happened, all in natural course and according to reasonable expectation, and nobody ventured to disapprove, though doubtless there was a fair volume of conjecture as to whose money Cordelia French and Peregrine Jesup proposed to get married on. But we had not selected anybody to underwrite our prospective happiness. We had not got so far as that. We had just got irresponsibly engaged, according to the American plan, and the spontaneous promptings of youth and affection.

What about our current American practice of turning most of the girls loose from school at eighteen or nineteen and keeping most of the youths, who are their natural mates, tied up to professional studies or business apprenticeships four or five years longer, and letting them play together meanwhile, and expecting them to shape their own destinies on practical and satisfactory lines? Isn't a good deal expected of us young people, all tinder, sparks, and indiscretion? The French, they tell me, expect less and provide more. I have thought a good deal of these concerns since Cordelia and I were first engaged and found our intentions unseasonable. Of course I wanted to be considered in Cordelia's plans and deportment; wanted, naturally, to have her stay around where I could see her at recess and on Sundays and other holidays, and perhaps meet her at festive gatherings when the urgency of my studies permitted me to get to them. I liked to have her around handy, but of course I could not interdict her from going about, or even from going beyond the seas when it suited her parents to take her. I could say that she had already seen as much of the world and the people in it as was necessary, but how was I to insist that, while I was cultivating and improving my abilities all I knew how, Cordelia should let most of hers lie fallow and mark time and wait? If she had only had a steady job to work at in the intermission while I was qualifying myself to work at mine, things might have worked out serenely; but the only job she had was to get married, and meanwhile to cheer and satisfy her parents, and try to be worth her keep to them while she was making acquaintance with the world. Marriage seems to be a complete occupation (circumstances being favorable), but being engaged isn't. It's just a makeshift, delightful for six weeks, very suitable for three months, and tolerable for six; but when it contemplates

indefinite extension into uncertain years it is an asset of very doubtful value to a girl in active social life. When the Frenches found that Cordelia seemed to be losing interest in affairs, was indifferent to dances and dinners, was apt to be abandoned by mankind to the society of chaperones, was getting left out of house-parties that I could not go to, was gently indisposed to put the sea or any wide expanse of land between herself and me, and was rather aggravated than appeased by the little she could see of me when I was near, they said—the parents did: "This isn't working to much of a charm! Nobody is ahead on it, and we are getting behind. Cordelia's no fun any more, and there is no end of it in sight."

And soon after that Cordelia and I called our engagement off, much to our grief and with the sympathy of our elders. I advised her to put me down to the account of experience, and try to figure out a profit on me, if she could. But I never put her down to account of anything, being of just the same mind about her that I always had been, though grievously put out to leave her blooming on the paternal bush without any "hands-off" sign on her, protected only by her natural thorns.

There was a line in the paper to say the engagement was off, Cordelia went abroad again, I continued my studies, and time went on. It does go on somehow; the trick is to keep on going with it. Who does that, gets somewhere in spite of impediments, lacerations of the affections, and all misgivings about the possibility of there being a gap anywhere in the procession of self-supporters that a new aspirant can fit himself into. I have been called "sensible." It seems a painfully tame thing to be, and I presume I was called so by way of disparagement. But, after all, there are times when there is no choice but between being sensible and being silly, and then you have just got to be sensible if you can, no matter how it tastes. Being sensible, while one is working to get a start in life, must be excused, because it is the price of adventure, indiscretion, speculation—all the really glorious and spectacular parts of human existence.

Three years I was sensible and plugged away at my job, learning the rudiments and then the application of them. All that time I had never a word with Cordelia. How could I? I could not go on where I left off, and unless, or until, I could do that, how could I go on at all? Sight of her I did have now and then, but seldom; for, though she was often in town and I nearly always there, our occupations usually kept us from accidental meetings. We didn't travel the same beats.

I finished my professional studies, sustained the tests provided to measure my proficiency, and got a job in an office with a small salary and some prospects. Candor requires that I admit that I passed those examinations pretty well, for really I had not spared work in the long preparation for them.

And the job I got was a good one as beginners' jobs go, and the prospects were as good, so far as I could see, as the prospects of anybody of my time of life and in my line of endeavor. So I didn't see why, barring accidents, I should not get somewhere presently.

So the months sped. Coming early uptown on a late October day, I got into a pay-as-you-enter car at Forty-second Street, and there was Cordelia, alone and with a seat vacant beside her, which I took.

"This is a fine day," said I, "and you become it very much, and I hope you have good health?"

"Oh yes," said Cordelia.

"And good spirits?" said I.

"Oh yes;" but she said it more doubtfully and with no more than a languid affirmation.

"And I hope that sport is good," said I, and she assented to that, but in a way that suggested that it might be more boisterously satisfactory. And with that we fell into discourse, trifling but easy, and that progressed in its tone from easy to friendly, and from friendly to old-friendly. And I let the car pass Fifty-fourth Street and pretended to myself I was going to Fifty-ninth, and let it pass Fifty-ninth and pretended nothing further to myself. It wasn't until some days later that I learned that her intended destination was Fifty-seventh Street. As it was, while rolling through the Sixties we each cautiously discovered

that we were bound for the Museum at Eighty-second Street, and there we got off; and since it was, as I pointed out to her, too lovely an autumn day to go indoors, we went and sat down in the Park instead, and there, a little off the track of passers-by, fell into discussion of the conditions of contemporary existence.

"Cordelia," said I, "are you having any fun?"

She meditated a moment. Three years is a long time in the early twenties, and Cordelia had grown perceptibly thoughtfuler since she and I left off.

"Fun? Oh yes, I have *some*. It has been a pleasant summer. We went abroad in the spring, and it was nice in the country after we got home. People were sometimes interesting; some of the books were good to read; I liked the flowers in the garden, and I liked to ride a horse, and sometimes motoring was pleasant, and the swimming and the sailing."

I confess that my heart settled back a bit at this list of profitable occupations. "Are you marrying any one this fall, Cordelia?" said I. "Have you an interesting line of suitors now? Or can it be that being well off you have the unusual discretion to realize it?"

"Oh, I realize it; yes, a good deal. But I am only temporarily well off."

"What's the matter? Father's stocks look shaky to you?"

"Oh no. Father doesn't seem anxious."

"Suitors, maybe. Perhaps you feel yourself near capitulation?"

"Possibly! But I have not diagnosed it so."

"Down there where you spend your summers there are stock-brokers growing on every bush, and the stock-brokers, you know, Cordelia, are the only *young* men —except the hereditary rich—who have money enough to get married on."

"Why didn't you turn to that yourself, Peregrine?"

"I? Bless you! I never had a chance. Nobody ever seemed to see the making of a stock-broker in me. And besides—well, I confess I have never felt drawn to that vocation. I would like uncommonly to earn plenty of money, and I mean to, some time; but I'd rather have the pay seem more like an incident of my job than have my job an incident of my pay."

"I'm afraid you are not a really earnest money-maker, Peregrine!"

"Just wait till I get a chance to throw in my clutch; then you'll see! And I'll soon begin to get it now! But if you think well of the stock-broker calling, Cordelia, there was Archibald Tassel. I heard of him as having the discernment to be your warm admirer; and a wholesome, hearty young man too, and well found. And yet you seem never to have smiled on him?"

"So?"

"It must be you don't care for a sporting life. Well, I am only moderately drawn to it myself. You have to work so hard and pay so high for what you get, and it's so hard on the tissues, and you get so little in the end. But there was that cheerful young Van Terminal, Cordelia; pockets bulging with ancestral coin; nice manners, immense energy, large appetite for pleasure, four or five automobiles in his garage, and a private tank of gasoline with a pipe-line connection with Hunters Point. If there is an eligible young man about, it is Corlear Van Terminal, and yet, Cordelia—"

"Mercy, Peregrine, would you have me marry him!"

"Oh no! By no means. No! No! I never was the least keen to have you. But why didn't you?"

"Why should I?"

"Everything money can buy, and not such a bad encumbrance. Amiable young man enough, and you with your great qualifications for companionship and direction might have kept him out of serious mischief all his days. I don't say you could have done it, but it was conceivably possible."

"He's very nice and so jocund. Mother and I were much pleased with him —are still. I don't know what efforts I should have made if it hadn't been for father."

"What did *he* say?"

"I hardly like to tell you!"

"Oh yes, do!"

"He said: 'Good God! Cordelia. Not that one! Wait, and perhaps you may catch a *man!* Leave those joyous natures to marry chorus girls,' he said, and told me I was built for something better than to be the ballast for a joy-rider's motor-car. That's just like father. He's not very

practical. But it flattered me, and I didn't try after that."

"Poor girl! What a father! What a tremendous handicap parents are, anyway!"

"You needn't complain of father. That was the only time he meddled. He has done his best for me. He knows admirable young men! 'Father's friends,' I call them. Somehow they never make up to me. But I'm improving; I know I am. I think so much my hair is coming out, and the day may come when I shall find grace in the eyes of one of 'father's friends.'"

"Oh no! Cordelia, don't! I have a better plan for you. I know such a good young man, who has needed you with gnawing destitution, night and day going on four years."

"How interesting! The poor young man! Destitute of me and I suppose of all the other goods of this world, and mortgaged besides for the support of his aged grandmother! I beg you, Peregrine, not to attempt to entangle me with impossible, good young men. Life is too fleeting. The American spring is too short. All in a minute it is summer, and to-morrow comes Fourth of July and haytime, and we are cut down and cast into the oven."

"Well, dear Cordelia, take a broker—take a broker! Or some nice old gentleman; or a widower or something, with ready-made shekels strung on him!"

"Don't be unkind to me, Peregrine!"

"Oh, well—I was telling you—where was I? You put me all out when you speak like that. Oh yes—the good young destitute man! Well, the good young man has no grandmother to support—only himself as yet, and can do that, by George! And it's time; he's rising twenty-seven. And his prospects are not bad now. And if he could manage to get married they'd be better; they'd have to be. You see, we have to get one thing at a time, and I've known awful cases—even I in my short experience have observed them—of men who waited until they had got a good living before they got married, and found, when they got ready to get a wife, that their minds had been on other things so long that they had clean forgotten how. That's awful, isn't it? It happens all the time. I see it at the clubs. I don't want it to happen to—to the good young semi-destitute man I had in mind."

"Oh no, Peregrine; surely not. It's an awful thought; awful! But yet, suppose he got the girl, what—"

"What costs so dreadfully much, Cordelia? I know of quite a decent flat for fifty dollars a month; a nice flat over a tailor shop, and not in Harlem either—not twenty blocks from where we're sitting. And for three dollars a day you can get food enough for two or three persons—eggs not superlatively fresh, perhaps, but eggs—and for a dollar a day you can hire a very good servant, and that's only a little more than forty dollars a week; and a good young man of twenty-seven, with four or five years of hard work behind him, who can't see his way to lay his hands on at least sixty dollars a week isn't good enough for you. But sixty would about do it, Cordelia. Sixty plunks is a great deal of money—a whole lot of money to earn—but not an unattainable wage; not one that a diligent and competent trained hand need consider the limit of his aspirations—no, not in a city like this with a traction company to be supported, and eighty million people in the back country to help pay five millions of us for living here."

"You are a more calculating person than you used to be, Peregrine. When did you work all that out? And suppose it were possible to live on sixty dollars a week, what makes you think it would pay to do it, and why do most people of our habits think they need so very much more?"

"The trouble with them is they haven't been emancipated. The things that cost are amusement and social aspirations. If you can cut those out for a time, living is not so impossibly dear. But stupid people can't do it, and unemancipated people don't dare to."

"Unemancipated? Unemancipated! Unemancipated from what, Peregrine?"

"From *things*, Cordelia, and the habit of needing them in superfluous quantity; from the standards of living set by people who are poor on fifty thousand a year; from the idea of life that is based on what you have got; from automobiles, and expensive sports, and boxes at the opera; from the notion that it is essential to keep



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

WE SHALL HAVE A FIRE AND SIT BEFORE IT

in the swim, and know only the right people; from pleasures and from people that waste time and money and give nothing back that is worth having."

"My! Peregrine! When did you turn anarchist?"

"Not long after our engagement was broken. I loved you, Cordelia, that's the truth, and I hated everything that broke it. I learned to see that there was no obstacle between you and me that a little time and hard work could not easily overcome, and that the obstacles that looked biggest and blackest had no real substance to them, and could be brushed aside whenever we were ready and had the grit to do it. Don't cry, Cordelia! If you let me hold your hand again, I don't think any one would notice."

"I was—I wasn't crying, Peregrine. I—I was—only thinking!"

"Don't cry! Because this is such a delightful world for folks who are free and can work, and have the courage to shape their own courses. It looks all lovely colors to me, with you here—so much to get and such an interesting stunt to get to it; so much to do, and such inspirations for the doing of it; such excellent loads to lift at and maybe shoulder. Think, Cordelia, think by all means! That is the most fun there is, and the most we shall either of us get for some time to come if you marry me on sixty dollars a week. Oh dear! There were times when I feared you weren't going to wait! Those were the worst pinches of the pull. To get tired and have no heart of refuge to fly to—you know that is pretty trying, Cordelia."

"I know, Peregrine. And to wait with folded hands and not know—it tries the faith. A bunch of roses on my birthday, a bunch of roses on Christmas morning, not a line with either of them! Oh, Peregrine!"

"There! Nobody saw us but the squirrel! 'Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us, lies the fair country where our hearts abide.' Do you know that hymn, Cordelia? There were days together when it ran in my head. It meant heaven to whoever wrote it, but to me it meant a fifty-dollar-a-month flat and you."

"Don't cry, Peregrine!"

"I wasn't crying. But you must allow a man some sentiment. Are you game for the flat and sixty dollars a week?"

"Let us look at the flat. I hope all the rooms are not cupboards. Do you know that my aunt just passed on the drive in a victoria? Gracious! I have just time to get home before dark and dinner."

That was the substance of the discourse we had that autumn day. I never mailed that letter I wrote to Cordelia's father. We concluded that it would not be polite to our parents to elope, and, since we both had very indulgent parents, what was the use! So I broke it to the old man, and he was quite reasonable and let me stay to dinner, and we had champagne. And Cordelia's mother was kind too, and though she declared that I was as bad a match as any worldly-wise woman could ask for, she felt that Cordelia had come as nearly to years of marital discretion as women who get married ever come, and that it was certainly time she knew whether I was the ineligible man she wanted or not.

So I told my own parents too, and my father smiled and said more marriages hereabouts seemed to be spoiled nowadays by too much money than by too little; and my mother shed some tears, but they were not tears of discontent. She has begun to be interested in my trousseau, and keeps suggesting things that I had better buy and have charged to Father, and I hear of her being seen in the neighborhood of auction shops where they sell furniture, and she has counselled me by no means to trench upon Great-aunt Susan's legacy, which constitutes the total sum of my private fortune. It is not a large legacy, and how I shall ever add anything to it, except Cordelia, I cannot imagine; but I am going to somehow, and meanwhile Cordelia will be an immense asset and make me a rich man at the start.

Perhaps Aunt Susan's legacy will start on its career as the total fortune of a married man by a period of depletion; for the truth is I am not taking in the whole of sixty dollars a week at the present juncture. It is no great income to command at twenty-seven if one has begun his money-getting at seventeen, but it is a great deal for any one of that age who has spent three or four years in general enlargement of the ideas and

experiences in a college, and three or four more in learning how to do something that will support life.

I observe that elders are fairly willing to abet the young in getting married if only the adventurers are positively enough set on the adventure and have the courage of their intentions. The thing that the wiser elders won't do if they can help it is to take responsibility about the intending parties being pleased with their bargain. For the rest, unless the adventure is *too* rash or premature, or they have violent personal objections, the elders, as far as I see, are apt to be complaisant, and even to push along an affair that is clearly at the stage where it is safe to push it.

The cards are out for three weeks from next Thursday. It was the first our friends in general heard of it, which was as it should be. The flat is hired, and yesterday I got my pay raised five a week. Where there's a will there's a way to break it, the lawyers say, but Cordelia and I have passed through that once, and our will is going to probate this time.

I am thinking about what we shall talk about, for talk will have to be our main reliance for entertainment. There's a fireplace in the flat, and I dare say I shall be seen going home dragging boards and boxes after me like the children one sees in the street, for I don't know how we shall afford any wood for that fireplace. Wood, I understand, is dear. Never mind; we shall have a fire and sit before it, and talk about everything—about votes for women (which I don't want, though it matters little), whether we ought to be abstainers (I'd rather not, but it matters little), whether the good English are played out, about the future of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, whether it isn't time for the Democrats to shelve Thomas Jefferson and get a new prophet, whether Tammany will ever be killed permanently dead and what then, whether the People have got any sense, whether legislation has an important effect upon divorce, whether the Americans are too much bent on substituting legislation for character, and all those things that one thinks about.

I wonder if she will be willing to talk about those things! Very likely she won't. It will be more prudent, I think, not to let her see the catalogue of them beforehand. Unless brought up to them gently she might shy. One talks, I find, to another person a good deal according to what is in the other person's mind.

And for a change we can gossip, and extenuate our neighbors' faults, first agreeing what they are, which always is a pleasant exercise. And when somebody makes a good book with real meat in it, well served—if any one should—we can read it, and that's fun, and cheap, and will make more talk. And charities are interesting if one goes at them right (and cheap as things go), and so are politics.

It is such an interesting world if you get the hang at all of what is going on in it, and why, and whither things are tending! I do love to see it roll along and to try to puzzle out why things happen as they do. It will be fun to talk to Cordelia about all these matters. What is there about a woman's mind—if it is a fairly good one—that it is so extraordinarily stimulating to a man's mind, so that when you're too tired to talk to a man you can chatter on amazingly to a woman, provided she's the right one! They beat drink; they certainly do! They are the great natural stimulant and tonic for mankind.

Artificial and Natural Change in Usage

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WHEN a few years ago Kipling published his poem entitled *The Recessional,* a violation of concord alleged to be found in it much disquieted the minds of many who had been nurtured mainly on the syntactical diet supplied by a certain class of school grammars. The error was said to occur in the opening line of the second stanza, which reads:

"The shouting and the tumult dies."

This use of *dies,* we were told, was quite reprehensible. Occasionally even highly educated men could be met who, while admiring the poem as a whole, conceded, or rather assumed, that the use of the singular here could be defended only on the ground that grammar pure and undefiled must at times yield to the necessities of rhyme. It shows how much with us the study of syntax has been divorced from the study of literature, upon which every rule of syntax worth heeding must be based, that the fitness of the employment here of *dies* more than failed to be appreciated. Its faultiness, we were assured, was settled beyond dispute by the rule that two singular nouns, united by the conjunction *and,* must have the verb in the plural.

The principal difficulty with this view is that there is no such rule. It no more exists in English than it does, for instance, in German, or for that matter in Latin, from the grammars of which it has been foisted upon us. By this is meant that there is no rule which in such circumstances imperatively requires the verb to be in the plural. There would be little objection to stating it as a general principle, were ample allowance made for the cases to which it does not apply. In the majority of instances the construction with the plural is something more than the preferable one; it is really the only one. But there is a respectable minority in which the use of the singular verb is more idiomatic and therefore distinctly more desirable.

It is a consequence of this view that the number proper to be employed in any given phrase depends largely on the conception of unity or diversity which it is sought to convey. It therefore cannot be decided by any abstract cut-and-dried rule. Do the two or more words forming the subject blend into one idea in the mind of the speaker or writer? Does he seek to make the fact of that blending prominent? In such a case the singular verb should be chosen in order to cause the conception of oneness to be controlling. If, on the other hand, there is no such feeling of unity of impression—as in four cases out of five there is not—the plural number is the one to be employed. But the point, here to be made emphatic, is that in the large domain lying between the extremes the use of the particular number rests in the discretion of the writer and not at the dictation of the critic. The former may subject himself to just censure for resorting to the wrong one, if he lacks the sensitiveness to idiom which comes from the possession of genius or from intimate familiarity with the best usage. But far more likely is the latter to blunder when he sets out to make a universal and indiscriminate application of a rule which is subject to manifold exceptions.

This is a syntactical condition which many critics of speech ignore entirely and some are apparently unable to comprehend. To such extremes has this devotion to rigid grammatical rule gone, so fully has it at times perverted all sense of propriety of expression, that men have been found to stigmatize as bad English the passage in the Lord's Prayer which reads, "Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory." One would think that they must have seen that the employment of *is*

has here the effect of bringing out distinctly unity of impression. This the employment of *are* would have tended to impair, and as a consequence effectiveness would have been impaired.

Exactly the same thing is to be said of the verbal form *dies* in the line cited from Kipling's poem. Unquestionably the necessity of rhyme demands in this case the use of the singular; but the use of it was not due primarily to that fact. Far more was it demanded by the highly developed literary sensitiveness which is one of the most marked attributes of genius. The point can be brought out more sharply by taking a somewhat similar passage from the *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

> "Now by the yellow Tiber
> Was tumult and affright."

says Macaulay, in the poem of *Horatius*. Here it is manifest that the ideas conveyed by the two nouns *tumult* and *affright* are much more distinct than those of the two nouns found in Kipling's line. Shouting may fairly be called a necessary accompaniment of tumult. The existence of the latter almost inevitably implies the existence of the former. But there is no such necessary oneness of thought between the two subjects found in the lines taken from *Horatius*. Manifestly tumult can prevail without affright. Even more can affright exist without tumult. The conceptions are essentially distinct. Yet Macaulay, uninfluenced by any necessities of verse, deliberately chose to give to the two connected nouns a verb in the singular. It may be conceded that this number is more often employed when the subjects follow the predicate and not when they precede it. This fact, however, does not affect the correctness or incorrectness of the construction as a vital principle. Undoubtedly Macaulay could have here said *were* instead of *was*. This he manifestly did not choose to say, and no one appears to have had the courage to find fault with him for not doing it, or to suggest that in not doing it he had violated a rule of syntax. It is not likely that the most thoroughgoing stickler for what he considers correct grammar would take the ground that he knows more about the subject than the one writer of the nineteenth century who, whatever his other merits or defects, was unquestionably the most keenly solicitous of all about propriety of expression. Yet the quoted lines show that he went farther than Kipling in contravention of this assumed rule. Of the two authors, the usage of the latter is the more defensible, if defence be needed at all.

It is further to be remarked that in the employment in such cases of the singular verb there is nothing peculiar to English. It prevails in various languages. No observant reader of Lessing and Goethe and Schiller can have failed to notice the frequency of this construction in their writings. It is as common in these as it is in those of our early authors. For with us the best usage of the past sanctioned it on a large scale, as it still does on a much more limited one. Great freedom was once permitted in the use of the two numbers. But the outbreak of formal grammar in the eighteenth century had as one of its accompaniments the proclamation of the plural verb as the necessary predicate of two or more subjects. The war since waged against the use of the singular has been measurably successful. As a consequence the liberty formerly enjoyed by the author has been sensibly diminished. The belief in the plural as belonging in practically all cases to constructions of this sort has become part of the ingrained belief of the common mind. It inevitably affects the action of writers who may know or feel that in particular cases it is undesirable, if not unjustifiable, but who do not have the courage or position to defy it.

One of the further results of the steadily growing influence of formal grammar over speech, which has been going on for nearly two centuries, is that not only has liberty of expression been abridged, but that men have largely forgotten their former state of freedom. Even writers who have protested against the despotism to which they are subject have shown themselves unaware of the privileges they once enjoyed. In the *Imaginary Conversations* of Walter Savage Landor occurs the following passage in the colloquy between Horne Tooke and Doctor Johnson:

Tooke.—What an outcry would be raised

against you or me, if we applied a verb in the singular to several nouns!

Johnson.—And justly.

Tooke.—Yet elegance sometimes requires it, even in our own language.

Then Tooke is represented as giving illustrations of the construction from Metastasio and Petrarch. He adds that it can be found in the best poets and prose-writers of France, and that the Athenians cherished it. He finally meets the imaginary Johnson's objection to it by citing passages exemplifying it from Virgil and Horace and Quintilian.

It is often a question whether Landor's comments on language evince more perversity of judgment or more ignorance of the practice of the great writers with whom he must have been familiar. Here Doctor Johnson is credited with saying that a man would justly be condemned for using the singular verb with two subjects. If that opinion could be thought to represent his views, he must have spent no small share of his life in self-condemnation. The construction itself is far from uncommon in his writings. To take two examples out of a score that present themselves, he observes that "the strength and unity of the alliance is not easily conceived"; and again he speaks of "those whom the authority and avarice of parents unites without their consent."

Still there is no question that under the steady and prolonged pressure of grammarians the liberty once enjoyed by the writer has been sensibly curtailed. It had indeed been already curtailed in Johnson's day. In the centuries preceding his own this liberty had prevailed on a scale so grand that at times it seems difficult to decide whether much distinction was felt by many to exist. In the ninth chapter of Exodus, for illustration, we are told that "the flax and the barley was smitten"; but in the verse following, that "the wheat and rye were not smitten." The construction with the singular is indeed frequent in the authorized version of the Scriptures. As in it there is no employment of the verbal terminations of the Northern dialect, the examples taken from it are not subject to the doubt which besets those found in many of the writings of the Elizabethan age, especially the dramatic writings. The original Southern ending in *-th* of the plural of the present tense had then been generally abandoned. The occasional use of *doth* and *hath* was about all that remained to indicate that it had once existed. In speaking of England under the Tudors, Bacon, for illustration, observes that in that portion of time "there hath been the rarest varieties that in like number of successions of any hereditary monarchy hath been known." In the two instances of it here given, *hath* is not a singular form, but a plural of the Southern dialect, obsolescent even then.

Far different is the case with the Northern plural in *-s*. This was at one time so common that inferences as to the number intended by the author can hardly be drawn with safety. It must have been heard constantly in colloquial speech from the frequency with which it appears in dramatic pieces during the Elizabethan and early Jacobean eras. The extent of its use cannot indeed be gathered from modern editions. In them this characteristic of the language of the time is almost always silently suppressed whenever rhyme or measure does not interfere to prevent alteration. If retained, efforts almost agonizing have been put forth to account for its occurrence. This, too, even when the subject plainly indicates the number, as in the following passage from *Richard II.*, when Northumberland remarks to Bolingbroke:

> "These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
> Draws out our miles and makes them wearisome."

We have been told that here is a construction according to the implied sense and not to the form. The idea denoted is that of journeying over these hills and ways. Hence *draws* and *makes* are properly in the singular. There is therefore, we are assured, no need of considering them as examples of a still surviving Northern plural of the present tense. This sort of explanation, carried out to its legitimate conclusion, would render unnecessary the use of any plural form whatever.

But by the time the seventeenth century was well under way, this plural in *-s* had practically disappeared from the

literary speech. In consequence we are thenceforward on safe ground. When the termination ending in *-s* or in *-th* appears in the third person, we know that it is the singular which the author has in mind to use. Accordingly what then will strike the attention of the observant student is the frequency with which this number is found with two or more nouns as its subject. Let us take, for illustration, Milton's usage. It clearly never occurred to him that the employment of the singular verb, as just indicated, could be conceived of as improper, unlike our own time when, to use his own words on another subject, belief in it "is for him only to hope whom true wisdom and the contempt of vulgar opinion exempts." The construction is frequent in his prose. In his more finished poetical work it is far from uncommon. We need not delay on passages where the verb precedes its subjects, as, for instance, when in *Paradise Lost* mention is made of "the land where flows Ganges and Indus." Milton's grammatical views can be more adequately represented by the two following examples taken out of many.

> "Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
> Compels me to disturb your season due."

are the lines in which at the beginning of *Lycidas* he addresses the plants symbolical of poetry.

> "Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng."

is the tribute he pays to the musician Henry Lawes. No one is likely to maintain that in these examples—which could be largely multiplied—there was any necessity of verse which required the poet to use the singulars *compels* and *exempts*. Few, however, would be the modern writers to venture on such a liberty, as it would be deemed now. When, indeed, we contrast the frequency of this construction in a great classic like Milton and its comparative infrequency in modern writers, such, for instance, as one so scrupulous as Macaulay, we can discern how steadily the injunctions of grammarians have tended to lessen its use. It is, of course, still employed. Macaulay, for illustration, speaks of men asking "where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found." But the comparative study of the usage of different centuries brings out distinctly the fact that, under artificial pressure, a construction once common has now become so rare that the employment of it almost invariably attracts attention and often excites censure.

Here is an instance where a steady pressure, exerted for nearly two centuries, has sensibly limited the extent of the use of a particular syntactical construction. It, in fact, threatens to bring about its complete disuse. It has certainly begotten the belief in the minds of many that there is something undesirable if not positively wrong in its employment. But this result has not been caused by the action of the general body of cultivated speakers and writers. It is mainly due to the agency of the special class of grammarians. It has accordingly been reached by conscious effort. The change effected has been in consequence an artificial one. It stands in sharpest contrast with those natural changes which are brought to pass by the general sense of the cultivated users of speech seeking to find for themselves relief from a linguistic condition which is felt to be unsatisfactory if not unbearable. In this case the innovations that come in are not the result of any direct conscious effort. Rarely, indeed, can we tell where they originated, and it is no easy matter to ascertain when. No better illustration of the methods which go on in such cases can be found than in the story of the way in which the idiom represented, for illustration, by *some one else's* and *everybody else's* came to establish itself in the language.

The history of these expressions furnishes an interesting illustration of the conflict that constantly takes place between opposing tendencies which are operating upon usage. Not uncommon in our speech is a construction that chances to be one of the few survivals of the older inflection. A noun limiting another may be put in the genitive case—or, as it is often called, the possessive—instead of being in the objective governed by a preposition. But this construction demands that the limiting noun shall immediately precede the noun limited. It requires direct dependence.

One exception to this rule it makes willingly; but only one. It allows the intervention of an adjective, which adjective may be modified, if desired, by an adverb. No one feels any sense of repulsion in the opening line of *Paradise Lost,* where Milton speaks "of man's first disobedience." But at the point here indicated toleration stops. No other part of speech is allowed to come in between the limiting noun and the noun limited.

Let us now apply this principle to the case of *everybody else's.* Here the disposition seems to have existed at the outset to follow the prescribed grammatical path. Consequently men were at first disposed to say *everybody's else.* This is certainly found as early as the sixteenth century. But both then and afterward it occurs on the most limited scale. One reason doubtless of its rarity is the fact that it belongs to colloquial speech rather than to literary, and it is mainly the literary speech that is recorded in books. Consequently that neither *everybody's else* nor *everybody else's* appears in Milton, for illustration, is not at all surprising. But even in colloquial speech the expressions could not then have been common. How little headway, indeed, both these phrases must have made may fairly be inferred from the fact that neither is employed in the numerous passages of Shakespeare which set out to represent the language of common life.

The truth is that the disposition prevailed to avoid both. This could be easily accomplished by using simply "everybody else" governed by the preposition *of.* Perhaps it would be better to say that one of the two phrases was not then known and that the other was disliked. It was certainly not till after the Restoration that the employment of either becomes at all noticeable. The earliest instance of the now regular form, given in the New Historical English Dictionary, is taken from our old friend, the diarist Pepys, and belongs to 1668. Under December 9th of that year he remarks that "my pleasure was just the same as yesterday and no more, nor anybody else's about us." After that there is in this great work an ominous absence of quotations for nearly two hundred years. In fact, so far as my own necessarily limited investigation can justify positive statement, *everybody's else* was at the outset the preferred method of expression. "While I am my own or anybody's else, that will never happen," says Scandal in Congreve's *Love for Love,* which came out in 1695. Steele, in his periodical paper of 1714 called *The Lover,* recommends visiting a picture gallery, not merely to please and recreate the sight, "but also to yield satisfaction and pleasure to your mind and instruction enough to inform and improve everybody's else." "I confess I was your dupe as well as somebody's else," wrote Swift to Mrs. Howard in 1731.

But though this method of expression seems to have been the one preferred, it was manifestly one that was not liked. It was, in fact, distinctly avoided. One example of it has been given from Congreve; it is the only one to be found in his five plays. An even worse showing is made in the comedies of his contemporary Wycherley. In them not an instance of it can be discovered. One example has been given from the forty essays constituting Steele's *Lover.* It is the single example to be found in them. Still, though it was clearly not a favorite, had the employment of it been confined to the phrase *everybody's else* used independently, it might have fastened itself permanently upon the speech. It was awkward and clumsy, to be sure; but in spite of its lack of euphony it could have been made to pass muster. It would never, indeed, have been much used by writers sensitive to harmony of expression. These would have continued to prefer in the future, as they had in the past, such a phrase as "that of some one else" to a phrase so distressing to the ear as "some one's else."

But in the further development of the usage a new complication set in. In the instances just given the limiting noun had in all cases been understood. Naturally the desire sprang up to spread still farther the domain of the idiom, to employ it when the limiting noun should not merely be understood but should be actually expressed. But any such extension brought it at once into conflict with the principle which permits

nothing but the adjective to intervene between the limiting and the limited noun. One could say "the conduct of everybody else." What one could not say was "everybody's else conduct." An expression of that sort men would feel to be intolerable. Accordingly to retain in such a case the sign of the possessive with *one* or *body* meant the denial of the further development of the usage. But the language would not be denied. It found itself, in truth, facing a problem similar to that which had previously led to the transfer of the possessive sign from the noun to which it strictly belongs to a noun connected with it and modifying its meaning. Here a distinct change of construction has taken place. For instance, the opening lines of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, put in modern orthography, read as follows:

"The double sorrows of Troilus to tellen,
That was the king Priamus' son of Troy."

This method of expression, though perhaps never common, lasted for at least two centuries. In our version of the Bible we are told in the ninth chapter of Exodus that "there shall nothing die of all that is the children's of Israel." But such a construction was almost as objectionable as *everybody's else*. Accordingly it did not survive. To use the illustration just taken from Chaucer, the language abandoned the use of an expression like "King Priam's son of Troy" and substituted for it "King Priam of Troy's son." So in the same way it took the words constituting the phrases under consideration and treated them as forming quasi-compound substantives in which the sign of the possessive was added to the last constituent, the adverb *else*.

From that moment the doom of *everybody's else* was sealed. The form which supplanted it seems hardly to have been in use on a scale worth mentioning until the beginning of the nineteenth century. But whenever or wherever it first appeared, its progress was henceforth rapid. Archdeacon Hare remarked in 1833 that "people more frequently say *no body else's* [*sic*] than *nobody's else*." As soon as it came to be followed frequently by a noun limiting *one* or *body*, its general adoption in the literature which represents colloquial speech was merely a question of time. "Everybody slapped everybody else's back," says Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*, published in 1839. "Everybody else's house as well as yours," wrote Thackeray in *The Adventures of Philip*, which came out in 1862. In *St. Ives* Stevenson speaks of "any one else's lips," and in the *Love's Cross Currents* of Swinburne mention is made of "every one else's son." Instances could be multiplied almost endlessly.

It is in truth a singular illustration of the extent to which *every one else's* has established itself as the exclusive form that the very existence of the other form has largely come to be forgotten. Certain it is, at any rate, that it is generally ignored. Our larger dictionaries can hardly be said to recognize the fact that such an expression as *everybody's else* ever had any existence at all. Most of them do not even mention it. Webster remarks on the now common phrase that "it is usual to give the possessive form to *else* rather than to the substantive." Then follow quotations from George Eliot and Thackeray. The Century Dictionary says essentially the same thing. The Standard has a quasi-recognition of the fact that there are still persons who cling to the other method of expression. Of course the business of a lexicon is to deal mainly with the meaning of words and only incidentally with their grammatical construction. It shows how much the older form has passed out of thought as well as out of sight that the invaluable New Historical English Dictionary, a perfect storehouse of information on the history of words and phrases, does not even take the trouble to hint that such a method of expression as *everybody's else* was ever heard of in English speech.

The matter of importance here, however, is that the expression *everybody else's*, in contradistinction to the change previously considered, is a perfectly natural development of usage. No grammarians recommended it; no propaganda was set in motion to bring about its adoption. Its origin and growth were spontaneous. Its fitness and its sufficiency for all needs were the things which caused it to find favor with the cultivated users of speech and led to its general acceptance.

The Might of a Dawning Smile

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THONGER sat stiffly, alone by the dining-room table, staring at the column of Wall Street quotations with restless, haunted eyes. He had known of his loss at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the final hope of a rally in the market had flickered feebly and expired and his brokers had sold him out, yet this eager perusal of the list had become such a habit of his evening hour it was not to be dismissed.

His frantic hopes, almost his very life, had centred here so intently, in this fateful week, that all other existence was a blur. Someway it seemed incredible he was still alive, apparently sane, and free to come home to Sylvia and the child. It seemed preposterous to think of going on; and yet—was there anything else he could do?—or any other method for its doing?

His mouth became dry and gluey at the mere recurrence of the thought of going on again, making one more trial to recoup his losses by the methods employed now for months. From his pocket he drew forth a pencil, and jotting down some figures, one set below another, added them hurriedly together. Thereat he underwent a sickening sense of panic at his vitals, the sum so staggered his feebler, more conscientious ego. In a fever he tore the evidence from the paper's margin to chew it to a pulp and cast the ball away.

He felt he might go mad. The outside world was silent, save for the distant rumble of an Elevated train and the yet more intangible utterance of Gotham, never wholly stilled.

The voice of his wife came droningly to his senses, from the bedroom where she crooned to the wakeful infant in her arms. From time to time the baby sounded a protest, then lapsed into staring that was no less blank or helpless than its father's.

The same old horrible blackness settled steadily, more dense and inescapable than ever, on the man's whole mental being. Even the child had been an element of added burden and depression. It had been an expense and disappointment together. For months the man had dreamed of its advent in some indefinable hope. But now it was here, it was no companion in the least, no discernible essence of himself or his wife, no sentient, appealing little soul at all, such as the babies heretofore encountered had seemed in the eyes of their parents. It showed no signs of intelligent babyhood such as he had witnessed in others—no attributes of love or even confidence, nothing but hunger, helplessness, inertia.

The child was perfectly normal. It was simply very young—far younger than any child he had ever observed—and he made no allowance for its youth. To him it appeared a mere bit of human pulp, unindividual, unconscious of itself or of life, devoid of all emotions, recognitions, or expressions. It knew neither him nor its mother. And he had counted so much on making of his first-born son, even while an infant, an inspiring little friend and companion.

Since the coming of the child he had, however, felt more utterly alone with his cankerous secret than ever before. His wife had developed a thoroughly incomprehensible absorption in and passion for the little human blank vouchsafed to her care. She had utterly lost that keener, intuitive sympathy in the business affairs concerning himself that he had once perhaps somewhat resented and now most desperately missed. Anything, in his present state of mind, would be such a relief to his tortured, self-consuming thoughts, become an incubus, relentless, deathless, and inevitable.

It was not that he could have told it all to Sylvia now. He had merely reached that desperate stage where aloneness with his secret, his fear, and his helplessness

seemed more than he could support—that condition wherein confession, or even detection, would afford a species of amelioration to his nerves.

Once more, as he had a hundred times, he thought of the means of deliverance from it all. Poison, gas, a revolver—how far less revolting they seemed than they had at their first introduction! He would wish it, however, to appear accidental. How often he had planned the way to give the thing an accidental aspect! And yet there was sweetness in life!

He groaned, in the vault of his inmost soul, whence never a sound had issued. How free and contented he might have been had he never made this fatal start! His salary was liberal; their actual wants were few. If he had only halted while the money lost was still his own! If only he could just have won back his original stake and quit the fatal game! If only he could do so now—just win his losses back and quit!

It was the same old cry, the same old sophistry. All he wanted was to even up the one-sided score—win some other man's money—to drop the Street forever! It was this mad hope that had led him on to his present position at the office. It had always seemed, as it did to-night, that he might accomplish it yet. He could—he knew so well he could—if only his luck would change! And then—ah! then—

In a single breath he cursed the cunning that had made his peculations feasible and fevered over thoughts of its repetition—the only means whereby it was even remotely possible to win back his losses and be square in the office accounts. Moreover, he was already in so deep that, on detection, his record would be gone for life, irretrievably, no matter what his explanation or intentions.

And detection was certain to come, certainly at the next annual meeting, if not before. He had felt this recently with haunting, persistent conviction. He had grown to fear every officer of the company, every clap of a hand on his shoulder, every stranger who eyed him in his wicker cage at the office, every caller at his home. It was terrible to feel that gas, the river, and poison were the only friends certain at the end.

In the midst of his cogitations the telephone bell suddenly jangled and gave him a sickening start. It seemed such an answer to his fears, such a jarring tinkle of the doom he had felt to be dogging his trail. He was ghastly white, and his long, thin hands took on an ague, instantly reflecting the tremor of his heart. When he went to the instrument, automatically stiffening once again, as he had so many times of late, he received a yet more positive shock, that left him ready for collapse.

It was Carlaw calling across the wire—the company president, always his friend—the man who had placed him virtually in charge of the money as well as the books of the big concern.

"Hello!" said the voice. "Is that you, Billy? . . . Thought perhaps I'd find you home. . . . Want to come over for a little talk. . . . Be there in fifteen minutes."

Thonger remained there, heavily leaning against the wall, when the receiver was placed on its hook. A grim, mirthless smile flickered at the corner of his mouth. He was certain the end had come. Yet gradually, out of the climacteric moment he felt to be impending, he gathered a sort of strength once more, in sheer relief from the long suspense he had borne all these months alone.

He finally went to the sideboard, poured himself a drink of brandy, took out a strong cigar, and lit it to smoke in wasteful nervousness. The newspaper, opened at the stock quotations, he folded flat and tucked away from sight.

When Carlaw arrived, some desperate sort of calm, born of acceptance of his doom, had settled on Thonger's face and demeanor. He merely hoped the accusation might come quietly and not disturb his wife. After that—there were friends from which to choose.

Carlaw—big, florid, generous, and as keen as polar frost—had divested himself of his office manner at five in the afternoon.

"Well, well," he said, in his brusque and hearty way, coming in from the hat-rack in the hall, "this is comfortable, decidedly. First time I've been to see you since you moved, old man, but no such neglect intended. We're an abominably unsocial lot, New-Yorkers. How's the wife—and baby?"



Drawn by H. G. Williamson

HE HAD MONSTROUSLY DECEIVED THAT HELPLESS LITTLE SOUL

"Quite well," said Thonger, "thanks. 'aby's still awake. I believe, if you'd te to see it."

He offered his box of cigars, one of ich Carlaw accepted.

h' No, oh no! Not at all—not at all," f said. "Any teeth yet? What does e weigh?"

"I—don't know." Thonger stammered, feeling anew a sense of injury and disappointment, that his infant son should be so pulpishly deficient. "His mother could tell, I suppose."

"Don't disturb them—not for the world!" ejaculated Carlaw, decisively, in all a bachelor's uncertainty of babies and their mothers. "I didn't drop in to—to keep it awake, you know. I came for information that only you might be able to supply." He paused for a moment, and Thonger made ready for the blow. "I wanted to ask you, Billy, what you know about the climate and ranching business in Nevada."

Thonger wondered if this might not contain a friendly hint as to future moves for himself.

"Climate?—ranching?—Nevada?" he repeated, vacantly. "You—"

"I'm thinking of sending my nephew out there, right away, to get some training and learn to work and make himself more of a man. I thought of you tonight as a man with the information."

Such a piercing glance was in his eyes that Thonger was certain, no less than before, that the topic was merely a ruse, delaying more vital concerns. Nevertheless he answered steadily, meeting the eyes of the older man with a level, unfaltering gaze.

He knew Nevada intimately, having spent ten years in its borders, "punching cows." He spoke of it now with a vague but deathless longing, conveyed by the tone of his voice—and Thonger could certainly talk. He almost forgot the pit of decay, on the brink of which he was shrinking. All of that past, with its hardships, toil, and cleanness of spirit, rose in his thoughts like a midnight sun, to gild his estimate of life once more, ere the darkness engulfed him anew. He had been so certain of his life-long honor then—so filled with health and strength!

Carlaw sat for more than an hour, intent upon questions and recitals. He had once dreamed dreams of a cowboy's life of adventure and charm himself. He had never seen a desert, save that of New York City, nor scented a sage-brush plain. He feared he never should. He wanted a letter to some one out in the "unrailroaded, no-man's mountains" where his nephew might be "welcomed and worked and made perhaps worth raising."

That, apparently, was all the worry present in his mind. He mentioned nothing of the office. He spent a decidedly pleasant evening with his friend, forgot the grind and aridness of all the Manhattan existence for a time, and was boyishly eager, when he rose to leave, to come again soon for what he described as one of the treats of his life.

Then it was over, and Thonger was plunged yet deeper in doubt, by the swift reaction of his banished alarms, and the brief postponement of the doom that he felt he could never finally escape. He sat there, weak and chilling, when the chief had gone back to his home, and was startled poignantly when, without the slightest warning, his wife lightly called from the door.

"Will!" she whispered, excitedly, "come!—as quickly as you can!"

His heart had leaped, even more quickly than he, as he sprang in alarm to his feet.

"What—what is it?" he asked her, in affright.

"The baby has learned to laugh! You've got to come and see!" It was whispered again, in her fear of jarring the frail combination of emotions in the baby soul whereby the little stranger had come upon the fleeting art of betraying a sign of joy.

It may have been her singular radiance of countenance and spirit that somewhat soothed the perturbation of his soul, for Thonger, inexpressibly agitated in one moment, was amazingly pacified the next. He obeyed her summons almost mechanically, all his being still in a jangle from his momentary dread.

Glowing with color and happiness, tiptoeing cautiously, as if to creep upon some timid little god of the whirlwind caught in a playful mood, Sylvia led him tremulously to the crib where the wake-

ful little Thonger was lying. Then, with the prettiest imaginable little swoop of adoration and motherhood, and with a chuckle and coo and verbal caress ineffably sweet and tender, she performed the delightful manœuvre so tirelessly practised day after day to excite the wondrous little sign.

The miracle happened promptly.

It came in response to her love and worship—that faint, evanescent little smile—the mere dawn of a smile—that arrives with such uncertainty and hesitation, for the very first time, on the face of a baby, folding a new, shy human soul in the soft, feeble clasp of its being.

It came for Thonger to behold, and a little understand. It struck the man with a singular force—that mere little pucker of happiness and content, appearing to him a sign of trust that his firstborn placed in them both. The little chap had smiled on life with all the faith and confidence of any little being sent to a blameless father. He had read the message in his mother's face that life is good and kind. His tiny heart-beat, quickening at the golden promise in her hovering love, flashed its consent to brave the world in that baby sunrise of joy.

To the man it was both an ecstasy and pain. It was the wistfulest, most affecting little expression he had ever encountered. It was likewise the most disturbing. He felt he had monstrously deceived that helpless little soul—that innocence smiled in the face of his guilt, but could not smile were realities once revealed.

The smile became of a sudden inexpressibly precious—precious to himself and to the child. To give his baby the right to joy, both now and for the days to come, possessed him with fanatical intensity. He fairly staggered with the thought that it might be snatched away—the right, the mood, the incentive to smile and look on the world unafraid and unashamed. He was wrung by the contemplation of a future awakening when his boy should be able to smile no more, for disgrace, humiliation, the odium of a father convicted, or self-destroyed, through his thefts from a trusting friend and employer. The self-indictment made his senses reel and careen as if about to plunge in a bottomless, black abyss.

Good God! it was fearful that a child should awake to a heritage of shame!—smile all the way through the trustful years of babyhood and youth, on promises false from the beginning—only to come to a knowledge at last that would blight it all and make him wish he might have departed whence he came with that first faint flicker upon his lips, a salute to life and death!

More than anything in all the world Will Thonger suddenly craved for his son the right to smile in faith and trust upon life that had beckoned him to being. Yet behind him loomed that long array of cunningly hidden peculations, and before stalked poisons and revolvers.

The man could have cried aloud to God for the mercy that he could not grant himself. He had lost every penny he had taken. He had only his pay on which to survive, and that, for the next ensuing month, was mortgaged to his brokers.

He had never been nearer the brink of madness in all these torturing months than when he presently left the room to go back for the solitude essential to his life. He had never so greatly loved his wife as now, or yearned so vastly in newfound parenthood over the helpless little pilgrim, sent with a smile to his keeping. He had never felt himself more unworthy of their love and trust, more utterly despicable, weak, or perfidious to his friend, his family, or his Maker.

He scarcely slept an hour throughout the night. A thousand wild, impractical schemes for raising and replacing the money he had "borrowed" pitched like untenable derelicts on the sea of his brain, for a time that seemed to have no end. There was no real way in all the world to obtain that sum of money soon and square himself at the office.

It was not till the break of day at last, with its gradual accumulation of light units, one by one dispelling the darkness and gloom of the long, black night, that he came upon even a ray of hope to dissipate his despair. A singular thought occurred to him then, and he grasped at its frail support.

He had taken the money a trifle at a time, falsifying entries all through his books to keep them consistent with the funds in hand and with balances fre-

quently prepared. *Perhaps he could similarly place the sums all back, a little at a time, and doctor the books conversely, till the total should square him at last!*

It was simply a matter of reversing the system so long employed. It would take him more than a year, he knew—a year of inverted deceptions, even chicanery and fraud—sneaking in money from savings, economies, strife, to return the amount he had filched. There was no other way. He could only hope to avoid detection in this gradual repayment by employment of the skill with which he had made the gradual withdrawals, for he had not the money to pay in a lump, and confession would mean his discharge, imprisonment, and— He knew what more it would mean.

It was merely a question of how long he could work his irregular scheme before something was discovered. He could never repay as rapidly as he had taken. He might never be enabled to finish the task—but at least it was something to attempt.

He began that day, an altered man, reversing almost the scheme of life, in a new, fanatical resolution that had sprung from a baby's smile. In fear and trembling, far in excess of that experienced when he made his first "borrow" from the funds and covered his tracks from sight, he refunded the first five dollars on account, "faking" his books with unconfident skill, to admit the small sum to the coffers. He had already cut off his smoking, as a means of squeezing money from himself.

That was the tremulous beginning of an agonized, soul-wringing struggle that Thonger waged for weeks and months, in absolute secret and alone. The man was obsessed with the one desire to make himself blameless and shameless in the future sight of his son, and preserve that happy smile. He gave up his luncheon, day after day, declaring it was all for his health. He polished his own boots, at night, in his home, and walked, to save car fares, to the office. He saved the merest pittances, and massed them in dollars, despising not the smallest of units. He resigned from his clubs to save the dues and turn them on his penance.

He soon lost flesh, for his task was slow, and fear and denial were his fellows. He was almost crazed by the torturing reluctance with which the total of his peculations diminished. They had gone so quickly; they returned with such laggard feet! He lived in constant terror of discovery through his books, before he could clear away his "debt."

The one lone element, paradoxically mighty in the force to give him help, was supplied from a weak, dependent little frame, whence it would have seemed nothing potent could possibly issue. His baby at home was increasing his power to smile.

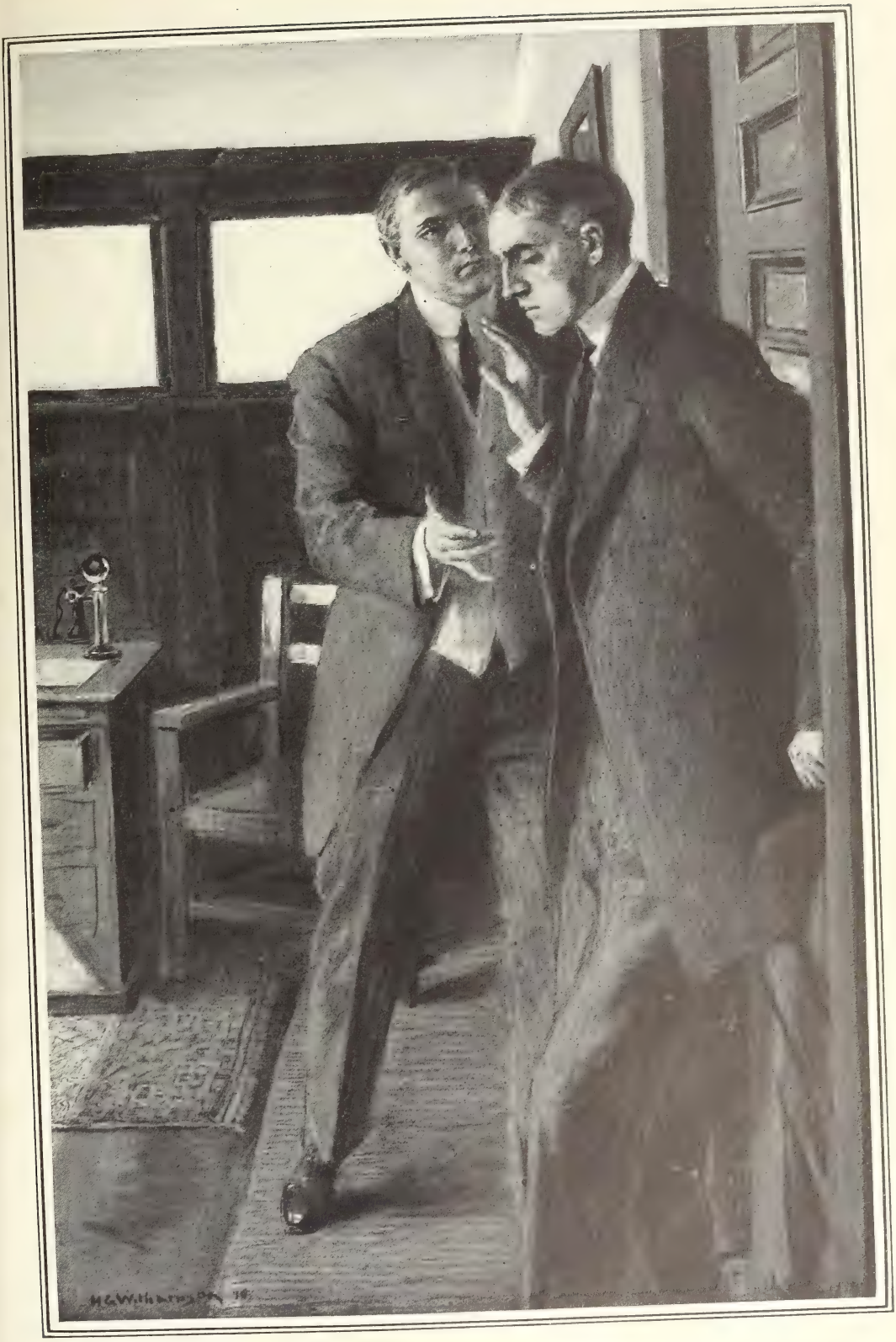
Only God could know the marvellous potency of that soft little meed of encouragement to keep the man steadfast on his course. It seemed to him the little heaven-sent messenger of love and life grew daily stronger in his wish to laugh as the units of money were filtered into the coffers, formerly bled drop by drop. There was no one else who could know of Thonger's pain, his effort, struggle, and hope, as he felt his baby knew. There was no one else to whom to look for absolute understanding and encouragement when the long, hard day was done.

He sought out a place to work at night, and turned in all his extra earnings, denying nothing to his wife and little helpfellow there in the home, while denying himself every possible thing a man could wish to make his daily grind supportable.

At Christmas the customary holiday remembrance was doubled, and at New-Year's his salary was raised. Shame and rejoicing came upon Thonger together, as he felt his unworthiness accuse him, and found himself thus enabled to liquidate more rapidly the ever-relentless account.

Doggedly, unsparingly, he labored as before, concealing a veritable frenzy of apprehension lest his ruse be discovered before the last of his debt could be wiped away. By the figures he kept he had still a full one thousand dollars to repay, when the man was abruptly taken ill. He was simply exhausted, body and soul and nerves. He had strained himself to the breaking-point and his being simply broke, at the weight of the final straw.

He was served with a notice of the annual meeting in March, and felt something snap in his brain. He was only



Drawn by H. G. Williamson

"JUST COME TO TELL YOU THAT—I'M A THIEF"

sustained from collapse on the spot by the utmost exertion of his will. He knew he was done, yet he would not go down till a final act could be accomplished. So horribly leaden was the pressure on his brain and heart he felt he should never leave the building.

The strength that he conjured to his deadened limbs sufficed to drag him to the private room where Carlaw worked alone and to hold him erect for a time.

The big man glanced at him sharply as he staggered in and closed the door.

"Why—what's up, Billy?" he inquired. "Old man, you're sick! By George, you've been working too hard! Here, get to a seat. I'll pour you a drink. You're looking like—"

"Death," said Thonger, attempting a feeble smile. "Frank, I—guess I'm all —in. Just came to tell you that—I'm a thief. I had to confess—after all—before I croak. I want you to know—"

"For God's sake, Billy, don't talk like that!" cried Carlaw, striding to his side. "I know you better than—"

"One minute, please." Thonger waved him off with failing strength. "For the love of Heaven let me tell you, Frank, before—I go—down for good. I'm a thief—but I've tried to pay it back!" he cried, in a shrill and quavering treble; and then in an aweing wildness and haste of confession and explanation, passionate, merciless, and terrible, he poured out the story of his great temptation, his fall, his despair, his thoughts of self-destruction—and his baby's smile, that had come at last for his saving—perhaps a bit too late, but at least a help for his soul.

He told it all in a swift, hot self-accusation that would brook no interruption. He told but a little of the long hard road of agony travelled since, alone, with his soul all but bleeding, his nerves all raw, his flesh and body punished by his self-inflicted task.

"I'm just like the rest of my kind!" he cried, in the anguish of his quick conclusion—"a weakling and a thief! That's the word for all, and I know it!—a thief! But for Heaven's sake, Frank—my baby's smile—" Then he crumpled on the floor.

"Billy! Billy!" Carlaw cried, kneeling down by the prostrate form and grasping the clammy hand. "Billy! I knew it—knew it that night—knew you would pay —knew you were square! I knew you were making good all right, and— Billy! I'm your friend!"

Then he knew that not a sound he made was heard.

Four weeks of fever and delirium sped as a single night of hideous dreams and bodily hurt where Thonger tossed on his pillow.

The day he emerged he was calmly prepared to close his eyes forever. He was immeasurably weakened and sapped. His last impression had been of the end drawing darkly, inexorably near to engulf him, and he felt there was no escape. In his utter exhaustion of bone and spirit he quivered on the slender beam, balanced between the tomb-like dark and the tremulous daybreak of light. Nothing save the will to live, with its all but imponderable substance, could have dipped the scale in its delicate adjustment.

Fortunately Carlaw came while the two sunken eyes were indifferently fixed on the spectre, beckoning with its shroud.

"Thank God you've rallied, Billy!" said he, with ill-concealed emotion. "You're going to buck up and pull through!"

Thonger slowly shook his head, making no effort to speak.

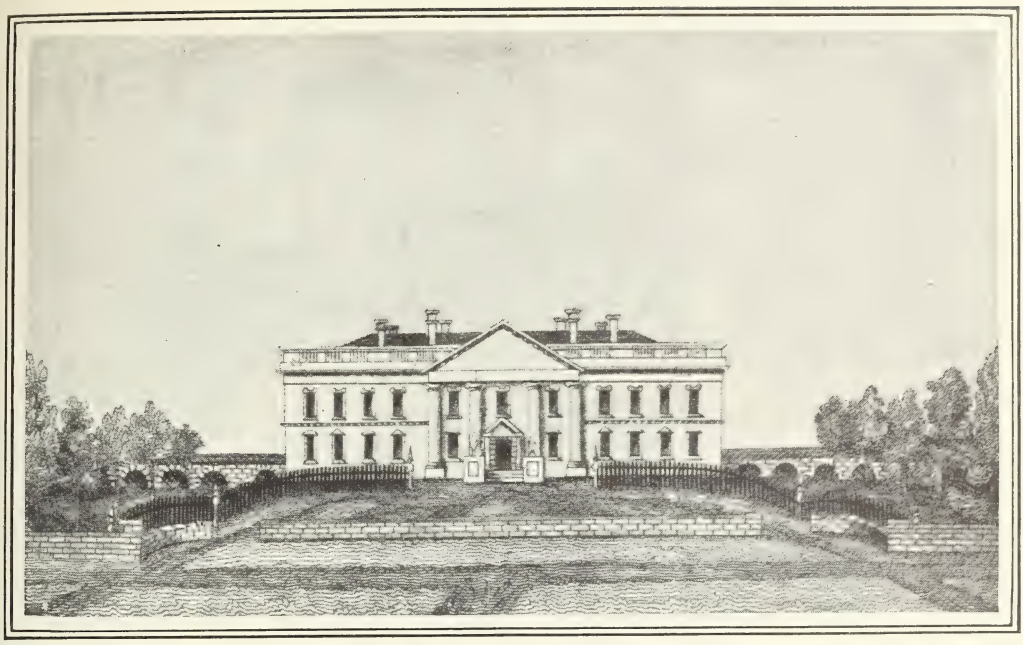
Carlaw almost surrendered, with instinctive comprehension of the sick man's state of mind.

"You've got to!" he said. "Don't you see, old man? Wait, just a minute—wait!"

He ran from the room and was promptly back with Thonger's wife, with her little son borne in her arms.

"Look at him smile!" cried Carlaw, like a boy. "Billy, look at him laugh, to see you getting well!"

And the two tears, starting from Thonger's eyes, dipped the quivering scale toward life.



THE WHITE HOUSE IN THE TIME OF MADISON
From an old print

Mrs. Madison's First Drawing-Room

BY GAILLARD HUNT

IT is safe to view men and manners through the perspective of a hundred years and to pass judgment on them, for there are none who can disprove our conclusions from personal knowledge; but in looking back upon the early life of the city of Washington the accuracy of our vision is assisted by a larger amount of descriptive literature than most American cities can claim. From the beginning it was the subject of more general attention than they received, because it was the capital of the nation and in a sense the property of everybody, and because it was an experiment in city-making. So visitors often recorded their criticisms of it, and many residents wrote accounts of its people and their doings which they preserved, on the chance that posterity would enjoy reading them.

The changes which a century has wrought in the city have amounted to its creation, for a great and growing metropolis certain of an expanding future now stands where in 1809 there was only an attempt at the beginnings of a city. Then Boston, New York, and Baltimore were already great commercial centres, Philadelphia and Charleston were mature, and even the Spanish town of New Orleans had taken definite shape as an entrepôt for a large commerce from the river to the sea; but here on the banks of the Potomac sprawled a few wide, unpaved streets, and rose two or three uncompleted public buildings and a few unattractive blocks of dwelling-houses, constituting a city which had no past, whose present was beyond the powers of classification, and whose future no man could guess. The population was motley. There were negroes whose owners hired them out by the day or the month, public men from the four quarters of the country, of every degree of culture and lack of culture, from the Senator from a new State who saw a *forte piano* for the first time and looked with open-mouthed wonder at the dan-

cing of the keys, and the Representative who wore his hair in a queue tied with an eel's skin, to the strutting Federalist from the seaboard, powdered and ruffled and gouty from old Madeira, and the planter nabob from the South with his long train of dusky retainers. The stationary inhabitants comprised a few high executive officers; several hundred department clerks, who held a higher rank in the city than their successors now occupy; a half-dozen diplomatic representatives of foreign governments, who laughed at the place but did not dislike it; and a flock of foreign laborers, most of them from Ireland. To minister to the wants of the large floating population there were many hack-drivers and keepers of hotels and boarding-houses, who provided the visitors with food and shelter, and of saloons and gambling-houses, where they found companionship and recreation. There were a few professional men to cure the souls and bodies of the people and settle their disputes, and a large group of real-estate dealers and sharpers who swapped lots and ran up fictitious prices for the land which houses should be built upon, so that the building took unnatural, unsymmetrical directions. There was yet another class, which was not numerous but deserves especial notice, because of the influence it had upon the tone of the city. "Old Washingtonians" could not, of course, exist in a city which was not yet in its teens, but there were a few old resident families, who for many years had lived in Georgetown and on the land which Washington and L'Enfant staked off into city lots, and the city came upon them and found them already in possession, so they acted in some sense as its hosts.



JAMES MADISON

Among the members of these heterogeneous groups of people there were two principles generally recognized that furnished a foundation upon which a tolerably compact social structure was built. One was that a man of high rank in the public service was entitled to high rank in private life. Everybody was proud of the new republic and thought it an honor to associate with those who guided its destinies. The other was that members of families who had always occupied undisputed prominence in private life had an equitable right to continue in the enjoyment of their position. Respect for old families still prevailed, for many old-world habits necessarily survived among men and women nearly all of whom had been reared the subjects of a king. It was not until the next generation, all of whom were born sovereigns, came into control, that the political doctrine of the equality of men was construed to require as a consequence a removal of the barriers which had up to that time separated groups of people in private life.

And so it was that when James and Dolly Madison took up their residence in the White House on March 11, 1809, they found themselves at the head of a society which was already formed upon fairly well-defined lines. Thus far its chief need had been a leader and a central gathering-point, and these James and Dolly furnished.

It is true that two Presidents had already lived in the White House and that one of them had had a wife; but Abigail Adams's possession had been disputed by workmen, and Washington was in a state of chaos while she was there, the government having been moved into what was no better than an unprepared camp. It is small wonder, therefore, that

she and the President fled from the discomforts and confusion of an unfinished house in the wilderness to their orderly establishment at Braintree, and that during the nine months of their official residence in Washington they were actually absent for more than four months. There was no society for Mrs. Adams to lead; there was no settled household for her to be mistress of.

The eight years of Thomas Jefferson's possession of the White House were memorable, but their effect upon the order of the house was not enduring. He had peculiar and interesting ideas upon the subject of social customs, and he put them into effect. He was an overshadowing individual whose associates were always his subordinates. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph, was with him most of the time while he was President, and Mrs. Eppes, another daughter, a part of the time; but the house was not theirs. It had a master but no mistress; it sat uneasy under an unnatural dominion, and it welcomed the change which came when a family with normal guidance succeeded the eccentric widower.



DOLLY MADISON

"My darling little husband," is the language Mrs. Madison applied to the father of the Constitution in a familiar letter to her friend, Mrs. Richard Bland Lee, of Alexandria, when she returned a pair of hose which were too small for him. Her devotion to him was complete, even if it was protective; nor can it be denied that she was the principal figure in the parlors of the White House during the eight years that it was her home. What chance had a little man, barely five feet six inches tall, with a sallow, solemn face and a retiring disposition, in competition with a buxom wife, who had a cheerful voice, rosy cheeks, and a great fondness for her fellow man and woman? The wall was not an unnatural place for him in a large assemblage, and he was indifferent to the personal impression he made, but the centre of the carpet belonged of right to her. There was no objection to this arrangement on his part, and they were a pair of lovers up to the very end, and on the rare occasions when they were separated wrote love-letters to each other. During the summer of 1809 while they were at Montpelier he was obliged to return to Washington for a few days in the middle of August to issue a proclamation against Great Britain, and this is how he wrote to his wife:

"My dearest, . . . Everything around and within reminds me that you are absent, and makes me anxious to quit this solitude."

There was no solitude at the White House when she was there, and to meet the expense of the lavish entertaining which was continuous the President had a salary of $25,000 a year, which his fellow citizens considered to be a prodigious sum; and it is true that money went far in those days. The inhabitants of Washington complained that the cost of living was high, but the prices appear to us to have been very low. A fine turkey cost seventy-five cents, a side of mutton two dollars, a whole hog three dollars, canvasback ducks, which were plentiful, never cost more than fifty cents each, two shad were a quarter, and potatoes forty cents a bushel; an extra waiter for a party was paid about thirty-five cents, and the best seats at the theatre were a dollar. There were a few expenses which we are spared. Bleeding was part of the barber's business, and one had to be bled often in this malarial climate. A certain old black woman in



The Capitol during Madison's Administration

Georgetown who was especially skilful in cupping charged fifty cents for her services. Many gentlemen used barbers regularly to powder or cut their hair, and nearly all the ladies employed hair-dressers.

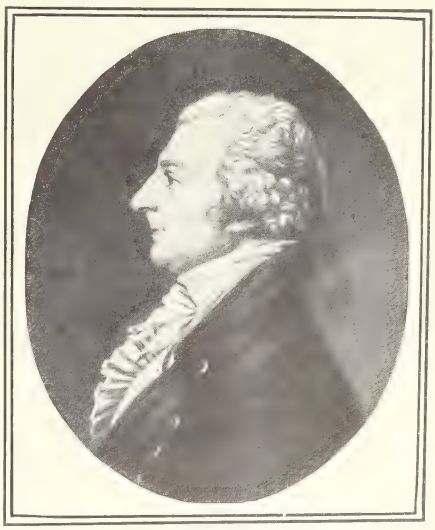
The first business of the Madisons when they moved into the White House was to furnish it suitably, provision for this purpose having been made by Congress; and to Benjamin H. Latrobe, the great architect, was entrusted the task of supplying the gaps which existed and of replacing what was old or shabby. The President directed him to take his instructions from Mrs. Madison and to render his accounts to her, and together they spent about $11,000. For the great East Room two handsome mirrors were procured and some beautiful hanging-lamps, and the somewhat worn carpet was sent up to the Capitol to do service in the chamber of the House of Representatives, being of the same pattern, while a new carpet was bought for the White House. The furnishing of the East Room alone cost about $3,000. A piano and guitar were included in the list of articles bought, besides a large quantity of china, knives and forks, bottle-stands, and table-linen, and for the laundry one of Yarwood's washing-machines. All of these were public property, the purchases being finally accounted for to the Treasury; but the splendid chariot which Robert Fielding made for the President in Philadelphia the latter paid $1,500 for out of his own purse, the price including harness for four horses.

Toward the end of May the establishment was in order, and it was formally announced that on Wednesday evening, May 31st, at eight o'clock, Mrs. Madison would be at home to receive her friends, and thereafter on every Wednesday evening when she was in the city. Although there were no written invitations to these receptions, there was no question of who were and who were not entitled to attend them. All the higher officials of government and all the residents of the city who had moved in the same circle with the Madisons, whether they were in official life or not, constituted the regular guests, and they brought with them such visitors and strangers as they thought it proper to introduce. So the White House on Wednesday evenings became the great gathering-place for the world in Washington; nor have any of its social ac-

tivities since played as important a part in the life of the capital. Many people went there week after week; they made appointments to meet each other there; there young men and young women were introduced to each other and fell in love under Mrs. Madison's kindly encouragement; marriages were made and political combinations arranged in corner conversations; people of musical accomplishments sang and played their best, because of Mrs. Madison's appreciation; people of wit made their best jokes, because she loved to laugh; ladies wore their best gowns, because she liked fine clothes; in short, there were golden hours at the first "drawing-rooms" in "the palace."

When it became known that Mrs. Madison intended to hold a reception it was called a "drawing-room" by everybody, and the White House was known as the "Palace," or, less frequently, as the "Great House," for the names of things were still English. Many fervent prayers were offered up for fair weather for this night, for most of the guests would have far to go, and on a bad night a chariot might get stalled. Alas! it rained, and the carriages drew up at the White House door all spattered with mud, and the splendor of the liveried black coachmen and footmen was sadly marred. One or two chariots broke down in a mud-hole near the White House gates, which was one of the worst places in Pennsylvania Avenue, but the occupants were carried on by passing friends. The portico of the house had not yet been erected, but the guests alighted at the stone steps, and were under cover almost immediately. There a brilliant scene greeted them; fully two hundred people were present, and the house was glowing with lamps and large chandeliers having a thousand wax lights. The unique and symmetrical arrangement of the rooms and halls, the appropriateness of the new furniture, and the brilliant costumes of the guests, all combined to make a scene which an unprejudiced and discriminating observer must have admired and remembered.

In the year 1809 there was some good American architecture, artistic furniture was made, and the style of women's clothes was for the moment simple and beautiful. It is true that at Mrs. Madison's reception the admiration of things Oriental, which was then the dominant note, showed itself in the unattractive turbans which many of the women wore, but they had delicate cashmere shawls and graceful flowing tunics and mantles. Some of the turbans were made of spangled muslin and others of bright-colored cloth, and from the centre of a few glittered a precious stone, but none were really becoming. It was a day of gems and jewelry. About the bare necks of the women long gold chains were twined as often as four or five times; on their arms were armlets and bracelets, while from their ears hung earrings. Those women who did not wear turbans had drooping ostrich plumes in their hair, or wore it bound with narrow bands of gold or ribbon. The hair at the back was gathered in a knot in Grecian style, and this they called "turning up the hind hair close." It was worn in front in curls or ringlets, and a few had it cut and curled tightly all over the head, while some wore wigs, which were becoming fashionable.



DOCTOR THORNTON
From a portrait by St. Memin

There was a pleasing imitation of the costumes of the classic Greek age, and the gowns, which were cut low in the neck, with a muslin ruff behind the head, hung in graceful, natural folds. Tight lacing was not in vogue, and the lines of the waist were not important to a lady

wearing the "round gown," for it was gathered loosely only a short distance below the shoulders. The gloves came up to the elbows, and the slippers of kid or silk barely covered the toes and had no heels. In England at this time a fine lady when she went to court wore an enormous dress puffed out with hundreds of flounces and frills; but there were no especial costumes prescribed or worn for the White House. The skirts of the older women trailed upon the ground, but there were no real trains as we understand them, and the girls wore skirts which barely reached to their ankles.

The costumes of many of the men lent color to the scene. Although the President himself wore a black suit with black silk stockings, others had light blue or green coats, garnished with large gilt or pearl buttons, the long narrow tails reaching down to their calves. Pantaloons were coming into general use, but were not as yet permitted for evening wear, and buff-colored or drab small-clothes were worn with white silk stockings. It was about the time that Beau Brummel introduced starch into all the neck-cloths of Europe, and many gentlemen in America obeyed his edict. The ends of their shirt collars stuck up over their chins and reached to their ears. Some of them wore what they called "pudding cravats," which were designed to puff out the chest and make it look deep; and all had fine cambric shirt-frills. They wore patent-leather pumps or low shoes with buckles, boots being forbidden for the evening, because the blacking came off when it came in contact with ladies' dresses. Some of the older men had their hair powdered, combed back and gathered in a queue behind, but the style was going out, and the younger men wore it cut and parted at the side, while a few fops had it in curls over the head.

The snuff-box was in use, and Mrs. Madison carried one made of lava, but after her young friend Henry Clay came to Washington she took her snuff from his box, when he was at her receptions, not only as a mark of her favor, but because he always carried a fine brand of rappee.



RICHARD M JOHNSON
From a drawing by Charles Fenderick

Visitors who saw their genial hostess for the first time noticed that her cheeks were too red and that she painted. She was only thirty-seven years old, and her natural color might better have been left unimproved, but she dreaded the march of time, and when she got really old it was observed that she remained the same age for several years at a time. There was some curiosity among the guests to see if tables for cards would be placed in one of the rooms for those who wished to play, but none were provided. She had herself up to this time played "loo" for money, as most ladies did; but she now abandoned this practice and regretted that she had ever indulged in it, although she remained a card-player all her life.

Congress had come together in extra session on May 22d, and a large number of the members were at the drawing-room, but as the session could not last long few of them had brought their wives to Washington, and consequently there were more men than women present. Among them were a number of Federalist Senators and Representatives who had resolutely refused to visit the White House as long as the hated Jefferson was in it, but who were now willing to associate with his milder successor. Josiah Quincy, for instance, a Representative

from Massachusetts, who had fought Jefferson like a tiger, now tamely walked to the drawing-room to greet Madison and his wife, his friendliness being partly due, no doubt, to the rumor which had reached him that Mrs. Madison was at heart a Federalist.

The most interesting men in Congress at this time were among the Federalists, but there were a few conspicuous Republicans. There was Peter B. Porter, of New York, who had already taken his place as one of the mainstays of the administration in the House. He won military distinction in the war a few years later, and became the proud owner of Goat Island at Niagara Falls. He had with him this evening his beautiful young wife, then hardly more than a girl, but already displaying those charms and talents which made her famous and caused her to lead the social life of Washington fourteen years afterward, when her husband was Secretary of War for John Quincy Adams. Another young Representative to whom the ladies especially were paying attention was Richard Mentor Johnson, of Kentucky, then a handsome young bachelor who evidently was thinking of changing his condition. He had already gained a reputation for bold adventure by raising a small army to fight Spain in 1803, and his subsequent romantic career in camp and forum came not unexpectedly.

But there were really few great figures in Congress at this time. It was a transition stage, when the old Federalists were passing off the stage and the young Republicans had not yet become the chief actors; but in the next few years began the greatest period in its history, and then Mrs. Madison's drawing-rooms were thronged with Senators and members whose renown is still vigorous. In 1810 William Lowndes, tall and slender as a bending reed, came in from South Carolina and fascinated the House with his winning eloquence; in the same year the sandy-haired young Henry Clay assumed the leadership of his party in the House and began his unmatched career, attracting the hearts of men and women as no other of our public men has ever done; in 1811 a bony countryman from Lowndes's State, named Calhoun, with wonderful deep eyes and rare conversational powers, appeared at the drawing-rooms, and all people who met him knew that he was marked for great things; and two years later Daniel Webster appeared.

The conversation at this first drawing-room was better than that we hear at similar gatherings now. People had more leisure then, and saw each other more frequently than we do, and they made more of conversation as an art. They met at dinner-parties at three or half past three o'clock in the afternoon; there was no regular work done after that hour, and it was the custom to pay calls in the morning. This evening the absorbing topic was the promising aspect of our difficulties with England, and the British minister, Henry Montague Erskine, who had carried a message of delusive hope to Madison, was greeted with enthusiasm. He had with him his American wife, who was Mary Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, and her father, General Cadwallader, who was his guest at the legation in Georgetown. The men talked of political affairs a great deal, but they liked to dip into lighter subjects also, and Latin quotations were frequently heard. The ladies talked of books somewhat, but their reading was not extensive. Miss Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw,* which had appeared only a few years before, was one of their favorites, and there was a revival among them of *Don Quixote.* Mrs. Madison was re-reading *Don Quixote* herself, and while she did not really care much for books, she made them serve her purpose, it being her habit to carry one in her hand when she entered the room to greet visitors whom she did not know well, so that she might have an immediate topic of conversation. They talked of poetry, of course, but although *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* had reached Washington, they were more concerned with *The Columbiad* and *Hasty Pudding* of Joel Barlow—possibly because Mr. Barlow was there and was an agreeable companion. There was another author present in Dr. William Thornton, whom they justly regarded as a more talented man than Barlow, and who was, in fact, the most accomplished man in Washington after Thomas Jefferson left. His official position was that of Superintendent of the Patent Office; but he had walked the

hospitals at Edinburgh, and had a knowledge of medicine; as an architect, he had drawn the first accepted plans of the Capitol; as a landscape-gardener, he had just laid out the pretty flower-garden north of the White House; as an inventor, he was then busy with a flutter-wheel steamboat, which he afterward swore Robert Fulton stole from him. He wrote abstruse pamphlets on the origin of language, political articles for *The National Intelligencer*, and did not disdain to make rhymes about passing events to amuse his friends. He made one to celebrate this very evening, which ran thus:

"Tom Tingey, Tom Turner, Tom Ewell, Tom Digges,
All go to the palace to eat up the figs.
How different the conduct of Romulus Riggs
Forever engaged with his schooners and brigs!
The ladies go thither, but cannot dance jigs.
Lest the motion of dancing should loosen their wigs.
Some go as Federalists, some go as Whigs,
Some as philosophers, some few as prigs."

And so on to an indefinite length, the characters introduced being the young men of Washington.

Doctor Thornton and a number of the other guests were on terms of intimacy with the President, who circulated freely among the people and was polite to all. When he spoke, no ponderous words of wisdom fell from his lips, but he talked, and encouraged them to talk, of lighter things, and occasionally he made remarks which caused the men to laugh and the ladies to blush; for, by a strange contradiction, this man, who was more deeply read than any other of our Presidents, and who knew more about the science and philosophy of government, was a frivolous humorist in the relaxation of private life.

The evening wore away quickly; by ten o'clock the guests had departed, and as the weather had cleared, they went home with less discomfort than they had endured in coming. They had all enjoyed themselves, and found nothing of regal pomp or discomfort at Mrs. Madison's first drawing-room.

Song

BY ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

I NEVER knew till I knew you
That May was May or June was June,
Or if the sea were red or blue
Beyond the dune.

I never knew that all this land
A garden was, till through the street
You came with roses in your hand
And 'neath your feet.

I never knew why men should kill
And burn and torture, day by day:
Myself I never knew, until
You went away.

Editor's Easy Chair

THEY were talking after dinner in that cozy moment when the conversation has ripened, just before the coffee, into mocking guesses and laughing suggestions. The thing they were talking of was something that would have held them apart if less happily timed and placed, but then and there it drew these together in what most of them felt a charming and flattering intimacy. Not all of them took part in the talk, and of those who did, none perhaps assumed to talk with authority or finality. At first they spoke of the subject as *it*, forbearing to name it, as if the name of it would convey an unpleasant shock, out of temper with the general feeling.

"I don't suppose," the host said, "that it's really so much commoner than it used to be. But the publicity is more invasive and explosive. That's perhaps because it has got higher up in the world and has spread more among the first circles. The time was when you seldom heard of it there, and now it is scarcely a scandal. I remember that when I went abroad, twenty or thirty years ago, and the English brought me to book about it, I could put them down by saying that I didn't know a single divorced person."

"And of course," a bachelor guest ventured, "a person of that sort *must* be single."

At first the others did not take the joke; then they laughed, but the women not so much as the men.

"And you couldn't say that now?" the lady on the right of the host inquired.

"Why, I don't know," he returned, thoughtfully, after a little interval. "I don't just call one to mind."

"Then," the bachelor said, "that classes you. If you moved in our best society you would certainly know some of the many smart people whose disunions alternate with the morning murders in the daily papers."

"Yes, the fact seems to rank me rather low; but I'm rather proud of the fact."

The hostess seemed not quite to like this arrogant humility. She said, over the length of the table (it was not very long), "I'm sure you know some very nice people who have not been."

"Well, yes, I do. But are they really smart people? They're of very good family, certainly."

"You mustn't brag," the bachelor said.

A husband on the right of the hostess wondered if there were really more of the thing than there used to be.

"Qualitatively, yes, I should say. Quantitatively, I'm not convinced," the host answered. "In a good many of the States it's been made difficult."

The husband on the right of the hostess was not convinced, he said, as to the qualitative increase. The parties to the suits were rich enough, and sometimes they were high enough placed, and far enough derived. But there was nearly always a leak in them, a social leak somewhere, on one side or the other. They could not be said to be persons of quality in the highest sense."

"Why, persons of quality seldom can be," the bachelor contended.

The girl opposite, who had been invited to balance him in the scale of celibacy by the hostess in her study of her dinner-party, first smiled, and then alleged a very distinguished instance of divorce in which the parties were both of immaculate origin and unimpeachable fashion. "Nobody," she said, "can accuse *them* of a want of quality." She was good-looking, though no longer so young as she could have wished; she flung out her answer to the bachelor defiantly, but she addressed it to the host, and he said that was true; certainly it was a signal case; but wasn't it exceptional? The others mentioned like cases, though none quite so perfect, and then there was a lull till the husband on the left of the hostess noted a fact which renewed the life of the discussion.

"There was a good deal of agitation,

six or eight years ago, about it. I don't know whether the agitation accomplished anything."

The host believed it had influenced legislation.

"For or against?" the bachelor inquired.

"Oh, against."

"But in other countries it's been coming in more and more. It seems to be as easy in England now as it used to be in Indiana. In France it's something scandalous, and in Norwegian society you meet so many disunited couples in a state of quadruplicate reunion that it is very embarrassing. It doesn't seem to bother the parties to the new relation themselves."

"It's very common in Germany, too," the husband on the right of the hostess said.

The husband on her left said he did not know just how it was in Italy and Spain, and no one offered to disperse his ignorance.

In the silence which ensued the lady on the left of the host created a diversion in her favor by saying that she had heard they had a very good law in Switzerland.

Being asked to tell what it was, she could not remember, but her husband, on the right of the hostess, saved the credit of his family by supplying her defect. "Oh, yes. It's very curious. We heard of it when we were there. When people want to be put asunder, for any reason or other, they go before a magistrate and declare their wish. Then they go home, and at the end of a certain time—weeks or months—the magistrate summons them before him with a view to reconciliation. If they come, it is a good sign; if they don't come, or come and persist in their desire, then they are summoned after another interval, and are either reconciled or put asunder as the case may be, or as they choose. It is not expensive, and I believe it isn't scandalous."

"It seems very sensible," the husband on the left of the hostess said, as if to keep the other husband in countenance. But for an interval no one else joined him, and the mature girl said to the man next her that it seemed rather cold-blooded. He was a man who had been entreated to come in, on the frank confession that he was asked as a stop-gap, the original guest having fallen by the way. Such men are apt to abuse their magnanimity, their condescension. They think that being there out of compassion, and in compliance with a hospitality that had not at first contemplated their presence, they can say anything; they are usually asked without but through their wives, who are asked to "lend" them, and who lend them with a grudge veiled in eager acquiescence; and the men think it will afterward advantage them with their wives, when they find they are enjoying themselves, if they will go home and report that they said something vexing or verging on the offensive to their hostess. This man now addressed himself to the lady at the head of the table.

"Why do we all talk as if we thought divorce was an unquestionable evil?"

The hostess looked with a frightened air to the right and left, and then down the table to her husband. But no one came to her rescue, and she asked feebly, as if foreboding trouble (for she knew she had taken a liberty with this man's wife), "Why, don't we?"

"About one in seven of us doesn't," the stop-gap said.

"Oh!" the girl beside him cried out, in a horror-stricken voice, which seemed not to interpret her emotion truly. "Is it so bad as that?"

"Perhaps not quite, even if it is bad at all," he returned, and the hostess smiled gratefully at the girl for drawing his fire. But it appeared she had not, for he directed his further speech at the hostess again: really the most inoffensive person there, and the least able to contend with adverse opinions.

"No, I don't believe we do think it an unquestionable evil, unless we think marriage is so." Everybody sat up, as the stop-gap had intended, no doubt, and he "held them with his glittering eye," or as many as he could sweep with his glance. "I suppose that the greatest hypocrite at this table, where we are all so frankly hypocrites together, will not deny that marriage is the prime cause of divorce. In fact, divorce couldn't exist without it."

The women all looked bewilderedly at one another, and then appealingly at the men. None of these answered directly,

but the bachelor softly intoned out of Gilbert and Sullivan—he was of that date:

"'A paradox, a paradox;
A most ingenious paradox!'"

"Yes," the stop-gap defiantly assented. "A paradox; and all aboriginal verities, all giant truths, are paradoxes."

"Giant truths is good," the bachelor noted, but the stop-gap did not mind him.

He turned to the host: "I suppose that if divorce is an evil, and we wish to extirpate it, we must strike at its root, at marriage?"

The host laughed. "I prefer not to take the floor. I'm sure we all want to hear what you have to say in support of your mammoth idea."

"Oh, yes, indeed," the women chorused, but rather tremulously, as not knowing what might be coming.

"Which do you mean? That all truth is paradoxical, or that marriage is the mother of divorce?"

"Whichever you like."

"The last proposition is self-evident," the stop-gap said, supplying himself with a small bunch of the grapes which nobody ever takes at dinner; the hostess was going to have coffee for the women in the drawing-room, and to leave the men to theirs with their tobacco at the table. "And you must allow that if divorce is a good thing or a bad thing, it equally partakes of the nature of its parent. Or else there's nothing in heredity."

"Oh, come!" one of the husbands said.

"Very well!" the stop-gap submitted. "I yield the word to you." But as the other went no farther, he continued. "The case is so clear that it needs no argument. Up to this time, in dealing with the evil of divorce, if it is an evil, we have simply been suppressing the symptoms; and your Swiss method—"

"Oh, it isn't *mine*," the man said who had stated it.

"Is only a part of the general practice. It is another attempt to make divorce difficult, when it is marriage that ought to be made difficult."

"Some," the daring bachelor said, "think it ought to be made impossible." The girl across the table began to laugh hysterically, but caught herself up, and tried to look as if she had not laughed at all.

"I don't go so far as that," the stop-gap resumed, "but as an inveterate enemy of divorce—"

An "Oh!" varying from surprise to derision chorused up; but he did not mind it; he went on as if uninterrupted.

"I should put every possible obstacle, and at every step, in the way of marriage. The attitude of society toward marriage is now simply preposterous, absolutely grotesque. Society? The whole human framework in all its manifestations, social, literary, religious, artistic, and civic, is perpetually guilty of the greatest mischief in the matter. Nothing is done to retard or prevent marriage; everything to accelerate and promote it. Marriage is universally treated as a virtue which of itself consecrates the lives of the mostly vulgar and entirely selfish young creatures who enter into it. The blind and witless passion in which it oftenest originates, at least with us, is flattered out of all semblance to its sister emotions, and revered as if it were a celestial inspiration, a spiritual impulse. But is it? I defy any one here to say that it is."

As if they were afraid of worse things if they spoke, the company remained silent. But this did not save them.

"You all know it isn't. You all know that it is the caprice of chance encounter, the result of propinquity, the invention of poets and novelists, the superstition of the victims, the unscrupulous make-believe of the witnesses. As an impulse it quickly wears itself out in marriage, and makes way for divorce. In this country nine-tenths of the marriages are love-matches. The old motives which delay and prevent marriage in other countries, aristocratic countries, like questions of rank and descent, even of money, do not exist. Yet this is the land of unhappy unions beyond all other lands, the very home of divorce. The conditions of marriage are ideally favorable according to the opinions of its friends, who are all more or less active in bottling husbands and wives up in its felicity, and preventing their escape through divorce."

Still the others were silent, and again the stop-gap triumphed on. "Now, I

am an enemy of divorce, too; but I would have it begin before marriage."

"Rather paradoxical again?" the bachelor alone had the hardihood to suggest.

"Not at all. I am quite literal. I would have it begin with the engagement. I would have the betrothed—the mistress and the lover—come before the magistrate or the minister, and declare their motives in wishing to marry, and then I would have him reason with them, and represent that they were acting emotionally in obedience to a passion which must soon spend itself, or a fancy which they would quickly find illusory. If they agreed with him, well and good; if not, he should dismiss them to their homes, for say three months to think it over. Then he should summon them again, and again reason with them, and dismiss them as before, if they continued obstinate. After three months more, he should call them before him and reason with them for the last time. If they persisted in spite of everything, he should marry them, and let them take the consequences."

The stop-gap leaned back in his chair defiantly, and fixed the host with an eye of challenge. Upon the whole the host seemed not so much frightened. He said: "I don't see anything so original in all that. It's merely a travesty of the Swiss law of divorce."

"And you see nothing novel, nothing that makes for the higher civilization in the application of that law to marriage? You all approve of that law because you believe it prevents nine-tenths of the divorces; but if you had a law that would similarly prevent nine-tenths of the marriages, you would need no divorce law at all."

"Oh, I don't know that," the hardy bachelor said. "What about the one-tenth of the marriages which it didn't prevent? Would you have the parties hopelessly shut up to them? Would you forbid *them* all hope of escape? Would you have no divorce for any cause whatever?"

"Yes," the husband on the right of the hostess asked (but his wife on the right of the host looked as if she wished he had not mixed in), "wouldn't more unhappiness result from that one marriage than from all the marriages as we have them now?"

"Aren't you both rather precipitate?" the stop-gap demanded. "I said, let the parties to the final marriage take the consequences. But if these consequences were too dire, I would not forbid them the hope of relief. I haven't thought the matter out very clearly yet, but there are one or two causes for divorce which I would admit."

"Ah?" the host inquired, with a provisional smile.

"Yes, causes going down into the very nature of things—the nature of men and of women. Incompatibility of temperament ought always to be very seriously considered as a cause."

"Yes?"

"And, above all," and here the stop-gap swept the board with his eye, "difference of sex."

The sort of laugh which expresses uncertainty of perception and conditional approval went up.

The hostess rose with rather a frightened air: "Shall we leave them to their tobacco?" she said to the other women.

When he went home the stop-gap celebrated his triumph to his wife. "I don't think she'll ask you for the loan of me again to fill a place without you."

"Yes," she answered, remotely. "You don't suppose she'll think we live unhappily together?"

Editor's Study

E.H.

THERE are some things which only a woman can know—which certainly no man can ever know. She has a sequestered natural economy which affects her sentiments, in their primary field, so that no man, though having all the necessary words at his command to indicate her hope or fear, belief or doubt, pride or vanity, can quite clear them from the peculiar elements which make up her weather. The sky enclosing these elements and beneath which her plastic nature performs its miracles, so like those of Mother Earth, must have hung lower in the cruder ages of our human development, gradually lifting, giving freer play to these elements, and permitting the emergence of finer activities, just as, in its evolution, the physiological organism flowers into a brain.

Physiology, taken in its largest sense—that is, as holding within its scope of evolution all the intimations of psychical as well as of physical development—is a term of mighty significance. The modern student of psychology finds his clues in physiology. But knowledge of psychical action includes something not to be expressed in the technical terms and formulas of psychology.

Therefore we are baffled in all cases where our consciousness is incompetent to serve us—as when we would find out the mind of a dog. We have all been babes, but memory does not give back to us the mental world of the babe's plastic organism. Woman, so much nearer to the child in plasticity, and so radically different from him physiologically, must always remain more or less a mystery to man. The girl may inherit from the father, but she is nevertheless a girl and under the woman's sky. The father, teaching her, finds no difference between the laws of her mental operations and those of a boy's. The same text-books will serve both and mean the same things. Both will follow the same methods in logic or in contrivance. Abstractions, and language expressing these, will be the same in the thought of both. But, passing from the abstract to the concrete, from the formal to the real, in any vital relation, the girl's sensibility and attitude are not those of the boy. It is a difference of quality, in the very apprehension of things. Woman's feeling toward the living world and toward the divine life has always been distinct from man's, in whatever forms it may have been expressed for her.

The distinction is mainly grounded in woman's closer alliance with Nature. The old naturalism clung about her long after man had left it behind him; indeed, she still held him to it by her very presence, a lure to his senses, a wonder to his soul, what was alien in her compelling intimacy, yet holding the mystery inviolate, and making it the prime suggestion of his art and of his faith.

But that was long ago; and the course of man's art, faith, and civilization marking his departure from the old naturalism, along with his arbitrary treatment of woman, deepened the chasm between him and her. His primitive intuitional sense of the wonder of woman was weakened. The filial sentiment survived, and the mystical association of womankind with the Virgin Mother conveyed an intimation of heavenly dignity. Chivalry, which easily dwindled to gallantry, had in it more of the pride of masterly protection than of any true appreciation of womanhood. Romantic love, with all its elemental strength, lacked the supreme exaltation, and the home which woman made had no such meaning for man as it has for the man of to-day.

In these conditions, we should not expect to find in literature any true representation of woman. If in Homer and the Greek tragedies certain figures stand out, like Andromache, Nausicaa, Antigone, and Electra, with everlasting appeal, it is the charm or pathos of the scene which affects us; there is no por-

traiture, and if there is a gleam of psychical illumination, it is due to the divination of genius. This divination reached its highest manifestation in the Shakespearian drama, because the poet's genius enabled him to transcend the demands made upon him as a dramatist and the limitations of the drama itself.

It was only when men began to write about women and to present them concretely in the eighteenth-century novel of society that the question was asked—Is there reality in the presentment? At least the outward habiliments of truth were supposed to be necessary—what the critics call *vraisemblance*. To that extent Richardson was successful in *Pamela*. He was a man of delicate sensibility, to whom women naturally unburdened their hearts. He knew of an actual story in all the main points suggesting the plot of his novel. He had made a careful study of epistolary composition with reference to a book which should consist of Familiar Letters—a guide to youth in all ordinary, and some extraordinary, circumstances of life. So Pamela came into being as a letter-writer in the trying situations which had been brought to the author's notice in real life. In stage representation the story would have been a sorry failure. But, in a book, its pathos could be made the most of and the distress of it prolonged and deepened for readers who were called upon to witness the struggles of an immortal soul in peril, so that both the sentimental and the didactic concern should have full time for development before the distress should be turned into triumph and virtue be rewarded—very strangely, as it seems to us—by Pamela's marriage to her tempter.

But did Richardson show any real knowledge of woman? He could put himself in Pamela's place or in Clarissa Harlowe's—but it was precisely himself that he put there. *Pamela* has justly been called the first analytical novel in the English language, and it is an interesting indication of the kind of illumination demanded by its large and admiring audience; but it does not give us a single disclosure of woman's real nature. Fielding, who had more genius, and whose characters were living human beings, allowed his worldly wisdom to limit his creative purpose, giving it a second intention. Therefore, good as his own heart was, he could not interpret woman's. Scott's genius, despite the romantic investment of his fiction, was more spontaneous in its creation of character and showed a wonderful divination of Scotch women.

Almost it would seem that it is given only to genius to bridge the chasm. Thomas Hardy gets so close to Nature that he can fathom woman's heart, but his is so much the old naturalism that his creations seem to us remote and alien, and his genius is whirled onward by a dramatic tension, to strangely dark issues. George Meredith, in happier vein and with more of a sense of the human comedy, creates real women, sees them comprehendingly, and then disposes them according to his whim.

Genius is a quality of life as well as of art and literature—of life, that is, which does not smoulder, but vitalizes its embodiment, thus liberating its flame. If physiology flowers in the brain, the brain in turn reinforces the vitality of the whole organism. So when human evolution reaches a pre-eminently psychical stage of development—as it seems to have done in our time—the liberated spirit reinforces every functioning of the social organism. The elemental is lifted to the psychical plane. The woman's difference from man remains, but the diversity is no longer teasing or bewildering, it is a luminous charm. Romantic love in the soul of man becomes not only creative, but interpretative; in plain human life it has that divination which belongs to genius. We are on the way to the new naturalism—first in life, then in the literature which discloses the truth of life.

The novelist of to-day invokes not the Muse but Psyche herself, who demands the essential truth concerning the human soul. Only creative realism can meet this demand. Its plain investment and clear embodiment get color and pulse and meaning directly from life. Formerly there was creation without realism, while now too often there is realism with no creative faculty or vision. When both are combined, we find—more frequently in the short story than in the novel—convincingly true interpretations of women by men and of men by women.

Editor's Drawer

The Goddess of Love

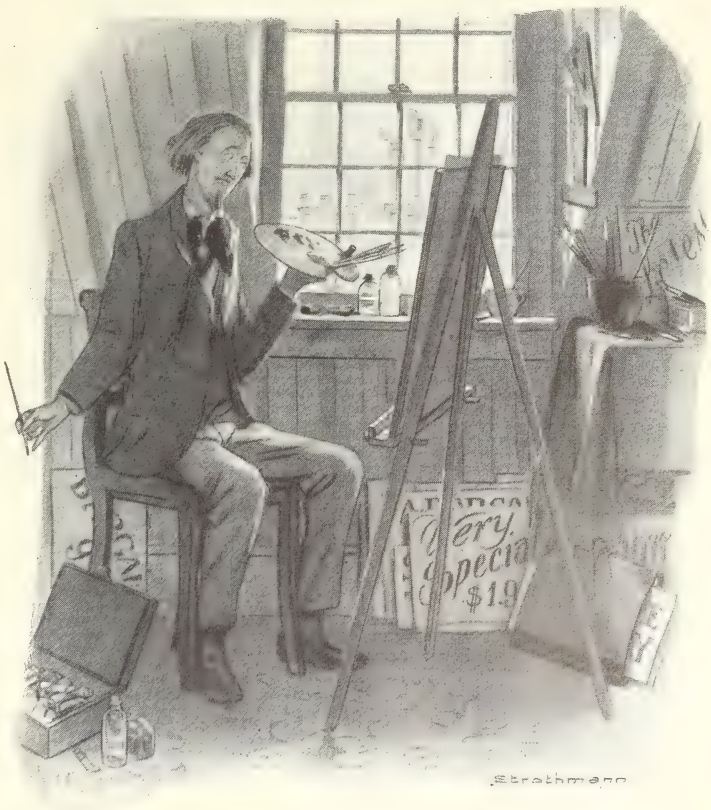
BY GEORGE WESTON

ON the top floor of Mrs. Mansfield's boarding-house lived a professor and an artist. Each was well advanced in years and each one wore that wistful look of resignation which only comes to gentle souls with whom the world has not gone well.

The artist's name was Thompson, and, having long ago discovered that fame and fortune were not for him, he earned his substance by lettering signs for dry-goods stores. When he was not engaged in illuminating such legends as "Very Special, $1.98," and "A Bargain—Only $2.49," he was forever to be found sketching the profile of a beautiful woman—a profile which bore a faint resemblance to that of Mrs. Mansfield, his landlady. At these times his expression was inclined to be sad, for not only had the widow refused his stammered proposal, but it was apparent that her heart was set upon the professor and that she preferred astronomy to art.

The professor's name was Hollis, and he lived all alone in an astronomical world. Every night, if the weather was fine, he carried his telescope to the corner of Union Square. There he mounted it upon a tripod, so that whosoever first paid him a fee of ten cents might gaze upon the heavenly bodies. After mounting his telescope, it was his habit to open a book and stand with his back against an electric-light pole, where he edified his mind and, at the same time, preserved that dignity which should always go hand in hand with the sciences. If one wished to view the heavens, well and good. There was the telescope and there was the professor. If one did not wish to view the heavens — well and good too. It was not to be expected that every one should be astronomically inclined. The professor's hair was gray, and his shoulders were bent as though with the weight of knowledge; but (as Mrs. Mansfield often told herself) "put a new silk hat on him and a new coat and he'd look a gentleman anywhere."

If the night was cloudy the professor stayed in his room and worked and dreamed over his map of the stars; and if the clouds



AT THESE TIMES HIS EXPRESSION WAS INCLINED TO BE SAD

broke a little he set up his telescope near the window and swept the sky until he found the goddess Venus. And there he would sit, his map of the stars forgotten; and sometimes he smiled and sometimes he sighed a little, but always before he left her he would put the tips of his fingers to his lips and, watching her shyly, would start a gentle token of love through the vast empyrean.

It was on such a cloudy night when Mrs. Mansfield knocked at his door.

"Well, professor," she said, "how are we to-night?"

And placing her head on one side, she looked at him with a certain aspect of jocularity that was altogether reminiscent of the Spider and the Fly.

"I am sorry, Madame," said the professor, "deeply sorry that—on account of the weather—the eighteen dollars which I owe you—"

"Tut, tut!" said Mrs. Mansfield. "It isn't for that I called, though I'm not denying that the eighteen dollars would be welcome just the same—money not growing on every bush, as the saying is—but I'm not here on business to-night, professor; it's a social call I'm making."

And as for the Fly, the Fly looked at the Spider; and as for the Spider, the Spider assumed a sort of coquettish look and smiled very fiercely at the Fly.

"I am indeed honored," said the professor, "Perhaps you might be interested to look at my map of the stars."

"No," said Mrs. Mansfield. The professor bowed. "He's every inch a little gentleman," said Mrs. Mansfield to herself as she watched that bow, "and I'm not making any mistake." Aloud she said: "You know, professor, this is not the way to live—the way you do. You need company. I know the way it is. I'm just as lonesome myself. You need some one to look after you and I need a man in the house. The way they impose upon a woman! And then again you can't leave everything to a servant, even when they're not downright dishonest. And that's the way it goes, as the saying is. Hoity-toity! what's the use of holding things back? We're old enough to be sensible, I hope. I've got the house and I'm saving money, and, though I do say it myself, I've often been told that I carry my age remarkably well."

She smoothed her hands over her black satin dress and smiled grimly at the professor over her jet-embroidered front.

"But, Madame," said the professor, trying not to look too deeply alarmed, "it—it is impossible!"

"Impossible? Nonsense! You owe me eighteen dollars. That's not impossible, is it? Suppose I said, 'You pay me to-day or I'll seize your things—telescope and all!' That's not impossible, as you'd very soon find out. Hoity-toity! but men are like children, and sometimes you have to be severe with them for their own good. You will either pay me that eighteen dollars or else—"

"But, Madame!" cried the distracted professor, "this—this is so unexpected. Give me a little time. Give me a week. Yes, yes; give me at least a week. Surely you will grant me that—a week!"

"Well," said Mrs. Mansfield, slowly, "I will give you a week. But remember!" She pointed a threatening finger at him. "Don't you dare to take anything out of this room!



"BUT, MADAME!" CRIED THE DISTRACTED PROFESSOR, "THIS—THIS IS SO UNEXPECTED"

If you want to take your telescope out o' nights you must give me your solemn promise to bring it back again! You promise me that? Well! . . . All right, then. . . . I'll give you a week!"

And as her heavy step went down the stairs the professor fell in a chair by the window and made an indescribable gesture to the stars.

"Did you hear that?" he faintly asked them. "Did you hear that?"

He looked at his goddess, and it seemed as though she had never looked back at him with greater significance. For an hour the professor sat there; then he suddenly arose, and crossing the hall to Mr. Thompson's room, he drew a deep breath and rapped upon the door.



"WHY, DON'T YOU SEE? SAID HE; "THEY'RE ALL YOU!"

The appointed week had sped its course and Mrs. Mansfield, punctually expectant, had come for her answer.

"Where is the professor?" she asked as she entered his room, "and what are *you* doing here?"

"The professor has left," said Mr. Thompson, getting up from his knees, "and I am packing his books."

"Left?" cried the widow. "Left?"

Mr. Thompson thoughtfully dusted his knees.

"I have a letter here for you," he said.

She glanced it over quickly. "Dear Madame," read the note, "I enclose $24. Arrears, $18. Present week, $6. Grand total, $24. Thanking you for your many kindnesses to me, I am, your obedient servant—"

Mrs. Mansfield looked at Mr. Thompson.

"How did he get this?" she demanded.

"Through me," said the old artist, with simple pride.

"Through you? Why, you're two weeks in arrears yourself! Where did *you* find the money to give him?"

"I didn't."

"What? You didn't? You said you *did!*"

"I said he got the money through me. I helped him earn it. Perhaps," he hesitated—"perhaps I had better tell you how it happened."

"Yes; I think you had."

"Last Saturday night," said the other, seating himself, "the professor came to my room. I had often told him that he could do a better business if he would let me letter him a sign; but he had always said that astronomy wasn't a trade, but a science. Last Saturday night, though, he came across the hall and said that it was necessary for him to earn twenty-four dollars within a week. He said he wished to find a boarding-place near the park, and that he had a few arrears to make up. He had generally averaged about a dollar a night with his telescope, and he asked me if I thought a good sign would help him make up the difference. I told him I would do all I could to help him, partly for his own sake and partly for—for—for another reason." He stammered and looked appealingly at the widow.

"Go on."

"So I lettered him a sign." Pride came back to him and he ceased to stammer. He drew a large square of cardboard from behind the professor's trunk and displayed this sign to the astonished gaze of the widow:

THE MAN IN THE MOON
IS AT HOME
TO-NIGHT
10c
MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED
IF NOT SATISFACTORY

"Um!" said the widow. "Did he like it?"

"He hated it. At first I thought he would cry when he saw it. But he took in over two dollars that night, and I think I helped him a little myself. When business was dull I pretended that *I* was a customer, and I looked in the telescope and said 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' until somebody else stopped to look."

"And he let you do it?"

"Not at first. But I told him that he owed me a chance to look at the moon for lettering his sign. I did this partly for his own sake and—and partly for another reason." And again he stammered, though not so badly as at first, and again he looked appealingly at the widow.

"Go on," said she.

"The next night I had another sign ready for him." He drew a second cardboard square from behind the trunk and the widow read:

THE MARTIANS ARE
DIGGING CANALS, TOO
WATCH THEM
MAKE THE DIRT FLY
ONLY 10c

"Um!" said the widow.

"That sign," said Mr. Thompson, his eyes shining as he lovingly regarded it, "brought in over four dollars; and not only that, but it got in the papers. A reporter saw it and wrote an article about it. He told where the professor had his telescope, too, and the next night—"

He drew a third sign from behind the trunk and the widow read:

LAUGH
AT THE PRICE OF MILK
ONE BILLION MILES
OF
MILKY WAY
ONLY 10c
MONEY BACK IF YOU SAY SO

"Um!" said the widow.

"That night there was almost a crowd, and we took in seven dollars and twenty cents. I tell you, it kept me busy running around to get change. But the next night it rained. And all day Friday it rained, too. Ah, but that was a bad time for him! He sat here looking out of the window all day long, and at six o'clock in the evening, just when we had given up hope, all at once it stopped and a star came out. He told me it was Venus. If you could have seen him then! I had another sign ready for him." He reached behind the trunk once more and the widow read:

HALLEY'S COMET!
15 CENTS
TAIL 19,000,000 MILES LONG!
MANY BELIEVE THIS COMET
WILL
DESTROY THE EARTH!

And underneath the lettering was a line in the professor's own handwriting:

SCIENTISTS DO NOT, HOWEVER

"Um!" said the widow.

"*He* put that last line on, but all the same from seven o'clock till half past ten there was a steady line of people. It had got to be a fad to come and see the professor. He gave everybody three minutes, and we took in over twelve dollars, making twenty-six dollars altogether. You will notice that we raised the price to fifteen cents. That was *my* idea."

Mrs. Mansfield looked at the excited Mr. Thompson with growing interest.

"You seem to have been very busy—you two," said she.

"And that isn't all, either!" he cried. "Somebody asked him about the signs and he said that *I* did the signs. And who do you suppose was asking? It was Mr. Small, who owns the Sensational Dry-goods Store, and he hired me right then and there to letter his signs at—twenty—dollars—a week!"

"Why," said Mrs. Mansfield, opening her eyes, "you'll be getting rich—you two."

"I don't know about *him*," said the other, shaking his head. "He seemed to think he was doing an awful thing, and he told me I could keep the signs, too, as he wouldn't need them again. I was over to Union Square half an hour ago, but he wasn't there; and when I asked him last night about his new address he said he would send an expressman for his books and his trunk and—"

Mr. Thompson stopped. The widow had turned over one of the pieces of cardboard and was looking at the other side.

"Why, who is this supposed to be?" she asked.

"That," said Mr. Thompson, his voice almost falling to a whisper, "is you."

She examined the backs of the other signs, and when she looked at Mr. Thompson again there was a light in her eyes that was closely akin to tenderness.

"And who are all the others?" she asked.

He bashfully carried his chair and sat down beside her, as though to look over the sketches.

"Why, don't you see?" said he; "they're *all* you!"

She looked at him; his arm slipped hesitatingly around her waist; her head rested gently but firmly upon his shoulder.

At the northwest corner of Central Park, nearly a hundred blocks from his old stand in Union Square, the professor was mounting his telescope on its tripod.

"There!" he said, with a sigh of relief as he looked around at the loneliness; "no one will know me here."

He swept the stars with his instrument until he found his guardian goddess, and for a long, long time he gazed at her.

"Ah, my lady, my lady!" he breathed at last, "how brightly do you shine for me to-night!"



A Fairy Tale—*And they lived happily ever afterward*

Being Entertained

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

'CAUSE ever'body at our house
  Is jus' as busy as can be,
My Auntie Mae—*she's* goin' to try
  To entertain "th' boy"—that's *me!*
N'en we took hold of hands an' ran
  'Way, 'way out to th' garden, where
We stopped to get our breaths an' 'cide
  Which rose is nicest in her hair.

Old Mr. Rose-bug—we 'sturbed him,
  'Cause he's moved in th' big pink rose,
An' w'y he's cut some pieces out
  Is so's his wife can have new clo'es.
An' n'en we watched th' Robin pull
  His breakfas' right up thro' th' grass;
He doesn't want his worm well-done,
  'Cause he mus' eat him dreffle fas',

So's he can fly away an' find
  Th' ripest cherry on our tree
An' call his wife to hurry up
  Before my Auntie Mae an' me
Can get th' rake an' help th' limb
  Bend down its cherries real close by,—
I mus'n't try to climb th' tree,
  'Cause I'm too little—that is w'y!

But I can be her little Knight,
  Th' kind you spell it with a "k";
All I mus' do is throw my leg
  Over a horse an' ride away
To find th' Castle on some rocks
  'At's got a great big Golden Key,
An' I mus' bring it right straight back
  Or else—w'y, she can't marry me.

There'll be a Dragon front of it,
  An' when I've cut off ev'ry head
That he is got—he won't like me
  (It's what my Auntie Mae, she said);
But *she* will, an' she'll marry me,
  An' when I go to wars—'way off—
I'll wear a armor so's to not
  Get shot or catch th' hooping-cough!

How much she's going to love me is
  She'll promise me 'at she won't make
For anybody else at all
  A single bit of choc'late cake.
How much 'at I mus' love her is
  I'll promise her before I go
'At I won't put no great big holes
  Down in my stockin' at th' toe.

Half-way

AS a gentleman was having his luncheon in the coffee-room of a certain large hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who, during the whole of the meal, stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching him partake of his repast. At length, unable to stand it any longer, he rang the bell and said:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman round; I think he is done on that side."

Delicate Compliment

MANY delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but the following comes straight from the heart of an illiterate negro, who was married in the South the other day by a white minister. At the conclusion of the marriage the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," answered the minister, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot; then, slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes, said:

"Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure."

He Had Reason

IN illustrating a point he wished to make at a political gathering in the West, a noted politician told of an epitaph which an Indiana man had caused to be inscribed upon the monument of his wife, who had died after a somewhat tempestuous married life. This legend read:

"Here lies a wife. Tears cannot bring her back. Therefore her husband weeps."

"The Skin of a Unit"

THE blunders of children are often due to bad teaching. "This," said a teacher to her class in arithmetic, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," she said, "and these are units." And she showed them a ruler, a flower, and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and, holding up the peel, said, "Now, children, what is this?" A little hand went up slowly.

"Well, Johnny?" said the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, the skin of a unit."

Nothing in a Name

LOOK here, waiter," said Mr. Grouch, scowling deeply over his plate, "I ordered turtle soup. There ain't even a morsel of turtle flavor in this."

"Of course not," returned the waiter. "What do you expect? Shakespeare said there was nothing in a name. If you ordered cottage pudding would you expect a cottage in it? In Manhattan salad would you look for a Flatiron or Singer Building? Any tea, sir?"



"How long did you Practise?"

Practical

AN English friend, who contends that we Americans have no true sense of historic value or artistic verity, cites the following to prove her point. She was at Holyrood last spring, and the custodian was showing her, together with several American tourists, the old rooms of the famous castle. Darnley's dressing-room especially charmed her—the rare mellow panels, marvellously rich with intricate carving, and the exquisite narrow windows of quaint design.

One of the Americans, evidently a middle-aged man of business, poked his nose in the room and out again.

"Whose did you say? Darnley's? Dressing-room? Hump! Very poor light for shaving."



Birds of Prey

Dimensions—Seven feet from tip to tip

A Case of Necessity

A WEARY guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called, the morning after his arrival, by the colored man of all work.

"See here!" he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called! I want to sleep!"

"I know, suh, but dey've got to hab de sheets, anyhow. It's almos' eight o'clock an' dey's waitin' fo' de table-clof."

An Optimist

A WISE gentleman, who wished to obtain more wisdom, was doing special work at Harvard College, and had his room at the house of little Helen's mamma, who was a widow. Helen liked to meet the wise gentleman every evening and walk home with him. One evening, as they were walking along, her little hand clasped in his big one, little Helen remarked, "Any one seeing us walking along this way would think you was my papa, wouldn't they?" And the wise gentleman said, "Where *is* your papa?"

"Oh," said Helen, "my papa's in heaven; I *think* he's in heaven; I hope he's in heaven; anyhow, he's *dead!*"

Wanted Them Permanently

A YOUNG gentleman of the colored persuasion had promised his girl a pair of long white gloves for a Christmas gift. Entering a large department store, he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked, "Ah want a pair ob gloves."

"How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

"Ah doesn't want fo' to rent 'em; ah wants fo' to buy 'em," replied the other, indignantly.

A Virtue

THE school teacher in a Southern mountain district had been there a month or two when one day the daughter of the family with whom she boarded confided to her how much they had dreaded her advent at their home.

"We was afraid you'd be so high and mighty like," the girl explained, "and wouldn't have nothin' to do with us; but I sez to maw this mornin', 'She's jest as *common* as she can be.'"



When Mother has a Headache

Pantoum of the Virtuous Housewife

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

IT'S Bridget's Sunday out.
I must keep the children neat;
Aunt Hannah will come no doubt.
She never eats potted meat.

I must keep the children neat;
The sitting-room's in a mess.
She never eats potted meat,
And Susy has torn her dress.

The sitting-room's in a mess;
I'll pick up the baby's blocks,
And Susy has torn her dress,
I ought to lengthen her frocks.

I'll pick up the baby's blocks;
I wish their clothes would last,
I ought to lengthen her frocks,
The children grow so fast.

I wish their clothes would last;
I'll alter my last year's hat;
The children grow so fast,
You can always count on that.

I'll alter my last year's hat;
We're always short of cash,
You can always count on that,
And Roger is tired of hash.

We're always short of cash;
I think it is very queer;
And Roger is tired of hash,
And even sausage is dear.

I think it is very queer;
The water-back's sprung a leak!
And even sausage is dear;
Seven breakfasts a week!

The water-back's sprung a leak
On Sunday of all the days!
Seven breakfasts a week!
I have to make mayonnaise.

On Sunday of all the days
Aunt Hannah will come no doubt;
I have to make mayonnaise,
It's Bridget's Sunday out.



Illustration for "Page, A.B."

THE SEA BOILED OVER THE WRECKAGE IN STREAKY WHITE

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXI JULY, 1910 No. DCCXXII

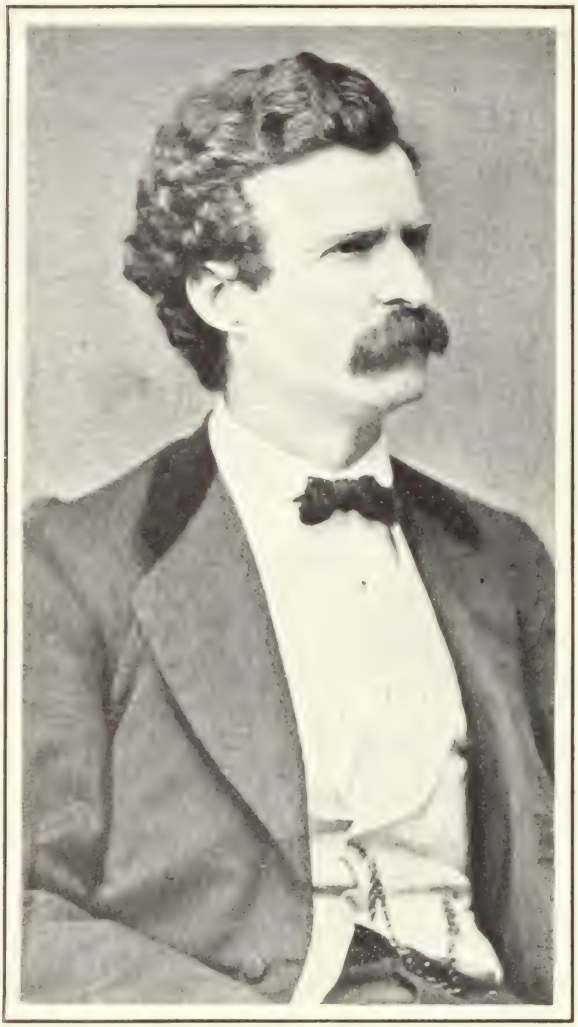
My Memories of Mark Twain

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IT was in the little office of James T. Fields, over the bookstore of Ticknor & Fields, at 124 Tremont Street, Boston, that I first met my friend of now forty-five years, Samuel L. Clemens. Mr. Fields was then the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* and I was his proud and glad assistant, with a pretty free hand as to manuscripts, and an unmanacled command of the book notices at the end of the magazine. I wrote nearly all of them myself, and in 1869 I had written rather a long notice of a book just winning its way to universal favor. In this review I had intimated my reservations concerning the *Innocents Abroad.* I had hinted that six hundred pages of fun was perhaps a good deal of fun, but I had the luck, if not the sense, to recognize that it was such fun as we had not had before. I forget just what I said in praise of it, but it does not matter; it is enough that I praised it enough to satisfy the author. He now signified as much, and he stamped his gratitude into my memory with a story wonderfully allegorizing the situation, which the mock modesty of print forbids my repeating here. Throughout my long acquaintance with him his graphic touch was always allowing itself a freedom which I cannot bring my fainter pencil to illustrate. He had the Southwestern, the Lincolnian, the Elizabethan breadth of parlance, which I suppose one ought not to call coarse without calling one's self prudish; and I was often hiding away in discreet holes and corners the letters in which he had loosed his bold fancy to stoop on rank suggestion; I could not bear to burn them, and I could not, after the first reading, quite bear to look at them. I shall best give my feeling on this point by saying that in it he was Shakespearian, or if his ghost will not suffer me the word, then he was Baconian.

At the time of our first meeting, which must have been well toward the winter, Clemens (as I must call him instead of Mark Twain, which seemed always somehow to mask him from my personal sense) was wearing a sealskin coat, with the fur out, in the satisfaction of a caprice, or the love of strong effect which he was apt to indulge through life. I do not know what droll comment was in Fields's mind with respect to this garment, but probably he felt that here was an original who was not to be brought to any Bostonian book in the judgment of his vivid qualities. With his crest of dense red hair, and the wide sweep of his flaming mustache, Clemens was not discordantly clothed in that sealskin coat, which afterward, in spite of his own warmth in it, sent the cold chills through me when I once accompanied it down Broadway, and shared the immense publicity it won him. He had always a relish for personal effect, which expressed itself in the white suit of complete serge

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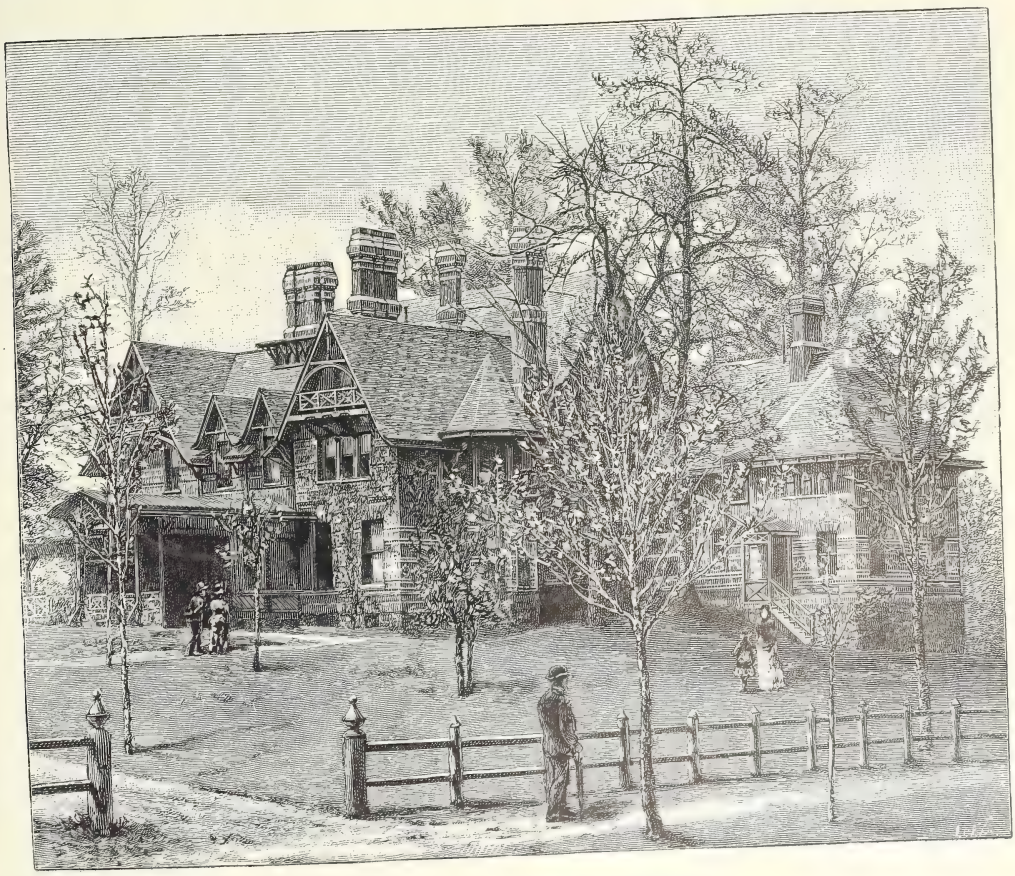
MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1879

which he wore in his last years, and in the Oxford gown which he put on for every possible occasion, and said he would like to wear all the time. That was not vanity in him, but a keen feeling for costume which the severity of our modern tailoring forbids men, though it flatters women to every excess in it; yet he also enjoyed the shock, the offence, the pang which it gave the sensibilities of others. Then there were times he played these pranks for pure fun, and for the pleasure of the witness. Once I remember seeing him come into his drawing-room at Hartford in a pair of white cowskin slippers, with the hair out, and do a crippled colored uncle to the joy of all beholders. Or, I must not say all, for I remember also the dismay of Mrs. Clemens, and her low, despairing cry of, "Oh, Youth!" That was her name for him among their friends, and it fitted him as no other would, though I fancied with her it was a shrinking from his baptismal Samuel, or the vernacular Sam of his earlier companionships. He was a youth to the end of his days, the heart of a boy with the head of a sage; the heart of a good boy, or a bad boy, but always a wilful boy, and wilfulest to show himself out at every time for just the boy he was.

There is a gap in my recollections of Clemens, which I think is of a year or two, for the next thing I remember of him is meeting him at a lunch in Boston given us by that genius of hospitality, the tragically destinied Ralph Keeler, author of one of the most unjustly forgotten books, *Vagabond Adventures*, a true bit of picaresque autobiography. Keeler never had any money, to the general knowledge, and he never borrowed, and he could not have had credit at the restaurant where he invited us to feast at his expense. There was T. B. Aldrich, there was J. T. Fields, much the oldest of our company, who had just freed himself from the trammels of the publishing business, and was feeling his freedom in every word; there was Bret Harte, who had lately come East in his princely progress from California; and there was Clemens. Nothing remains to me of the happy time but a sense of idle and aimless and joyful talk-play, beginning and ending nowhere, of eager laughter, of endless good stories from Fields, of a heat lightning shimmer of wit from Aldrich, of an occasional concentration of our joint mockery upon our host, who took it gladly; and amidst the discourse, so little improving, but so full of good fellowship, Bret Harte's fleering dramatization of Clemens's mental attitude toward a symposium of Boston illuminates. "Why, fellows," he spluttered,

"this is the dream of Mark's life," and I remember the glance from under Clemens's feathery eyebrows which betrayed his enjoyment of the fun. We had beefsteak with mushrooms, which in recognition of their shape Aldrich hailed as shoe-pegs, and to crown the feast we had an omelette soufflé, which the waiter brought in as flat as a pancake, amidst our shouts of congratulations to poor Keeler, who took them with appreciative submission. It was in every way what a Boston literary lunch ought not to have been in the popular ideal which Harte attributed to Clemens.

Our next meeting was at Hartford, or rather at Springfield, where Clemens greeted us on the way to Hartford. Aldrich was going on to be his guest, and I was going to be Charles Dudley Warner's, but Clemens had come part way to welcome us both. In the good fellowship of that cordial neighborhood we had two such days as the aging sun no longer shines on in his round. There was constant running in and out of friendly houses where the lively hosts and guests called each other by their Christian names or nicknames, and no such vain ceremony as knocking or ringing at doors. Clemens was then building the stately mansion in which he satisfied his love of magnificence as if it had been another sealskin coat, and he was at the crest of the prosperity which enabled him to humor every whim or extravagance. The house was the design of that most original artist, Edward Potter, who once, when hard pressed by incompetent curiosity for the name of his style in a certain church, proposed that it should be called the English violet order of architecture; and this house was so absolutely suited to the owner's humor that I suppose there never was another house like it; but its character must be for recognition farther along in these reminiscences. The vividest impression which Clemens gave us two ravenous young Boston authors was of the satisfying, the surfeiting nature of subscrip-



MARK TWAIN'S HOME AT HARTFORD

tion publication. An army of agents was overrunning the country with the prospectuses of his books, and delivering them by the scores of thousands in completed sale. Of the *Innocents Abroad* he said, "It sells right along just like the Bible," and *Roughing It* was swiftly following it, without perhaps ever quite overtaking it



RALPH KEELER

in popularity. But he lectured Aldrich and me on the folly of that mode of publication in the trade which we had thought it the highest success to achieve a chance in. "Anything but subscription publication is printing for private circulation," he maintained, and he so won upon our greed and hope that on the way back to Boston we planned the joint authorship of a volume adapted to subscription publication. We got a very good name for it, as we believed, in *Memorable Murders,* and we never got farther with it, but by the time we reached Boston we were rolling in wealth so deep that we could hardly walk home in the frugal fashion by which we still thought it best to spare car fare; carriage fare we did not dream of even in that opulence.

The visits to Hartford which had begun with this affluence continued without actual increase of riches for me, but now I went alone, and in Warner's European and Egyptian absences I formed the habit of going to Clemens. By this time he was in his new house, where he used to give me a royal chamber on the ground floor, and come in at night after I had gone to bed to take off the burglar alarm so that the family should not be roused if anybody tried to get in at my window. This would be after we had sat up late, he smoking the last of his innumerable cigars, and soothing his tense nerves with a mild hot Scotch, while we both talked and talked and talked, of everything in the heavens and on the earth, and the waters under the earth. After two days of this talk I would come away hollow, realizing myself best in the image of one of those locust-shells which you find sticking to the bark of trees at the end of summer. Once, after some such bout of brains, we went down to New York together, and sat facing each other in the Pullman smoker without passing a syllable till we had occasion to say, "Well, we're there." Then, with our installation in a now vanished hotel (the old Brunswick, to be specific), the talk began again with the inspiration of the novel environment, and went on and on. We wished to be asleep, but we could not stop, and he lounged through the rooms in the long nightgown which he always wore in preference to the pajamas which he despised, and told the story of his life, the inexhaustible, the fairy, the Arabian Nights story, which I could never tire of even when it began to be told over again. Or at times he would reason high—

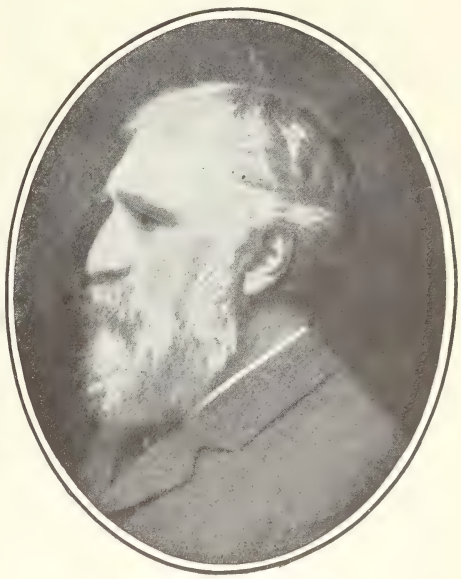
> "Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

walking up and down, and halting now and then, with a fine toss and slant of his shaggy head, as some bold thought or splendid joke struck him.

He was in those days a constant attendant at the church of his great friend, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, and at least tacitly far from the entire negation he came to at last. I should say he had hardly yet examined the grounds of his passive acceptance of his wife's belief, for it was hers and not his, and he held it unscanned in the beautiful and tender loyalty to her which was the most moving quality of his most faithful soul. I make bold to speak of the love between them, because without it I could not make him known to others as he was known to me.

It was a greater part of him than the love of most men for their wives, and she merited all the worship he could give her, all the devotion, all the implicit obedience, by her surpassing force and beauty of character. She was in a way the loveliest person I have ever seen, the gentlest, the kindest, without a touch of weakness; she united wonderful tact with wonderful truth; and Clemens not only accepted her rule implicitly, but he rejoiced, he gloried in it. I am not sure that he noticed all her goodness in the actions that made it a heavenly vision to others, he so had the habit of her goodness; but if there was any forlorn and helpless creature in the room Mrs. Clemens was somehow promptly at his side or hers; she was always seeking occasions of kindness to those in her household or out of it; she loved to let her heart go beyond the reach of her hand, and imagined the whole hard and suffering world with compassion for its structural as well as incidental wrongs. I suppose she had her ladyhood limitations, her female fears of etiquette and convention, but she did not let them appear, and she did not let them hamper the wild and splendid generosity with which Clemens rebelled against the social stupidities and cruelties. She had been a lifelong invalid when he met her, and he liked to tell the beautiful story of their courtship to each new friend whom he found capable of feeling its beauty or worthy of hearing it. Naturally, her father had hesitated to give her to the keeping of the young strange Westerner, who had risen up out of the unknown with his giant reputation of burlesque humorist, and demanded guaranties, demanded proofs. "He asked me," Clemens would say, "if I couldn't give him the names of people who knew me in California, and when it was time to hear from them, I heard from him. 'Well, Mr. Clemens,' he said, 'nobody seems to have a very good word for you.' I hadn't referred him to people that I thought were going to whitewash me. I thought it was all up with me, but I was disappointed. 'So I guess I shall have to back you myself.'"

Whether this made him faithfuler to the trust put in him I cannot say, but probably not; it was always in him to be faithful to any trust, and in proportion as a trust of his own was betrayed he was ruthlessly and implacably resentful. But I wish now to speak of the happiness of that household in Hartford which responded so perfectly to the ideals of the mother when the three daughters, so lovely and so gifted, were yet little children. There had been a boy, and "Yes, *I* killed him," Clemens once said, with the unsparing self-blame in which he would wreak an unavailing regret. He meant that he had taken the child out imprudently, and the child had taken the cold which he died of, but it was by no means certain this was through its father's imprudence. I never heard him speak of his son except that once, but no doubt in his deep heart his loss was irreparably present. He was a very tender father, and delighted in the minds of his children, but he was wise enough to leave their training altogether to the wisdom of their mother. He left them to that in everything, keeping for himself the pleasure of teaching



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

them little scenes of drama, learning languages with them, and leading them in singing. They came to the table with their parents, and could have set him an example in behavior when, in moments of intense excitement, he used to leave his place, and walk up and down the room, flying his napkin, and talking and talking.

It was after his first English sojourn that I used to visit him, and he was then full of praise of everything English: the English personal independence and public spirit, and hospitality, and truth. He liked to tell stories in proof of their virtues, but he was not blind to the defects of their virtues: their submissive acceptance of caste, their callousness with strangers, their bluntness with one another. Mrs. Clemens had been in a way to suffer socially more than he, and she praised the English less. She had doubtless sat after dinner with ladies who snubbed and ignored one another, and left her to find her own amusement in the absence of the attention with which Americans perhaps cloy their guests, but which she could not help preferring. In their successive sojourns among them I believe he came to like the English less and she more; the fine delight of his first acceptance among them did not renew itself till his Oxford degree was given him; then it made his cup run over, and he was glad the whole world should see it.

His wife would not chill the ardor of his early Anglomania, and in this, as in everything, she wished to humor him to the utmost. No one could have realized more than she his essential fineness, his innate nobleness. Marriages are what the parties to them alone really know them to be, but from the outside I should say that this marriage was one of the most perfect. It lasted in his absolute devotion to the day of her death, that delayed long in cruel suffering, and that left one side of him in lasting night. From Florence there came to me heartbreaking letters from him about the torture she was undergoing, and at last a letter saying she was dead, with the simple-hearted cry, "I wish I was with Livy." I do not know why I have left saying till now that she was a very beautiful woman, classically regular in features, with black hair smooth over her forehead, and with tenderly peering, myopic eyes, always behind glasses, and a smile of angelic kindness. But this kindness went with a sense of humor which qualified her to appreciate the self-lawed genius of a man who will be remembered with the great humorists of all time, with Cervantes, with Swift, or with any others worthy his company; none of them was his equal in humanity.



A Corner of the Billiard-room

Clemens had appointed himself, with the architect's connivance, a luxurious study over the library in his new house, but as his children grew older this study, with its carved and cushioned armchairs, was given over to them for a schoolroom, and he took the room above his stable, which had been intended for his coachman. There we used to talk together, when we were not walking and talking together, until he discovered that he could make a more commodious use of the billiard-room at the top of his house, for the purposes of literature and friendship. It was pretty cold up there in the early spring and late



THE HARTFORD HOME IN WINTER

fall weather, with which I chiefly associate the place, but by lighting up all the gas-burners and kindling a reluctant fire on the hearth, we could keep it well above freezing. Clemens could also push the balls about, and, without rivalry from me, who could no more play billiards than smoke, could win endless games of pool, while he carried points of argument against imaginable differers in opinion. Here he wrote many of his tales and sketches, and for anything I know, some of his books. I particularly remember his reading me here his first rough sketch of "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," with the real name of the captain, whom I knew already from his many stories of him.

We had a peculiar pleasure in looking off from the high windows on the pretty Hartford landscape, and down from them into the tops of the trees clothing the hillside by which his house stood. We agreed that there was a novel charm in trees seen from such a vantage, far surpassing that of the farther scenery. He had not been a country boy for nothing; rather he had been a country boy, or, still better, a village boy, for everything that Nature can offer the young of our species, and no aspect of her was lost on him. We were natives of the same vast Mississippi Valley; and Missouri was not so far from Ohio but we were akin in our first knowledges of woods and fields, as we were in our early parlance. I had outgrown the use of mine through my greater bookishness, but I gladly recognized the phrases which he employed for their lasting juiciness and the long-remembered savor they had on his mental palate.

I have elsewhere sufficiently spoken of his unsophisticated use of words, of the diction which forms the backbone of his manly style. If I mention my own greater bookishness, by which I mean his less quantitative reading, it is to give myself better occasion to note that he was always reading some vital book. It might be some out-of-the-way book, but it had the root of the human matter in it: a volume of great trials; one of the supreme autobiographies; a signal passage of history, a narrative of travel, a story of captivity, which gave him life at first hand. As I remember, he did not care much for fiction, and in that sort he had certain distinct loathings; there were certain authors whose names he seemed not so much

to pronounce as to spew out of his mouth. Goldsmith was one of these, but his prime abhorrence was my dear and honored prime favorite, Jane Austen. He once said to me, I suppose after he had been reading some unsparing praises of her from me—I am always praising her: "You seem to think that woman could write," and he forbore withering me with his scorn, apparently because we had been friends so long, and he more pitied than hated me for my bad taste. He seemed not to have any preferences among novelists; or at least I never heard him express any. He used to read the modern novels I praised, in or out of print; but I do not think he much liked reading fiction. As for plays, he loathed the theatre, and said he would as lief do a sum as follow a plot on the stage. He could not, or did not, give any reasons for his literary abhorrences, and perhaps he really had none. But he could have said very distinctly, if he had needed, why he liked the books he did. I was away at the time of his great Browning passion, and I know of it chiefly from hearsay; but at the time Tolstoy was doing what could be done to make me over, Clemens wrote, "That man seems to have been to you what Browning was to me." I do not know that he had other favorites among the poets, but he had favorite poems which he liked to read to you, and he read, of course, splendidly. I have forgotten what piece of John Hay's it was that he liked so much, but I remembered how he fiercely revelled in the vengefulness of William Morris's *Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast*, and how he especially exulted in the lines which tell of the supposed speaker's joy in slaying the murderer of his brother:

"I am threescore years and ten,
And my hair is nigh turned gray,
But I am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away."

Generally, I fancy his pleasure in poetry was not great, and I do not believe he cared much for the conventionally accepted masterpieces of literature. He liked to find out good things and great things for himself; sometimes he would discover these in a masterpiece new to him alone, and then, if you brought his ignorance home to him, he enjoyed it, and enjoyed it the more the more you rubbed it in.

Of all the literary men I have known he was the most unliterary in his make and manner. I do not know whether he had any acquaintance with Latin, but I believe not the least; German he knew pretty well, and Italian enough late in life to have fun with it; but he used English in all its alien derivations as if it were native to his own air, as if it had come up out of American, out of Missourian ground. His style was what we all know, for good and for bad, but his manner, if I may difference the two, was as entirely his own as if no one had ever written before. I have noted before this how he was not enslaved to the consecutiveness in writing which the rest of us try to keep chained to. That is, he wrote as he thought, and as all men think, without sequence, without an eye to what went before or should come after. If something beyond or beside what he was saying occurred to him, he invited it into his page, and made it as much at home there as the nature of it would suffer him. Then, when he was through with the welcoming of this casual and unexpected guest, he would go back to the company he was entertaining, and keep on with what he had been talking about. He observed this manner in the construction of his sentences, and the arrangement of his chapters, and the ordering or disordering of his compilations. I helped him with a Library of Humor, which he once edited, and when I had done my work according to tradition, with authors, times, and topics carefully studied in due sequence, he tore it all apart, and "chucked" the pieces in wherever the fancy for them took him at the moment. He was right: we were not making a text-book, but a book for the pleasure rather than the instruction of the reader, and he did not see why the principle on which he built his travels and reminiscences and tales and novels should not apply to it: and I do not, now, see, either, though at the time it confounded me. On minor points he was, beyond any author I have known, without favorite phrases or pet words. He utterly despised the avoidance of repetitions out of fear of tautology. If a word served

his turn better than a substitute, he would use it as many times in a page as he chose.

At that time I had become editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* and I had allegiances belonging to the conduct of what was and still remains the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals. When Clemens began to write for it he came willingly under its rules, for with all his wilfulness there never was a more biddable man in things you could show him a reason for. He never made the least of that trouble which so abounds for the hapless editor from narrower-minded contributors. If you wanted a thing changed, very good, he changed it; if you suggested that a word or a sentence or a paragraph had better be struck out, very good, he struck it out. His proof-sheets came back each a veritable "mush of concession," as Emerson says. Now and then he would try a little stronger language than *The Atlantic* had stomach for, and once when I sent him a proof I made him observe that I had left out the profanity. He wrote back: "Mrs. Clemens opened that proof, and lit into the room with danger in her eye. What profanity? You see, when I read the manuscript to her I skipped that." It was part of his joke to pretend a violence in that gentlest creature which all the more amusingly realized the situation to their friends.

I was always very glad of him, and proud of him as a contributor, but I must not claim the whole merit, or the first merit of having him write for us. It was the publisher, the late H. O. Houghton, who felt the incongruity of his absence from the leading periodical of the country, and was always urging me to get him to write. I will take the credit of being eager for him, but it is to the publisher's credit that he tried, so far as the modest traditions of *The Atlantic* would permit, to meet the expectations in pay which the colossal profits of Clemens's books might naturally have bred in him. Whether he was really able to do this he never knew from Clemens himself, but probably twenty dollars a page did not surfeit the author of books that "sold right along just like the Bible."



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

We had several short contributions from Clemens first, all of capital quality, and then we had the series of papers which went mainly to the making of his great book, *Life on the Mississippi.* Upon the whole I have the notion that Clemens thought this his greatest book, and he was supported in his opinion by that of the *portière* in his hotel at Vienna, and that of the German Emperor, who, as he told me with equal respect for the preference of each, united in thinking it his best; with such far-sundered social poles approaching in its



JAMES T FIELDS

favor, he apparently found himself without standing for opposition. At any rate, the papers won instant appreciation from his editor and publisher, and from the readers of their periodical, which they expected to prosper beyond precedent in its circulation. But those were days of simpler acceptance of the popular rights of newspapers than these are, when magazines strictly guard their vested interests against them. The New York *Times* and the St. Louis *Democrat* profited by the advance copies of the magazine sent them to reprint the papers month by month. Together they covered nearly the whole reading territory of the Union, and the terms of their daily publication enabled them to anticipate the magazine in its own restricted field. Its subscription list was not enlarged in the slightest measure, and *The Atlantic Monthly* languished on the news stands as undesired as ever.

It was among my later visits to Hartford that we began to talk up the notion of collaborating a play, but we did not arrive at any clear intention, and it was a telegram out of the clear sky that one day summoned me from Boston to help with a continuation of *Colonel Sellers*. I had been a witness of the high joy of Clemens in the prodigious triumph of the first *Colonel Sellers*, which had been dramatized from the novel of *The Gilded Age*. This was the joint work of Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner, and the story had been put upon the stage by some one in Utah, whom Clemens first brought to book in the courts for violation of his copyright, and then indemnified for such rights as his adaptation of the book had given him. The structure of the play as John T. Raymond gave it was substantially the work of this unknown dramatist. Clemens never pretended, to me at any rate, that he had the least hand in it; he frankly owned that he was incapable of dramatization; yet the vital part was his, for the characters in the play were his as the book embodied them, and the success which it won with the public was justly his. This he shared equally with the actor, following the company with an agent, who counted out the author's share of the gate money, and sent him a note of the amount every day by postal card. The postals used to come about dinner-time, and Clemens would read them aloud to us in wild triumph. $150—$200—$300 were the gay figures which they bore, and which he flaunted in the air before he sat down at table, or rose from it to brandish, and then flinging his napkin into his chair, walked up and down to exult in.

By and by the popularity of the play waned, and the time came when he sickened of the whole affair, and withdrew his agent, and took whatever gain from it the actor apportioned him. He was

apt to have these sudden surceases, following upon the intensities of his earlier interest; though he seemed always to have the notion of making something more of *Colonel Sellers*. But when I arrived in Hartford in answer to his summons, I found him with no definite idea of what he wanted to do with him. I represented that we must have some sort of plan, and he agreed that we should both jot down a scenario, overnight, and compare our respective schemes the next morning. As the author of a large number of little plays which have been privately presented throughout the United States and in parts of the United Kingdom, without ever getting upon the public stage except for the noble ends of charity, and then promptly getting off it, I felt authorized to make him observe that his scheme was as nearly nothing as chaos could be. He agreed hilariously with me, and was willing to let it stand in proof of his entire dramatic inability. At the same time he liked my plot very much, which ultimated Sellers, according to Clemens's intention, as a man crazed by his own inventions and by his superstition that he was the rightful heir to an English earldom. The exuberant nature of Sellers and the vast range of his imagination served our purpose in other ways. Clemens made him a spiritualist, whose specialty in the occult was materialization; he became on impulse an ardent temperance-reformer, and he headed a procession of temperance ladies after disinterestedly testing the deleterious effects of liquor upon himself, until he could not walk straight; always he wore a marvellous fire-extinguisher strapped on his back, to give proof in any emergency of the effectiveness of his invention in that way.

We had a jubilant fortnight in working the particulars of these things out. It was not possible for Clemens to write like anybody else, but I could very easily write like Clemens, and we took the play scene and scene about, quite secure of coming out in temperamental agreement. The characters remained for the most part his, and I varied them only to make them more like his than, if possible, he could. Several years after, when I looked over a copy of the play, I could not always tell my work from his; I only knew that I had done certain scenes. We would work all day long at our several tasks, and then at night, before dinner, read them over to each other. No dramatists ever got greater joy out of their creations, and when I reflect that the public never had the chance of sharing our joy I pity the public from a full heart. I still believe that the play was immensely funny; I still believe that if it could once have got behind the footlights it would have continued to pack the house before them for an indefinite succession of nights. But this may be my fondness.



THE OLD "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" OFFICE
124 Tremont Street

At any rate, it was not to be. Raymond had identified himself with Sellers in the play-going imagination, and whether consciously or unconsciously we constantly worked with Raymond in our minds. But before this time bitter displeasures

had risen between Clemens and Raymond, and Clemens was determined that Raymond should never have the play. He first offered it to several other actors, who eagerly caught at it, only to give it back with the despairing renunciation, "That is a Raymond play." We tried managers with it, but their only question was whether they could get Raymond to do it. In the mean time Raymond had provided himself with a play for the winter—a very good play, by Demarest Lloyd; and he was in no hurry for ours. Perhaps he did not really care for it; perhaps he knew when he heard of it that it must come to him in the end. In the end it did, from my hand, for Clemens would not meet him. I found him in a mood of sweet reasonableness, perhaps the more softened by one of those lunches which the hospitable Osgood was always bringing people together over in Boston. He said that he could not do the play that winter, but he was sure that he should like it, and he had no doubt he would do it the next winter. So I gave him the manuscript, in spite of Clemens's charges, for his suspicions and rancors were such that he would not have had me leave it for a moment in the actor's hands. But it seemed a conclusion that involved success and fortune for us. In due time, but I do not remember how long after, Raymond declared himself delighted with the piece; he entered into a satisfactory agreement for it, and at the beginning of the next season he started with it to Buffalo, where he was to give a first production. At Rochester he paused long enough to return it, with the explanation that a friend had noted to him the fact that Colonel Sellers in the play was a lunatic, and insanity was so serious a thing that it could not be represented on the stage without outraging the sensibilities of the audience; or words to that effect. We were too far off to allege Hamlet to the contrary, or King Lear, or to instance the delight which generations of readers throughout the world had taken in the mad freaks of Don Quixote.

Whatever were the real reasons of Raymond for rejecting the play, we had to be content with those he gave, and to set about getting it into other hands. In this effort we failed even more signally than before, if that were possible. At last a clever and charming elocutionist, who had long wished to get himself on the stage, heard of it and asked to see it. We would have shown it to any one by this time, and we very willingly showed it to him. He came to Hartford, and did some scenes from it for us. I must say he did them very well, quite as well as Raymond could have done them, in whose manner he did them. But now, late toward spring, the question was where he could get an engagement with the play, and we ended by hiring a theatre in New York for a week of trial performances. Clemens came on with me to Boston, where we were going to make some changes in the piece, and where we made them to our satisfaction, but not to the effect of that high rapture which we had in the first draft. He went back to Hartford, and then the cold fit came upon me, and "in visions of the night, in slumberings upon the bed," ghastly forms of failure appalled me, and when I rose in the morning I wrote him: "Here is a play which every manager has put out-of-doors, and which every actor known to us has refused, and now we go and give it to an elocutioner. We are fools." Whether Clemens agreed with me or not in my conclusion, he agreed with me in my premises, and we promptly bought our play off the stage at a cost of $700, which we shared between us. But Clemens was never a man to give up. I relinquished gratis all right and title I had in the play, and he paid its entire expenses for a week of one-night stands in the country. It never came to New York; and yet I think now that if it had come, it would have succeeded. So hard does the faith of the unsuccessful dramatist in his work die.

There is an incident of this time so characteristic of both men that I will yield to the temptation of giving it here. After I had gone to Hartford in response to Clemens's telegram, Matthew Arnold arrived in Boston, and one of my family called on his, to explain why I was not at home to receive his introduction: I had gone to see Mark Twain. "Oh, but he doesn't like *that* sort of thing, does he?" "He likes Mr. Clemens very much," my representative responded, "and he thinks him one of the greatest men he

ever knew." I was still Clemens's guest at Hartford when Arnold came there to lecture, and one night we went to meet him at a reception. While his hand laxly held mine in greeting, I saw his eyes fixed intensely on the other side of the room. "Who—who in the world is that?" I looked and said, "Oh, that is Mark Twain." I do not remember just how their instant encounter was contrived by Arnold's wish, but I have the impression that they were not parted for long during the evening, and the next night Arnold, as if still under the glamour of that potent presence, was at Clemens's house. I cannot say how they got on, or what they made of each other; if Clemens ever spoke of Arnold, I do not recall what he said, but Arnold had shown a sense of him from which the incredulous sniff of the polite world, now so universally exploded, had already perished. It might well have done so with his first dramatic vision of that prodigious head. Clemens was then hard upon fifty, and he had kept, as he did to the end, the slender figure of his youth, but the ashes of the burnt-out years were beginning to gray the fires of that splendid shock of red hair which he held to the height of a stature apparently far greater than it was, and tilted from side to side in his undulating walk. He glimmered at you from the narrow slits of fine blue-greenish eyes, under branching brows, which with age grew more and more like a sort of plumage, and he was apt to smile into your face, with a subtle but amiable perception, and yet with a sort of remote absence; you were all there for him, but he was not all there for you.

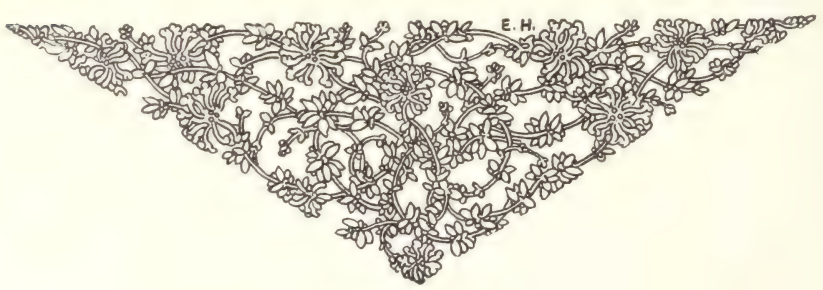
I shall not try to give chronological order to my recollections of him, but since I am just now with him in Hartford, I will speak of him in association with the place. Once when I came on from Cambridge, he followed me to my room, to see that the water was not frozen in my bath, or something of the kind, for it was very cold weather, and then hospitably lingered. Not to lose time in banalities I began at once from the thread of thought in my mind. "I wonder why we hate the past so," and he responded from the depths of his own consciousness, "It's so damned humiliating," which is what any man would say of his past, if he were honest; but honest men are few when it comes to themselves. Clemens was one of the few, and the first of them among all the people I have known. I have known, I suppose, men as truthful, but not so promptly, so absolutely, so positively, so almost aggressively truthful. He could lie, of course, and did to save others from grief or harm; he was not stupidly truthful; but his first impulse was to say out the thing and everything that was in him. To those who can understand it will not be contradictory of his sense of humiliation from the past, that he was not ashamed for anything he ever did, to the point of wishing to hide it. He could be, and he was, bitterly sorry for his errors, which he had enough of in his life, but he was not ashamed in that mean way. What he had done, he owned to, good, bad, or indifferent, and if it was bad he was rather amused than troubled as to the effect in your mind. He would not obtrude the fact upon you, but if it were in the way of personal history, he would not dream of withholding it, far less of hiding it.

He was the readiest of men to allow an error, if he were found in it. In one of our walks about Hartford, when he was in the first fine flush of his agnosticism, he declared that Christianity had done nothing to improve morals and conditions, and that the world under the highest pagan civilization was as well off as it was under the highest Christian influences. I happened to be fresh from the reading of Charles Loring Brace's *Gesta Christi, or History of Humane Progress,* and I could offer him abundant proofs that he was wrong. He did not like that, evidently, but he instantly gave way, saying he had not known those things. Later he was more tolerant in his denials of Christianity, but just then he was feeling his freedom from it, and rejoicing in having broken what he felt to have been the shackles of belief worn so long. He greatly admired Robert Ingersoll, whom he called an angelic orator, and regarded as an evangel of a new gospel, the gospel of free thought. He took the warmest interest in the newspaper controversy raging at the time as to the existence of a hell; when the noes

carried the day, I suppose that no enemy of perdition was more pleased. He still loved his old friend and pastor, Mr. Twichell, but he no longer went to hear him preach his sane and beautiful sermons, and was, I think, thereby the greater loser. Long before that, I had asked him if he went regularly to church, and he groaned out: "Oh, yes, I go. It 'most kills me, but I go," and I did not need his telling me to understand that he went because his wife wished it. He did tell me, after they both ceased to go, that it had finally come to her saying, "Well, if you are to be lost, I want to be lost with you." He could accept that willingness for supreme sacrifice, and exult in it, because of the supreme truth as he saw it. After they had both ceased to be formal Christians, she was still grieved by his denial of immortality, so grieved that he resolved upon one of those heroic lies, which for love's sake he held above even the truth, and he went to her, saying that he had been thinking the whole matter over, and now he was convinced that the soul did live after death. It was too late. Her keen vision pierced through his ruse, as it did when he brought the doctor who had diagnosticated her case as organic disease of the heart, and after making him go over the facts of it again with her, made him declare it merely functional.

To make an end of these records as to Clemens's beliefs, so far as I knew them, I should say that he never went back to anything like faith in the Christian theology, or in the notion of life after death, or in a conscious divinity. It is best to be honest in this matter; he would have hated anything else, and I do not believe that the truth in it can hurt any one. At one period he argued that there must have been a cause, a conscious source of things; that the universe could not have come by chance. I have heard, also, that in his last hours or moments he said, or his dearest ones hoped he had said, something about meeting again. But the expression, of which they could not be certain, was of the vaguest, and it was perhaps addressed to their tenderness out of his tenderness. All his expressions to me were of a courageous renunciation of any hope of living again, or elsewhere seeing those he had lost. He suffered terribly in their loss, and he was not fool enough to try ignoring his grief. He knew that for that there were but two medicines; that it would wear itself out with the years, and that meanwhile there was nothing for it but those respites in which the mourner forgets himself in slumber. I remember that in a black hour of my own when I was called down to see him, as he thought from sleep, he said, with an infinite, an exquisite compassion, "Oh, did I wake you, did I *wake* you?" Nothing more, but the look, the voice, were everything; and while I live they cannot pass from my sense.

Some further reminiscences of Mark Twain by Mr. Howells will be given in the August number.



"Page, A.B."

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE big steamer lay a mile off to windward, heaving up and down against the sea horizon, and the tiny flags blew out from her masthead in a string of dots. On the poop of the *Gunfleet*, the tall mate read them off through his binoculars, while the captain, seated on the flag-locker, fluttered the pages of the signal-book to find their message.

"Ah!" The blunt finger-end came to rest upon it. "She's goin' to send a boat," he announced. "Now what in thunder is she doing that for?"

"A boat, sir?" The mate lowered his glasses and turned round. "Short of stores, perhaps."

"It's possible," answered the captain. "Hope it's not cholera or something of that kind. Back the main-yard to wait for her and hoist the answering pennant."

The mate's voice rang briskly along the maindeck as he summoned the watch to the braces, to be answered by the shrill hauling-cry of the men as the yards came round and the sails slapped and fell back. The captain, watching her head as she lost way, waved a direction to the silent sailor at the wheel, and then turned again to look at the steamer. Her boat was already in the water and pushing out from under her lee, straggling down toward the *Gunfleet* like a big four-legged insect. Aboard ship any incident is welcome which varies the sea routine, and the *Gunfleet* was already forty days out from Melbourne on her way to San Francisco. The watch on deck slackened work to stare and talk, and a man or two of the watch below appeared, unkempt and unbuttoned, to see what was to be seen.

The steamer's boat came round under the ship's stern and caught the line that was thrown to it. She bumped alongside, and next moment the young officer in charge of her was scrambling over the rail. The captain received him on the poop.

"Well?" he asked. "And what's your trouble?"

The officer produced a thick envelope from his breast pocket.

"Captain Watt 'ud like you to see these, sir," he answered. "There's something about you in 'em. My orders are to show 'em to you and get back as quick as I can."

"Something about me, eh?" The captain saw that the envelope contained folded newspapers. "Come along into the cabin, Mr. Mate, and we'll have a look."

In the teak-panelled, brass-edged saloon they spread the creased newspapers out on the table under the swinging lamp in the skylight. The steamboat officer selected one, with an eruption of black headlines staggering half across a page.

"This 'll show you the whole thing, sir," he suggested.

"Thank you," said the captain. He held the sheet in his hands without looking at it, while the steward set a bottle and glasses between them. Then, when the man had withdrawn, he seated himself and began to read with the frowning brows of intentness.

"Why," he said, "it's about the Melbourne murder."

"Yes, sir," said the other. "But read on a bit."

The captain obeyed. It was a San Francisco paper, but it devoted four frothing columns to a murder which had taken place at Melbourne while the *Gunfleet* lay there. A clergyman had opened his door one night to a caller and had been hacked to death on his own door-mat; the thing had caused an outcry, but the murderer, who had been seen leaving the house, had not been found. As the captain read, the young officer watched him with a manner of expectation.

"Here!" cried the captain, suddenly, and looked up. "It says he's been

traced—the murderer has—and that he's shipped aboard of me."

The other nodded. The drama of the affair had not disappointed him.

"Captain Watt reckoned it was time you knew," he said. "As soon as we could make out your number, he decided to send a boat over to you." He pulled out another sheet and laid it before the captain. "D'you recognize that man, sir?"

It was a smudgy process block, loaded with ink. The captain stared at it blankly.

"It might be anybody," he said. "That doesn't tell anything."

"But how many men did you ship at Melbourne, sir?" pressed the other. "It ought to be easy to pick this fellow out."

"How many men did I ship?" The captain was still staring at the portrait. "Why, I only shipped one. I had a hand run away, and I shipped one in place of him, a chap named Page."

"Then that's him," said the steamboat officer, and drank from his glass.

"Eh?" The captain looked from the foggy portrait to him and back again. "We'll hear what the mate says," he decided.

The mate, being sent for, was put in possession of the story, and heard it with excitement.

"Then Page is the murderer," he said. "By Jove! See here, sir—'a strongly built man, much sunburnt, and fair-haired.' Doesn't that fit him?"

"Where is he?" asked the steamboat officer.

"He's at the wheel," said the mate.

The captain frowned thoughtfully, while the steamer's officer commenced to tell excitedly of the reception which awaited the *Gunfleet* at San Francisco. Detectives in a tugboat would meet them off the Farallones; reporters would throng the decks; photographs would appear in all the papers. "It's like a play in a theatre," he said. "He's a man to be taken care of, sir; it wouldn't do to lose him overboard. I suppose you'll keep him in irons till you get in?"

But the captain was doubtful. "Why?" he demanded. "He doesn't know but what he's safe enough, and I don't want to be short-handed about decks."

"He's a good hand, too," put in the mate.

"Well," the young officer rose, "it's as good as a play, whatever you do. Just fancy the tug with the detectives comin' alongside for him and findin' he was aloft! That 'd be a thing to see—those 'tecs goin' up to arrest him on the mainto'gallant-yard, eh?"

He laughed in sheer glee at the possibilities of the situation. The captain looked at him sourly.

"There'll be no circus tricks aboard of my ship," he answered, shortly. "I haven't made up my mind yet what I'll do."

"Right, sir." The three of them went up the companion into the chart-house on the poop. Its after-windows commanded the wheel, and they paused to look through them at the man who was steering. He stood on the weather side of the wheel, leaning against the spokes, looking idly aloft at the tall spars of the *Gunfleet*. He was big and broad; his hard open face was burnt to the color of leather by wind and sun, and the hand that lay over the wheel was as brown as the face. There was not an inch of him that was not sturdy and seaman-like; as he turned his head at last to look at the steamer, they saw that one ear carried a little gold ring.

"What kind of a man is he?" asked the captain, suddenly, of the mate.

"A good one," was the answer. "He's a sailor even if he is a murderer."

"Ah!" The steamboat officer drew back from the window. "There's a pair of shoulders for you; got the strength of a bull, that man has. Did you read how he did it? He held the parson by the throat with one hand and knifed him with the other, holding him up while he was doin' it. They could tell that by the way—"

"I read it," interrupted the captain. "I read it all. Give my respects to Captain Watt, mister; tell him I'm glad to hear from him. Good-by."

"Good-by, sir. I'd like to be in Frisco when you get in, though."

They saw the boat clear and heading back for the steamer; then the main-yard was braced up again, the ensign dipped and hauled down, and the *Gunfleet* drew off upon her way.

Four bells rang ere the steamer dropped



Painting by Howard Pyle

PAGE WAS AT THE WHEEL, STEERING

from sight, and the wheel was relieved; the captain paused in his fore-and-aft promenade of the poop to look after the man Page as he went forward. The man walked with a roll; his broad, blue-shirted back was bent at the shoulders as a sailor's should be; his whole figure was eloquent of life on broad decks, of salt wind, and the sea. The captain himself was such another; he dated from the days when seamen looked down on steam and put their faith in lanyard rigging; and there was still a soft side to him for the man who both looked and was a seaman. Presently he saw the man go aloft to a piece of work on the main upper topsail-yard, treading his way barefooted up the ratlines with his marlinespike hanging from his neck. He frowned again and beckoned the mate.

"We'll say nothing," he said. "We'll keep it dark. No sense in losing a man's work, I reckon."

"Very good, sir," answered the mate. "If the second mate asks me, I'll say the steamboat wanted you to keep a lookout for the boats of a ship that's missing."

"That 'll do," said the captain. "But it's a mighty queer business, Talbot. I suppose there's no doubt about it, since it's in the papers?"

"Don't see how there can be," replied the mate. "They've traced it all out. But it's a pity that portrait wasn't a bit plainer."

"Yes," said the captain. "The whole thing's a pity. I don't like the notion that we're carryin' a man to the gallows. It's an ugly thing to be up against."

"I don't see how we can help it, sir," said the mate. "It's not our fault."

"I never said it was," retorted the captain, and turned away. He lacked words to tell what was in his mind. Perhaps the chief feeling was disgust that a sound seaman should be thus caught in the toils of shore life, and if murder was a bad thing, to hang a man was not much better. His imagination ran ahead to the arrival off San Francisco—the felt-hatted, city-clad men crowding his decks, the hard faces of the police, the impertinence of reporters and sight-seers, the whole atmosphere of sensation and scandal.

"They better look out," he said, aloud, and went below to his cabin.

But though he had decided to keep the matter quiet, it was impossible not to look at the man Page with a new interest. The captain and the mate went over the newspaper story again. It was a deft tale, a chronicle of the kind of detective work which most appeals to a sensation-loving public. The Melbourne correspondent described it with gusto, making plain each step in the murderer's trail, from the house of his victim to the shipping-office where he had signed on for the *Gunfleet*. It was convincing as a blow in the face is convincing; it left the captain with no answer to the charge. And yet he felt that something was left unsaid.

"It doesn't tell what dealings he'd had with this parson," he said to Talbot. "There's a lot in that."

Talbot nodded. They were facing each other across the saloon table.

"You think perhaps he'd got reason to kill him?" he asked.

"Men aren't killed for nothing," said the captain, thoughtfully. "And if ever there was a man that didn't look like a murderer it's that man Page."

"You never know, though," said the mate. The story had much impressed him.

But it was true that Page carried upon him none of those signs by which one might expect to identify a murderer. Under the curious eyes of the mate and captain he did his work and lived his life as though in the consciousness of innocence. He was such a sailor as an officer cherishes and exults in, a big, cheerful, sturdy man, accomplished in the manifold small arts of seamanship, a man who could be trusted with a big splice or an ornamental knot. He had a vast voice for yo-hoing; he was chanty-man to the port watch, and from his place at the head of the rope would govern the hauling with those strange old songs which are the ritual of the sea's freemasonry. Nothing broke in upon his contented placidity; he worked with the air of a man whose task does not demand thought, like a woman knitting. And of an evening, when the second dog-watch was set, he was to be seen on the main-hatch, smoking seriously, with a bit of manila across his lap, teaching the boys the trade of a sailor.

The captain made an occasion to speak to him. It was during the latter half of a forenoon watch; the ship, close-hauled, was lying over to a full wind that shoved her through the water with the noise of scythes in grass. Page was at the wheel, leaning away from the spokes, with an eye cocked expertly at the back of the mizzen royal. His shirt was open at the neck, showing a wedge of chest overgrown with hair and part of a design in tattooing. The captain, with his cap jammed down upon his head, halted abreast of him.

"Where have I seen you before, my man?" he asked, suddenly.

Page drew over a spoke before answering, and let his eyes drop to the captain's face.

"Can't say, sir," he replied. "Don't remember sailin' with you before, sir."

The captain straddled his legs against the lively pitch of the ship under him.

"Perhaps I saw you somewhere ashore," he suggested. "How long were you in Melbourne?"

"Nine weeks, sir," answered Page. The mizzen royal flapped and he let the rim of the wheel spin against the flat of his hand. "I got a job," he added, as he hove it back again.

"A job ashore?" queried the captain.

"Yes, sir; in an engine-house, sir. But I 'ad trouble with the boss, sir." He paused, looking aft placidly. "I punched him," he added. He spoke as simply as though he were touching on the affairs of some one else. "An' he fired me out."

"I see." The captain could not help a short laugh. "That the only trouble you had?"

"That's all, sir," said Page. "Leastways, it wasn't no trouble, sir, not to speak of. I first landed him one, sir, and he fell all over the place. He didn't fire me himself; he sent out the foreman to do it."

The event evidently had a high place in Page's recollections; a note of pride had stolen into his manner.

"Sailors have got no business ashore," said the captain. "They always finish by gettin' into trouble."

"Yes, sir," agreed Page. He looked down at the captain again with a faint smile. "I ain't been ashore for twenty years without gettin' into a mess, sooner or later. If it wasn't a policeman, it was a barman; and if it wasn't either of them, it was the boardin'-master. You know how it is, sir."

The captain nodded. "I know," he said. It was the truth; the captain had served his time before the mast. He looked at the man before him with an involuntary sympathy. He wanted to sound him, to put to him questions pregnant with possibilities of self-betrayal. The detective ingenuities of the newspaper story had infected him without his knowledge. But he realized his inadequacy.

"A sailor's not fit to be trusted out of the sight of shipping," he said, finally. "There's only one kind of sailor, and that's a fool. Mind your steering."

The last phrase was merely perfunctory, for he was aware that Page was minding it skilfully. He turned away to his fore-and-aft walk along the weather side of the poop with a mind still troubled.

The good wind blew throughout the day, and as night came up it gathered strength. The light sails were taken in, and still she leaned to the racing water, and scooped it in through her lee scupper-holes in spouts. The *Gunfleet* was a steel ship, steel rigged, one of a famous fleet; she had earned for herself the name of a good sea-boat. But when, at the setting of the first watch that night, the captain read the barometer, he grew thoughtful. He knew the winds of those latitudes, the salt breezes that strengthen into shouting gales, the long lift of the seas piled up with the weight of thousands of miles of open water. He put himself into his oilskins and went on deck. The light of the standard binnacle showed him Talbot, the mate, with his sou'wester blown back from his forehead, standing at the poop rail to oversee his watch coiling the gear down clear for running.

"Looks blackish, sir," shouted Talbot, cheerfully, against the wind. It sang in the rigging tumultuously; overhead in the darkness there was a clatter of blocks tapping among the gear, and there was present the strong undernote of the draught of the sails. Overside, the ship's passage made a road of livid white

through the black water, and the horizon to windward was mottled with scud.

"Yes," answered the captain; "there's wind about. The glass is down."

The hands down on the maindeck finished their work and clustered aft to the shelter of the breech of the poop. Their harsh voices, raised to be heard against the wind, added themselves to the orchestra of the night. Two or three lingered for a few minutes at the door of the half-deck to exchange chaff with the apprentices of the watch below and the sailmaker. The captain and mate stood together, each summing up in his own mind each factor in the ship's worthiness, new gear lately rove off, sails lately bent, the lashings on the spare spars and boats, and so on. These are things accomplished in fine weather; they were now to be tested. Behind them, the man at the wheel, gleaming in worn oilskins, with the light of the binnacle throwing his bearded face into relief against an immense background of darkness, labored with the kicking wheel. The decks of the ship were like a scene set for a familiar drama.

Once an hour the captain went below to look at the glass, falling steadily always, and just before midnight he gave the word to call all hands.

"Time to get sail off her," he shouted to Talbot, who bent his head to hear. "We'll get it in earnest before morning."

"It" was the final vehemence to which the night's gale was but a prelude, and at dawn it came. The *Gunfleet* was now stripped to three lower topsails and a reefed foresail; where before she had been buxom and stately, now she was gaunt and hunted. The chill light of early morning fell on decks slippery with wet, on a ship tumbling through tall seas that now and again climbed her rail and toppled crashing inboard. On the lee side of the poop the crew stood by for orders, armored stiffly in oilskins; two men were at the wheel, their faces knitted in effort as it jumped and strained against them. And in the sky, up-wind, the sun rose smoky and dull.

There was a weather-cloth seized into the mizzen-rigging, and in its shelter the captain leaned with his two mates. His face was pink with the wind and his gray beard blown into wisps, but with it all he retained his sobriety of demeanor, the fit air and manner of a captain commanding on his own quarter-deck.

Between shouted starts of talk with his officers he watched the men down to leeward. There was Page among them, broader than ever in his oilskins, with his usual placidity of countenance, looking continually aloft, after the wont of a sailor. He edged aft presently, and disappeared from the captain's sight behind the chart-house. When he reappeared, his jaw was moving gently and he evaded the eyes of those who looked at him. The captain smiled to himself; he remembered a tin of sweet biscuits which he kept in one of the chart-house lockers. It was such a sailor's trick, to go poaching at such a time.

The day broadened and grew, and with the sun came the true storm. Day, the little second mate, was the first to get warning off.

"Look yonder!" he shouted, suddenly, and pointed with a sudden hand.

Far up to windward a pale line upon the water was travelling toward them, a new volume of wind whipping the crests from the seas as a sickle trims a hedge. The captain glanced and turned to both of them.

"Main and mizzen tops'ls," he said, briskly. "Get 'em off her. Quick now!"

Talbot and Day jumped out from the shelter of the weather-cloth, suddenly loud and peremptory. The men ran to the gear, and immediately the topsails, their sheets slacked off, filled the air with their thrashing. Page's long-drawn "yo-ho's" went up gallantly as the men lifted the clew of the maintopsail, but the wind was before them. The belt of pale water spread and was nearer; then it touched, and the *Gunfleet* heeled; it was all about them, whipping their breath from their lips, and with a sound like a scream the maintopsail ripped and went flying in long ragged streamers to leeward.

Talbot with the whole port watch was on the maindeck. The captain heard his cry, "Hold on," before he saw the occasion for it. Stripped of her topsails, the *Gunfleet* had fallen off from the wind, and as the two men at the wheel, working madly, swung her up again, she lowered her weather side to a sea that poked up

over the rail, hung an instant as if poised, and then roared down on the deck. The men, warned in time, fastened themselves to belaying-pins, to standing-gear, to anything within reach. The water boiled over them, and left them, swilling thigh-deep across the deck. And on the heels of the first there followed other seas, pouring down till the long deck was awash from rail to rail.

"Hey!" shouted the captain, but it was no moment for talk. She had fallen off again. He clawed his way aft to the wheel, while the wind seemed to put out hands against him. Both men were laboring to put the helm down; he caught the spokes and lent his strength to aid them.

"Over with it," he gasped, heaving with all his strength. "Over with it now. All together—heave!"

As he toiled he could hear from forward the great seas cascading inboard, one after the other, while the big ship rang hollow to their impact. The wheel hung as though fixed, but at last the united force of the three of them had its effect. It moved, it jerked, and began to spin. The captain straightened his back, and at the same instant, amid the roar of a sea tumbling inboard, there was the sharp crack of breaking timbers, the tearing jar of heavy stuff loose about the decks. A shout from Day, who was aloft with his watch furling the mizzen-topsail, he heard only as a meaningless cry; it needed only a glance to show him that none of the spars aloft had carried away. The ship was up to the wind again, practically hove to, and as the water cleared from her decks, he saw what was wrong. The *Gunfleet* carried a boat and some spare spars on the roof of the midship-house; a sea had lifted these out of their lashings and floated them forthwith over the lee rail, where they towed alongside, tangled in ends of rope, a grinding raft of splinters.

The port watch was scrambling to the poop. The captain raised his voice.

"Mr. Talbot," he cried, "Mr. Talbot, you want to get all that cut away."

There was no answer from Talbot.

"Where's the mate?" shouted the captain to the panting men. None answered; none had eyes for anything save his own security in that trap of furious water. But from his place at the bunt of the mizzen-topsail Day shouted again.

"What d'you say?" roared the captain, making a trumpet of his hands.

Day was pointing, and suddenly one of the men uttered an exclamation, an oath of sheer amazement.

"There he is," he cried. "He's alongside, caught in the timbers."

It was Page. The captain followed his gesture. The broken spars and crushed boat rode under the rail, bristling with jagged ends, and the swift water boiled over and through it. It lifted a little as he looked, and he echoed the man's cry of dismay. Near its outer edge was Talbot, buried to the waist in heaving wreckage. He lifted an arm in an uncertain gesture, and then was plunged from view again. A gasp went up from the men as the seas poured smooth over the place where he had been; then his head thrust through the water again. This time his waving arm seemed feebler; it was horrible to see how his face streamed. But between him and the ship's side the wreckage ground and splintered like gritting teeth. It offered no foothold; to step upon it was to take death by the hand. The captain drew a deep breath.

"Here," said Page, suddenly, breaking in upon their stillness and impotence. He was tearing his oilskins from him. "Ain't goin' to stand by and see him drown, are ye?" he cried.

"Take the end of the forebrace," ordered the captain. "He's got an arm free; he can catch it."

"Catch hell!" said Page. "He's jammed, sir."

They could not hear what the mate said as they called to him. His lips moved; they saw his face writhe in an effort to shout; but it was in vain. Twice they got the line to his hand, swinging it down with the wind, and twice the strain to haul him clear tore it from his hold. It was then that Page gathered it in, looped it in a bowline, and slipped it over his shoulders.

"Careful now!" said the captain.

The big seaman turned a cheerful, serious face to him. "Ay, ay, sir," he made answer, and dropped a leg over the rail, waiting his chance. Below his hanging foot the tangled wreckage tore and

chafed, as insecure as the sea itself. A dozen feet away, the figure of the mate, swaying loosely, poked up stark and tragic behind the gunwale of the crushed boat, and was gulfed again in swooping waters. Page had his lip between his teeth; he was cautious, full of judgment, and fearless; the captain, watching him, felt all his desperate story rise up again. "This 'll be in his favor," he thought, dully, and then a roll of the ship lifted the wreckage high, and Page jumped. He seemed at that moment to discard all his care and judgment; his body was gathered like a violent spring. He landed with both feet on the butt of a spar, balanced a moment, and jumped for the boat. He fell against it with his chest across the broken keel and started forthwith to scramble over. The *Gunfleet* stood an instant and started to roll down toward him.

"Hold on!" roared the captain.

The sea spouted through the wreckage and boiled over it in streaky white; Page and the mate were both gone. It lasted while a man might take breath thrice, and they rose to view again. As soon as his head was clear, Page started into action again. He tumbled himself over the boat; he was down beside the mate, working feverishly. His face was gashed across by a splinter, and blood rained from it. Then he had the mate out and was splashing and staggering back with him. Once again they were gulfed, but he did not let go; and then he was under the rail, and the men had hold of the mate and had lifted him in.

"Haul up on the line!" shouted Page, and they turned to hoist him aboard. But once again the ship rolled down, and the wreckage bumped her plates under water.

"Haul away there!" shouted the captain. "Haul away!"

They hauled, and out of the water came Page, hanging limp in the bowline. In the last moment of his cheerful gallantry he had slipped between the wreckage and the ship's side; any one of the bumps they had heard might have been the blow that put a point to his placid efficiency. His lip was yet between his teeth; his face had the print of effort and consideration; but he lay on the deck unresponsive to all efforts to rouse him.

"Carry him to his bunk," ordered the captain. "Carefully now! And a couple of you help the mate aft."

As it happened, Talbot, though much bruised and crushed, was not otherwise injured. Day turned to and directed the cutting clear of the wreckage, while the captain, with such resources as the medicine-chest furnished to aid him, worked over Page. The men had laid him in his bunk in the forecastle; a porthole beside his face showed his big, hard face with a new pallor under its tan of many climates. His large scarred hands were open beside him; there was something piteous in their roughness and helplessness. After an hour of work upon him, he sighed slowly.

"There," said the captain. "Hear that?"

The steward, who was with him, nodded.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I 'eard." And he began to put the things back in the box.

"What d'you mean?" demanded the captain.

The steward looked up. "He's gone, sir," he answered, and went on with his work.

It was hard to believe; he had so much the aspect of life. But that last blow had found something vital. The captain found himself staring at the body almost in fear; it had such an attitude of repose; it was so little to be left over from the turbulent mysterious life.

They buried Page two days later, giving him his discharge with all due forms. When the ceremony was over, the captain walked aft with Talbot.

"I'm gladder than I can say," he said, thoughtfully, "that we didn't have to carry him to San Francisco."

Talbot nodded. "Yes," he answered. "Just think of that crowd that's waiting there for him, sir! And I ha' had to stand by and see him taken off in irons! Well, it won't happen now. If ever a good seaman went to his death *like* a seaman, it was Page."

"Ay," said the captain. "He was one of the real old kind. But I'd like more than ever to know what that parson did to him. It must have been pretty bad."

The mate spat. "Well, Page settled him," he said. "Whatever it was, he

was out of his reckoning when he tried it on with Page."

It was early in the morning, many weeks later, when the *Gunfleet* drew inside the Farallones, with the lighthouse blinking pale in the dawn, and braced up to make for the Golden Gate. Under the shore, a low boat was showing a smudge of smoke as it scuttled toward her, eager to do business. From the poop the captain watched its approach with a feeling of sober triumph. The little steamer bustled up and rounded the *Gunfleet's* stern, coming up on her quarter within biscuit-throw. On her tiny bridge a huge man leaned over and shouted.

"Mornin', cap'n! Want a tow?"

"No hurry," answered the captain. He hesitated; the vast man on the towboat watched him with the keenness of a narrow bargainer. "You been on the lookout for us?" asked the captain.

"You or anybody," was the answer. "I'll take you up for a hundred 'n' fifty dollars, cap'n."

"And throw your old tugboat in?" suggested the captain. "I heard the folks here was lookin' out for us. I saw it in the papers."

The fat man stared at him, suspecting a jest. Then his brow cleared. "Oh—the *Gunfleet*!" he said. "I see where you're at, cap'n. The Melbourne murder, you mean? Darned if I hadn't forgot it. People reckoned the chap that done it was aboard of you, didn't they? Well, say a hundred dollars an' I'll pass you my own hawser."

The captain smote his fist on the rail. "Why can't you speak out, you timber-headed bumboat-wallah? What's the latest about that Melbourne murder?"

The fat man laughed. "That? Oh, they found the chap in Melbourne, after all. It warn't much of a show. He was hung about a month ago."

"They found the man?" shouted the captain. He turned excitedly from the rail to face Talbot, just emerging from the companion.

"I heard," said Talbot. "I heard." From behind them they heard the towboat skipper's great flat voice.

"Eighty dollars, cap'n, or you can go to Jones. Come now!"

"Right," said the captain. "Send your line aboard." He turned to Talbot. "Think of it!" he said. "Just think of it!"

Talbot nodded. "I am thinking of it. Thank God he never knew."

Blue Flower

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

BLUE flower waving in the wind,
Say whose blue eyes
Lift up your swaying fragile stem
To the blue skies.

Is she a queen that lies asleep
In a green hill,
With all her silver ornaments
Around her still?

Or is she but a simple girl,
Whose boy was drowned,
In some cold sea, some stormy morn,
On some blue sound?



BATALHA--ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE EDIFICES IN THE WORLD

A Portuguese Pilgrimage

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

THE motor stood at the door of the Legation. Juan, with his mustache curled in two interrogation marks, was glancing nervously at his trim new gray uniform and his shining new car, plainly exhibiting in his expressive face the marked apprehension with which he regarded the task before him of driving two Americans, who spoke no single word of Portuguese, on a prolonged journey to parts of his native land with which he was entirely unfamiliar. What precise form his misgivings took we could not readily discover, as he spoke no word of any language except Portuguese, and our sole means of communication with him was contained in a little volume entitled *The English as She is Spoke*, with which we had provided ourselves that morning at the local book-shop.

However, we had no share in his apprehension, and, when we had bestowed our luggage in the most convenient fashion, we opened the government map of Portugal, which we used in default of road maps, and waving good-by to the American minister, with whom we had been lunching, and who had assembled his guests on the balcony to see us start, we moved off at a brave pace for Caldas da Rainha, which was to be our first night's stopping-place. We had been for some days in Lisbon and had explored the country near by in short motor trips, so we made no détour, but kept straight on to Torres Vedras, where Wellington in 1810 constructed his celebrated lines of defence and successfully protected Lisbon against the French invasion.

Our route took us by many charming country houses set in the midst of the most luxuriant gardens imaginable; for one of the distinctive characteristics of the Portuguese is their love of gardens, and nature has so favored these fortunate people that nowhere in the world is there a climate more suitable for the cultivation not only of all the flowers, trees,

and shrubs of the temperate zone, but for a great variety of tropical and semi-tropical plants and vegetation. Indeed the impression Portugal leaves upon you is that of travelling through a great garden blooming with an infinite variety of flowers, and enhanced by historical monuments of fabulous size and marvellous beauty.

As we progressed farther into the country, the roads, which we had been informed by the guide-books were almost impassable, proved to our gratification and surprise to be exceptionally good—in fact, very much better than our best roads at home. Therefore in a little more than two hours and a half we saw rising before us the walls and towers of Obidos, crowned by the ruins of the many-turreted castle of King Diniz, some sixty-four miles from Lisbon; and a few miles farther on, at the end of a long shady road bordered by cork trees and walled-in gardens, we came to Caldas da Rainha, a celebrated Portuguese watering-place, where we were to spend the night.

The *giranti* met us at the hotel door with a welcoming smile which invited conversation; so, turning to "Hotels" in our Portuguese book, we launched the first opening phrase at him—"Este um bom hotel?"

The *giranti* looked somewhat shocked and pained at so leading a question, but recovered himself with a smile as he bowed low and replied:

"Sim, Senhor."

Here was our opportunity. The answer in the phrase-book was, "Yes, your excellency, this is a most excellent hotel," so we immediately informed him of his departure from correct phrase-book conversation and made him repeat the proper formula, whereupon we got out of our motor and were escorted into the reception hall of our host, who, beaming with good nature, entered thoroughly into the spirit of our phrase-book communications and indicated appropriate replies to our questions by eagerly pointing them out with his finger in the book.

A Portuguese hotel is generally better than it looks. There are no carpets or rugs on the plain board floors, and the beds are harder than adamant, but everything is clean to a degree, while the food is not only bountiful, but exceptionally good and well cooked. A long general table is the rule, set with attractive red earthenware jars filled with cold spring water, and huge glass decanters of the native wine which is served, without stint and without cost, for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. It contains only about five per cent. of alcohol, and so can be used as freely as it is served.

After we had discussed an excellent dinner, spread for us in a window overlooking a pleasant garden, we took a stroll through the town to the Passeio da Copa, a pleasant park shaded by planes and elms, where the hot sulphur springs and the hospital and casino are situated; and returned to balance ourselves precariously on the rounded tops of our stony beds, preparatory to the resumption of our journey early the next day.

A pleasant drive through the pine woods in the morning brought us to the imposing façade of the great Cistercian Abbey of Alcobaça, founded by Affonso Henriques in 1148 to commemorate his victory over the Moors at Santarem. Here in this regal monastery nine hundred monks were used to celebrate mass night and day without intermission, and from here the abbot sent no less than eleven troops of militant Christians to the battle of Aljubarrota. The five great cloisters, with their richly carved stonework and beautifully modelled arches, at once impress you with the former importance and magnificence of this fine old abbey, once the richest and the greatest in the world. Clear, sparkling rivulets run through fine old gardens, where the monks were used to sit beneath the pleasant shade of the trees. The great kitchen, which supplied the fleshpots of these brothers, is more than one hundred feet square and fifty feet high, with a great conical chimney in the centre, under which three or four whole oxen could have been roasted at once. Beckford, in his memorable visit to the shrines of Portugal in 1752, at the time when the monks were still in the height of their power, gives this description of the famous kitchen:

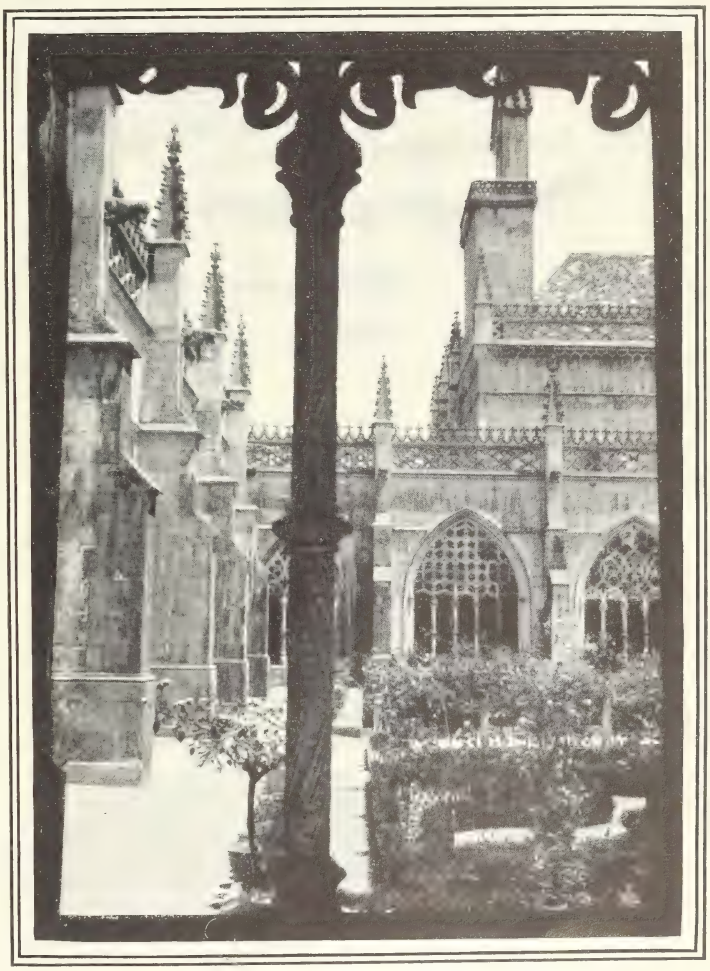
"The three prelates lead the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state I cannot answer, but my eyes never

beheld in any convent of France, Italy, or Germany such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall ran a brisk rivulet of purest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruits of endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn field."

But alas! Abbots and monks and the jolly brothers of the kitchen have given place to military cooks, for the great dormitories now serve as barracks; hundreds of troop horses are stabled in the cloisters, and the once important library, stripped of its precious hoard of illuminated missals, parchments, and books, is now a sick-bay for the soldiers.

On the road near Alcobaça we stopped at an old stone cross to photograph a pretty little girl who was carrying the inevitable bottle of red wine. Her older sister, with some show of pride, stood in the background, and when the picture was taken and we had given the child some silver, I lifted my hat to the sister, who in return gracefully lifted her black pork-pie hat, in the most gentlemanly and gallant manner possible.

At Batalha we started out to inspect the great Mosteiro de Santa Maria da Victorio, founded by King John I. to commemorate the independence of Portugal, which was achieved by his great victory over the Spanish arms on this spot in 1385. Batalha, the battle abbey of Portugal, is certainly one of the most impressive edifices in the world. Time, which in less favored climates disfigures and destroys, here has passed its hand lovingly over this bewildering piece of architectural dreamwork and has turned all the stone to a beautiful golden-ivory color, so transparent and light in effect that all the lace-like stonework, and slender pinnacles, and daring flying buttresses seem to float in the air, exuberant with their fairy-like beauty. Here are cloisters in which the



THE CLOISTER—BATALHA

imagination of the stone-workers has run riot; unfinished towers that seem to have stopped only when human ingenuity in design could be carried no farther; and when your eye is wearied with the inexhaustible elaboration of the carved stone arches, you may turn into the simple, quiet cloisters of Affonso V., which compass a sweet, restful old garden, where the roses bloom as fragrantly and as unpretentiously as in some little garden at home.



The Hotel Fernando

While Juan was replenishing our stock of gasoline at Leiria on the river Liz, we strolled along the promenade which, shaded by the double rows of plane and acacia trees, runs along the river bank. A group of women were washing their clothes on the shallow bank, and from time to time as one finished her work she would gather the laundered garments in a great basket, and, lifting it to the top of her head, go swinging along the street to her home with no more concern for her burden than if it had been a feather to decorate her headdress. Farther down was the Fonte Grande, the real centre of the life of the village, where a constant stream of women bearing water-jars of antique shape and various colors were coming and going, or stopping to discuss the village affairs with friends bent on the same errand. I photographed a tall, lithe girl in a picturesque costume consisting of a scarlet waist, a blue-figured skirt, and an orange kerchief, and when I had taken a picture of her, with her great stone crock, filled with water, on her head, her young man persuaded her, somewhat against her will, to pose with him for a picture, and as soon as I had pressed the button he told her that having compromised herself to that extent she would now be obliged to marry him.

From Leiria we made our way toward the coast through tall pine forests and groves of cork trees. Along the roads were large herds of goats and a constant string of little donkeys returning from the market, with the lord and master of the household perched astride, with a cigarette in his mouth and an umbrella over his head, while the patient, barefooted wife trudged behind with a great basket of marketing on her head, and a stick in her hand with which she drove and urged on the donkey that was conveying her better half so comfortably along the road.

Coimbra distinguished itself in our experience as being the one place in all Portugal where we had cause to complain of being badly treated at an inn, and the genial hospitality of all the others made the shortcomings of the Hotel Avenida all the more conspicuous. It was about midnight before we could secure a competent equipage, get the horses harnessed up, and shake the dust of Coimbra from our feet. At two in the morning we passed through the

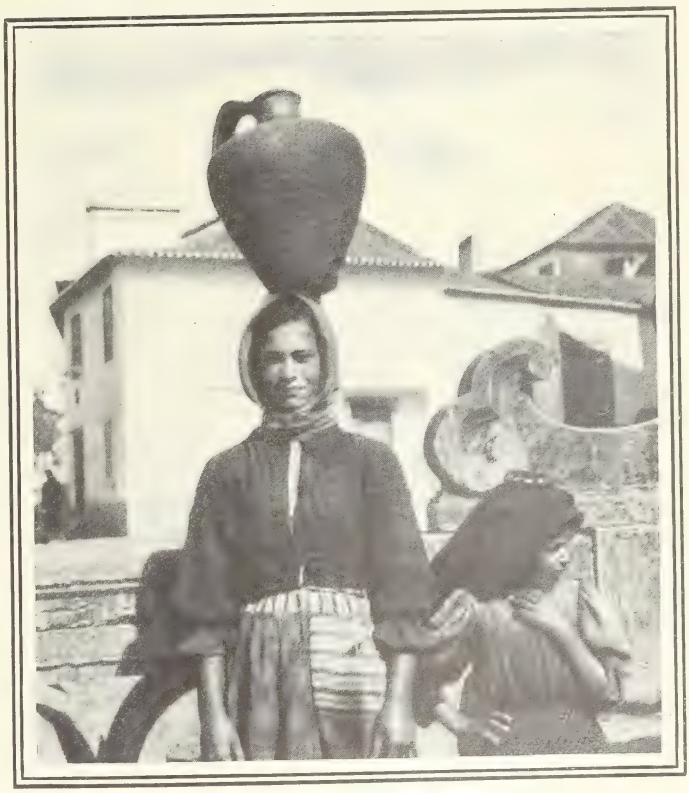
sleeping village of Pampilhosa; and although the little inn showed no signs of life, a vigorous knocking on our part soon brought the nightcapped head of the sleepy landlord out of one of the windows.

A little after daybreak our motor reappeared, in answer to our early telephone call, and presently we were on our way to one of the most beautiful mountain resorts of which the world can boast, for such is Bussaco.

Quiet paths lead through the woods in every direction to the deserted hermitages which once sheltered the silent Trappists. Here for two hundred years the shoeless Carmelites labored lovingly to make this sacred wood a veritable garden of rare trees, plants, shrubs, and the medicinal herbs sent to them by their fellow monks from all quarters of the globe, and here, in return for the loving care of the silent, white-robed gardeners, developed a luxurious tropical forest unequalled in the world for its surpassing beauty. Our time was all too short here. We had but hours to spend where we should have liked to spend days, and after a luxurious shower bath and an excellent *déjeuner* we were *en route* again for Agueda, where we were to visit the Condessa dē Barralha.

We found her awaiting us in a beautiful garden. From two turrets in the castle floated the Portuguese and American flags in honor of our arrival, and near a cool fountain under the great plane trees in the garden was a table set with cakes, fresh figs, oranges, and melons, as well as varied flagons of native wines, all the produce of the home vineyards, pressed and vinted by the owner's own laborers. While we were sitting there a long procession of tall, bronzed girls came in from the fields where they had been working, with great bales of hay and wicker baskets with farm produce on their heads, and shy little barefooted girls, who were working in the flower-gardens behind us, slipped quietly up from time to time to fill their watering-cans at the fountain.

We made an early start from Porto for Guimaraes by way of Thyrso. Soon above the pine forest appeared the granite peak of Penha, crowned by the white walls of an old monastery, and then as we came into Guimaraes we saw the strong walls of the old castle—where Affonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, was born in 1109—still keeping watch over the little city which lies below them.



AT THE FOUNTAIN – LEIRIA

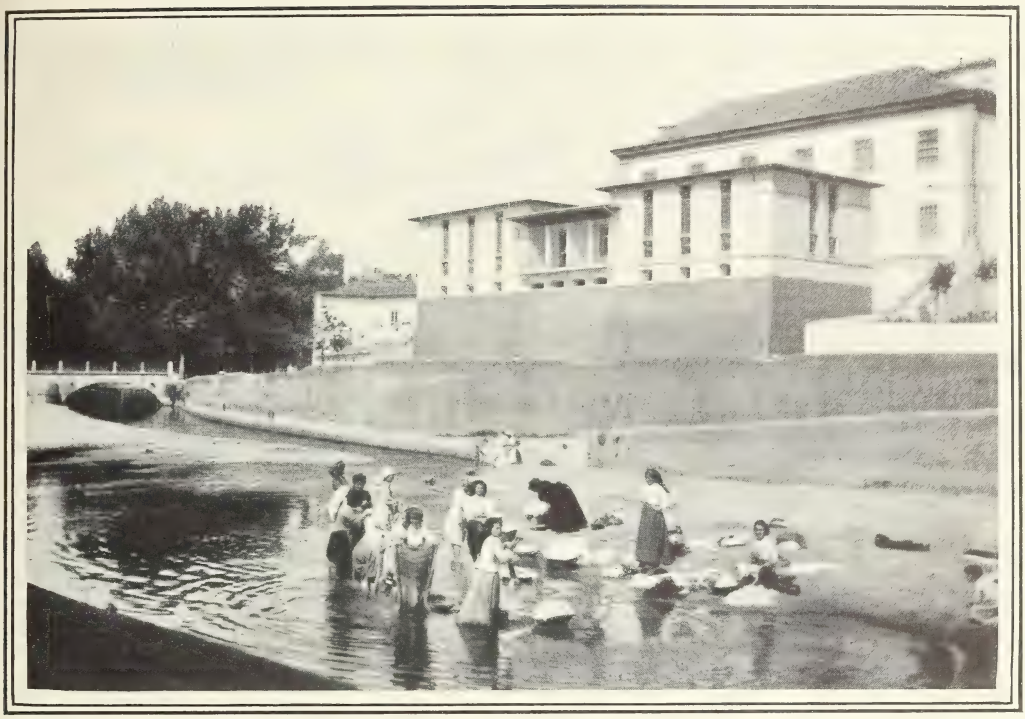
Guimaraes, which is one of Portugal's most picturesque and historically interesting cities, has the old church of "Our Lady of the Olives" which commemorates the legend of Wamba, the Visigoth, who declined the kingship until convinced, by

miraculous sign of his olive-wood staff bursting into bud, that he was the chosen of Heaven. All good citizens of the town candidly confess that Guimaraes possesses the most beautiful women in all Europe. However this may be, we were soon to experience the charming hospitality of its people, as in a few minutes after leaving the town our motor drew up at the Casa de Pago, the country house of the Conde de Pago Vieira, where we were warmly welcomed by a genial host surrounded by as delightful a family as one could have the good fortune to find anywhere in the world. The hours passed pleasantly under this most hospitable roof. The table expanded with perfect elasticity as several other unexpected guests arrived, the children removing themselves to small side tables to make room for the newcomers. There was an English air of wholesome health and happiness about these children, with the best of good manners unaccompanied by any shyness whatsoever, so that in an hour we were old acquaintances, and were playing tennis or taking kodaks of laughing groups, and before the afternoon was over, as the youngest girl voiced it, we had become "their particular friends."



A Street Scene Guimaraes

Toward evening we went to the Praça de Toiros to see a Portuguese bull-fight; for bull-rings are as prevalent in Portugal as golf links in Scotland. The Portuguese bull-fight is a very different affair from the degenerate bull-fight of Spain, where the cruel torture of poor and decrepit old horses is provided to satisfy the brutal thirst for the sight of blood and dying agonies which the Spaniard demands. In Portugal the bull-fight is a display of high-school horsemanship, and instead of the pathetic old worn-out animals which are brought into the Spanish bull-ring to be brutally torn to pieces, the horses are the finest animals in the country, schooled to obey the slightest wish of the rider, as conveyed by a touch of the bridle, the knees, or an inclination of the body, and the principal concern of the rider is to see that his horse is not even touched by the bull, even the slightest touch scoring a point against him. The ceremony opens with the *cortesias.* A flare of trumpets signals the entrance of the cavalleiros and their attendant company of bull-fighters. The cavalleiros, who are often gentlemen and not professionals, take the place of the matadores in the Spanish ring, but are beautifully mounted on perfectly trained horses, instead of being on foot. The cavalleiros then perform a number of graceful evolutions on their high-school horses, saluting the distinguished *aficianado,* who, seated in the central box, acts as the master of ceremonies and director of the bull-ring. When their skilful manœuvres are at an end, the cavalleiros ask permission of the director to have the first bull brought into the ring, and having selected one of their number to encounter him, the others withdraw, leaving the one horseman to meet the charge of the bull. The gate is then



A Group of Women were washing Clothes along the River Bank

pulled up and the bull rushes into the ring, receiving, as he enters, a barbed rosette in his shoulder, bearing the distinguishing colors of the breeder from whose estate he has been furnished. The horns of the bull are cased in leather, with rounded buttons at each tip to prevent his goring the horses as is done in the Spanish fights. The horseman is provided with a short barbed lance, somewhat longer than the usual bandarilhas, and his object is to provoke the charge of the bull, in the course of which he must plant his barbed lance between the shoulders of the animal without either himself or his horse being touched by the bull. If this is done successfully, the head of the lance breaks away, remaining in the bull's shoulder, while the staff remains in the hands of the horseman, who dashes across the ring, drawing after him a brilliant string of small silk flags which have been concealed in a bomb at the head of the lance. Three lances are allowed to each horseman, and the placing successfully of all three, without horse or rider being touched by the bull, constitutes a perfect performance.

Then the capinhas, who correspond to the Spanish bandarilleros, approach the bull on foot and endeavor to place their two bandarilhas in the bull's shoulders. After this has been accomplished and the infuriated animal has become somewhat exhausted by innumerable charges back and forth across the ring, the comedy element of the bull-fight, peculiar to Portugal, commences with the appearance in the ring of the Moços de Forcado—a group of gayly dressed men with padded leather breeches, and great cummerbunds of leather about their waists, whose duty it is to face and receive the charge of the bull, throwing themselves between his horns and grasping him at the same time firmly about the neck to prevent his tossing them high in the air. When one has successfully placed himself in this position, the others rush upon the bull and lay hold of him by the tail, legs, and horns, to prevent the gentleman in the uncomfortable position between the horns of the bull from being dashed to death against the barrier. When the bull has been brought to a full stop and the successful moço has been released from his somewhat embarrassing position, the



Water Wheels

cabestros, or bell-oxen, are sent into the ring, and the bewildered bull goes peacefully out with them. Then the performance is repeated until six or eight bulls have been baited to the satisfaction and amusement of the crowd.

Leaving the bull-fight, we motored on to Valença on the Spanish border, where the next morning we crossed the long bridge into Spain. A few miles beyond Tuy we broke the first tire since leaving Lisbon, and when Juan had replaced it the sparking-plugs went wrong, then the brake-rod gave way, and we had to crawl slowly back to a little village we had just passed through and find the "iron man," or local blacksmith, and have a new rod forged. The smith's little shop was hot, but we found a quiet shady arbor behind the cluster of houses that constituted the village. Beneath the arbor was a pump, around which the life of the tiny hamlet revolved. I pumped at the handle while a mother washed her baby in the stone trough into which the water flowed. Next came a little girl with the family laundry to be scrubbed out in the same stone trough. After the soapy water had run out and I had refilled the trough again, so that the laundered clothes could have a rinsing in the clear water, we emptied it once more, only to refill it at once for a young woman who brought a dried, salt codfish to put to soak. When this had been accomplished to her satisfaction, I waited on two dogs who had come there expressly for a drink. Then a tiny little girl came with some colored kerchiefs to wash, and when she had finished I gave her a bright silk handkerchief, which I had in my pocket, to bedeck her own tiny head, and although it was quite new, she washed it with great care and pride, and spread it on the grass with the others to dry, while she stood watching it with delight in her eyes at the thought of her future grandeur with a real silk handkerchief to wear on her head. Finally, when the iron man had worked his will on our motor, we got away, and about seven o'clock in the evening we arrived at Orense.

We were now short of gasoline; and Juan, in looking about to replenish it, found the only can known to exist in the town, in the show-window of the local

jeweller—not an altogether inappropriate setting when we discovered the price demanded for the precious fluid. Juan was now in a state of absolute despair and semi-rebellion. He did not wish to go farther in Spain, and wanted to return to Portugal. Therefore, by way of discipline, we decided that we would go still farther into Spain that very night, and ordered him to proceed to Monforte at once. As long as the twilight lasted we feasted our eyes on one of the most beautiful drives in the world. Crossing the Rio Minho at Orense, we wound along the valley of the river, climbing ever higher and higher on the steep sides of the great mountain through which it flowed. Once we passed a little village in the clouds, where a *feira* was being held near the little church which clung to the mountainside, and later, as it grew dark, bonfires at different points marked little groups of mountaineers who had gathered to sing and dance about the fires.

We stopped at a lonely little roadside inn, where a group of as desperate-looking bandits as you would wish to see were assembled. Swathed in long, black cloaks which, by a turn over their shoulders, almost entirely concealed their faces, their eyes hidden deep under their broad black hat brims, they presented a sinister appearance which we could see was anything but reassuring to Juan. But after two minutes of judiciously selected phrase-book conversation, we had the entire outfit of these dismal brigands chasing over the surrounding country in search of some flasks of wine for our mutual enjoyment, and they finally reappeared with a small cask of cider, or "apple wine," as they termed it, which we drank to our mutual healths and better acquaintance, and shortly after went on our way, apparently the most cherished and respected travellers with whom they had ever had to do.

We arrived at Monforte some time after ten at night, wheezing along on the last mile on our last half-pint of gasoline; and having discovered that there was none to be had in the town, we took the train at 3.12 in the morning for Leon, and leaving Juan to make his way as best he might to Lisbon, while we prepared to sit up the rest of the night on the uncomfortable cars which run at such weird hours in Spain.

After dining at the Hotel de France, we took a train that evening, which was to take us to the junction at Venta da



THE FEIRA—PONTE DA LIMA



The Roman Aqueduct

Baños, where the Sud-Express stopped at three in the morning. Taking trains at three in the morning gets to be a habit in Spain, notwithstanding which the practice tends to disarrange your days. At a quarter before three we drowsily made preparations to get our light baggage out on the platform, but were surprised to find the entire platform occupied by a company of Spanish soldiers.

We were then informed that no one would be allowed to board the train, as all the accommodations had been reserved for the night by King Alfonso, who was returning to San Sebastian from Madrid, where he had been called from his summer home by the Barcelona riots. This was a severe blow, as even in Spain, when you have sat up until three o'clock in the morning to catch a train, you do not like to miss it. We held a conference and decided to resort to strategy. Our baggage consisted of two hand-bags, two cameras, and two wine-skins, and quietly, under the cover of the darkness, we removed it to the extreme end of the station, in the shadow of a small switch-house, near where we hoped the last car of the train might come to a stop.

We were right in our conjectures, and the rear of the last car pulled up directly in front of us; but here we encountered a fresh difficulty in the watchful French guard, who told us that it was absolutely impossible that he should allow us to board the train, as all the accommodations had been reserved for the King, and the train contained not only Alfonso, but Queen Victoria, the Queen Mother, Prime Minister Maura, a large military guard of officers and household troops, as well as detectives and personal body-guards of the King. We had short time for argument, so we wasted little of it in further conversation, but kept slipping large Spanish silver dollars into the hands of the guard at a rate that must have convinced him that he had discovered two peripatetic mints, he still protesting, however, that it was absolutely impossible for us to board the train. But finally the flood of silver dollars proved irresistible, and he whispered to us excitedly that the door of the side farthest away from the station would not be too securely fastened when the train started, and if we should take advantage of that fact it would be entirely without his knowledge or consent, nor was he to be held responsible for any unpleasant consequences which might befall us, for we were sure to be ex-

amined by the detectives, as the road from Madrid to San Sebastian had been guarded by stationing soldiers every hundred yards along the track. It was feared that an attempt might be made to blow up the train by the Barcelona anarchists. However, after our weary vigil we were afraid of nothing so much as seeing the train go off without us, so just as the whistle blew we pushed the rear door quietly back, shoved our baggage into the vestibule, and unostentatiously sat down on it to await results. We did not have long to wait; before the train was fairly under way two detectives stood before us, excitedly questioning the guard in Spanish as to our presence there.

About this time a Colt's revolver, that I had futilely carried in my hip pocket as a protection against the child-like and genial brigands of the Portuguese and Spanish mountains, commenced to assume the proportions of a Gatling gun, and I had a subconscious feeling that from a rear view I must resemble a small donkey transporting a mountain howitzer on his back. Cautiously I shifted it from my pocket to the inside of my trouser leg.

All this time an animated and somewhat heated discussion was being carried on by the two detectives and the guard, and the question seemed to be as to whether it would not disturb the King more to stop the train and put us off than to keep us under guard until the morning. Finally the latter course was decided upon. Two mattresses were placed in the corridor of the carriage, our bags and cameras were sequestered out of our reach in the vestibule, and we lay down peacefully to sleep, with a detective with a revolver seated at each end of the corridor to guard our slumber.

A little after six in the morning we had to get up to clear the passageway, and we arose not particularly refreshed, but pleased that we were now in a fair way to reach our destination.

It had evidently been decided by this time that we did not contemplate any attempt upon the life of the King, as our guard was withdrawn, and we were given a comfortable apartment in which to enjoy the remainder of our journey.

The French guard now resumed friendly relations with us, and told us that a restaurant-car would be attached to the train at Zumarraga at about half past eight. As we were coming into the station we saw the car on a siding some quarter of a mile away; but before we could get to the door and swing off the still moving train to make a run across the tracks for it, a slim figure in a tweed suit and a green Tyrolean hat slipped off the car ahead of us and made for the restaurant-car with the agility and despatch that we had supposed could only be acquired by the Newport traveller, through constant practice in the dining-car race at New London. We were not far behind, however, and as he turned to look over his shoulder at the line of fat and puffing little generals and officers in gold braid toiling along behind us, we recognized the King. Here might have arisen cause for alarm in the minds of the detectives; for, fleetly as the King sped, we kept in desperate pursuit as though our lives depended on overtaking him before he should reach the sanctuary of the restaurant-car. The detectives followed, yelling and making wild and violent gestures. However, the King got to the car first and secured the first table, but we ran a good second, coming in a hundred yards ahead of the struggling line of anxious officials. The King greeted us pleasantly, said "Good morning," and was soon joined by his Prime Minister, and they engaged during breakfast in a serious discussion of the Barcelona riots and the latest despatches from the war in Morocco.

When we arrived at San Sebastian, the King was the first to leave his car, and while waiting for the Queen he shook hands with those of us on the train who had alighted to see him off, and then with the Queen and the Queen Mother he was welcomed by a great crowd of the inhabitants of San Sebastian, who had come down to greet his arrival, and to assure him by their enthusiasm that they had no sympathy with the uprising in another part of his kingdom.

A little more than an hour after, we were in France, and our pilgrimage to the Portuguese shrines was over.

The Feud

BY MARJORIE BOWEN

THE prisoner looked up as they crossed the threshold of the castle; looked up and around him with an air of curiosity and personal interest.

When my lord's secretary came to the little party in the great hall, he was still gazing, in that keen, absorbed manner, at the dark walls that shut him in; for the rest, he stood very quietly surrounded by his four captors.

"What is this?" asked the secretary. He was a young man and seemed depressed; to wear notably that manner of gloom which was the result of living in the huge and lonely castle.

One of the men with the prisoner was from London, in the Government employ, half spy, half constable; he took the leadership naturally.

"We found this man breaking into the castle grounds," he said. "He showed fight, could give no account of himself; the Duke had best see him."

The secretary's eyes ran over the prisoner.

"Is it worth while?" he asked, indifferently.

The man from London was nettled.

"Yes," he said. "What am I down here for? The fellow was making for the coast—for all we can swear, a Papist with a French sloop hanging round the horizon—and after the plots—"

"Ah, plots!" interrupted the secretary. "We hear of nothing but plots now."

"And with good reason. There are more Papists abroad than have been discovered yet."

The secretary was still indifferent.

"Need you have troubled my lord?"

"I think, sir, there is no other magistrate near by . . ."

"Well—" said the secretary, and he lifted his shoulders; the men about the prisoner knew what lay behind his manner; my lord was a Papist and more than suspected of complicity in these same plots; it was a rumor not breathed openly, but universally believed, that he was an exile from London and Court favor on account of discovery of his treason, and that, did not the King owe him more money than could ever be repaid, he had shared the end of my lord Stafford. This was no matter of theirs now, anxious as they were to please their masters the mob with fresh victims; two of them were soldiers from my lord Feversham's regiment, quartered near to have an eye on the dangerous; the fourth a nondescript ally of the man from London.

"Take the fellow to town," said the secretary, eying them.

"We want my lord's authority for that—he was captured in the castle grounds."

The secretary turned on his heel.

"This way," he said, and mounted the wide, ill-lit stone stairs.

The castle had been built in the time of the Norman kings, and was little altered from those days, save in the dreariness that had descended on it since the loss of its ancient glory; it lacked the men-at-arms, the squires, the pages, the jesters, the guests coming and going, who had once made its vastness cheerful.

It seemed now a dead and hollow shell, though every stone was intact, and this part at least furnished with a show of great wealth.

The secretary, the little group of men behind him, stopped on a wide landing hung with tapestry.

It was as yet only twilight, but two huge iron arms, painted and gilt, projecting from the wall, gripped in their fists thick tapers that had been lit some time, for they bent either side the fingers that held them, and the wax dripped over the gilt and scarlet.

Between them was a lofty door; the secretary entered and the others followed; the prisoner still looked about him with an air of eager observation.

The room had been rebuilt of late years; the walls were lined with panel-

ling, the ceiling painted; the chimney-piece was handsomely carved, and in the stained-glass window that burned azure in the dusk were the arms of my lord's family quartering fifteen heiresses.

The candles were yet unlit, but a steady fire burned upon the hearth. The secretary lit a lamp that hung by silver chains from the ceiling, and left by an inner door.

The prisoner stood a little apart from his guards, and as the lamp flame leaped up, disclosing the room, his eyes went at once to the mantelpiece, where a portrait of my lord's father was set in the dark wood between two figures of Strength and Charity, that stood in niches under a Grecian canopy.

The painting was dark and stiff, yet powerful in a certain carriage of the head, a locked look about the mouth, as of one who could speak and would not, and a bold, stern expression in the dark eyes.

Below the portrait, cut deep in the wood, was the family motto, "Strength and Charity," on a scroll with the arms beneath.

In the centre of the room, under the lamp, was a table set with gold writing materials, several books, and a milk-hued alabaster bust of a warrior; on the floor was a Persian carpet, and, on a rich bench against the wall, a suit of damascened armor, and a crimson cloak.

The prisoner's quick, attentive glance did not miss one of these details; he appeared more interested in his surroundings than his situation.

The others stood at attention, whispering among themselves; the prisoner's arms were tied behind him, and they had taken his weapons away, nor did he show the least sign of the desperate fierceness he had displayed before they were able to capture him in the castle grounds.

Not five minutes after the secretary had left, the inner door opened again, and my lord entered the room.

He held a bunch of violets in his hand and came straight to the table.

The prisoner looked at him with no change in his demeanor; the others uncovered.

"I am sorry to trouble your Grace," began the man from London.

"I am not infrequently disturbed in this manner," returned the Duke. "We do not lack for plots." He laid his violets on the table and seated himself.

He was not above eighteen or twenty, of the middle height and slender, delicate, of a compelling gravity in his bearing and expression, yet of a courteous sweetness in his manner; with all, he had a half-sad air of long self-containment at variance with his extreme youth.

His face showed no likeness to the dark portrait over the mantelpiece; it was pale, still rounded with the curves of childhood; the features aristocratic, sensitive, and regular.

His eyes were gray, soft, and beautiful, well set under level brows; thick curls of dusky brown hair fell on to his shoulders, framing and accentuating his pallor. He was very finely dressed in ash-colored satin, with a gold ribbon in his cravat, and silver threads in his waistcoat; his whole personality was remarkable for an air of proud austerity and serene dignity.

His glance rested without curiosity on the prisoner.

"The government is overzealous in these parts," he said, with the candor of one who disdains to be politic. "I think it becomes tyrannical."

The man from London had his answer ready.

"Your Grace knows the ferment the kingdom is in since the plot was discovered."

My lord seemed to know and despise the plot for a mere political engine; it was not difficult for a man of sense to see more of Lord Shaftesbury than the Crown in this sensational discovery that was shaking the kingdom; he looked away from the captors and addressed the prisoner.

"Sir," he said, courteously, "have you any reason to adduce for being in my grounds to-night?"

The prisoner drew a quick breath and shook himself.

"I am a stranger," he said, in a low voice. "I did not know I was forbidden."

"That is but reasonable," answered the Duke. "And I, sir, should be pleased enough to set you on your way, yet, to satisfy these gentlemen, you must first answer another question—for what reason were you in this lonely part of the country—and so late?"

The prisoner looked at the floor.

"I was staying in the village," he began.

The man from London interrupted.

"My lord, it is a lie; I have had the village under observation; two hours ago this fellow rode up to the inn, left his horse, and made straight for the sea. Yesterday I had news of a foreign vessel lurking along the coast, and 'tis as plain as can be that this fellow was to meet her to-night—he was late and so broke through your lordship's grounds as a short way—when we, who had followed, stopped him; he made a fierce resistance, and whatever he may have composed since, he could then give no account of himself."

The Duke did not appear much impressed.

"What have you to say?" he asked the prisoner.

"I was on my own business. I refuse to disclose it;" he gave the man from London an ugly look. "Everything is not involved in your damned Popish plot."

"You can say no more?" questioned my lord, looking at him.

"I will not."

"Your Grace hears!" cried the man from London.

"I hear no treason, sir," said the young Duke, coldly, "nor do I see any reason to connect this man with plots—false informers are common, and I would not on slight grounds send a man to London under suspicion now."

He picked up the violets and laid them down again.

"Set the man at liberty," he said.

"Your Grace is too careless." The man from London stepped to the table. "We found this on the prisoner; two pistols, and this—"

He placed a red leather case with silver clasps among the quills and papers.

The prisoner made an impetuous movement, quickly checked.

"Aha!" said the man from London, triumphantly.

"What is here?" asked the Duke, with dislike of his task.

He opened the red case; it contained a packet of letters tied round and round with yellow silk and sealed in two places with a wax of a curious green color, and one loose paper, also sealed; there was a writing in cipher across one corner.

"If your Grace will open them . . ."

"I can see no occasion to open these papers, sir. I think you encroach upon your duty."

The young man spoke with disdain and weight; he leaned back in his chair and looked at the prisoner.

"Will you give me your word, sir, these papers contain nothing treasonable?" he asked.

"They treat of private matters, my lord," was the low answer.

"Your Grace sees he is evasive," put in the Government man.

The Duke slightly frowned; he again addressed the prisoner.

"You make it difficult for me—I have no wish to send you to London—a little frankness, sir, would best serve my wishes and yours."

The prisoner moved his head and moistened his lips; his manner showed controlled resentment and sullenness.

"If your Grace," he said, in a labored fashion, "will release me—I assure you, I swear, I am innocent of all plots . . ."

He paused; my lord, with the violets to his lips, was watching him.

"I am in a situation which is difficult to explain—I—"

Again he came to a stop.

"What are these papers?" asked my lord, lowering his gray eyes to them.

"Your Grace, private matters."

"What is your name?"

"One of no importance." This with some fierceness.

"Indeed, you must answer me, if I am not to give credence to your guilt."

The man from London interrupted.

"There is no need for anything further, my lord; send the man to London."

A slight flush overspread my lord's fair face.

"For Francis Dangerfield to swear his life away?" he said. "I will have more proof than this first."

He picked up the loose letter.

"By your leave, sir, I must open this, since you will not be more free with me."

The prisoner came swiftly forward and stood at the table.

"Will your Grace," he said, earnestly, "send these men from the room first?"

My lord paused and looked up.

"Why?" he asked.

The prisoner, who had been hitherto



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MY LORD TOUCHED THE SILVER BELL

in the shadow, stood now directly under the light of the silver lamp.

He was a man of no more than forty, but his eyes and mouth were deeply lined, and there was no look of youth on his cynical face; he was powerfully made, not tall, but erect, and dressed in velvet —the garb of a gentleman. Gazing steadily at the Duke, he repeated his request.

"I entreat your lordship not to open that letter until we are alone and, by everything that can have any weight with you, to send these men away."

There was so much of force, desperate, sincere appeal, intense feeling in his speech that the youth to whom it was addressed stared at him with some wonder.

The tired brown eyes and the clear gray eyes held each other a moment's space.

Then my lord spoke.

"Very well. . . . Why not?"

The man from London had a hundred reasons; but the young Duke's calm authority overruled him; he and his followers went sullenly from the room to wait on the head of the great stairs.

With their going was silence; only the distant, vague beat of the sea, and the complaint of a rising wind striking the windows, broke the stillness.

My lord still held the letter.

"If you will tell me no more, I must read this," he said.

"I told you that it was a private matter, but you will not take my word," returned the prisoner, fiercely.

Now he was alone with his judge, his demeanor had changed; his manner was impatient, almost insolent.

My lord, who from not considering him at all had been drawn to some interest, regarded him with inscrutable, wide eyes, and broke the seal of the letter.

The prisoner interrupted.

"Will you untie my hands?" he asked.

His face had a curious dead pallor, his mouth strained.

My lord gave a half-glance at the pistols lying where the man from London had left them among the papers.

"The ropes cut my wrists," said the prisoner, hoarsely.

The Duke moved the pistols to beside his own seat, then rose and untied, with some difficulty, the skilful knots.

He returned to his chair in silence, and the prisoner crossed to the fire and with a little shudder held his hands out to the glow.

My lord opened the letter, glanced down it carelessly, then more attentively, turned it over to see the last lines, then raised his eyes swiftly to the other man, who was watching him with an expression of hatred.

"Well, my lord, read it," he said.

Without an answer the Duke turned again to the letter.

It bore neither name of place, nor date, nor any term of address, but commenced at once in a firm handwriting with these words:

"I have been more successful than I dared to hope.

"The Plot, as you will have heard, is shaking the country, Shaftesbury is the most forceful man in England, and no Papist is safe. There is no need for me to name the lords who have lately suffered.

"As for our private affairs, you must know that I have managed them very well; with the aid of public feeling (and every one now thinks a Papist the devil himself) and my own talent for counterfeit handwriting I have involved my old enemies beyond redemption. You remember our oaths? . . . not to spare.

"The little Duke is ruined for his father's sake and for my father's memory; he dare not show himself at Court nor near London, but hides in one of his great mansions—perhaps the castle I shall have to pass to-night.

"The King owes him much, but I will spring a mine under him no royal hand shall save him from; I look to see his head fall as fell the heads of Montrose and Derby, so I have put him in the inner plot to kill the King.

"You say you still walk with God in the old faith and that it comforts you in your exile, and ask me of myself.

"I am not what my father was; how could I be? I know not what I believe. I have seen many strange things since I was a godly man; it is pleasant at least to be avenged.

"You will say I am careless and that this should be in cipher, but I will deliver it to Campion myself.

"The country is riddled with spies,

but our rendezvous is so lonely I fear not to be discovered. I am supposed in London, where I gave evidence last week.

"Continue with your share of the business; send me what news you can; 'The Woolpack' is safe enough and not suspected of anything more serious than owling.

"Your last letters from Lord S—— to the Spanish were useful; a cry of foreign invasion always works.

"Be careful and be hopeful. I look to see you in London yet."

The letter ended as abruptly as it had begun; my lord laid it down, and looked round at the prisoner.

"You wrote this?"

The man turned with his back to the fire.

"Yes."

"To whom is it written?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"I think I can guess—an exile in Holland, probably a regicide."

"Yes, a regicide."

The young Duke moved slowly in his chair so that he faced the prisoner.

"And you are one of the authors of this infamous plot: an Oates, a Dangerfield, a Bedloe—"

"Listen to me—my name is Martin Bampfield."

The Duke, pale, cold, gazed at him with unmoved eyes.

"That name is nothing to me."

"It is the name of one who hates you and all your house."

"I have never heard it before."

"I think you have, my lord."

The prisoner's eyes were hard and narrowed; the red light of the fire flushed his swarthy face as he half swung round with a heavy gesture of his hand to his heart.

"I do not know you," came my lord's grave young voice, "but it seems you are the man who has slandered me to the King and to the country."

"Yes—I—yours is a great name, sir; not so great I could not drag it down—but this is your turn—these papers clear you and damn me."

"Why did you do it?" asked the Duke. "What was I to you?"

Martin Bampfield cast his eyes slowly round the wide chamber.

"My father died in this room," he said.

The Duke's beautiful mouth tightened.

"My father was shot by your father in this room—that man I write to was there, and he described it to me often—to the figures here of Strength and Charity." He smiled sarcastically.

"Your father was a rebel?" asked the Duke, very coldly.

"My father was a patriot," said Martin Bampfield. "He was shot here, in this room."

"Why?"

"He was caught in the castle, he and this other man, and they were brought here—"

"Spies," said my lord, shortly.

"—and your father ordered them to be hanged as Cromwell's men; but, all unarmed as they were, they showed such fight that one escaped . . . and your father shot the other himself as he ran to the door."

"Well?" said the Duke, haughtily.

"Does your lordship remember it now? It was before you were born, but I think some one told you the story of John Bampfield, preacher."

"I have heard of the end of John Bampfield, spy," answered the Duke. "But I have not given it much thought."

The other moved a step from the hearth.

"Would you have done as your father did?"

My lord slightly lifted his fair, level brows.

"Yes."

"I thought so—I meant to bring you to the block—"

My lord folded up the letter.

"You are a false informer, a defamer of innocence, a man without honor or conscience—what can I do with such as you?"

"It is very easy," said Martin Bampfield. "You hold your vindication and my ruin in your hand."

My lord rested his elbow on the table and took his chin in his hand.

"Why did you wish those men sent from the room?"

"Because I desired to settle this affair with you alone."

The Duke did not alter his easy position; the austere calm of his youthfulness was in no way troubled; his eyes,

wide and clear, held the other in a searching, steady look.

"You speak as if there were a feud between us," he said.

The prisoner came a step nearer the table.

"There has been a feud between our families—always; you have not heard of it, belike, but we always hated each other, and in the Civil War it culminated . . . in this room. We are different in everything, in rank, in creed, in fortune. . . . I am not what my father was, but what the times have made me—though at heart a republican always and vowed to vengeance on Papists, such as you. Listen to me—under the Lord Cromwell I was a great man, and your father was an exile in Flanders—then the slothful King came back for the curse of England, and your house rose again—the Earl became the Duke . . . died in court favor . . . and I—I changed with fortune. And so, forgotten, I worked against you and your proud name . . . the plot . . ."

"Stop!" the Duke interrupted, imperiously. "This plot is a fabrication—you are telling me that?"

Martin Bampfield smiled.

"No—I tell you what you know—that the lies that exiled you here were of my making—as for the rest—I betray nothing."

The Duke never moved.

"You and your kind have sent innocent men to the block," he said.

"There, God help me, would I have sent you, and never repented it."

In the pause that followed was the insistent and mournful sound of the sea, the hurrying passage of the wind past the mullions, and the strong ripple of the flames on the hearth.

"Well," said Martin Bampfield, "why do you not call those men in and say, 'Here is no Papist intriguing with France, but one of the coiners of the Plot—a Cromwellian, a republican—take him to London—to Tyburn.'"

The Duke picked up the bunch of drooping violets and held them against his lips.

"You have done me a great wrong," he said, coldly. "Perhaps the greatest wrong in any man's power to do another . . . you have disgraced me, covered my name with shame, broken my career at the beginning . . . it is strange you should have fallen into my power."

Martin Bampfield moved back toward the fire.

"Fortune lies with you again," he said, fiercely. "Make an end of it . . ."

"I never harmed you," replied my lord. "I scarcely knew your name."

The prisoner made an impatient gesture.

"I am glad I did what I did—" he swung round abruptly. "I tell you, could I get my hand on one of those pistols I would burn that letter and shoot you, and lie, and lie, until your name was never cleared."

My lord raised his head from his hand.

"This hate is a strange thing—I think I hate you, Mr. Bampfield . . . a feud, difference of code, of King, of God—you are indeed hateful to me."

He made a half-shuddering movement with his fair right hand.

"What need for so many words?" demanded the prisoner, sullenly. "Send me to my death from the spot where my father was slain. Well, I may have stumbled from the altars where he worshipped. I shall find them again in the end, and I thank God, my lord, that I met you and told you what I had done."

The Duke slightly frowned.

"Why, this is very paltry—and yet, I think you are sincere, which is a marvellous thing. . . . Our gods are indeed different, Mr. Bampfield."

He still held the violets, and now laid them down beside the pistols at his elbow.

"What are these?" He took up the other papers that were bound together with the long yellow silk strands.

"Will not your Grace open them?" sneered the other. "You have the pistols and a bell at your elbow—if we were equally matched, they would be in the fire first."

My lord looked at him keenly, and broke the silk.

Various letters and papers fell out on to the table.

At the sight of them the prisoner made a step forward.

The Duke's delicate hand closed over one of the pistols.

"As you remind me, I am armed," he said, while a faint flush overspread his features. "Keep your distance, sir."

He pointed to the open letter lying before my lord.

"Or are you hoping I shall refuse to go? But I never claimed to be a knight errant. I leave, and with no gratitude, my lord."

With an uneasy, lowering defiance he swung toward the inner door.

"One moment," said the Duke.

Instantly, suspiciously, the other turned to face him.

My lord, standing full in the gentle light of the silver lamp, looked very young, very slight, though he held himself with a grave loftiness.

"Well?" demanded Martin Bampfield, savagely.

"There are your properties," with a little sweep of his hand he indicated the table before him. "Take them."

Martin Bampfield stared.

"The papers?"

"Your papers—yes."

"I—I—" he stammered, paused.

"You will take them, Mr. Bampfield; they are of no use to me."

Slowly the older man neared the table.

"What game are you playing?" he asked, wiping his lips.

"Ah," said my lord, a little wearily. "I pray you—haste."

Martin Bampfield took up the packet.

"So—you will be generous—but the letter?"

"It is yours," said my lord, never moving from his erect position.

"You know what it means to you?"

The Duke smiled.

"It means to me, sir, nothing—seen at Whitehall, it might mean something to you."

"You—"

"I advise you to destroy it, Mr. Bampfield."

For a moment they gazed at each other, then Martin Bampfield picked up the letter.

"You think I will show it myself." He gave an unsteady, forced laugh.

"I know you will not."

"Well, you are right—"

He crossed rapidly to the fireplace. "You will not snare me with your fine chivalry—"

With his eyes watchfully on the Duke he cast the letter on to the flames.

The youth made no movement, and did not change his faint smile; Martin Bampfield stared at him, baffled.

As the letter twisted into a blackened curl, he approached the table again.

"I don't understand . . ." he began, thickly.

"There is no need," answered my lord. "These also are yours." He pointed to the pistols lying before him.

"The pistols?"

"Your pistols, yes."

Martin Bampfield hesitated.

"You want . . ." he broke off. He bit his lip. "You mean me to take them?"

"Yes—I have no need of them."

"You know . . . I would have killed you—"

"Yes, I know."

"Why are you giving me these pistols?"

My lord's smile deepened.

"Different breed, different creeds, Mr. Bampfield, as you said yourself."

Martin Bampfield took up the weapons; my lord moved round the table and touched the silver bell behind St. George; then he lifted his eyes and looked at the other.

There was just the table between them; Martin Bampfield slipped one pistol into his belt; he held the other and fingered the trigger; his mouth was working nervously and his heavy brows were drawn into a frown.

The Duke moved from the table and went to the fireplace. He stood so, with his back to the room, holding out his hands to the clear glow of the fire.

The little bracket-clock with the swinging weights struck the half-hour; the wind had abated and only called softly at the latticed panes.

"Curse you," said Martin Bampfield, below his breath; he flung the pistol on the table.

My lord looked round.

The inner door opened to admit the secretary; his master gave him a little smile.

"Mr. Marston, you will take this man to the coast, the quickest way that may be, and there leave him—I think, Mr. Bampfield, that will be convenient for you."

The prisoner made no answer.

"You will be secret," said my lord, "and as quick as may be. I shall miss your company—go armed—good-night, Mr. Bampfield."

The secretary bowed.

Martin Bampfield looked over his shoulder at my lord, clutched at the breast of his coat, frowned, and bit his lip.

Something lingered on his tongue, curses or thanks; but the secretary touched him on the arm and the moment passed. With an awkward, sullen step and no backward glance he followed the young man from the room.

As the door closed after them, my lord stepped up to it and slipped the finely wrought iron bolt.

He stood for a moment looking over his shoulder with an absorbed expression in his eyes; then he crossed to the other door and opened it on the men waiting without.

"Sirs," he said, courteously, "will you enter?"

They came into the warm, pleasant glow of the fire and lamplight; seeing the prisoner was not there, the man from London gave a quick exclamation.

"Sir," the Duke addressed him, "I have administered justice to that man in mine own fashion—he will not trouble England, nor need you think further of him."

"He is gone?"

"Yes."

"Your Grace hath let him go?"

"Yes."

"He was a plotter?"

"Yes."

"And those papers, my lord?"

"Were of no consequence, sir."

The man from London could not disguise his anger.

"Before God, your Grace took something on yourself."

My lord looked at him gravely.

"So do you, sir, to speak so to me in that manner."

"It was my duty, my lord, to take that fellow to London."

"You are absolved from it, sir."

"You know what color this will have put upon it, my lord?"

"I can imagine," said his Grace.

"It will be believed that this man knew too much of your lordship—that those papers contained matter you were glad to hush up, and that you were glad to buy the silence of an accomplice—"

My lord flushed as he answered:

"In this district I am the law, sir. What is thought at Whitehall does not touch us now—I have no explanation to give save that the man was my enemy."

"Your enemy?"

"Sirs—I would be left to my own leisure."

The man from London turned to the door; the other three were staring at the Duke.

"Very well, my lord, very well," he said, angrily, "but this tale will brand you as a Papist plotter. You may believe me."

He bowed to the slim youth by the table, who returned it with a grave inclination of his head, and with an air of anger left the chamber, his followers behind him.

My lord, when the echo of their clumsy footsteps had died away, unbolted the inner door. Then he went to the window and lifted the dark curtain from the lattice.

The new moon was riding through heavy clouds, casting black shadows over cliff, field, and tree, showing now and then the distant sparkle of the sea.

My lord unlocked the casement, and opened it to the lonely night.

The earth lay mysterious and rich beneath the white spaces of the tumultuous sky; it was cold, with fitful gusts of wind.

My lord stood there, resting his head against the mullions, one hand to his breast, and smiling out upon the moon-scattered darkness until the quiet young secretary returned.

"Ah, Mr. Marston—that is accomplished?"

"The fellow left me, sir, and soon after I saw a boat put off from under the cliff," said the secretary. "He was an ungrateful churl. He sent this message to your Grace—" Mr. Marston hesitated.

"Well?" My lord closed the window.

"'Tell the Duke,' he said, 'that because he is a fool, the feud is not ended.'"

The Duke was silent; the secretary looked at him with an intense curiosity.

"My lord," he asked, abruptly, "this will go against you in London—why did you do it?"

My lord drew a passionate breath.

"Because I hated him," he said, quietly. "Even as my father must have hated his . . . in this room . . . I hate him. That is the reason, Mr. Marston."

The Wild Olive

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

CHAPTER XXII

A FEW days later she read his name, in a morning paper, in the *Asiatic's* list of passengers, the steamer having arrived at quarantine the night before. Mr. John Norrie Ford! Though flung carelessly into a paragraph printed in small type, it seemed to blaze in fire on the page. It was as if all America must rise at it. As she looked from the window it was with something like surprise that she saw the stream of traffic roaring onward, heedless of the fact that this dread name was being hawked in the streets and sold at the news-stands. She sent out for the evening papers that appear at midday, being relieved and astonished to find that as yet it had created no sensation.

She was not deceived by his ease of manner when he appeared at the apartment in the afternoon. Though he carried his head loftily, and smiled with his habitual air of confidence, she could see that the deep waters of the proud had gone over his soul. Their ebb had streaked his hair and beard with white, and deepened the wrinkles that meant concentrated will into the furrows that come of suffering. She was more or less prepared for that. It was the outward manifestation of what she had read between the lines of the letters he had written her. As he crossed the room, with hand outstretched, her one conscious thought was of the chance to be a woman and a helpmeet Evie had flung away. She had noticed how, on the very threshold, he had glanced twice about the room, expecting to find her there.

They did not speak of her at once. They talked of commonplace, introductory things—the voyage, the arrival, the hotel at which he was staying—anything that would help her, and perhaps him, to control the preliminary nervousness. There was no sign of it, however, on his part, while she felt her own spirit rising, as it always did to meet emergencies. Presently she mentioned her fears regarding his use of his true name.

"No; it isn't dangerous," he assured her, "because I'm out of danger now. Thank the Lord, that's all over. I don't have to live with a great hulking terror behind me any longer. I'm a man like any other. You can't imagine what it means to be yourself, and not to care who knows it. I'm afraid I parade my name just like a boy with a new watch, who wants to tell every one the time. So far no one has paid it any particular attention; but I dare say that will come. Is Evie here?"

"She's not here—to-day."

"Why not?" he asked, sharply. "She said she would be. She said she'd come to town—"

"She did come to town, but she thought she'd better not—stay."

"Not stay? Why shouldn't she stay? Is anything up? You don't mean that Miss Jarrott—?"

"No; Miss Jarrott had nothing to do with it. I know her brother has written to her, in the way you must be prepared for. But she couldn't have kept Evie from waiting for you, if Evie herself—"

"Had wanted to," he finished, as she seemed to hesitate at the words.

Since she said nothing to modify this assertion, she hoped he would comprehend its gravity. Indeed, he seemed to be trying to attenuate that when he spoke next.

"I suppose she had engagements—or something."

"Her return to Lenox," she said then, "wasn't because of her engagements."

"Then it must have been because of me. Didn't she want to see me?"

"She didn't want to tell you what she felt she would have to say."

"Oh! So that was it."

He continued to sit looking at her with an expression of interrogation, though it was evident from his eyes that his questions had been answered.

"Poor little thing! She funked telling me."

The comment was made musingly, to himself, but she took it as if addressed to her.

"She wasn't equal to it."

"But you are. You're equal to anything. Aren't you?" He smiled with that peculiar twisted smile which she had noticed at other times, when he was concealing pain.

"One is generally equal to what one has to do. All the same," she added, with an impulse she could not repress, "I'm sorry to be always associated in your mind with things that must be hard for you."

"You're associated in my mind with everything that's high and noble. That's the only memory I shall ever have of you. You've been with me through some of the dark spots of my life; but if it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have found the way."

"Thank you. I'm glad you can say that. I should be even more sorry than I am to give you this news to-day, if it were not that perhaps I can explain things a little better than Evie could."

"I don't imagine that they require much explanation. I've seen from Evie's letters that—"

"That she was afraid of—the situation. She hasn't changed toward you."

"Do you mean by that that she still—cares anything about me?"

"I mean that when it's all over, and everything has ended as you hope it will, it may be quite possible for you to win her back."

He stared at her, with an incredulous lifting of the eyebrows.

"Would you advise me to try?"

"It isn't a matter I could give advice about. I'm showing you what might be possible, but—"

"No, no. That sort of thing doesn't work. There was just a chance that Evie might have stuck to me spontaneously; but since she didn't—"

"Since she didn't—what?"

"She was quite right not to. I admit that. It's in the order of things. She followed her instinct rather than her heart—I'm ready to believe that—but there are times in life when instinct is a pretty good guide."

"Do you mean by that," she asked, slowly, "that you're—definitely—letting her go?"

"I mean that, Evie being what she is, and I being what life has made me—Isn't it perfectly evident? Can you fancy us tied together—now?"

"I never could fancy it. I haven't concealed that from you at any time. But since you loved her, and she loved you—"

"That was true enough—in its way. In its way, it's still true. Evie still loves the man I was, perhaps, and the man I was loves her. The difference is that the man I was isn't sitting here in front of you."

"One changes with years, of course. I didn't suppose one could change in a few months, like that."

"One changes with experience—above all, with that kind of experience which people generally call—suffering. That's the great Alchemist; and he often transmutes our silver into gold. In my case, Evie was silver; but I've found there's something else, that stands for—"

"So that," she interposed, quickly, "you're not sorry that Evie—?"

He got up, restlessly, and stood with his back to the empty fireplace.

"It isn't a case for sorrow," he replied, after a minute's thinking, "as it isn't one for joy. It's one purely for acceptance. When I first knew Evie I was still something of a kid. I was so all the more because the kid element in me had never had full play. I was arrogant, and cock-sure, and certain of my ability to manipulate the world to suit myself. That was all Evie saw, and she liked it. In as far as she had it in her to fall in love with anything, she fell in love with it."

He took a turn or two across the room, coming back to his stand on the hearth-rug.

"I've travelled far since then," he continued; "I've *had* to travel far. Evie hasn't been able to come with me; and that's all there is to the story. It isn't her fault; because, when I asked

her, I had no intention of taking this particular way."

"It was I who drove you into that," she said, with a hint of remorse.

"Yes — you — and conscience — and whatever else I honor most. I give you the credit first of all, because if it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have had the moral energy to assert my true self against the false one. It's no wonder that I've come to see—" He paused, in doubt as to how to express himself, while her eyes were fixed on him in troubled questioning. "It's no wonder," he went on again, "that I've come to see everything in a true light—Evie as well as all the rest of it."

With a renewed impulse to move about, he strode toward the bay window, where he stood for a few seconds, looking out, and trying to co-ordinate his thoughts. Wheeling round again, he drew up a small chair close to hers, seating himself sidewise, with his arm resting on the back. He looked like a man anxious to explain himself.

"You're blaming me, I think, because I don't take Evie's defection more to heart. Isn't that so?"

"I'm not blaming you. I may be a little surprised at it."

"You wouldn't be surprised at it if you knew all I've been through. It's difficult to explain to you—"

"There's no reason why you should try."

"But I want to try. I want you to know. You see," he pursued, speaking slowly, as if searching for the right words—"you see, it's largely a question of progress—of growth. Trouble has two stages. In the first, you think it hard luck that you should have to meet it. In the second, you see that, having met it, and gone through it, you come out into a region of big experience, where everything is larger and nobler than you thought it was before. Now, you'd probably think me blatant if I said that I feel myself emerging into—*that*."

"No; I shouldn't. As a matter of fact, I know you're doing it."

"Well, then, having got there—out into that new kind of world"—he sketched the vision with one of his Latin gestures—"I discover that—for one reason or another—poor little Evie has stayed on the far side of it. She couldn't pass the first gate with me, or the second, or the third, to say nothing of those I have still to go through. You know I'm not criticising, or finding fault with her, don't you?"

She assured him of that.

"And yet, I must go on, you see. There's no waiting, or turning back, for me, any more than for a dying man. No matter who goes or who stays, I must press forward. If Evie can't make the journey with me, I can only feel relieved that she's able to slip out of it—but I must still go on. I can't look back; I can't even be sorry—because I'm coming into the new, big land. You see what I mean?"

She signified again that she followed him.

"But the finding of a new land doesn't take anything from the old one. It only enlarges the world. Europe didn't become different because they discovered America. The only change was in their getting to know a country where the mountains were higher, and the rivers broader, and the sunshine brighter, and where there was a chance for the race to expand. Evie remains what she was. The only difference is that my eyes have been opened to—a new ideal."

It was impossible for her not to guess at what he meant. Independently of words, his earnest eyes told their tale, while he bent toward her like a man not quite able to restrain himself. In the ensuing seconds of silence she had time to be aware of three distinct phases of emotion within her consciousness, following one another so rapidly as to seem simultaneous. A throb of reckless joy in the perception that he loved her was succeeded by the knowledge that loyalty to Conquest must make rejoicing vain, while it flashed on her that, having duped herself once in regard to him, she must not risk the humiliating experience a second time. It was this last reflection that prevailed, keeping her still and unresponsive. After all, his new ideal might be something—or some one—quite different from what her fond imagining was so ready to believe.

"I suppose," she said, vaguely, for the sake of saying something, "that trial is the first essential to maturity. We

need it for our ripening, as the flowers and fruit need wind and rain."

"And there are things in life," he returned, quickly, "that no immature creature can see. That's the point I want you to notice. It explains me. In a way, it's an excuse for me."

"I don't need excuses for you," she hastened to say, "any more than I require to have anything explained."

"No; of course not. You don't care anything about it. It's only I who do. But I care so much that I want you to understand why it was that—that—I didn't care before."

She felt the prompting to stop him, to silence him, but once more she held herself back. There was still a possibility that she was mistaking him, and her pride was on its guard.

"It was because I didn't know any better," he burst out, in naïve self-reproach. "It was because I couldn't recognize the high, the fine, thing when I saw it. I've had that experience in other ways, and with just the same result. It was like that when I first began to hear good music. I couldn't make it out—it was nothing but a crash of sounds. I preferred the ditties and dances of a musical comedy; and it was only by degrees that I began to find them flat. Then my ear caught something of the wonderful things in the symphonies that used to bore me. You see, I'm slow—I'm stupid—"

"Not at all," she smiled. "It's quite a common experience."

"But I'm like that all through, with everything. I've been like that—with women. I used to be attracted by quite an ordinary sort. It's taken me years—all these years, till I'm thirty-three—to see that there's a perfect expression of the human type, just as there's a perfect expression of any kind of art. And I've found it."

He bent farther forward, nearer to her. There was a light in his face that seemed to her to denote enthusiasm quite as much as love. To her wider experience in emotions this discovery of himself, which was involved in his discovery of her, was rather youthful, provoking a faint smile.

"You're to be congratulated, then," she said, with an air of distant friendliness. "It isn't every one who's so fortunate."

"That's true. There's only one man in the world who's more fortunate than I. That's Conquest."

"Oh!"

In the brusqueness with which she started she pushed her chair slightly back from him. It was to conceal her agitation that she rose, steadying herself on the back of the chair in which she had been seated.

"Conquest saw what I didn't—till it was too late."

He was on his feet now, facing her, with the chair between them.

"I wish you wouldn't say any more," she begged, though without overemphasis of pleading. She was anxious, for her own sake as well as for his, to keep to the tone of the colloquial.

"I don't see why I shouldn't. I'm not going to say anything to shock you. I know you're going to marry Conquest. You told me so before I went away, and—"

"I should like to remind you that Mr. Conquest is the best friend you have. When you hear what he's done for you, you'll see that you owe him more than you do any man in the world."

"I know that. I'm the last to forget it. But it can't do any harm to tell the woman—who's going to be his wife—that I owe her even more than I do him."

"It can't do any harm, perhaps; but when I ask you not to—"

"I can't obey you. I shouldn't be a man if I went through life without some expression of my—gratitude; and now's the only time to make it. There are things which I wasn't free to say before, because I was bound to Evie—and which it will soon be too late for you to listen to, because you'll be bound to him. You're not bound to him yet—"

"I *am* bound to him," she said, in a tone in which there were all the regrets he had no reason to divine. "I don't know what you think of saying; but whatever it is, I implore you not to say it."

"It's precisely because you don't know that I feel the necessity of telling you. It's something I owe you. It's like a debt. It isn't as if we were just any man and any woman. We're a man and

a woman in a very special relation to each other. No matter what happens, nothing can change that. And it isn't as if we were going to live in the same world, in the same way. You will be Conquest's wife—a great lady in New York. I shall be—well, Heaven only knows what I shall be, but nothing that's likely to cross your path again. All the same, it won't hurt you, it wouldn't hurt any woman, however good, to hear what I'm going to tell you. It wouldn't hurt any man—not even Conquest—that it should be said to his wife—in the way that I shall say it. If it could, I wouldn't—"

"Wait a minute," she said, suddenly. "Let me ask you something." She took a step toward him, though her hand rested still on the back of the chair. "If I know it already," she continued, looking him in the eyes, "there would be no necessity for you to speak?"

He took the time to consider this in all its bearings.

"I'd rather tell you in my own words," he said, at last; "but if you assure me that you know, I shall be satisfied."

She took a step nearer to him still. Only the tips of her fingers now rested on the back of the chair, to which she held, as to a bulwark. Before she spoke she glanced round the room, as though afraid lest the doors and walls might mistake her words for a confession.

"Then, I do know," she said, quietly.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THE old lady was willing enough to talk," Conquest assured Ford, in his narrative of the taking of Amalia Gramm's testimony. "There's nothing more loquacious than remorse. I figured on that before going out to Omaha."

"But if she had no hand in the crime, I don't see where the remorse comes in."

"It comes in vicariously. She feels it for Jacob, since Jacob didn't live to feel it for himself. It involves a subtle element of wifely devotion which I guess you're too young, or too inexperienced, to understand. She was glad old Jacob was gone, so that she could make his confession with impunity. She was willing to make any atonement within *her* power, since it was too late to call *him* to account."

"Isn't that a bit far-fetched?"

"Possibly—except to a priest, or a lawyer, or a woman herself. It isn't often that a woman's heroism works in a straight line, like a soldier's, or a fireman's. It generally pops at you round some queer corner, where it takes you by surprise. Before leaving Omaha I'd come to see that Amalia Gramm was by no means the least valiant of her sex."

Conquest's smoking-room, with its space and height, its deep leather armchairs, its shaded lamps, its cheerful fire, suggested a club rather than a private dwelling, and invited the most taciturn guest to confidence. Ford stretched himself before the blaze with an enjoyment rendered keener by the thought that it might be long before he had occasion to don a dinner-jacket again, or taste such a good Havana. Though it was only the evening of his arrival, he was eager to give himself up. Now that he had "squared himself," as he expressed it, with Miriam Strange, he felt he had put the last touch to his preparations. Kilcup and Warren were holding him back for a day or two, but his own promptings were for haste.

"I admit," Conquest continued to explain, as he fidgeted about the room, moving a chair here, or an ash-tray there, with the fussiness of an old bachelor of housekeeping tastes—"I admit that I thought the old woman was trying it on at first. But I came to the conclusion that she had told a true story from the start. When she gave her evidence at your trial she thought you were—the man."

"There's nothing surprising in that. They almost made me think so, too."

"It did look fishy, old boy. You won't mind my saying that much. Clearer heads than your jury of village storekeepers and Adirondack farmers might have given the same verdict. But old lady Gramm's responsibility hadn't begun then. It was a matter of two or three years before she came to see—as women do see things about the men they live with—that the hand which did the job was Jacob's. By that time you had disappeared into space, and she didn't feel bound to give the old chap away.

She says she would have done it if it could have saved you; but since you had saved yourself, she confined her attentions to shielding Jacob. You may credit as much or as little of that as you please; but I believe the bulk of it. In any case, since it does the trick for us we have no reason to complain. Come now!"

"I'm not going to complain of anything. It's been a rum experience all through, but I can't say that, in certain aspects, I haven't enjoyed it. I *have* enjoyed it. If it weren't for the necessity of deceiving people who are decent to you, I'd go through it all again."

"That's game," Conquest said, approvingly, as he worked round to the hearthrug, where he stood clipping the end of a cigar, with Ford's long figure stretched out obliquely before him.

"I would," Ford assured him. "I'd go through it all again, like a shot. It's been a lark from—I won't say from start to finish—but certainly from the minute—let me see just when!—certainly from the minute when Miss Strange beckoned to me over old Wayne's shoulder."

An odd look came by degrees into Conquest's face—the look of pitying amusement with which one listens to queer things said by some one in delirium. He kept the clippers fixed in the end of the cigar, much too astonished to complete his task.

"Since Miss Strange did—*what?*"

Ford was too deeply absorbed in his own meditations to notice the tone.

"I mean, since she pulled me through."

Conquest's face broke into a broad smile.

"Are you dreaming, old chap? Or have you 'got 'em again'?"

"I'm going back in the story," Ford explained, with a hint of impatience. "I'm talking about the night when Miss Strange saved me."

"Miss Strange saved you? How?"

Ford raised himself slowly in his chair, his long legs stretched out straight before him, and his body bent stiffly forward, as he stared up at Conquest, in puzzled interrogation.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, incredulously, "that she hasn't told you—*that?*"

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me yourself. I'll be hanged if I know what you're talking about."

There was suppressed irritation in the way in which he tore off the end of the cigar and struck a match. Ford let himself sink back into the chair again.

"So she never told you! By George, that's like her! It's just what I might have expected."

"Look here," Conquest said, sharply, "did you know Miss Strange before you came up here from South America?" He stood with his cigar unlighted, for he had let the match burn down to his fingers before attempting to apply it. "Was your taking the name of Strange," he demanded, with sudden inspiration, "merely an accident, as I've supposed it was—or had it anything to do with her?"

"It wasn't an accident, and it did have something to do with her."

"Just so! And you kept it dark!"

Something in Conquest's intonation caused Ford to look up. He saw a man with face suddenly growing gray, as though a light had gone out of it. He was disturbed only to the point of feeling that he had spoken tactlessly, and proceeded to repair the error.

"I kept it dark for obvious reasons. If Miss Strange didn't tell you about it, it's because she isn't the kind of person to talk of an incident in which her own part was so noble. I'll give you the whole story now."

"I should be obliged to you," Conquest said, dryly.

He sat down on the very edge of one of the big armchairs, leaning forward, and fingering his still unlighted cigar nervously, as he watched Ford puff out successive rings of smoke before beginning. He was less on his guard to screen the intenseness with which he listened, because Ford spoke at first in a dreamy way, without looking in his direction.

With more insight into the circumstances surrounding him Ford would have told his tale with greater reticence. As a matter of fact, he was moved not so much by the desire of convincing Conquest of Miriam Strange's nobility, as by the impulse to do her justice, once in his life at least, in language of his own.

It was a naïve bit of eloquence, of which no detail was lost on the experienced man of the world, who sat twirl-



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

ing his cigar with nervous fingers, his eyes growing keener in proportion as his face became more gray. It was part of his professional acquirement to be able to draw his deductions from some snatch of human drama, as he listened to its unfolding.

Ford concluded with what for him was an almost lyric outburst.

"By George! Conquest, I didn't know there were such women in the world. She's been a revelation to me—as art and religion are revelations to other people. She came to me as the angel came to Peter in the prison; but, like Peter, I didn't know it was an angel. There's a sort of glory about her—a glory which it takes a higher sense than any I've got to see and understand. After all she's done for me—after all this time—I'm only now beginning to get glimpses of it; but it's merely as we get glimpses of an infinite beyond, because we see the stars. She's a mystery to me, in the same way that genius is a mystery, or holiness. I didn't appreciate her, because I hadn't the soul; and yet it's in seeing that I hadn't the soul that I begin to get it. That's curious, isn't it? She's like some heavenly spirit that's passed by me, and touched me into newness of life."

His ardor was so sincere, his hymn of praise so spontaneous, that he expected some sort of echo back. It surprised him, therefore, it disappointed him, that Conquest should sit unmoved, unless the spark-like twinkle of his little eyes could be taken as emotion.

"It's the most amazing story I ever heard," was his only comment, in response to Ford's look of expectation.

"I hoped it might strike you as something more than—amazing," Ford ventured, after a minute's waiting for a more appreciative word.

"Perhaps it will when I get my breath. You must give me time for that. Do you actually tell me that she kept you in her studio for weeks—?"

"Three weeks and four days, to be exact."

"And that she furnished you with food and clothing—?"

"And money—but I paid that back."

"And got you away in that ingenious fashion—?"

"Just as I've told you."

"Amazing! Simply amazing! And," he added, with some bitterness, "you came back here—and you and she together—took us all in."

Ford drew his cigar from his lips and, turning in his chair, faced Conquest in an attitude, and with a look, which could not be misinterpreted.

"I came back here, and took you all in—if you like. Miss Strange had nothing to do with it. She didn't even expect me."

The last sentence gave Conquest the opening he was looking for, but now that he had it, he hesitated to make use of it. In his memory were the very words Miriam Strange had stammered out to him in the sort of confession no woman ever makes willingly: "Things happened . . . such as don't generally happen . . . and even if he never comes . . . I'd rather go on waiting for him . . . uselessly." It was all growing clear to him, and yet not so clear but that there was time even now to let the matter drop into the limbo of things it is best not to know too much about. It was against his better judgment, then—his better judgment as a barrister-at-law—that he found himself saying:

"She didn't expect you at that day and date, perhaps; but she probably looked for you some time."

"Possibly; but if so, I know little or nothing about it."

The reply, delivered with a certain dignified force of intention, recalled Conquest to a sense of his own interests. He had too often counselled his clients to let sleeping dogs lie not to be aware of the advantage of doing it himself; and so, restraining his jealous curiosity, he turned the conversation back to the evidence of Amalia Gramm.

During the next half-hour he manifested that talent—partly native and partly born of practice—which he had often commended in himself, of talking about one thing and thinking of another. His exposition of the line to be adopted in Ford's defence was perfectly lucid, when all the while he was saying to himself that this was the man whom Miriam Strange had waited for through eight romantic years.

The fact leaped at him, but it was part of his profession not to be afraid of facts.

If they possessed adverse qualities one recognized them boldly, in the practice of law, chiefly with a view of circumventing them. The matter presented itself, first of all, not as one involving emotional or moral issues, but as an annoying arrangement of circumstances which might cheat him out of what he had honestly acquired. He had no intention of being cheated by any one at all; and as he made a rapid summary of the points of the case he saw that the balance of probabilities was in his favor. It was to make that clear to Ford that he led the conversation back again to the subject of his adventures, tempting him to repeat at least a portion of his hymn of praise. By the time he had finished it Conquest was able to resume the friendly, confidential tone with which they had begun the evening.

"It's very satisfactory to me, old man," he said, between quiet puffs at his cigar, "to know that you think so highly of Miss Strange, because—I don't know whether you have heard it—she and I are to be married before long."

He looked to see Ford disconcerted by this announcement, and was surprised to see him take it coolly.

"Yes; I knew that. I've meant to congratulate you when the time came. I should say it had come now."

There was a candor about him that Conquest could scarcely discredit, though he was unwilling to trust it too far.

"Thanks, old man. I scarcely expected you to be so well posted. May I ask how—?"

"Oh, I've known it a long time. Miss Strange told me before I went to South America last spring."

This evidence of a confidential relation between the two gave him a second shock, but he postponed its consideration, contenting himself for the moment with making it plain to Ford that "Hands off!" must be the first rule of the game. His next move was meant to carry the play into the opponent's quarters.

"As a matter of fact, I've never congratulated *you*," he said, with apparent tranquillity. "I've known about you and Evie for some time past, but—"

"Oh, that's all off. In the existing circumstances Evie didn't feel like—keeping the thing up."

"That's too bad. You've been pretty hard hit—what? When a fellow is as game as you a girl should stand by him, come now! But I know Evie. I've known her from her cradle. She'll back round, you'll see. When we've pulled you through, as we're going to, she'll take another view of things. I know for a fact that she's been head over heels in love with you, ever since her trip to Buenos Ayres."

As Ford made no remark, Conquest felt it well to drive the point home.

"We can all help in that, old boy; and you can count on us—both on Miss Strange and me. No one has such influence over Evie as Miriam, and I know she's very keen on seeing you and her—you and Evie, I mean—hit it off. I don't mind telling you that, as a matter of fact, it's been Miriam's anxiety on Evie's account that has mixed me up in your case at all. I don't say that I haven't got interested in you for your own sake; but it was she who stirred me up in the first place. It's going to mean a lot to her to see you get through—and marry Evie."

Ford smiled—his odd, twisted smile—but as he said nothing, Conquest decided to let the subject drop. He had, in fact, gone as far as his present judgment would carry him, and anything farther might lead to a false step. In a situation alive with claims and counter-claims, with yearnings of the heart and promptings of the higher law, he could preserve his rights only by a walk as wary as the treading of a tight-rope.

This became clearer to him later in the night, when Ford had gone away and he was left free to review the circumstances with that clarity of co-ordination he had so often brought to bear on other men's affairs. Out of the mass of data he selected two conditions as being the only ones of importance.

If Miriam Strange was marrying him because she loved him, nothing else needed to be considered. This fact would subordinate everything to itself; and there were many arguments to support the assumption that she was doing so. One by one he marshalled them before him, from the first faint possibility up to the crowning proof that there was no earthly reason for her marrying him at

all, unless she wanted to. He had pointed that out to her clearly, on the day when she came to him to make her terms.

To a late hour of the night he wandered about the great, silent rooms of the house which he had made the expression of himself. Stored with costly, patiently selected comforts, it lacked only the last requisite which was to impart the living touch. Having chosen this essential with so much care, and begun to feel for her something far more vital than the pride of possession which had been his governing emotion hitherto, it was an agony with many aspects to think he might have to let her go.

That there was this possibility was undeniable. It was the second of the two paramount considerations. Though Ford's enthusiasm tried to make itself enthusiasm and no more, there had been little difficulty in seeing what it was. All the same, it would be a passion to pity and ignore if on Miriam's side there was nothing to respond to it. But it was here that, in spite of all his arguments, Conquest's doubts began. With much curious ignorance of women, there was a point of view from which he knew them well. It was out of many a poignant bit of domestic history, of which his profession had made him the confidant, that he had distilled the observation made to Ford earlier in the evening: "It isn't often that a woman's heroism works in a straight line, like a soldier's or a fireman's." Notwithstanding her directness, he could see Miriam Strange as just the type of woman to whom these words might be applicable. If by marrying a man whom she did not love she thought she could help another whom she did love, a culpable sacrifice was just the thing of which she would be capable. He called it culpable sacrifice with some emphasis, for in his eyes all sacrifice was culpable. It was more than culpable, in that it verged on the absurd. There were few teachings of an illogical religion, few promptings of a misdirected energy, for which he had a greater scorn than the precept that the strong should suffer for the weak, or one man for another. Every man for himself, and the survival of the fittest was the doctrine by which he lived; and his abhorrence of anything else was the more intense for the moment because he found himself in a situation where he might be expected to repudiate his faith.

But there it was, that something in public opinion which, in certain circumstances, might challenge him—might ask him for magnanimity, might appeal to him for mercy, might demand that he make two other human beings happy while he denied himself. It was preposterous, it was grotesque, but it was there. He could hear its voice already, explaining that since Miriam Strange had given him her word in an excess of self-devotion, it was his duty to let her off. He could see the line of argument; he could hear the applause following on his noble act. He had heard it before—especially in the theatre—and his soul had shaken with laughter. He had read of it in novels, only to toss such books aside. "The beauty of renunciation," he had often said, "appeals to the morbid, the sickly, and the sentimental. It has no function among the healthy and the sane." He had not only said that, but he had believed it. He believed it still, and lived by it. By doing so he had amassed his modest fortune and won a respected position in the world. He had not got on into middle life without meeting the occasion more than once when he could have saved others—a brother, or a sister, or a friend—and forborne to save himself. He had felt the temptation, and resisted it, with the result that he was up in the world when he might have been down in it, and envied by those who would have despised him without hesitation, when they had got out of him all that he could give. He could look back now and see the folly it would have been had he yielded to impulses that every sentimentalist would have praised. He was fully conscious that the moment of danger might be on the point of returning again, and that he must be prepared for it.

His exasperation was as much with his doubt about himself as with the impalpable forces threatening him, as he strode fiercely from room to room, turning out the flaring lights before going to bed. After all, his final resolutions were pitifully insufficient, in view of the tragic element—for he took it tragically—that

had suddenly crept into his life. While his gleam of happiness was in danger of going out, the sole means he could find of keeping it aglow was in deciding on a prudent ignoring of whatever did not meet the eye, on a discreet assumption that what he had been dreaming for the past few months was true. As a matter of fact, there was nothing to show him that it wasn't true; and it was only common sense to let the first move toward clearing his vision come from the other side rather than from his.

And yet it was precisely this passive attitude which he found himself next day least able to maintain. If he needed anything further to teach him that love was love, it was this restless, prying jealousy, making it impossible to let well enough alone. After a trying day at the office, during which he irritated his partners and worried his clerks, he presented himself late in the afternoon at Miriam's apartment at the hour when he generally went to his club, and he knew she would not expect him. Thinking to surprise Ford with her—like the suspicious husband in a French play, he owned to himself, grimly—he experienced something akin to disappointment to find her drinking tea with two old ladies, whom he outstayed. During the ceremonies of their leave-taking he watched Miriam closely, seeking for some impossible proof that she either loved Ford or did not love him, and getting nothing but a renewed and maddening conviction of her grace and quiet charm.

"What about Evie's happiness?"

Miriam raised her eyebrows inquiringly at the question before stooping to put out the spirit-lamp.

"Well, what about it?" she asked, without looking up.

"Oh, nothing—except that we don't seem to be securing it."

She gazed at him now, with an expression frankly puzzled. He had refused tea, but she kept her accustomed place behind the tea-table, while he stretched himself comfortably in the low armchair by the hearth, which she often occupied herself.

"Don't you remember?" he went on. "Evie's happiness was the motive of our little—agreement."

He endeavored to make his tone playful, but there was a something sharp and aggressive in his manner, at which she colored slightly, no less than at his words.

"I suppose," she said, as if after meditation, "Evie's happiness isn't in our hands."

"True; but there's a good deal that *is* in our hands. There's, for example—our own."

"Up to a point—yes."

"And up to that point we should take care of it. Shouldn't we?"

"I dare say. But I don't know what you mean."

He gave the nervous little laugh which helped him over moments of embarrassment.

"Ford was with me last night. He said it was all off between him and Evie."

"I thought he might tell you that."

"So that," he went on, forcing a smile, with which his voice and manner were not in accord, "our undertaking having failed, the bottom's out of everything. Don't you see?"

She was so astonished that she walked into his trap, just as he expected.

"I don't see, in the least. I thought our undertaking—as you call it—was going to be particularly successful."

"Successful—how?"

He dropped his smile and looked interrogative, his bit of acting still keeping her off her guard.

"Why, if Amalia Gramm's testimony is all you think it's going to be—"

"Oh, I see. That's the way you look at it."

"Isn't it the way you look at it, too?"

He smiled again, indulgently, but with significance.

"No; I confess it isn't—at least it hasn't been. I thought—perhaps I was wrong—that our interest was in getting Ford off, so that he could marry Evie. Since he isn't going to marry her, why—naturally—we don't care so much—whether he gets off or not."

"Oh, but—"

She checked herself; she even grew a little pale. She began to see dimly whither he was leading her.

"Of course I don't say we should chuck him over," he went on; "but it isn't the same thing any longer, is it? I think

it only fair to point that out to you, because it gives you reasonable ground for reconsidering your—decision."

"Oh, but I don't want to."

While she had said exactly what he hoped to hear, she had not said it as he hoped to hear it. There were shades of tone even to impetuosity, and this one lacked the note his ear was listening for. None the less, he told himself, a wise man would have stopped right there; and he was conscious of his folly in persisting, while he still persisted.

"That's for you to decide, of course. Only, if we go on, it must be understood that we've somewhat shifted our ground."

"I haven't shifted mine."

"Not as you understand it yourself—as, possibly, you've understood it all along. But you have, as I see things. When you came to me—to my office—"

She put up her hand, as though she would have screened her face, but controlled herself to listen quietly.

"Your object then," Conquest continued, cruelly, "was to get Ford off, so that he might marry Evie. Now, I understand it to be simply—to get him off."

She looked at him with eyes full of distress or protest. It was a minute or two before she spoke.

"I don't see the necessity for such close definition."

"I do. I want you to know exactly what you're doing. I want you to see that you're paying a higher price than you need pay—for the services rendered."

He had got her now just where he had been trying to put her. He had snared her, or given her an opportunity, according as she chose to take it. She could have availed herself of the latter by a look, or a simple intonation; for the craving of his heart was such that his perceptions were acute for the slightest hint. Had she known that, it would have been easy for her to respond to him, playing her part with the loyalty with which she had begun it. As it was, his cold manner and his slightly mocking tone betrayed her. Her answer was meant to give him the kind of assurance she thought he was looking for; and she couched it in the language she supposed he would most easily understand. In the things it said and did not say, her very sincerity was what stabbed him.

"I hope it won't be necessary to bring this subject up again. I know what I undertook, and I'm anxious to fulfil it. I should be very much hurt if I wasn't allowed to, just because you had scruples about taking me at my word. You've been so—so splendid—in doing your part that I should feel humiliated if I didn't do mine."

There was earnestness in her regard, and a suggestion of haughtiness in the tilt of her head. The Wise Man within him bade him be content, and this time he listened to the voice. He did her the justice to remember, too, that she was offering him all he had ever asked of her; and if he was dissatisfied, it was because he had increased his demands without telling her.

It was by a transition of topic that he saw he could nail her to her purpose.

"By the way," he said, when they had got on neutral ground again, and were speaking of Wayne, "I wish you would come and see what I think of doing for him. There are two rooms back of my library—too dark for my use—but that wouldn't matter to him, poor fellow—"

He saw she was nerving herself not to flinch at this confrontation with the practical. He saw too that her courage and her self-command would have deceived any one but him. The very pluck with which she nodded her comprehension of his idea, and her sympathy with it, enraged him to a point at which, so it seemed to him, he could have struck her. Had she cried off from her bargain he could have borne it far more easily. That would at least have given him a sense of superiority, and helped him to be magnanimous; while this readiness to pay put him in the wrong, and drove him to exact the uttermost farthing of his rights. On a weak woman he might have taken pity; but this strong creature, who refused to sue to him by so much as the quiver of an eyelid, and rejected his concessions before he had time to put them forth, exasperated every nerve that had been wont to tingle to his sense of power. Since she asked no quarter, why should he give it?—above all, when to give quarter was against his principles.

"And perhaps," he pursued, in an even voice, showing no sign of the tempest within, "that would be as good a time

as any for you to look over the entire house. If there are any changes you would like to have made—"

"I don't think there will be."

"All the same, I should like you to see. A man's house, however well arranged, isn't always right for a lady's occupancy; and so—"

"Very well; I'll come."

"When?"

"I'll come to-morrow."

"About four?"

"Yes; about four. That would suit me perfectly."

She spoke frankly, and even smiled faintly, with just such a shadow of a blush as the situation called for. The Wise Man within him begged him once more to be content. If, the Wise Man argued, this well-poised serenity was not love, it was something so like it that the distinction would require a splitting of hairs. Conquest strove to listen and obey; but even as he did so he was aware again of that rage of impotence which finds its easiest outlet in violence. As he rose to take his leave, with all the outward signs of friendly ceremoniousness, he had time to be appalled at the perception that he, the middle-aged, spick-and-span New-Yorker, should so fully understand how it is that a certain type of frenzied brute can kill the woman whom he passionately loves but who is hopelessly out of reach.

CHAPTER XXIV

EXCEPT when his business instincts were on the alert, Ford's slowness of perception was perhaps most apparent in his judgment of character and his analysis of other people's motives. Taking men and women as he found them, he had little tendency to speculate as to the impulses within their lives, any more than as to the furnishings behind their house-fronts. A human being was all exterior to him, something like a street. Even in matters that touched him closely, the act alone was his concern; and he dealt with its consequences without, as a rule, much inquisitive probing of its cause.

So, when Miriam Strange elected to marry Conquest, he accepted the settled fact, for the time being, in the spirit in which he would have taken some disastrous manifestation of natural phenomena. Investigation of the motive of such a step was as little in his line as it would have been in the case of a destructive storm at sea. To his essentially simple way of viewing life it was something to be lamented, but to be borne as best one was able, while one said as little as one could about it.

And yet, somewhere in the wide, rarely explored regions of his nature there were wonderings, questionings, yearnings, protests, cries, that forced themselves to the surface now and then, as the boiling waters within the earth gush out in geyser springs. It required urgent pressure to impel them forth, but when they came it was with violence. Such an occasion had been his night on Lake Champlain; such another was the evening when he announced to Miriam his intention of becoming Norrie Ford again. When these moments came they took him by surprise, even though afterward he was able to recognize the fact that they had been long preparing.

It was in this way, without warning, that his heart had sprung on him the question: Why should she marry him? At the minute when Conquest was leaving Miriam, he, Ford, was tramping the streets of New York, watching them grow alive with light, in glaring, imaginative ugliness—ugliness so dazzling in its audacity, and so fanciful in its crude commercialism, that it had the power to thrill. It was perhaps the electric stimulus of sheer light that quickened the pace of his slow mentality from the march of acceptance to the rush of protest, at an instant when he thought he had resigned himself to the facts.

Why should she marry him? He was shouldering his way through the crowds when the question made itself heard, with a curious illuminating force that suggested its own answer. He was walking, partly to work off the tension of the strain under which these few days were passing, and partly because he had got the idea that he was being shadowed. He had no profound objection to that, though he would have preferred to give himself up of his own free will rather than to be arrested. Perhaps, after all, it was only an accident that had caused

him to catch sight of the same two men at different moments through the day, and just now it amused him to put them to the test by leading them a dance. He had come to the conclusion that he had been mistaken, or that he had outwitted them, when this odd question, irrelevant to anything he had directly in his thoughts, presented itself as though it had been asked by some voice outside him: Why should she marry him?

Up to the present his unanalytical mind would have replied—as it would have replied to the same query concerning any one else—that she was marrying him "because she wanted to." That would have seemed to him to cover the whole ground of any one's affairs; but all at once it had become insufficient. It was as if the street had suddenly become insufficient as a highway, breaking into a chasm. He stopped abruptly, confronting, as it were, that bewildering void, which a psychological situation invariably seemed to him. To get into a place where his few straightforward formulæ did not apply gave him that sense of distress which every creature feels out of its native element.

It was a proof of the dependence with which, in matters requiring mental or emotional experience, he had come to lean on Miriam Strange, as well as of the directness with which he appealed to her for help, that he should face about on the instant and turn his steps toward her.

Only a few minutes earlier she had seen Conquest go, and in the interval since his departure she had had time to detect the windings of his strategy, and to be content with the skill with which she had met them. She understood him thoroughly, both in his fear of letting her go, and his shame at holding her. Standing in her wide bay window, her slight figure erect, her hands behind her back, she looked down, without seeing it, on the spangled city, as angels intent on their own high thoughts might pass over the Milky Way. She smiled faintly to herself, thinking how she should lead this kindly man, who for her sake had done so much for Norrie Ford, back to a sense of security and self-respect. When Norrie Ford went free she meant to live for nothing else but the happiness of the man who had cleared his name and given him back to the world. It would be a kind of consecration to her, like that of the nun who forsakes the dearest ties for a life of good works and prayer. Conquest had told her that she was paying a bigger price than she needed to pay for the services rendered; but that depended somewhat on the value one set on the services. In this case, she would not have been content in paying less. To do so would seem to indicate that she was not grateful. Since perceiving his compunction as to claiming his reward, she was aware of an elation, an exaltation, in forcing it upon him.

She was in the glow of this sentiment when Ford was ushered in. He was so vitally in her thoughts that, though she did not expect him, his presence gave her no surprise. It helped her, in fact, to sustain the romantic quality in her mood to treat his coming as a matter of course, and make it a natural incident to the moment.

"Come and look down on the stars," she said, in the tone she might have used to another member of her household who had appeared accidentally. "The view here, in the evening, makes one feel as if one had been wafted above the sky."

She half turned toward him, but did not offer her hand, as he took his place by her side. For a few seconds he said nothing, and when he spoke she accepted his words in the manner in which she had taken his coming.

"So you're going to marry Conquest!"

It was to show that the abrupt remark had not perturbed her that she nodded her head assentingly, still with the smile that had greeted his arrival.

"Why?"

In spite of her efforts she manifested some surprise.

"What makes you ask that question—now?"

"Because it never occurred to me before that there might be a special reason."

"Well, there is one."

"Has it anything to do with me?"

She backed away from him slightly, to the side curve of the window, where it joined the straight line of the wall. In this position she had him more directly in view.

"I said there was a reason," she answered, after some hesitation. "I didn't say I would tell you what it was."

"No, but you will, won't you?"

"I don't see why you should want to know."

"Is that quite true?" he queried, with a somewhat startling fixing of his eyes upon her. "Don't you see? Can't you imagine?"

"I don't see why—in such circumstances as these—any man should want to know what a woman doesn't tell him."

"Then, I'll explain to you. I want to know, because . . . I think . . . you're marrying Conquest . . . when you don't love him . . ."

"He never asked me to love him. He said he could do without that."

". . . while . . . you do love . . . some one else."

She reflected before speaking. Under his piercing look she took on once more the appealing expression of forest creatures at bay.

"Even if that were true," she said, at last, "there would be no harm in it, as long as there was what you asked me for at first—a special reason."

"Is there ever a reason for a step like that? I don't believe it."

"But I do believe it, you see. That makes a difference."

"It would make a still greater difference if I begged you not to do it, wouldn't it?"

She shook her head. "It wouldn't—now."

"I let you see yesterday that I—I loved you."

"Since you force me to acknowledge it—yes."

"And you've shown me," he ventured, "within the last minute, that you—love me."

Her figure grew more erect against the background of exterior darkness. Even the hand that rested on the woodwork of the window became tense. Lambent fire in her eyes—the light that he used to call non-Aryan—took the place of the fugitive glance of the woodland animal; but she kept her composure.

"Well, what then?"

"Then you'd be committing a sacrilege against yourself—if you married any one else but me."

If her heart bounded at the words, she did nothing to betray it.

"You say that, because it seems so to you. I take another view of it. Love to me does not necessarily mean marriage, any more than marriage necessarily implies love. There have been happy marriages without love; and there can be honorable love that doesn't seek marriage as its object. If I married you now, I should seem to myself to be deserting a high impulse for a lower one."

"There's only one sort of impulse to love."

"Not to my love. I know what you mean—but my love has more than one prompting; and the highest is—or I hope it is—to try to do what's right."

"But this would not be right."

"I'm the only judge of that."

"Not if we love each other. In that case I become a judge of it, too."

Once more she reflected. In speaking she lifted her head and looked at him frankly.

"Very well; I'll admit it. Perhaps it's true. In any case, I'd rather things were clear to you. It will help us both. I'll tell you what I'm doing, and why I'm doing it."

It was one of those occasions when a woman's emotion is so great that she seems to have none at all. As iron is said to come to a degree of heat so intense that it does not burn, so Miriam Strange seemed to herself to have reached a stage where the sheer truth, simple and without reserves, could bring no shame to her womanhood. Words that could not have passed her lips either before that evening or after it escaped her in the subsequent minutes as a matter of course.

"I entered into your life twice; and each time I did you harm. On the first occasion I turned you into Herbert Strange and sent you out on a career of deception; on the second, I came between you and Evie, and brought you to the present pass, where you're facing death again, as you were eight or nine years ago. It's no use to tell you that I wanted to do my best; because good intentions are not much excuse for the trouble they often cause. But I'm ready to say this, that whenever you've suffered, I've suffered more. That's especially true of what's happened in the

last six months. And when I saw how much I had put wrong, it was a comfort to think there was something at least that I could put right again."

"But you've put nothing wrong. That's what I should like to convince you of."

"I've put you in a position of danger. When I see that, I see enough to act upon."

"It's a very slight danger."

"It is now, because I've made it slight. It wasn't—before I went to Mr. Conquest."

"You went to him—what for?"

"He wanted me to marry him. He had wanted it for a long time. I told him I would do so, on condition that he found the evidence that would prove you innocent."

Ford laughed, harshly and rather loudly, stopping suddenly, as though he had ceased to see the joke.

"So that's it! That's why Conquest has been so devilishly kind. I wondered at his interest—or at least I should have wondered if I'd had the time. As a matter of fact, I took it for granted that he should help me, as a drowning man takes it for granted that the chance passer-by should pull him out. It wasn't till this evening—about half an hour ago—By Jove! I ran right up against it."

"You ran right up against—what?"

"Against the truth. It came in a flash—just like that." He snapped his fingers. "You're selling yourself—to get me off."

She seemed to grow straighter, taller. For the minute he saw nothing but the blaze of her eyes.

"Well? Why shouldn't I? My mother sold herself—to get a man off. He was my father. I'm proud of her. She did the best she could with her life. I'm doing the best I can with mine."

"But I shouldn't be doing the best I can with mine—if I let you continue."

"Isn't it too late for you to stop me? If I've sold myself, as you put it, the price has been paid in. Mr. Conquest has secured the evidence that will acquit you. It will be used. That's all I care about—much."

She saw the hot color surge into his cheeks and brow. It seemed to her that his eyes grew red as the blood left his lips. She had never before been called on to confront a man angry with a passion beyond his control, but instinct told her what the signs were. Instinct told her, too, that, however confused his own sensations might be, his anger was not so much resentment against anything she might have done as it was despair at having lost her. She had guessed already that he would be seized with a blind impulse to strike, as soon as he came to a realizing sense of her action; though she had not expected the moment of this fury till after he went free. Till then, she had thought, he would be partially unconscious of his pain, just as a soldier fighting would run along for a while without feeling a bullet in his flesh. The anticipation of an awakening on his part some time enabled her to see beyond the madness of this instinct, even though the words he threw at her struck her like stones. The very fact that she could see how he labored with himself to keep them back gave her strength to take them without flinching.

"You . . . dared . . . ? Without . . . my . . . permission . . . ?"

"I'd done so many things without your permission that it seemed I could venture that far."

"You were wrong. It was—too far."

"It wasn't too far—when I loved you."

She uttered the words in a matter-of-fact voice, without a tremor. She foresaw their effect in bringing him to himself. In his next words his tone had already softened slightly to one of protest.

"But I could have done it so much better—! so much more easily—! without—"

"I could have done that, too. Mr. Conquest pointed it out to me. He took no advantage of my ignorance. As a matter of fact, I wasn't ignorant at all. I was extremely clear-sighted and wise. My love for you made me so. I knew—I felt it—that money might fail to do what I wanted. But I knew too that there was one thing that wouldn't fail. If you were innocent—and I wasn't wholly sure that you were—I knew there was one energy that would surely prove you so—and that was Charles Conquest's desire to have me as his wife. I took the course in which there was least risk of failure—and you see—"

A little gesture, triumphant in its suggestion, finished her sentence.

"What I see is this," Ford answered, thickly, "that I'm to hold my life at the cost of your degradation."

"Degradation? That's a hard word. But as applied to me—I don't know what it means."

"Isn't it degradation?—to enter into a marriage in which you put no love?"

There was a kind of superb indifference in her answer.

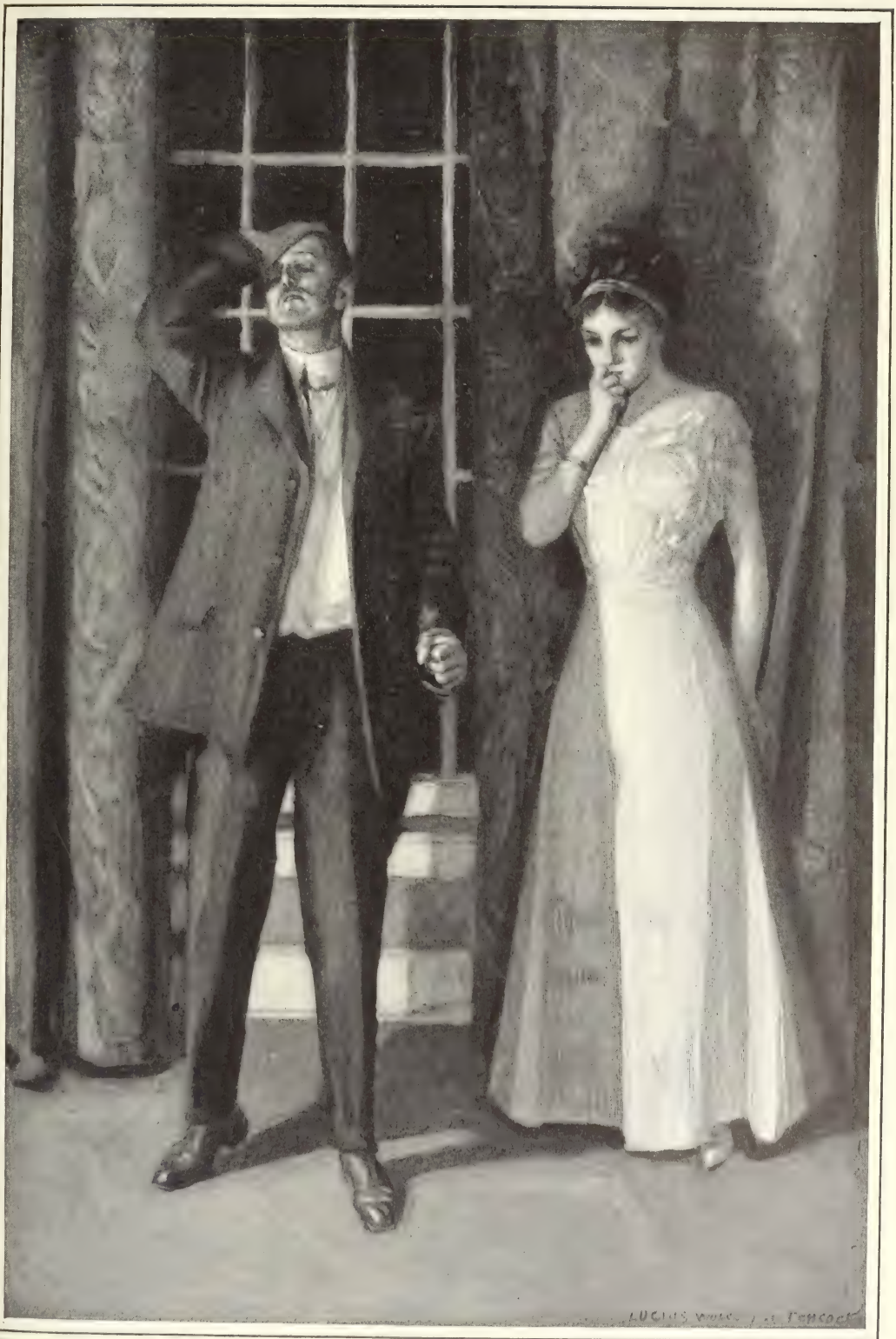
"You may call it degradation, if you choose. I shouldn't. As long as you go free, you can call my action anything you like. I dare say," she admitted, "you're quite right, from the highest moral—and modern—point of view; but that doesn't appeal to me. You see—you've got to make allowances for it—I'm not a child of your civilization. I'm not a child of any civilization at all. At best I'm like the wild creature that submits to being tamed because it doesn't know what else to do—but remains wild at heart. I used to think I could come into your system of law and order, if any one would take me. But now I know I shall always be outside it. The very word you've just used of me shows me that. You say I'm to be degraded—it's your civilized point of view. I have no comprehension of that whatever. Because I love you I want to save you. I don't care anything about the means, so long as I reach the end. To undo the harm I've done to you I'd freely give my body to be burned; so why shouldn't I—? No, no!" she cried, as he made as though he would approach her; "keep away! Don't come near me! I can only talk to you like this—at a distance. I shall never say these things again—but I want to tell you—to explain to you—I should like you to understand—"

She repeated herself haltingly because, as Ford held back from approaching her, a queer spasm passed over his face, while he hung his head, and compressed his lips in a way that made him seem surprisingly boyish all at once, and touched that maternal tenderness in her that had always formed such a large part of her yearning over him. It was the kind of tenderness that steadied her own nerve, and kept her dry-eyed and strong, as she saw him reel to a chair and, flinging his arms on the table beside it, bow himself down on them, while his form shook convulsively. She had no shame for him. She understood perfectly that the pressure of years had been brought to bear on the complex emotions of the moment — to which reaction from his brief anger and his bitter words added an element of remorse—to cause this honest, manly nature that had never made any pretence of being stronger than it was, to give way to the instant's weakness. She was sure he would never have done it in the presence of any one but her, and she was thrilled with a curious joy at this proof of their spiritual intimacy. What was difficult was not the keeping of her own self-control, but the holding herself back from crossing the room and laying a hand on his shoulder in token of their oneness at heart; but there, she felt, the forbidden line would be passed. She could only wait—it was not long—till he was calm again. Then he pulled himself together, blew his nose, got up heavily, and sheepishly refrained from looking her in the face. In the act and the attitude there was something so boy-like, so natural, so entirely lacking in the dignity of grief, that if she had any impulse to let her own tears flow it was then.

But she knew it to be one of those minutes when a woman has to be strong for herself and for the man, too, even though she break down afterward. The necessity of coming to an understanding with him, once for all, impelled her to the economy of her forces, while the nervous snapping of his fortitude had given her an opportunity she could not afford to lose.

"So I want you to see," she went on, quietly, as though no interruption had occurred, "that having gained my point in helping to—to get you off, it's to some extent a matter of indifference what you think of me—what any one thinks of me—just as it was when I hid you in my studio, nearly nine years ago. You must put it down to my being of wild origin, and not wholly amenable to civilized dictates. I can only do what the inward urging drives me on to do—just as my mother did—and my father. If it's degrading—"

Raising his head at last, he strode toward her. He put his hands rigidly be-



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

HIS POWER OF RESISTANCE WAS BROKEN

hind his back, as if to show her that he pinioned them there in token that she had nothing to fear from him. His eyes were red, and there was still a painful tightening about his lips.

"You'll have to let me take that back," he muttered, unsteadily. "I didn't know what I was saying. It's come on me so suddenly that it's broken me all up. I haven't realized till this evening what—what everything meant. It seemed to me then that I couldn't stand it."

"But you can."

"Yes, I can," he replied, doggedly. "One can stand anything. If I reached my limit, for a minute, it was in seeing that you have to suffer for my sake—"

"Wouldn't you suffer for mine?"

"I couldn't. Suffering for your sake would become such a joy—"

"That it wouldn't be suffering. That's just it. That's what I feel, exactly. It isn't hard for me to do what I'm doing, because I know—I *know*—I'm helping to save your honor, if not your life. I don't believe money would have done it. Mr. Conquest reminded me that the best legal services can be bought; but I never thought for an instant that you could secure such zeal as his for anything less than I offered him. And he's been so superb! He's given himself up to the thing absolutely. He's followed every trail with a scent—with a certainty—your other men, your Kilcup and Warren, would never have been capable of. I've seen that; I'm sure of it. He has a wonderful mind, and in his way he has the kindest heart in the world. I'm very, very fond of him, and I'm deeply grateful. Next to seeing you free, I don't think I have any desire in life so strong as to make him happy. I dare say that isn't civilized, either—but it's what I feel. And so we must think of this," she continued, eagerly explanative; "we must be loyal to him, you and I, as the first of all our duties. Don't you think so?"

He withdrew his eyes from hers before answering. His power of resistance was broken. The signs of struggle were visible; and yet the quixotic element in his own nature helped him to respond to that in hers.

"I'll try," he muttered, looking on the ground.

"You'll do more than try—you'll succeed. Only very small souls could grudge him what he's earned, when he's worked so hard and given himself so unstintingly. The very fact that you and I know that we love each other will make it easier to be true to him."

"Conquest must know that we love each other, too," he declared, with some bitterness.

"Perhaps he does; but, you see, every one has a different way of looking at life, and I don't think that with him it's a thing that counts greatly. I'm not sure that I understand him in that respect. I only know that you and I, who owe him so much, can repay much by giving him what he asks for. Will you promise me to do it?"

He continued to look downward, as though finding it hard to give his word; but when he raised his eyes again, he flung back his head with his old air of resolution.

"I'll promise to do anything you ask me, throughout our lives. I don't admit that Conquest should demand this thing, or that he had any right to let you offer it. But since you want to give it—and I can show you no other token of my love—and shall never again be able to tell you that I adore you—that I *adore* you—I promise—to obey."

CHAPTER XXV

THE inspection of the house was over, and they had come back to the drawing-room for tea. Conquest had lavished pains on the occasion, putting flowers in the rooms, and strewing handsome objects carelessly about, so as to impart to the great shell as much as possible the air of being lived in. To the tea-table he had given particular attention, ordering out the most ornamental silver and the costliest porcelain, and placing the table itself just where she would probably have it in days to come, so as to get the effect she produced in sitting there, as he liked to do with a new picture or piece of furniture.

On her part, Miriam had made the rounds of the rooms with conscientious care, observing, admiring, suggesting, with just that mingling of shyness and interest with which a woman in her situation would view her future home. Hav-

ing got, by intuition, the idea that he was watching for some flaw in her manner, she was determined that he should find none. It was the beginning of that life-long schooling to his service to which she had vowed herself, though the effort would have been easier had he not rendered her self-conscious by scanning her so keenly out of his little gray-green eyes. Nevertheless, she was pleased with the manner in which she was acquitting herself, giving him his tea, and taking her own, with no sign of embarrassment. As on the preceding day, it was this perfection of acting, as he chose to call it, that exasperated his restless suspicion more than any display of weakness.

The thought that she was keeping her true self locked against him had, during the last twenty-four hours, become an obsession, making it impossible for him to eat or to sleep. In her serene, impeccable bearing he saw nothing but the bars up, and the blinds drawn down. An instant of faltering or self-betrayal would have admitted him to at least a glimpse of what was passing within; but through this well-balanced graciousness it was as difficult to get at her soul as to read the mind of the Venus of Milo in the marble nobility of her face. He had led her from room to room, describing one, explaining another, and apologizing for a third, but all the while trying to break down her guard, only to find, as they returned to the point at which they started, that he had failed. It was with nerves all unstrung, and with a lack of self-command he would have been, in his saner senses, the first to condemn, that he strode up at last and rapped sharply at the door of her barricaded citadel.

"Why did you never tell me that you knew Norrie Ford—years ago?"

He was putting his empty cup on the table as he spoke, so that he could avoid looking at her. She was glad of this respite from his gaze, for she found the question startling. Before the scrutiny of his eyes was turned on her again, she had herself in hand.

"I should probably have told you some time."

"Very likely. The odd thing is that you didn't tell me at once."

"It wasn't so odd—given all the circumstances."

"It wasn't so odd, given some of the circumstances; but given them all—*all*—I should say, I ought to have known."

She allowed a few seconds to pass.

"I suppose," she said, slowly, then, "that may fairly be considered a matter of opinion. I don't see, however, that it makes much difference—since you know now."

"My knowing or not knowing now isn't quite the point. The fact of importance is that you never told me."

"I'm sorry you should take it in that way; but since I didn't—and the matter is beyond remedy—I suppose we shouldn't gain anything by discussing it."

"I don't know about that. It seems to me a subject that ought to be—aired."

She tried to smile down his aggressiveness, succeeding partially, in that he subdued the quarrelsomeness of his voice and manner to that affectation of banter behind which he concealed habitually his real self, and by which he most easily deceived her.

"Very well," she laughed; "I'm quite ready to air it; only I don't know just how it's to be done."

"Suppose you were to tell me what happened, in your own language?"

"If Mr. Ford has told you already, as I imagine he has, I don't see that my language can be very different from his. All the same, I'll try, since you want me to."

"Just so."

During the few minutes she took to collect her thoughts he could see sweep over her features one of those swift, light changes—as delicate as the ripple of summer wind on water—which transformed her in an instant from the woman of the world to the forest maid, the spirit of the indigenous. The mystery of the nomadic ages was in her eyes again, as she began her narrative, wistfully and reminiscently.

"You see, I'd been thinking a good deal of my father and mother. I hadn't known about them very long, and I lived with their memory. The Mother Superior had told me a few things—all she knew, I suppose—before I left the convent at Quebec; and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne—especially Mrs. Wayne—had added the rest. That was the chief reason why I wanted the studio—so that I could get

away from the house, which was so oppressive to me, and—so it seemed to me—live with them, with nothing but the woods and the hills and the sky about me. I could be very happy then—painting things I fancied they might have done, and pinning them up on the wall. I dare say it was foolish, but—"

"It was very natural. Go on."

"And then came up all this excitement about Norrie Ford. For months the whole region talked of nothing else. Nearly every one believed he had shot his uncle, but, except in the villages, the sympathy with him was tremendous. Some people—especially the hotel-keepers and those who depended on the tourist travel—were for law and order; but others said that old Chris Ford had got no more than he deserved. That was the way they used to talk. Mr. Wayne was on the side of law and order too—naturally—till the trial came on; and then he began—"

"I know all about that. Go on."

"My own sympathy was with the man in prison. I used to dream about him. I remembered what Mrs. Wayne had told me my mother had done for my father. I was proud of that. Though I knew only vaguely what it was, I was sure it was what I should have done, too. So when there was talk of breaking into the jail, and helping Norrie to escape, I used to think how easily I could keep any one hidden in my studio. I don't mean I thought of it as a practical thing; it was just a dream."

"But a dream that came true."

"Yes; it came true. It was wonderful. It was the day Mr. Wayne sentenced him. I knew what he was suffering — Mr. Wayne, I mean. We were all suffering, even Mrs. Wayne, who in her gentle way was generally so hard. Some people thought Mr. Wayne needn't have done it; and I suppose it was just his conscientiousness—because he had such a horror of the thing—that drove him on to it. He thought he mustn't shirk his duty. But that night at the house was awful. We dressed for dinner, and tried to act as if nothing frightful had happened—but it was as if the hangman was sitting with us at the table. At last I couldn't endure it. I went out into the garden—you remember it was one of those gardens with clipped yews. Out there, in the air, I stopped thinking of Mr. Wayne and his distress, to think of Norrie Ford. It seemed to me as if, in some strange way, he belonged to me—that I ought to do something—as my mother had done for my father. And then—all of a sudden—I saw him creep in."

"How did you know it was he?"

"I thought it must be, though I was only sure of it when I was on the terrace, and saw his face. He crept along, and crept along— Oh, such a forlorn, hopeless, outcast figure! My heart ached at the sight of him. I didn't know what he meant to do, and at first I had no intention of attempting anything. It was by degrees that my own thought about the studio came back to me. By that time he was on the veranda of the house, and I was afraid he meant to kill Mr. Wayne. I went after him. I thought I would entice him away and hide him. But the minute he heard my footstep he leaped into the house. The next I saw, he was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne—and something told me he wouldn't hurt them. After that I watched my chance till he looked outward, and then I beckoned to him. That's how it happened."

"And then?"

"After that everything was easy. He must have told you. I kept him in the studio for three weeks, and brought him food—and clothing of my father's. It seemed to me that my father was doing everything—not I. That's what made it so simple. I know my father would have wanted me to do it. I was only the agent in carrying out his will."

"That's one way of looking at it," Conquest said, grimly.

"It's the only way I've ever looked at it; the only way I ever shall."

"It was a romantic situation," he observed, when she had given him the outlines of the rest of the story. "I wonder you didn't fall in love with him."

He smoothed the colorless line of his mustache, as though concealing a smile. He had recaptured the teasing tone he liked to employ toward her, though its nervous sharpness would have betrayed him had she suspected his real thoughts. While she said nothing in response, the tilt of her head was that which he as-

sociated with her moods of indignation or pride.

"Perhaps you did," he persisted. Then, as she remained silent: "Did you?"

She resolved on a bold step—the audacity of that perfect candor she had always taken as a guide.

"I don't know that one could call it that," she said, quietly.

He drew a quick inward breath, clenching his teeth, but keeping his fixed smile.

"But you don't know that one couldn't."

"I can't define what I felt, at all."

"It was just enough," he pursued, in his bantering tone, "to keep you—looking for him back—as you told me—that day."

She lifted her eyes in a swift glance of reproach.

"It was that—then."

"But it's more—now. Isn't it?"

She met him squarely.

"I don't think you've any right to ask."

He laughed aloud, somewhat shrilly.

"That's good!—considering we're to be man and wife."

"We're to be man and wife on a very distinct understanding, to which I'm perfectly loyal. I mean to be loyal to it always—and to you. I shall give you everything you ever asked for. If there are some things—one thing in particular—out of my power to give you, I've said so from the first, and you've told me you could do without them. If what I can't give you I've given to some one else—because—because—I couldn't help it—that's my secret, and I claim the right to guard it."

They faced each other across the table piled with ornate silver. He had not lost his smile.

"You've the merit of being clear," was his only comment.

"You force me to be clear," she declared, with heightened color, "and a little angry. When you asked me to be your wife—long ago—I told you there were certain conditions I could never fulfil—and you waived them. On that ground I'm ready to meet all your wishes, and make you a good wife to the utmost of my power. I'm eager to do it—because I honor and respect you as women don't always honor and respect the very men they love. I've told Norrie Ford, and I repeat it to you, that after seeing him go free, and restored to his place among men, the most ardent desire of my life is to make you happy. I'm perfectly true; I'm perfectly sincere. What more can you ask of me?"

He looked at her searchingly, while he thought hard and rapidly. He could not complain that the bars were up and the blinds drawn any longer. On the contrary, she had let him see into the recesses of her life with a clarity that startled him, as pure truth startles often. As he sat musing, his pretence at cynicism fell from him, together with something of his furbished air of youth. She saw him grow graver, grayer, older, under her very eyes, and was moved with compunction—with compassion. Her face still aglow, and her hands clasped in her lap, she leaned to him across the table, speaking in the rich, low voice that always thrilled him.

"What I feel for you is . . . something so much like . . . love . . . that you would never have known the difference . . . if you hadn't wrung it from me."

Though he toyed aimlessly with some small silver object on the table, and did not look up, her words sent a tremor through his frame. The Wise Man within him was very eloquent, repeating again and again the sentence she herself had used a minute or two ago: What more could he ask of her? What more *could* he ask of her, indeed? after this assurance right out of the earnestness and honesty of her pure heart? It was enough to satisfy men with far greater claims than he had ever put forth, and far more pretension than he had ever dreamed of cherishing. The Wise Man supplied him with two or three phrases of reply—neat little phrases that would have bound her forever, and yet saved his self-esteem. He turned them over in his mind and on his tongue, trying to add a touch of glamour while he kept them terse. He could feel the Wise Man fidgeting impatiently, just as he could feel her flaming, expectant eyes upon him; and still he toyed with the small silver object aimlessly, conscious of a certain bitter joy in his soul's suspense. He had not yet looked up, nor polished

the Wise Man's phrases to his taste, when a footman threw the door open and Norrie Ford himself walked in.

The meeting was saved from awkwardness chiefly by Ford's own lack of embarrassment. As he crossed the room and shook hands, first with Miriam, then with Conquest, there was a subdued elation in his manner and glance that reduced small considerations to nothing.

"No; I won't sit down," he explained, hurriedly, and not without excitement, "because I only looked in for a minute. I've got a cab waiting for me outside. The fact is, I ran in to say good-by."

"Good-by?" Miriam questioned.

"Not for long, I hope. I'm off—to give myself up."

"But why to-night?" Conquest asked. "What's the rush?"

"Only that I want to get my word in first. They've got their eye on me. I thought it yesterday, and I know it to-day. I want them to see that I'm not afraid of them, and so I'm asking their hospitality for to-night. I've got my bag in the cab, and everything shipshape. I couldn't do it without coming round for a last word with you, old man; and I was going to see you afterward, Miss Strange. But since I've found you here—"

"You won't have to," she finished, brightly. "I'm glad to be able to save your time. I'm confident we're not losing you for long; and as I know you're eager, I can only wish you Godspeed, and be glad to see you go."

She held out her hand, frankly, strongly, as one who has no fear.

"Now," she added, turning to Conquest, "I'll ask you to see me to my motor. I shall leave you and Mr. Ford together, as I know you must have some last detail to arrange."

Ford protested, but she gathered up her gloves and furs, and both men accompanied her to the street.

It was an autumn evening, drizzling and dark. Up and down Fifth Avenue the wet pavements reflected the electric lamps like blurred mirrors. There were few passengers on foot, but an occasional motor whizzed weirdly out of the dark and into it. It was because there were no other people to be seen that two men standing in the rain attracted the attention of the three who descended Conquest's steps together.

"There they are," Ford said, jerkily. "By George! they've got ahead of me."

Instinctively Miriam clutched his arm, while one of the two strangers came forward apologetically.

"You're Mr. John Norrie Ford, ain't you?"

"I am."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I've got a warrant for your arrest."

"That's all right," said Ford, cheerily. "I was on my way to you, anyhow. You'll find my bag in the cab, and everything ready. We'll drive, if it's all the same to you."

"Yes, sir. Sure thing, sir."

The man dropped back a few paces courteously, while Ford turned to his friends. His air was buoyant. Miriam, too, reflected the radiance of her vision of his triumph. Conquest alone, looking small and white and shrivelled in the rain, showed care and fear.

"I don't think there's anything special to say," Ford remarked, with the awkwardness of a simple nature at an emotional crisis. "I'm not very good at thanks. Miss Strange knows that already. But it's all in here"—he tapped his breast with a characteristic gesture —"very sacred, very strong."

"We know that," Conquest said, unsteadily, with an embarrassment like Ford's own.

"Well, then—good-by."

"Good-by."

With a long pressure of the hand to each, he turned toward his cab. Of the two strangers, one took his place beside the driver on the box, while the other held the door open for his prisoner to enter. Ford's foot was already on the step when Miriam cried, "Wait!"

He turned toward her as she glided across the wet pavement.

"Good-by, good-by," she whispered again, and drawing down his face to hers, she kissed him, as she had kissed him once before, beside the waters of Champlain.

As she drew back from him, Ford's countenance wore the uplifted look of a knight who has received the consecration to his quest. Even the two strangers bowed their heads, as though they had

witnessed the bestowal of a sacrament. To Miriam herself it was the seal set on a past that could never be reopened. She felt the definiteness with which it was ended, as she heard, on her way back to Conquest's side, the door slammed, while the cab lumbered away. It seemed to her that Conquest shrank from her as she approached him.

"You'll come to-morrow? I shall be home about five."

Conquest had put her into her motor, drawn the rugs about her, and closed the door. As he did so, she noticed something slow and broken in his movements. Leaning from the open window, she held out her hand, but he barely touched it.

"No," he said, hoarsely, "I shall not come to-morrow."

"Then the next day."

"No, nor the next day."

"Well, when you can. If you let me know, I shall stay in, whenever it may be."

"You needn't stay in. I'm not coming any more."

"Oh, don't say that. Don't say that," she pleaded. "You hurt me."

"I can't come, Miriam. Don't you see? Isn't it plain enough? I can't come. I thought I could. I tried to think I could hold you—in spite of everything. But I can't. I *can't*."

"You can hold me—if I stay. I want to stay. You mustn't let me go. I want you to be happy. You deserve it. You've done so much for me—and *him*."

It was the stress she laid on the last word—a suggestion of something triumphant and enraptured beyond restraint—that made him bound back to the centre of the pavement.

"Go on, Laporte," he said to the chauffeur, in a sharp voice. "Miss Strange is ready."

"No, no," Miriam cried, stretching both hands toward him. "I'm not ready. Keep me. I want to stay."

"Go on," he cried, sternly, as the chauffeur hesitated. "Miss Strange is quite ready. She must go."

Standing by the curb, he watched the motor glide off into the misty, lamplit darkness. He was watching it still as it overtook the carriage in which Norrie Ford had just driven away. As the two vehicles passed abreast out of his range of vision, he knew they were bearing Ford and Miriam side by side into Life.

THE END.

Nocturne

BY WITTER BYNNER

SOFT through a mist comes a memory creeping
And pleads in a voice that is wistful and low,
(Soft through the mist between waking and sleeping)
Of Love as she lived all alone long ago,

Drowsily tells of a marvellous Maiden
Who plays with a moonbeam and laughs like a child,—
Her eyes are how full!—and her lashes how laden
With starlight!—her glances how level and mild!

See how her finger-tips fitfully glisten!
See with what crystal her forehead is deep!—
She breathes, and you tremble,—she waits, and you listen,—
She waits, and you breathe not,—she breathes—and you sleep!

Flyaway Flittermouse

BY EMMA BELL MILES

EVER since the first of the week, when the elder children started for school, with a basket of biscuits and fried pork and a First Reader among them, Flittermouse had been lonely. Today it was worse than ever; for not only had Pappy left to work before she waked in the morning, but even Mother was almost inaccessible through the malignance of a headache. As for little Man-alive, the only playmates that interested him were his own sea-shell feet and hands.

Aunt Libby, having "drowned the miller" in making up her bread, came to borrow flour, and stayed to help with the churning; but now she was gone back home across the field, and Mother lay with tight-closed eyes on the bed. Flittermouse tried for a while to keep store, in imitation of her brothers, on the plank shelves they had arranged in the fence corner; but after pouring out the cans of water which represented barrels of oil and sorghum, and dismantling the rows of patiently moulded mud loaves and red-velvet oak tips, galls, and acorns which made up the rest of their stock, there did not seem to be much to do here; besides, she had an uncomfortable conviction that the boys would not approve her activities when they came home.

Across the fence, in a great airy cavern of shade beneath an oak, was a playhouse of more domestic character, all aglitter with broken china and upholstered in plushy moss. She had so often slipped between the rails to play here with sister that the fascination of forbidden fruit was absent from its neat and pretty housewifery, and the two little bare feet did not linger, but only printed the ground lightly as they pattered past.

Along the dew-damp sand broad shadows lay invitingly, though the day was not yet too warm. A cardinal flashed between the trees as she looked, and, "Birdy," she greeted him, with an indescribable circumflex; adding immediately and regretfully, "Flyed away; gone wa-ay off-in-woods." She heard the *Song of the Open Road* as plainly as it was ever sung. The iridescence of wings in the azure air, the happy z-z-z-ing of gnats and honey-lovers—it was all a siren lure. She was drawn down the road's green, sun-shot vista irresistibly even before her Great Idea took shape; but once having glimmered into consciousness, it speedily became evident to her mind that Pappy was coming, somewhere yonder, probably just round the turn.

"Go'n' meet him," said Flittermouse, firmly.

Forthwith her toddle quickened to a trot. The little checked cotton frock she wore would have been for a time distinctly visible, flickering in and out of the bands of sunshine that lay across the road; but the eyes of the housemother were so dimmed with headache that even had she roused herself to look from the window she could hardly have seen. Besides, had not Libby said that she might take the child home with her for the day?

So, all unchallenged, unhindered, a little gipsy went dancing down the green-arched lane like a butterfly drifting on the breeze. The road as it ran away seemed to laugh back at her over its shoulder; she followed it on and on. From time to time she was tempted aside by a shining cluster of berries; she stopped to gather her hands full of flowers, and to splash and wade in a rivulet rutted by passing wagons; she poked in an interesting hole, and was startled by the appearance of an exasperated toad; she squealed in delight at a jewelled dragon-fly; and once, absorbed in a phenomenon which she afterward described as "two bum'lebees rollin' a mobble," she came near forgetting her purpose. But after the minute of wonder, she got to her feet and went on, looking eagerly down the road where she expected, every moment, to see Pappy appear.

Ah—there he was! She ran forward with a shout: then her footsteps lagged and faltered as she saw that it was not Pappy, but a stranger. Out of sheer interest she came to a halt and stared. The newcomer was so bristly gray, and had such fierce eyebrows!

She kept her soft dark gaze steadily and gravely on him. That he was grim and surly she did not know, any more than she knew that she herself was the most enchanting bit of human perfection the old fellow had beheld in many a day. This was a Man, and her experience of men had not been at all disconcerting; the whole race was typified, of course, by Pappy.

But such a funny man! He was about to pass her, when she giggled, showing all her little teeth like grains of rice. The man stopped and stared in his turn, as if he had not seen her until that moment.

"Huh!" said he. Then, "Whose little gal air you?" he asked, in a queer husky old voice that matched his bristly gray hair.

She knew the answer to that question. "Pappy's."

"Huh! Where you think you're a-goin'?" came the next query.

"Go'n' meet Pappy."

He looked at her a moment, made as if to laugh, and went striding on. But his face had perforce relaxed a bit; and as he went he muttered: "Little dickens—watch them feet o' hern! Jest like Cinthi' said, young critters sca'cely knows whether they dancin' or walkin'. Eh—law—Cinthi'."

She had scarcely watched him out of sight when a murmur of voices caused her to look the other way. The two now approaching were deep in some altercation; they were, indeed, quarrelling, not with loud words or angry bluster, but in the mountaineer's way, with a growing tension of distrust. Behind their immobile faces thoughts were gathering that might separate them for life. But at sight of the little girl they dropped, for the time, whatever they had been talking about.

"D'you reckon she's lost, Jeff?" said one, using his companion's name in a kinder tone than he had employed since the question of that misplaced fence came up.

"I'll see," the other answered, peering at her from under a green corduroy cap. He bent upon Flittermouse a pair of very pleasant gray eyes. "Want to come?" He held out his hands, broad, brown, flexible, the palms calloused with field work. "Lemme tote ye home, pretty. Where is hit you live? Where's Pappy?"

"Down road. Go'n' meet Pappy," exclaimed Flittermouse, confidentially, liking the man's voice and manner. "Uh-huh; go'n' tell him—dot—szschicken for zupper."

"Oh," the man smiled, drawing back a little, "is Pappy down the road? You waitin' for him?"

She nodded. "Go'n' eat a szschicken bum'tick."

"Come on, Jeff," urged the truck-grower. "The baby's all right—ain't ye, sweetness? She knows what's she's headed fer."

Flittermouse accepted this with dignity. Here was a man who recognized ability when he met it.

The man in the green cap hesitated. "Well—I guess it's all right, and I—I ain't got much time." He appeared to be apologizing to the little stray before him. "But I declar' you do look like Clay's kid; and if that's so, you're a right smart piece from home."

But as Flittermouse continued to back away, step by step, not suspiciously, but as one who is sure of the course of duty, he decided that the child's father could not be far distant.

"If she *is* lost, we'll be apt to hear of hit a ways on." And returning to contemplation of his own thrice-vexed affairs, he made haste to overtake his companion.

They did not take up the quarrel exactly where they had left it. Instead, each cast about for something to say which would conceal from the other the fact that he was thinking deeply.

"Who was that went on in front of us?" inquired the man in the green cap.

"Old Provine, goin' down the creek to see after his sawmill," replied the truck-grower. "I looked for him to say somethin' to me, but he took it out in glowerin'. Old man's got it in for ever'body since him and Aint Cynthi' Macklin had their last set-to over her granddaughter's church trial. That was the masterest argu-mint I ever heard."



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"D'YOU RECKON SHE'S LOST, JEFF?"

"She whupped him out, though."

"That's what she done. 'Lowed the Good Book says there's a time to dance, and Orphy should choose her own time about hit. They let the trial go over for decision, didn't they?"

"Yes; but I look for 'em to turn the pore gal out next month." He spoke with his mind centred on something else, which sharpened into utterance in the next few steps. "Look a-here, Jeff; tell ye what I'll do. Let your fence stand, and I'll sell you the ground as fur as the mistake occurred, and take the cow in part payment. Now, that's fair, ain't it?"

"Why, yaas, that's—why, that's fair enough; and I'd be willin' if hit was any other cow, but— Well, tell ye, Riley! I've got a heifer in the woods, fraish in Feb'wary; how about her and, say, five dollars cash?"

The tension had disappeared. A play of emotion almost boyish came back into both bronzed faces; their speech was once more interspersed with chuckles. Just before they passed out of sight one glanced backward to where a little checked cotton dress gleamed against the dusty briers.

Flittermouse had forgotten them. She was intent upon a streak of black ants, hurrying to and fro on a narrow trail of their own pioneering, on mysterious, alien business. "Free, four, five-six-seb'm-eight-nine-ten-leb'm-eight-nine-ten-leb'm-eight-nine-ten," she counted. At this point she was, by the similarity in sound between seven and eleven, invariably betrayed into a circle of four numbers. When she tired of it she began building a wall of sand, and placing chips inside it. "Pigs in a pen; a-a-all fensh op. Sooey, pig! Soo-oo-ey!"

She tucked one foot under her, and grasping the other, rocked herself to and fro to the rhythm of a tuneless song: "Bat, bat, come un'er mine hat, an'— when I bake—" She forgot the rest, but the idea of baking reminded her of a certain promise of chicken for supper. She was about to rise and resume her quest for Pappy, when a shadow fell on the ground beside her, and she looked up with a start that ran all the way from her top braid, the size of an ear of wheat, to her brown toes.

A shock-headed boy of twelve stood there, grinning. He carried a pole and line in one hand, and in the other a string of four perch. He was clad in a pair of homespun breeches and a man's shirt that, through various rents and a buttonless front, let the sweet wind flow all over his sunburnt body.

"What you think you're doin'?" he inquired.

In a country where two or three youngsters count for no more than a nest-egg, and a man's mother is likely to be only fourteen or fifteen years older than he is, children lack the opportunity, among the overlapping generations, for acquiring self-consciousness. Flittermouse was accustomed to take herself very much for granted as the next-to-youngest in a considerable family—neither the trusted eldest nor the petted baby, but just an extremely small girl whose duty was to keep out from underfoot and not meddle with hatching weedies. Her world was a child's world; she was used to being fed, played with, scolded, kissed, occasionally upset and run over by Joe and Orrion and Susy. It was only by accident that she stumbled to-day into the grown-up's country.

So, angry at being startled, she spoke to the boy as she felt, somewhat belligerently. "I'm zingin' zong," she announced. "You funny at me?" And as the freckled grin flashed broader, "*No* funny at me," she cried, and scrambled to her feet for a charge. But she came to a stop a few feet from the enemy, who had himself retreated in haste, snickering.

"I'm ain't go'n' kill 'oo," she reassured him, with more than a touch of magnanimity; "I was des a-p'ayin'."

"Got a chip on your shoulder, though, ain't ye?" suggested the boy.

She followed herself round and round in her tracks, like a kitten, in the endeavor to ascertain whether indeed that portion of her anatomy bore such a decoration.

"You sure have; jist look!" he encouraged her, enjoying the manœuvre. "Well, if you ain't the funniest young 'un I might' near ever seed! What's you' name? Whar's you' paw? Want some May-apples?" he asked, with a motion toward his pocket.

But she shook her head, growing sulky with his increasing merriment, and stood pouting, her hands behind her back.

The spontaneous generosity of boyhood was on him, however; it was positively necessary that he give somebody something. As he went whistling on his way, he decided that it would be a capital joke to drop a mess of fish into his grandmother's water-bucket when she was not looking.

Alone once more, Flittermouse reseated herself on the sand. The shadows shortened as she played, and began to creep from the opposite side of the road. After a time she heard a patter of hurrying footsteps, and turned to stare at a girl who seemed to glitter as she came through the sunshine, so vivid was her hair, so brilliantly clean her apron.

Here again were approaching the thoughts that had power to divide like blades. "I can't live with her no longer," the girl was saying to herself. "It's her contrary ways, her weecked old tongue—they ain't to be endyored. I'd do better to run away to the Settlemint; I could make out to git me a new dress there oncet in a while, anyways. The idy of her a-havin' me pick berries all th'oo the season, and not lettin' me buy so much as a yard o' lawn! 'Be shore ye git the change right, Orphy,' she says. And now I've got to pick some more again' supper. . . . I can git away, and I jist will."

Then out of the wayside bushes blossomed a living rose—a child's face, wide-eyed and wondering, but with lips curved, ready to break into laughter.

For all her haste this girl, too, paused to go through the same sequence of questions as had the other people. It was a colloquy of which Flittermouse was beginning to tire. But this time it terminated charmingly. From her pocket the girl produced a fat cooky, wide as a saucer, and gave it into a ready little hand.

"'Oo nelcome," said the baby, with such gracious promptness that Orphy was moved to reply merrily, "Well—thank you!" She scurried along the road, tittering still; but she had ceased to scowl, and she went more and more slowly. At last she almost stopped, and counted over a few coins in her palm.

"I could keep this, and git to the Settlemint all right—git a dress, and find me some work," the girl muttered. "But she worked for hit as hard as I did—and the half I leave won't be near enough for her. Maybe I can stand to stay with her a while longer. She won't have nobody if I leave. She *is* my granny—I mustn't forgit that. And she was good to take me when maw died. And the time I had the mumps—an' then the way she stood up for me to the church folks—" Orphy laughed, and shook her shoulders. "If she'd only make up with Uncle Zeke's folks, and go visitin' oncet and again— Well, I vow, I'll stay with her a while, anyhow."

The bright figure was no bigger than a flower down the green vista now. Flittermouse, having eaten her cooky, sat happy as a lizard in the broad glare of afternoon light. Overhead shone the blue day; the rustle of the woods was all about. She laughed and cooed, patting sand-cakes with her chubby fingers; she rolled over like a puppy, and sat up, shaking the sand from her plaits. Her hands were scratched and stained, her frock dabbled with mud through which she had waded.

What was there to be happy about? Nothing and everything. She might as easily have reflected that she was far from home, and found ample excuse for disturbing the peace with desolate cries. But she had, in baby fashion, the deep sense of reality that comes with joy; she felt the ocean of life beating, soft and warm as summer, strong as fate and salt as blood, all round and through her little being. Life everywhere! In the woods, the sky, the ground, it crept and swarmed, burrowed and flew; life eyeless, helpless, dumb; life of a woodland grace, or elfin-quaint as Chinese carving; life winged and swift like a soul; life, the red gift of the sun! She heard its murmur, a summer sound, as of running water far and sweet. And oh, listen!—her features became rapt; she caught her breath and sat winking in intensity of attention—the Birdy was singing! Singing to Flittermouse as if she were the world and all. He must have known that she listened, there under the rustling trees. She uttered a gurgle of happiness; he sang again. In her heart the tide of feeling swelled; it rose and rose, till it was ready to brim over into tears or ripple out into laughter, she couldn't quite tell which. She loved things so!

Something seemed to take her by the throat, as if she were about to crow, or else to cry; it just trembled in the balance—

All at once she spied on the ground a short, thick stick or root, with an irregular knob on one end, like a head. It was much the same as any other stick, and it had lain there all the time; but the little girl had had no need of it until now. From "head" to "baby" was made the instant connection of ideas; she scrambled eagerly to catch it up.

"Howdy, doll! What you be dere for?" she inquired. "'Ish is doll. I'm rockin' little doll; rocky-bye—" and before she knew it, Flittermouse had, like the bird, turned the almost unendurable tension of the moment into song. A queer song, bubbling tuneless but sweet from her plump throat, its words mixed up of two Mother Goose jingles learned from the older children:

"Rocky-bye—wind blow,
We sha' have 'now,
C'adle rock: po-o-oh shing,"

over and over. She wrapped the doll in as much of her short apron as she could well get hold of, and rocked and crooned, her round knees showing like two eggs beneath the hem of the scarlet garment she always spoke of as her peckitoat. She sang to the bit of wood in her arms, but it was her own body that responded to the lullaby. It became increasingly difficult to hold the doll in its cradle. The firm earth bore her up so strongly; the sky watched her with measureless kindliness. It was as though she for once usurped the place claimed of late by little Man-alive, and lay clasped in her mother's arms. A good spot for a nap. But this reminded her that she was sleepy, and sleep, she knew, was what ended each one of her beautiful days. She struggled to her feet, resolved to fight, this time with all her strength. She would not tamely submit to see this delicious hour snatched into oblivion!

But it was already drawing to a close. The touch of antagonism, as soon as she said to herself "I won't," shattered the whole lovely structure, like the fairy palace of frosted grasses that brother Joe had once brought in and set beside the fire. She found the same old weariness and disillusion that made sleepy-eye time coming upon her, eclipsing her happiness as usual. And she had supposed it would last forever, this beautiful runaway day!

She began to cry, heartily, as she did everything else, with a view to rousing succor from somewhere. Her way in trouble was to appeal vigorously to the cosmos; it had never failed her yet.

It did not now. From a hitherto unperceived by-path came stepping a quaint little old figure carrying a huge pail of blackberries and clad in a sunbonnet, neckerchief, and straight-gathered calico dress. A face with twinkling blue eyes peered out between gray curls—a face like a Limbertwig apple that has hung into November and shrivelled with all its keen flavor retained inside. Flittermouse ceased her wailing, and gave the newcomer a glance of recognition, not of the individual, but of the type. Through tears she even smiled, with a little gasping cry of relief, as if at sight of some one she loved. This was a Grandma.

"Why, what's the matter with a little gal, out here all by herself?" asked the old woman, in a true grandma tone. "Air you lost from home?"

"Want a d'ink!" Flittermouse offered that as the most expressible and instant of her woes.

"All right; we'll jist go and find one," comforted the Grandma. "What's yore name, honey? Whose little poppee-doll air you? Tell Aint Cynthi' yore name!"

She set down her pail, and the mite, with a confidence born of long petting, instantly attacked its contents.

"Flittermouse," the red lips replied, juicily, between berries.

"And whar's yore Pappy?"

She gave the same vague answer she had given several times already. It did not, however, deceive Aunt Cynthi' in the least.

"Well, is that all the name you got? Don't Mammy call you something different when she scolds ye?"

Now it so happened that this little maid who fared forth so bravely into unknown lands that summer day was afraid of her real name. She wouldn't for any thing have attempted it. Her tongue had a trick of transposing sounds that sometimes got her into difficulties; and at best this making people understand was the

most serious and complicated business she had encountered in her life. So she remained silent, helping herself industriously, contentedly, from the berry-bucket.

"And how'd you git here?" marvelled old Cynthi' Macklin, half to herself.

With a momentary return of the morning's exuberant spirits, Flittermouse threw her arms up and down and laughed out. "Des flyed away!" she said.

"Uh-huh! An' air you aimin' to fly back? You 'des' better fly along home with me, till I can find out who wants ye the wust," cooed the old woman, deep in her throat, fond blue eyes on the baby.

But this it appeared the tired child was unable or unwilling to do. They made two or three starts, but each time Flittermouse lagged and came to a whimpering stop.

Cynthi' was in a quandary. Neither the child nor the berries might safely be deserted, and she could not carry both. "If that triflin' Orphy was with me," she thought. "But thar! the gal's but a gal. I mind when she looked so much like this 'n' nobody could 'a' told 'em apart."

She was on the point of hanging the bucket in a tree, to be out of harm's way until she could come back for it, when she had an inspiration. At a wet-weather spring that trickled from a bank she dipped a corner of her apron and washed the dusty, berry-stained little face ("Ain't go'n' ky," said Flittermouse, heroically, mindful of past struggles), and, taking advantage of the refreshment temporarily afforded by this process and by a drink from a leaf cup, she mounted the two tired legs astride a good-sized stick-horse, which pranced over the remaining distance without a sign of fatigue.

They turned in at a wooden gate half buried under honeysuckles. A house peeped at them through a screen of cherry trees beyond. For all her light-heartedness in wandering, Flittermouse went suddenly limp all over at the thought of getting somewhere at last. There were other houses in the neighborhood, of course, but they sat aloof to right and left of the road along which she had come, wherever was a sheltered lap of the hills or a spring hollow. The little girl yawned, her mouth opening like a hollowed rose, the tongue curling up as it were a single interior petal; and "I'm zo-o-o zeepy!" she complained, toddling after Cynthi' up the path.

She was hardly able to make away with the bread and butter she presently found in her hand. Sitting on the porch, she drooped and nodded over it, only half aware that a cheery old voice was recounting a story for her benefit: "And the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, and the pig began to go-o!" After a while, in the big log room, Cynthi' Macklin stood looking down at a dimpled brown body relaxed in the depths of her feather bed. So heavy with sleep, so rosy and fragrant! She had almost forgotten what a bit of sweetness and tenderness a baby could be. She noticed how the long lashes swept the cheeks, how the under lip pushed the other slightly out of place, like a twisted azalea bud.

"She does favor Orphy when she's a baby; an' then agin, she's jist about the age o' Sam's Dythie," the old lips murmured, as Cynthi' bent to lay a cloth over the slumber-flushed face. "Jist about her size. Eh—law! I'll ventur' Dythie's forgot me—wouldn't reco'nize her granny a-tall. I'm e'en-about minded to go over and see Zeke's folks a-Sunday, me and Orphy. Ef hit wasn't for that no-'count boy o' his'n—they ort to put him to hoein' corn. I seed him go on this morning with a pole and a canful o' red worms."

She tiptoed away, turning to dip a gourd of water from the shelf by the kitchen door.

"Well!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. The gourd remained poised as she stared into the bucket. There, in the clear water, swam at some inconvenience a couple of shining perch.

"Well!" she said again. "That boy! . . . I will go over thar, come Sunday." A smile spread slowly across her features, twinkling from her eyes in a sapphire gloam, seaming her pink cheeks into kindlier wrinkles than Orphy, just coming in with her afternoon harvest of berries, had ever suspected there.

"H'sh, Orphy," was the grandmother's greeting. "I got me a baby in here, asleep."

"I'll bet hit's the little gal that was



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

CYNTHIA HAILED HIM WITH A QUESTION

playin' in the road," the girl whispered, tiptoeing in to look. "Whose is she?"

"That's what we've got to find out, I reckon," the elder returned. "But see here what some one fetched us for supper! Now, Orphy, you blow up the fire, and I'll be in therectly to holp ye fix 'em."

She left the house, to lean over the front gate. Chestnut flowers were falling noiselessly through the dusk beneath the trees; old memories came to her on the perfume of these and the honeysuckles, now heavy with the approach of evening. She heard the deep brass of cow-bells, sounded from winding paths that led up out of the creek; fireflies began to sparkle in the shadowed grass. She might have been a maid harkening for her lover's footfalls, so youthful a brightness shone in her eyes.

By and by the old man whom Flittermouse had first met was seen returning at the same plodding gait. Cynthi' hailed him with a question—an inquiry that made both forget the occasion of their last meeting. John Provine responded with grave interest. No, he couldn't say whose little gal had run away; he had seen one up yon a piece this morning, but had heard no stir of searching. No, he couldn't come in, he was belated already, settling with a feller that owed him for some lumber—been around and let him have a ixtension of his note, like a old fool. N-no, he'd be late to supper—"and then like as not Sis' Betty she'd take 'n' set hit off the table; you know she's kind o'— No, thank y'. Well, I don't know jist—"

He found himself edging through the vine-bound gate, setting himself erect, and getting hold of his most stately manner. The gray curls that topped Aunt Cynthi's alert head quivered as their wearer fluttered to the house; she seated her guest in the place of honor on the porch, and took advantage of a half-audible sigh from the sleeping child to run in and slip on—a bit of youth, of tender sentiment, of wistful remembrance, made visible—the lace collar that she had worn when a girl.

"And, Orphy, honey—if you'll hurry and make up some o' your best biscuits, and set on a jar of cherry preserves, I'll—I'll git ye a new dress in time for us to go to your Unc' Zeke's a-Sunday," she whispered, through the half-open door.

"Good gal to work, ain't she?" commented Provine, as the spirited old belle settled herself in the rocker opposite him. "She's shore goin' it lively at that suppergittin'. Her feet sounds like she was a-dancin' again."

"I'm afeared you 'n' me 'll git into a argu-mint if we set here *too* long, so I told her to hurry up a bite for us," Cynthi' answered, twinkling. "Do you ricollect, John Awthur, the first quarrel we ever had?" Her cheeks were even pinker as she put the question. "We've been quar'lin' ever sence."

But there was no answering gleam of fun in his face. He made one or two efforts to speak, failed, and finally brought out: "I been sorry a thousan' times about that. You was half promised to marry me, Cynthi'—and then you went and took Macklin."

"Air you sorry you called me a witch?"

"I wish't somebody'd a-whupped me right thar when I done it. I do, I do, shore. Might 'a' learnt me some sense. Cynthi'," he stole a glance at her half-averted face, "you—you're the only—"

"Thar—thar's—I do b'lieve thar's Clay Sanders a-comin' home from work," she cried, jumping up nervously as a girl. "Let's us ask him about this here baby."

So it came about that Flittermouse, feeling herself swung into a well-known resting-place, was not put to the trouble of opening her eyes. She had followed the beckoning of fate that day, and traversed a wider circuit than she would ever know, carrying, all unconscious, her lamp of love and joy and innocence to light sundry dark places.

Flittermouse snuggled closer on the big shoulder, and murmured drowsily:

"Oh, Pappy, I'm des been a-coming—tell 'oo—dot sz-z-schick'n for zupper."

And Aunt Cynthi', hearing the gate close behind the pair, turned to the man beside her and asked coyly, "Do you ricollect ever seein' me wear this here collar before, John Awthur?"

A Group of Modern English Painters

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

FOR a generation or more it has been the fashion to reproach England with a lack of serious æsthetic advancement. As may be inferred, such an attitude arises, however, mainly from ignorance of the true aspects of the situation. It is indeed only lately that the aristocratic charm of British eighteenth-century art has been accorded its just measure of approval, while contemporary effort is still popularly supposed to be represented by the Pre-Raphaelites and their pendants, and the habitual sentiment and pedantry of the Royal Academy. Yet nothing could be less exact than the assumption that there is at present no real æsthetic progress in Great Britain. In point of fact, the country is making notable strides in almost every branch of the fine arts. Although in painting proper the Glasgow School at present enjoys greater vogue abroad than any other group, it is by no means the only centre of activity. Unknown to the general public, either European or American, there is to-day in London a body of men whose aims are so distinct, and whose work is so characteristic, that it is incomprehensible that they should not have attained wider recognition. For a score of years there have been held at various minor galleries a series of exhibitions by certain younger spirits whose task has been to free art from the shackles of commercialism and officialism. Their creed is to paint not for popular approval or pecuniary reward, but for the sheer joy of self-expression. They have never had any permanent home. Their existence has been itinerant, yet their ideals have remained steadfast, and, after a persistent struggle, they to-day occupy the proudest position in current British art. The new English Art Club is the direct antithesis of the Royal Academy, and has happily furnished a wholesome antidote to academic ascendency. The Club has no officers beyond an executive committee, it awards no prizes, and holds no annual banquets. Its membership is small, yet by means of a judicious policy of invitation to outsiders in sympathy with the cause, the exhibitions never fail to prove coherent, stimulating, and significant. There can be no question as to the salutary influence of the organization as a whole. Its ideals have in a measure altered the very conception of painting in England. It has injected vigor and independence into that which was timid and formal, and in its activities can clearly be traced the future course of British art.

The careers of most of these young lions of the brush—these men who have opened the eyes of their countrymen to the beauty of every-day scene or to the haunting appeal of the imagination—read singularly alike. The majority have studied at the Schools, preferably the Slade, have gone afterward to Paris, and have returned to cultivate those purely native sources of inspiration which have proved their strength and salvation. While the initial exhibitions of the New English Art Club were Gallic and impressionistic, it is significant to note that they have year by year grown more national in character. After learning how to paint with that fusion of freedom and science which is alone the gift of French training, these young Britains have had the wisdom to look about, and above, and within—to seek their themes in the splendid pictorial and poetic heritage of their own land and race. They are eclectic and receptive. They know Manet and Degas, Velásquez and Daumier. They hark back now to the sumptuous Venetians, and now to the sturdy, patient Dutch, but they are more in sympathy with Gainsborough, Romney, Constable, and Turner. Instinctively they attach themselves to that great central tradition upon which the art of their country has been founded. The important feature of



THE LADY WITH THE FEATHER
By Charles H. Shannon

their work is that it is English—English in accent and in spirit.

Contemporary British painting as represented by the newer men shows two clearly marked phases. While it is true that a strong decorative tendency is everywhere manifest, giving a general identity of aspect and purpose, this art is fundamentally either realistic or imaginative. One group finds its inspiration

in the changing vesture of visible things; the other and smaller body clings, not without a certain heroism, to the more remote kingdom of creative fancy. On occasion the two currents converge in a single individual, but for the most part the aims of each remain distinct. There should be scant hesitation in placing at the head of those who are absorbed in the shifting magic of the concrete world, whether studied outdoors or within, the name of P. Wilson Steer. The art of Mr. Steer symbolizes the spirit of the entire group. It is characteristically modern and flexible. Fascinated by the possibilities of pigment, Mr. Steer paints with unfailing zest. The love of adventure is ever upon him. His work is fresh and full of spontaneity, and he approaches landscape, the figure, or an interior in the same blithe, unfettered mood. While his views of moor, river, or castle may lack a sense of that vibrant atmospheric envelope which suffuses and unifies all things, they are the finest achievements of the kind since Constable and Turner, whose legacy they continue on broader, more robust lines. Equally happy in his figure compositions and in those radiant glimpses of music or morning room with their gracious young women seated at the piano or by an open window, Mr. Steer is year by year adding to the glory of British art. Uncommunicative, almost stolid of manner, his work is the essence of all that is restless and sensitive. His surfaces are loose and broken, giving the impression of beautiful mosaics carelessly set, but his draughtsmanship is free yet sure and his sense of color rich, balanced, and varied.



THE DOLL'S HOUSE
By William Rothenstein

Of equal prominence alike in the current development of British art and in the counsels of the Club is Augustus E. John, the stormy and solitary Titan, whose work will remain for subsequent comment. Mr. John belongs to the broadly symbolic movement, not to the luminous observation of Mr. Steer, which finds its parallel in such men as Philip Connard, Walter W. Russell, Professor Tonks, and other apostles of sunlight and the pellucid clarity of a fresh,



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MAY MORNING
By Philip Connard

indoor scene. The work of these men, and even to a greater extent, that of William Orpen, William Rothenstein, Ambrose McEvoy, and William Nicholson, while modern in treatment, is not without its mid-Victorian affiliations. More or less consciously they all glance backward to gracious, departed days, to the London of fifty years ago, to the full skirt, the slender furniture, and that indefinable poetry which clings to things past and gone. There is hardly one among them who has not succumbed to this persuasive spell, and the result has been that they have brought home to the public as nothing else has done the pictorial possibilities of British every-day existence. Mr. Connard is more advanced than most of his colleagues, more absorbed in pure problems of air, light, and color, and from his Chelsea studio sends forth canvases that reveal a distinguished sense of design and a clarity of tone which are full of æsthetic stimulus. His work has a singular sparkle and crispness of touch and an unfailing regard for decorative ensemble. A comparatively new man, Mr. Connard's place is already assured, and his progress will be followed with increasing pleasure and interest. Less individual, and devoting himself alternately to landscape and interiors, is



The Sculptress
By Charles H. Shannon

Walter W. Russell, who belongs with this particular group through his admiration for tonal purity and the varied caprices of light and shade; nor must one here forget the name of Professor Tonks, whose instruction at the Slade School has done more than any single factor toward awakening the artistic consciousness of the younger generation of painters.

Though the dividing-line between the above men and those who follow is not always definite, there are marked differences between the prismatic vision of Mr. Steer and Mr. Connard and the more searching presentments of Mr. Orpen and his associates. The art of Mr. Orpen, like that of Mr. McEvoy and Mr. Rothenstein, is not without its mental as well as æsthetic significance. These men are the exponents of what may be termed the psychological interior. They are masters in the sphere of quiet, subtle suggestion. With a few simple, carefully selected facts, and a singularly pervasive tonality, they evoke emotions which, if a trifle literary, are not the less legitimate from the standpoint of art. A woman reading by mellow candlelight, or pausing beside a window through which filter the gray shadows of eventide; a tired figure asleep in a chair, or a quaint-clad family group in the big living-room of a typical Geor-

gian house—such are the scenes about which the observation and fancy of these men love to play. Organic unity is the ideal toward which they strive. They are the true intimists of British painting. They secure an accord between subject and treatment which is magical in its appeal, and their touch is ever eloquent with insight and sympathy. There are few artists who have carried further that indoor poetry, that sense of suppressed life in inanimate things, and that curious affinity between person and place which are the dominant characteristics of these canvases. It is a simpler, more deliberate world which this art invokes, a world that has passed, but which has been recalled with patient perception from fragments that still exist in the quaint corners of Kensington or Bloomsbury. While choosing similar subjects, these men differ in their several interpretations. Mr. Orpen, being an Irishman, is inclined to mix humor with his sentiment; Mr. McEvoy is not without a certain depth and poignancy of feeling; and Mr. Rothenstein is austere and dramatic.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOWARD
By Francis Howard

Although this is perhaps the most distinctive phase of the art of the foregoing men, it must not be assumed that they paint only interiors. The most wholesome feature of modern British æsthetic endeavor is that its exemplars cover a wide field and are seldom the victims of a single mode or method. Portraiture has claimed some of the best of Mr. Orpen's efforts, and the same may be said of Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. John, and Mr. Nicholson. There is little of the specious bravura of certain latter-day executants in this work. Affirmative in conception, it shows a welcome dignity and balance, and usually aims to give a sense of the actual surroundings and occupation of the

sitter. An acknowledged exponent of the decorative tradition, whether in portraiture, genre, or still-life, is William Nicholson, who has evolved from a master of the poster into a painter of exceptional quality. The simplicity and directness of his earlier manner still cling to him, and thereto have been added a fluent, through restricted, command of color and an increased freedom of pattern.

It is unnecessary to consider in detail the varied activities of these men and of those who are in more or less close sympathy with their efforts. The general tendency of modern English art is toward broad, constructive effects rather than minute and patient analysis. Pure landscape is represented by happy, idyllic Mark Fisher, by the more lyrical Bertram Priestman, and the severe and stylistic Professor Holmes. Walter Sickert, true to his early convictions, remains complex and Gallic, while in the superb animal drawings of Joseph Crawhall we have a synthetic economy of statement which recalls the Japanese. For several seasons the exhibitions of the New English Art Club have been reinforced by the fluent, daring brush of Mr. Sargent, who usually sends a dazzling series of sketches made in Spain, Sicily, or Palestine, and along with them may be mentioned the delicate and masterly water-colors of the late Mr. Brabazon, whose genius Mr. Sargent was



THE VIOLINIST
By William Strang



The Balcony
By P. Wilson Steer

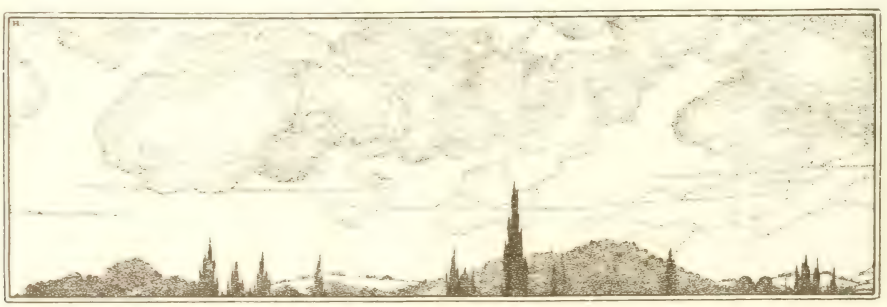
the first to discover. Yet, despite the splendid strides made by the Club during the past few years, it must not be inferred that all new and worthy achievement is confined to these displays. The annual exhibitions of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, the recent showing of Independent British Art at Messrs. Agnews, the lately inaugurated Goupil Salon, the New Gallery, and even the Royal Academy, have disclosed a notable array of talent along various interesting lines.

It was, however, in the exhibition of Chosen Pictures arranged last season at the Grafton Galleries by Mr. Francis Howard that the significance of the new movement was revealed for the first time in anything approaching its proper strength. Public opinion here became focussed upon painters whose work had hitherto been scattered, and the resultant impression proved most stimulating. Hung according to the individual group system, it was possible to study each man's work consecutively and in perspective, and hence to arrive at a definite idea as to its author's place in the onward march

of British art. The balance of interest was admirably maintained between the idealistic painters, such as Charles Shannon and Charles Ricketts, who are reserved for later consideration, and the realists, decorative men, intimists, and those who, like Mr. Strang, and indeed Mr. Shannon himself, cultivate more than one manner. While the distinguished portraiture of Mr. George Henry was not in evidence, here as elsewhere the supple elegance of Mr. Lavery, the Velásquez-like vision of George Lambert, and the caressing, penetrant touch of Professor Sauter each counted at its just value. The display as a whole was a complete vindication for modern British art. It showed in welcome measure that firm grasp of actuality and that imaginative fervor which form the basis of all worthy æsthetic attainment.

Such an exhibition as that at the Grafton Galleries was bound to disclose points of general as well as particular interest. English painting during the past decade has undergone radical changes. Obviously poetic and literary subjects have disappeared save from the walls of the Royal Academy. New motives and new methods are rapidly supplanting the old and outworn, and on every side are signs of strength and vitality. From Whistler and the Scotchmen have been learned the compelling unity of tone and atmosphere, and the necessity for a well-conceived design. There are echoes of French training in the greater freedom of brushwork and the less stilted choice of theme, but, best of all, British art has developed from within. It is to-day replete with national flavor, not brooding over Renaissance legend, or coldly copying classic models. After a period of exile the landscape-painters again go frankly forth to meadow and down as did Constable and Old Crome; after industriously studying ancient sites and costumes the painter of the past to-day celebrates the less remote charm of Victorian days, and instead of peerless, mail-clad knights we are now more apt to see a group of morris-dancers making merry before the park gates. Art in England, so long divorced from popular life, is again being humanized. It is reasserting that wholesome verity which it so richly enjoyed in the time of Hogarth and George Morland, and which well-nigh perished under the blight of academic sterility.

It is such men as Mr. Steer, Mr. Orpen, and their colleagues who are responsible for this transformation. They are teaching their generation style and truth. They are not slaves to detail, they look at nature broadly and synthetically, and their inspiration is British through and through. Thus far it cannot be maintained that this art is technically as advanced or self-reliant as that of many corresponding groups of painters on the Continent. When it comes to matters of sheer craftsmanship, certain of these men bear the stamp of amateurs, yet they reveal qualities of sincerity and single-mindedness which do much toward compensating for the lack of manipulative dexterity. Not the least encouraging feature of British painting is its innate and unaffected charm. There is something frank and wholesome about artist life in London and the studios of Kensington and Chelsea which no other community of the kind can duplicate. Clustered along the river bank or surrounded by gardens, they breathe the strength and sanity, the sweet dignity and refinement, of a race which, in things of the spirit, is full of May-time fragrance.



The Disillusioned

BY EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM

IT was just before sunrise when Filomena knocked at the strange Signora's door, and obeying a summons to enter, found the lady already dressed and watching dawn brighten over Rome.

"Macche!" exclaimed Filomena, in surprise, for it was spring and the sun rose early.

The lady stood with her back to the room; her figure, tall and frail, was silhouetted sharply against the growing light, and something in its attitude puzzled Filomena. "The Signora is sad to leave Rome so soon," she said. "The Signora has been crying." But the lady's eyes were dry as she turned with a listless gesture, and the Italian woman thought the gray streak in her hair showed more clearly than usual.

"I am not crying, Filomena, only wishing that I could want to cry," she explained.

"Macche!" cried Filomena again, which meant that the Signora's words bewildered her. The lady spoke in slow, careful Italian, which she handled as one would a musical instrument half forgotten and of long ago.

For three days she had occupied Filomena's very humble guest-room, and for three days Filomena had been utterly bewildered by what she said, and what she was, and the mystery of her being there at all. The Signora was an American and, though plainly dressed in black, was evidently a great lady.

Why, then, did she take a place outside of the Roman walls, in an *osteria,* with "Vini Dei Castelli" painted in blue letters on the outside of its crumbling wall, and sit alone all the evening in the garden where Italian laborers came at midday to eat macaroni and drink pale wine out of thick glass goblets?

The strange Signora had come with a message from Filomena's own sister who worked in America, and it was this sister's room that the lady had insisted upon occupying in spite of Filomena's protests.

At first the Signora had been gay and charmed with everything. But that evening she grew quiet, and it was then that Filomena first suspected her to be waiting for some one. The next morning on the loggia where she had her breakfast she seemed to be waiting still, and that evening when she came back from a day of mysterious absence she looked disappointed, listless, and very pale. So it went on through the second day, and it seemed more and more as though she were waiting.

The Signora was not young: there was gray in her soft dark hair, her skin was delicately marred by time, and there were lines and shadows under her eyes; but her figure was frail and slender as a girl's, and about her whole person floated something rare and impalpable which made Filomena think that a man might die for love of her still. It was almost incredible that she should wait for one who did not come.

Before the third day the Signora decided to leave.

"The Signora has not found what she came for?" ventured Filomena.

"No; that is gone forever. Wake me at six o'clock to-morrow morning, for I shall leave by the early train."

And so it happened that Filomena came in just after dawn, and was surprised to find the lady dressed and standing by the window.

"It seemed foolish to come so early, as the train does not leave for some hours, but since the Signora ordered it—"

The lady said that she would breakfast at half past six in the loggia, and walk down the street a little way in the mean time. But before half past six something happened. Filomena met the Signora at the garden door. "A Signore has arrived for breakfast," she an-

nounced, breathlessly, "an American Signore! He waits in the loggia."

But instead of changing color and hastening to the loggia as Filomena had expected, the lady passed into the garden slowly and with her habitual listless grace. "I hoped that in coming here I should escape American Signori!" she said. "You see, Filomena, I live with them always; my husband, my brothers, my cousins, all, all are American Signori!" And then closing her parasol she went up the flight of wooden steps that led to the loggia, and passed to her room with scarcely a glance at the stranger.

Before packing a silver tea-caddy she measured some tea for her breakfast. "Italian tea is very good," she explained to Filomena, careful not to hurt her feelings. "But in America we have a very special kind which we cannot do without. Now I wonder—" she paused to look through the window toward the loggia, where she could see the shoulder of the American Signore. "Does he speak much Italian?"

"None. I speak a little English with him."

"Good. Then if I speak only Italian he will think I am Italian and we can have breakfast together in beautiful silence. He shall have some of my tea." She measured a double quantity and put her tea-caddy into a suit-case.

"He has been here before," volunteered Filomena, "but never for breakfast. He usually comes at midday with the other artists."

There was a long table on the loggia, and the new arrival sat at one end of it. The Signora took her seat at the other end as far away as possible, which was still not as far as she wished, for she wanted these last hours to herself, and was almost sorry she had arranged to make tea for him. He had risen when she came out, and bowed gravely; but fortunately for her mood he had seemed to forget her on reseating himself, and returned to his contemplation of the house-tops. During her brief glance at him she had received an impression that the unwelcome stranger was a gentleman dressed in gray homespun and unusually tall.

The loggia where they sat was very quiet. Its plastered walls were frescoed with vignettes of mountain and sea, and of *contadini* variously occupied. Vines clung to its wooden pillars and also along the railing of the narrow staircase that led to it from the garden, and among the houses round the garden green things growing in boxes and tin cans were deposited wherever space could be found for them.

All these things were drenched in light—light of a brilliant and smokeless clarity; for Rome, unlike other cities, does not sully her skies. Her breath is unstained with soot and gas; her sunshine is clear, burning inviolate.

The Signora, who was to make her own tea, waited for the water to boil, and crumbled her bread languidly, looking at the rich orange of an opposite wall and the vine that roved upon it, without receiving apparent pleasure from the sight.

Filomena came out upon the loggia with two cups, and the lady spoke to her. "Try to make the Signore understand that I have some tea which I shall be glad to share with him," she said.

Filomena struggled with a few English words, which the stranger understood, thereby showing unusual intelligence.

"Thank the Signora, but I always take water for my breakfast," he answered, and from his accent she thought him to be English.

"Tell him," she continued, without looking at him, "that I have enough in the teapot to give him a cup if he changes his mind." And Filomena translated again, reluctantly, for the comedy seemed to her a foolish one.

"Tell the Signora that I never change my mind," answered the stranger.

"You hear what he says," cried Filomena, in Italian.

The lady paused with her hand on a teacup. Was it possible that amusement had sounded in the stranger's voice? Did he understand Italian? A spirit of adventure entered into her suddenly.

"Yes, I hear, Filomena. He must be a very terrible person," she said. Pouring out a steaming cup of tea, she held it toward him.

"Prenda," she urged, addressing him with the gracious and impersonal smile of one dispensing favors from the tea table of an afternoon reception.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

'WHY WOULDN'T YOU TAKE IT IN ITALIAN?'' SHE ASKED

He bowed a silent negative, and looking at him for the first time, she saw that his face was long, thin, and rather melancholy; but there was certainly amusement in his eyes.

"Strangers are often particular about their tea," said Filomena; "the English, they say, are more particular than Americans."

"That is not true," answered the lady, with some spirit. "Years ago we disliked English tea so much that when a ship-load of it came to one of our cities we threw it all into the sea."

It seemed to her that the Englishman opposite moved a little restively.

"Dio mio!" exclaimed Filomena.

"You can find the whole story written down in books," continued the Signora.

"Then it must be true; but what extravagance!" After this Filomena went off to superintend the boiling of the Signora's egg, so the lady and the stranger were left alone on the loggia.

"Prenda," she urged again, pointing to the empty cup; but the artist declined with a gesture.

"The Signora is, however, more than kind," he said, in excellent Italian.

And the lady smiled: she could not help it. "Please," she said, in English.

"Thank you, I will," he answered her, in the same tongue.

"Why wouldn't you take it in Italian?" she asked, as he rose and came to her side of the table to take his cup.

"Because of your unwillingness to speak to me in the tongue you thought I understood."

"Will you have one lump of sugar, or two?"

"Three, please."

"It is too much," said the Signora, but she dropped it in.

When he had returned to his seat they looked at each other across the table with mutual curiosity. But the slightly melancholy face of the artist did not alter, and the Signora did not lose her air of languor.

Neither of them was young, and the things that had made their lives had marked their faces with lines no future could wholly change.

"I am considered to speak Italian well," she said. "How did you know I spoke anything else?"

"Americans usually speak English—of a kind," explained the artist.

This was hard to bear; but the lady bore it, remembering her thrust about Revolutionary tea, given at a moment when he was conversationally defenceless.

"How did you know I was American?"

"By your walk when you came through the garden."

"Ah," she murmured, reflectively, thinking Filomena must have been right to call him an artist, and wondering if he were sculptor or painter. It seemed to her that in evening dress he would look very much the *grand seigneur,* and that even in the gray homespun and seated at this table of the people he bore himself as one accustomed to the drawing-rooms of great ladies; but his face was that of one who has thought much, and there was power in his large gray eyes, so the Signora imagined that though he might go to courts and drawing-rooms he could pass out of them willingly, indifferent to their artificial and potent glamour.

For a while no more words passed between them; but the artist watched her when he was sure she did not notice it.

Of all adorable attributes belonging to the outward woman, grace had always seemed to him the most adorable, and this unknown lady who made his tea had grace. The lines of her throat and shoulders and arms were long and lovely, and the poise of her body as she sat at the table was lovely too. Her face was not beautiful, and it was one for which "pretty" would have seemed a debasing term; personally the artist could not think of a merely pretty woman without impatience. It was also a face through which a slightly tired and disillusioned spirit had found expression, but even in this expression there was grace.

A bird began to sing in the bamboo tree which stood against the yellow wall, and presently the Signora forgot the egg Filomena had boiled so carefully, and leaning her chin upon her hand, she listened.

The sound of the first song-bird can hurt strangely, or exquisitely, or miserably, according to the things that still are, or that have passed away from the heart of him who hears it. It touches

suddenly where one has not been touched during a long winter of time or experience, and the listener finds he had forgotten how sad a thing life can be, or one how full of ecstasy.

The little bird sang on in the sunshine, the Signora continued to listen with her chin leaning on her hand, and the artist still watched, and longed to ask what the singing meant or did not mean for her. Finally a queer dim smile came upon her lips—a smile that seemed partly of bitterness, partly of regret, and wholly of disillusion. Then she ceased listening to the bird and continued to eat her breakfast.

At that moment Filomena came out upon the loggia to ask if the Signora's suit-case was ready to be taken down, but she had heard the two *stranieri* talking together in their own tongue, and wondered if this was not the Signore so anxiously waited for, though the lady had pretended to know nothing of him.

"Does the Signora still intend leaving this morning?" she asked.

"Certainly, Filomena. Why not?"

"Eh! What can I know? The Signora first said that she intended leaving only to-morrow."

The *stranieri* understood perfectly, and as their eyes met they smiled.

"There are some few things still to put away," said the Signora. "I will come soon, but the vettura does not arrive for three-quarters of an hour yet."

"I did not know you were going this morning," observed the artist. The lady found no answer to this and sat silently crumbling bread with her left hand. "Are you really going to-day?" he asked, after a pause.

"In half an hour."

"It seems a foolish thing to leave Rome on a day like this," he murmured, looking about him.

"I must," she answered; but sat on in the sunshine, and they talked a little of the changes in Rome. He asked her if she had seen the dusty electric-light fixtures that encircled the very dingy Madonna of the Via del Babuino. She said that she had, and that it was terrible. Then he wondered if the light that had been kept burning for hundreds of years in the Palazzo della Scimmia was now electric.

"But I don't know the Palazzo della Scimmia," said the Signora. "And why have they kept a light burning in it for hundreds of years?"

"Because a long time ago a monkey stole a girl from the palace, and since then a light is always kept on the terrace tower to guide her should she try to come back."

"How charming!" exclaimed the Signora. "I should like to see it. How does one get there?"

"You cross the Corso and go to the Via dei Portughesi—"

"But how do I know how to find the Via dei Portughesi?"

"It is no matter," said the artist, "since you leave Rome in half an hour."

"I am quite reconciled to electric lights," said she, reverting to the topic with a little haste. "They are the one advance of civilization which do no harm; but they can never replace the flame that is kindled and guarded by watchers in holy places."

"I can never forgive them for making the moon look tarnished," said the artist; "and one sometimes wonders if this is not symbolical of our modern comparative clarity of thought, which exposes the fallacy of a belief we held sacred, the tawdriness of a place where we have worshipped, and gives us no good thing in return."

She was silent for a while, and there was a shadow in her eyes. "One might answer you," she said at last, "but I cannot—at least I cannot in half an hour."

"There are only twenty minutes now," he observed, looking at his watch.

"Yes, and I must go up to close the suit-case."

"It is such a lovely day," he said, with apparent vagueness. Her silence seemed an assent. "Isn't it a pity—" he began. Still the Signora said nothing. "I suppose it is absolutely necessary for you to go this morning."

"Not absolutely."

Then the artist became bold. "Is there anything which could induce you to stop over?"

The Signora looked at him, and a smile came into her eyes. It was a charming smile, which seemed to assure him of her confidence. "I wonder if you know how

respectable I am," she said; "you might hunt a long time without meeting any one so respectable as myself."

"I am sure of it," he said, without enthusiasm. "Is there nothing which could induce you—?" He paused.

"Yes," she answered, finally.

"Anything which I can do?"

Now the smile came to her lips as well as to her eyes. "Yes," she said, again.

"Will you let me show you the Palazzo della Scimmia?"

"Yes," she said, a third time.

"Thank you," he cried; "we will go there first."

The Signora laughed as a girl might laugh at the beginning of a day of truancy. "But I must make a condition," she added.

"Which is?"

"We are socially unknown to each other. Let us remain so. At the end of the day you will not know my name, nor shall I ask for yours. It is probable that we could find friends in common, but we will not seek them. In this way we shall be free and responsible to no one for our unconventionality, not even to our own names. Do you agree?"

He bowed. "Since you wish it."

"Ecco la vettura!" announced Filomena from the loggia.

"Send it away," commanded the Signora.

"Send it away!" exclaimed Filomena. "How then will the Signora take her train?"

"She will not take it."

"Then the Signora stays—?"

"One more day."

"But we will keep the vettura," said the artist.

The lady then went to her room to put on a hat, and when she came back her face was more severe. "There is one thing more I insist upon," she said. "I must share an honest half of our expenses."

The artist laughed. "I am not at all poor," he assured her.

"It is a question of principle, not poverty."

"Now I am almost sure you come from New England," he said. "Perhaps even from Boston."

"I am not joking," said the lady.

"Nor am I," said the artist. "It would please me to be your host for one day in Rome. Why must you deprive me of what would please me?"

"I am not spending the day with you only to please you," she said, less severely.

"Thank you. Of course," he added, "it shall be as you wish."

"Of course."

They went out to find a shabby little victoria waiting for them, and when the artist had assured himself that the horse was neither lame nor wounded, as is too often the case with Roman cab-horses, he gave his orders, and took a seat beside the lady. The sun was hot and bright, and there was the spirit of a holiday in the air, or so at least it seemed to the Signora and the artist as they drove up the Via Flaminia toward the city.

"Are you a famous person?" asked the Signora.

"What do you think?"

She looked at him critically. His lean face under the Panama hat did not show a line of futility or emptiness, and she seemed to read upon it distinction of thought and achievement, as well as of birth.

"I think it probable that you are. It may be that I know your name quite well, and even that a picture of yours hangs in my drawing-room. I wonder which one it could be?"

"Do you really wish to see the Palazzo della Scimmia?" he asked, as they entered Rome under the Porta del Popolo. "It is nothing in itself—nothing, I mean, in the way of beauty."

"But I like the story," she protested. "Please, please take me to the Palazzo della Scimmia!"

The artist had ordered their driver to pass through the Piazzo di Spagna. Surrounded by warm-tinted irregular buildings that make lovable such things as the American bank, the large hotel, the tourist agency, and a variety of expensive shops, this square is to the average stranger the heart of his Rome. And it had never been more brilliant nor more full of life than on this May morning. Drivers seated on the boxes of their vetture talked and called to each other while they waited to be engaged. Insistent individuals who carry trays of mosaics to sell were already there waiting to attack the tourists. The picturesque old beggar in a wide-brimmed hat was there also,

just as he had been for years, and brown barelegged boys with merry and violent eyes played about the low wide brim of Bernini's sunken fountain. There were other and more decorative urchins dressed in green velveteen with red trimmings, which are intended to please the artists and strangers whom they seek to coerce into buying tight little bunches of flowers. Above the fountain, above the gorgeous color of flower booths at its feet, and the square with its insistent and clamorous life, rose the famous steps, sumptuous and glowing in the hot light; tier above tier of sunburned stone mounting triumphantly to where the obelisk shot upward, and the twin towers of La Trinità dei Monti burned with amber and orange against the clear intense blue of an Italian sky.

The Signora and the artist looked in silence, each thankful to the other for withholding the usual exclamations of approval. She imagined that his praise of all things would be sparing and fine; while from her, from this frail and delicately faded woman, he could not expect criticism that was other than fastidious.

"You are American," he said, "and I have discovered in you some regrettable Puritan tendencies, yet surely you are not wholly a New England woman."

"My mother was from Virginia," she answered.

He thought this accounted for her charm—for her *allure,* which is a thing one does not often meet among women of the North. "I do not always share the admiration of our woman," he said.

"Our woman!" she repeated, in surprise. "I thought you were English."

"So I imagined when you told Filomena about throwing English tea into the Boston harbor. No, I am an American who has lived sufficiently long in Europe to find his countrywoman too angular in movement and manner. Her very frankness and honesty are a menace to her charm. If she thinks all she says, which is admirable, she is too apt to say all she thinks, which is less admirable. If she has intelligence and cultivation, as is usually the case, she is too apt to assault you with these things instead of letting them be gradually divined. She seems a woman without twilight moods. Her personality is always placed, as it were, in a high, incredibly clear light, and one is too conscious of her surface—of its vigor, its brilliancy, its elegance—which sometimes becomes the merely stylish—and of another quality, or lack of quality, which makes it a little hard. If I painted her, it would be without chiaro-oscuro."

"This is all very interesting," said the Signora, "and doubtless true. Thank you very much. In the mean time we are passing through the Corso, and I shall probably never be here again after to-day."

Very soon they turned to the right, and plunged into the labyrinth of dark and narrow streets which lies between the Corso and the Tiber. It was chilly here even on this May morning, for there is no sunlight, and not more than a strip of sky to be seen between the rows of houses which stand shoulder to shoulder, tall, dark, and reticent, as though guarding some gloomy secret.

As the artist had said, the Palazzo della Scimmia was not beautiful; but the Signora lingered by it for the sake of the story. It pleased her to think of the light kept burning on the tower during so many years for the sake of a myth. "If it were burning for some useful purpose I should not care for it at all," she said. "I like the old terrace, too, and the church near by. Neither of them seems to belong to the dreadful Bernini period. Now I suppose," she added, "that I am betraying a horrid ignorance when I say the Bernini period was dreadful. Perhaps, even, there was no Bernini period, only a Bernini; but it always seems to me that the pretentious vagaries of some Roman church decorations have the particular form of odiousness that belongs to Bernini statues."

Instead of correcting her the artist said he thought they were going to pass a delightful day. Everything that his companion said pleased him, and she was finding that it pleased her to say almost anything to him.

"Would you like to go to the Palatine?" he asked. "We can sit under certain ilex trees that I know of and look over Rome, and talk or not as we like, till lunch-time. It will cost us just one lira apiece; not the lunch, but the entrance to the Palatine."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"THIS MORNING WAS SO LONG AGO," SHE MURMURED

The Signora thought it would be charming, and they started once again, passing through more dark streets, and coming now and then upon wide squares where old men and young lay asleep in the shadow, and where there were fountains, with dolphins and mermaids disporting themselves in perpetually running water.

By the Forum they paused a while, looking at its ruins tumbled about in the hot sunshine, helplessly yielding the secrets of their past.

"Here are the beggars again," said the artist. "There is one with an unpleasant hand on your left—don't look. On the other side is a boy turning wheel somersaults to earn a penny. He is a pretty boy, too, as we could see if he stopped turning. Now come the photograph and mosaic venders, and in a moment there will be men asking to be our guides. Here is the entrance to the Palatine," he said. "And several guides. No, no, my friend, we would rather not know anything about anything. We must pay an entrance fee in this little house. Have you your lira ready?"

"You are very good to play with," said the Signora, as he helped her from the carriage. "I am glad I did not go away this morning."

"But I am sorry we cannot play together after to-day, and that we did not begin some years ago," he answered. His remark seemed to make her thoughtful, and she did not speak again till they reached the summit of the famous hill of palaces, where broken columns, lonely fragments of wall, and ruined arches now stand gauntly, drearily piteous.

"I think I am glad that we do not know each other's name, nor ever shall," said the Signora. "It adds to this sense I have of high adventure in an unknown land." The artist caught her mood.

"Do you think that the land can be Greece?" he asked. She paused to consider the question.

"Yes," she said, finally, "I think the land may be Greece."

"I am sure that this day is not on the calendar," said the artist. "It is something dropped out of time, or into it, the like of which was not before, nor will be again."

"And it is so long ago that there are no dates," she continued, "only when the moon has once filled and emptied her horns of gold do we know a month has gone."

"And telegraphs are not invented, nor maps, so that an island beyond the horizon's rim is in the 'Far Away,' and every man is at least first cousin to a god."

"Then it must be indeed long ago," said the lady, in a different tone. "So long ago that it does not seem the same world—or will not seem so to-morrow."

"And what with railways, steamers, and the imminent air-ship, there will soon be no 'Far Away,'" said the artist, "and we may not have any divine parentage, and there may be no gods, or anything beyond what we see."

She did not answer, and he led her to the right where a wide terrace of grass and trees overlooks Rome and the Tiber. "We can sit here under the trees," he said, "and be cool and away from tourists."

They spent the morning in the shadow of an ilex tree, and the artist began by asking her to tell him something of that past which had been so dear. "I was here as a girl studying art," she said, giving her confidence simply. "I had no talent, but I wanted life; and to have a studio in Rome and be free seemed life. Very soon the man came. He wanted life, too, at the time. All people want it when they are young; as they grow older many of them are content to exist without it, others go on wanting it always."

"You have wanted it always," said the artist. "But he—"

She smiled faintly. "It seems strange to me now that he could have awakened rapture and soaring hours for which the stars seemed too low," she answered. "After a while I was married, and I have had a good husband, but if I had known how it would be I think I should not have dared. We had a childless marriage and the years have been many; they have also been lean and cramped, and if at any time the right man had come, a man who was perhaps a genius, or a vagabond, or both, and had said 'Come out into this great free world and drink of life with me,' God knows

whether I should have gone or not! God knows! I do not."

With a half-stifled gesture she lifted her hands and pushed back the hair from her forehead. "But the man never came, you see. That kind do not find their way into New England. We have always lived at home until this year, when we came back for a visit to this old world, and I begged off three days for myself and Rome. I went to Filomena's because I wished to meet no one I knew. I wanted to plunge alone into the sea of memories. I was willing that my heart should bleed with longing for the self that was gone—for days that had passed away. I wished to stand on the same spots and live over again the same hours; if they hurt me, at least I should feel nearer to them. So for two days I went to and fro in this city of memories. I trod the old streets, listened to the fountains, I saw the oranges ripening under the southern wall, I bathed myself in this wonderful clear light. 'It was here,' I said, 'and here, and here, that I was happy! that I was young! that I called to life and that life answered!'"

She paused and something of the same look was in her face that had been there in the morning while she listened to the bird in the bamboo tree.

"The things I had believed in those days are not true," she continued, "the things I hoped for have failed, the ecstasies and tears—what were they? I felt myself a sublime creature—I ask myself now if I was not a foolish one. Ecco! I am old and I do not care. It is over!"

"In the first place you are not old, and in the next you do care," he said. "Whether it is the end or not I cannot say. It need not be, but yet it may be. Life is strange, and perhaps one of the least strange things about it is that we feel it to be so, though we have never known anything else. It is almost as though we were born into this world with the knowledge of something transcending it. We are conscious of a justice, of possible completions and perfections which life does not achieve; this might be a poet's argument for the existence of God, and perhaps a poet's argument is the best—if not the only one."

For a while they were silent. The wind scarcely moved the trees above them, and the noise of the city reached them dimly. Suddenly and unexpectedly she looked at the artist and smiled. "It is good," she said, "to be able to talk to one who understands."

"So you think I understand?"

She answered nothing, but looked at him, smiling still. "I find myself wondering what sort of a woman you have loved," she said, after a while.

"As to that, I have loved several—in a way. There are different things one may call love."

"I am speaking of the thing of which there is only one."

"That was so long ago," he answered.

But he told her how it had come into his life and gone from it, and he told her other things besides, for he found her sympathy exquisite, and knew that her understanding was perfect, though she did not assure him of it, but listened motionless with her eyes on his face, and silently save for an occasional question or comment which was tender, humorous, or penetrating, as fitted his subject. Though he spoke of other women he never for an instant lost his consciousness of the one who listened to him. Dark, frail, worn, her stillness and gentleness rested him like quiet music. Youth could boast of no such charm. That life had bruised her in some way he knew, and she was one to show bruises. She was also one for whom a man longed to fight life that it might spare her. He was regretting that such a woman should have come into his life only for a few hours, and he knew that this day together would enter permanently into the existence of both of them, but of this he said nothing, observing instead that it was time for luncheon, and that he was going to take her to a quiet hotel where they could not possibly meet any one they knew.

"After luncheon I shall leave you for an hour or so while you rest," he said. "It will be hot between two and three. In the afternoon we will go where you wish."

She assented, and they went slowly down from the ruined palaces, and then drove back through narrow streets to a hotel that stood between the Corso

and the Tiber, and was almost unknown to strangers.

The Signora did not enjoy her rest. After luncheon, at the artist's suggestion she engaged a room for an hour and lay down, but found repose impossible. Sunlight streamed through a crack in the closed shutters, and the sound of Italian voices came up now and then from the street. Lying on her back, she tried to close her eyes, but found that she could not, and suddenly she thought: "I am in Rome! This may be the last day of life that I spend in it. It is also the last day of comradeship. How can I waste this hour!" She rose and walked about restlessly, and long before it was time smoothed her hair and put on her hat. The hour was short of ten minutes when a knock came at the door, and she was told that the Signore waited. She went at once, and from the head of the stairs saw him sitting by one of the smoking-tables in the dimly lit hall. The feeling of buoyant pleasure with which she went down to him reminded her of hours in her lost girlhood.

He turned quickly on hearing her, and they met at the door of the stairs. "Did you rest?" he asked.

She shook her head. "What were you doing all the time?"

"Watching the clock. What a formidable thing an hour is! Let us sit here a while and plan the afternoon."

She laid her parasol on the table beside his hat and cane and sat down.

"When do you leave Rome?" he asked.

"To-night. I shall take the eleven-o'clock for Florence, and I would rather you did not go to the station with me. I cannot bear that kind of good-by."

"I shall certainly go with you," he answered. "It is not proper for you to be alone at that time of night."

"But I can so well take care of myself."

"We will not discuss it."

"It will make me wretched," said the Signora.

"It will make me wretched also," said the artist.

"You are one of the terrible persons who never change their minds," she murmured. "You told me so this morning." But he did not smile, and sat tapping the table with his fingers.

"Let us enjoy this afternoon," she said, gently. "Where shall we go first?"

Gradually she wooed him from what appeared to be ill humor, and they sat a while longer in the hall, where occasional guests passed and looked at them curiously, for such a tall and distinguished pair, and one so obviously foreign, were not usually seen in this *albergo*.

They agreed to start without definite plan save that of roving at will, but first the artist insisted upon their taking a vettura. "For you do not look very strong," he said.

"I am stronger than I look," she protested. "Just as you are less melancholy."

"But on the whole you like me, do you not?" he asked, turning his gray eyes on her.

"I do. You know that I do," she answered. Each was conscious that this day was turning into something other than the one they had planned.

The Appian Way was their final destination, and they drove through it between high walls of warm-tinted, crumbling plaster. Cactus plants burst through in places, and small vines trickled like water from invisible holes. Over the walls leaned orange and lemon trees, and behind and above them were gardens of cypress and stone-pines, and many other trees the Signora could not have named, standing in splendid, purple-shadowed green against the sky. The road itself was hot, so that the children, the men and women, the priests and monks and beggars, all played or slept or walked in the narrow strip of shade on the western side. Now and then barelegged children ran by the carriage, holding up bunches of drooping flowers in their brown little fists, and contrary to his custom the artist threw them pennies.

Now and then they passed small houses where peasants drank with one another on their way to and from the Campagna, and where doors had been cut in the walls they had views of fruit gardens or *trattorie*, and courtyards of yellow and gray and pink, all mellow and blended by time, and relieved by the familiar bamboo tree, or green things planted in anything that would hold them. Sometimes doors opened beyond, through the *trattoria* itself, or the walled gardens, and then they saw blue dis-

tances of the Campagna with its borderland of mountain. All along the road were things strange and picturesque to the foreign eye—the very blue carts, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, which have round, one-sided hoods; a family living in the hole of an aqueduct; a tiny dishevelled hut crowning the ruin of a king's tomb.

At last the walls fell away. The Campagna opened on either side of them, with the round tomb of Cecilia Metella seen just in front against the Alban hills. Here they stopped the carriage, and the artist led the way to a wall, over which he helped her.

"We don't want to go in, for tourists may come, and beggars will. I am going to take you to a place on the eastern side where we may sit in the shade," he said.

"How long ago it is since I saw it last!" murmured the Signora, looking about her. "How long ago!"

"I want to put a rug under you," said the artist. "I also suggest that you come a little farther this way, where there is a lovelier view and a more comfortable niche for the back."

She obeyed him, and they sat down side by side against the great round wall. Blue distances of the Campagna, sunlight distances, wide and solitary and lovely beyond almost anything this earth can show, stretched from their feet to a boundary of mountains at the east and south. From the plains far beyond the city rose the blue peak of Soracte, sole guardian of the lonely north.

Lines of ancient aqueduct threaded their way across the land, and now and then, but rarely, was dotted a ruined villa, a peasant's hut, a hayrick. Above the mountains white-domed clouds piled themselves upward, reaching to an incredible loftiness in the sky of triumphant blue, and hanging there motionless, as though in some trance of fabulous musing; their shadows, motionless and brooding, rested upon mountain and plain.

The air was still, hot, fragrant, and the Signora looking about her into the quiet spaces felt the rapture that hurts. "I had forgotten how beautiful it was," she said; "and listen—oh, listen to that bird!"

Somewhere out of sight a bird was singing. Through the sunlit air his little song flowed on and on, careless and breathless with delight, and the notes tripped over each other, frolicked, ran, fell, and rose again in the haste of their joy, and they were sweet, virginal, young as the world's first day. Tears were stinging suddenly in the Signora's eyes, and she listened with her lips a little parted, while the artist watched her, thinking he had never seen a mouth so tender. He thought also that she seemed another woman than the one who had listened that morning to the bird in the bamboo tree.

After a while he told her so, and now he asked the question he had not dared to ask her at the time.

"This morning was so long ago," she murmured. "How can I remember what I felt then?"

"Try," he urged.

"I think I was wishing that the bird's song meant something else than a mere bird's song," she said. "I was trying to summon back the emotion it would have given me in other years. I was wondering why one must grow old. Death is well enough; but age— To grow atrophied! Never to freeze or burn! or to feel the swinging of the worlds! Never any more to know unreasoning joy and preposterous hope; to lose raptures and wonders—! What is life, that such things must come into it—and go?"

He did not answer. To the question she had asked there is no answer save that of religion.

The long afternoon changed. Shadows moved slowly over plains that have seen the world's greatest empires come and pass away; and from the afternoon of their own lives the man and woman talked quietly and wonderingly, their words bringing them at last to the sealed door which guards the mystery of our coming into the world, and of our going out of it, and our passage here between two darknesses.

There were times when they did not speak at all, but seemed to be brooding deeply. As the hour of sunset drew near, the Campagna, the hills, and the majestic clouds were drenched with purple and crimson light. Then quite suddenly the air was cold, the light estranged and pale, and the Signora rose, for she knew that their day was over.

They drove home almost without words. She was looking her last upon the Ap-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"WHY DO YOU NOT SAY 'GOOD-BY' NOW?"

pian Way, but the artist seemed to look upon nothing at all. "What are you thinking of?" she asked him.

"Are you going back to America at once?" was his irrelevant reply.

"We sail next Saturday."

"It is a dishevelled world," he said. "Few things are in their right places." And he did not speak again till they came to the Colosseum, which at this hour looked a more than usually stupendous thing, its mighty colonnades of arches piled above each other tier upon tier, dark and grave in the dying light.

Here he called to the coachman and directed him to drive to the fountain of Trevi. "You will drink of the waters, and drop in a penny so that you may return," he said; "then we will walk up to the piazza of the Trinità dei Monti and watch the light leave the sky. After that I must leave you, because I dine at the Embassy, but I shall return by ten and take you to the station."

The streets were already chilly and dark, but in the square of the famous fountain there was still light reflected and held by the splendid orange wall of a house facing the sunset. Here they dismissed their vettura and walked down several steps leading to the large basin, above which water pours over artificial rocks, and sea-gods spout and prance.

The Signora knelt by the fountain, and making a cup of her hands, she dipped it into the magic waters and drank. The artist stood above her, holding her cloak and gloves. His face was averted; but even in profile she saw that which made her speak suddenly. "Why do you not say 'good-by' now?" she said.

He turned and looked down at her kneeling figure.

"Why do you not leave me now?" she repeated, her voice a little sharp as though with pain. But the artist shifted her cloak to the other arm, and held out his hand to help her rise. "You will be cold kneeling on the stones," he said, and she rose mutely.

"Are you tired?" he asked, as she let him put her cloak about her, and in his voice was the tenderness which most women find so much more dear than passion. She did not answer—she could not. It seemed to her that on this day something priceless had touched her life, and in an hour or two would have left it forever. Perhaps she was more tired than she knew, for she felt as though she might lose control of herself at any moment and cry bitterly.

They walked toward the Trinità dei Monti through streets that were crowded with people standing or moving slowly while they gossiped and stared.

"I have told you that if you come to the station you will make me wretched!" she said.

"And I have answered you."

When they came out upon the piazza light was still in the sky; and turning their backs upon the church and obelisk, they leaned on the stone balustrade which overlooks Rome and crowns the great steps. There were people on the steps and loitering on the terrace behind them, and several others leaned, as they did, on the warm stone railing and watched the light fade from the sky; but to the artist and the Signora these people were unsubstantial as figures in a dream. Below them shadows were engulfing the city. Lights gleamed in the Piazza, and a double row of them led the eye down the Via Condotti to the busy life of the Corso. The Signora looked at it, and looked above at the dark masses of roofs, and higher yet to the domes of churches, and finally above all and into the infinite spaces of quiet sky.

The light was dying from it fast, and an early star hung trembling there; now and then a silent bird flew across. The Signora knew that this was in very truth the end.

"Am I never to see you again?" he asked.

"Listen. We have come together for one happy day; let us leave it so—a perfect winged thing. Old age is near to us both, and the time when we shall wonder that winged hours ever were."

Her voice was desolate, and standing in the pale light of a fallen sun it seemed as though the chill of death was about her heart. "And then—it is best to do right," she added, "and it is right that we should not meet after to-night."

"I am not wholly an ethical being," said the artist. "In going to and fro upon this world we come upon something that our entire being clamors for—without which we must endure the pain

of famine. Why should we wilfully endure this pain for the sake of what is right, when we are not sure that right is anything but a thing evolved for the preservation of society, or that civilization itself is worth preserving."

"It may be so," she said, "but we must live as though it were not, if we are to keep a foothold on these sands which seem to shift so wildly."

"We should have the foothold of our happiness."

"It would not be happiness. We have met too late, my friend, we have met too late."

He knew that she was right, so he answered nothing, and they were silent a little longer, while the sky grew dark and hung with stars. Suddenly she straightened herself. "We must go," she said, "for you are to dine with an ambassador."

"This old world," he said, "is as much askew as a waning moon." And they went down the great steps to the city.

So it happened that during one more evening the Signora sat alone on the loggia and waited. After a time that might have been an hour or a year she heard a step in the garden below, and a disembodied voice, so familiar, yet so strangely new, called to her out of the darkness:

"Are you there?"

After that things passed swiftly, swiftly as in a dream. For the last time she passed down the stairway that led to the garden and through the gate cut in the high wall to the Via Flaminia. In the dimly lighted street a vettura waited for them, horse and driver dropping their heads sleepily. The tired horse almost slept as he went, and she felt that she should hear the clop-clop of his feet echoing through the years to come as they echoed now through the dark and silent streets.

The artist ruminated dully upon life with its misfits, its years of strange indifference, its awakenings of fire.

At the station they were plunged into glaring and fantastic confusion, and the Signora asked herself a little wildly what it all meant. "What are they all doing?" she asked herself, concerning the agitated and hurrying beings who seemed to rush to and fro so futilely under the great lights. "What is it all for? How will it end?"

At the exit to the trains they were wedged in the crowd; but she knew that it was almost over. An engine whistled piercingly, and smoke dimmed the garish, pitiless light. Suddenly the artist began to speak. "Listen to me. There is something I want you to know."

She looked up and met his gray eyes fixed on hers intently. There was a power in them almost as tangible as touch.

"If I had met you earlier, I should have loved you," said the steady voice.

"Yes," answered the Signora, her face, white and frail, turned to him through the smoke-laden air.

"I should have married you and made you happy," he continued, in the same tone. "And there could never have been a question of other women in my life. You believe me?"

"Yes," she said, again.

After that the end came swiftly. Without an effort of their own they found themselves in the open space beyond the exit and sharing with other travellers the search for an empty compartment. The artist found her one, and as he stood on the platform by her window she leaned out and spoke to him.

"I wish that you would go," she murmured.

He uncovered his head and put up his hand to meet hers. "So this is the end," he said. Their eyes met for what seemed a timeless period, while the station with its shrieking engines, its smoke, its crowds, and blatant lights became as though it were not; and in a grave, long look the man and woman questioned each other as one questions life itself.

"You must go," she whispered, at last; "I cannot bear it."

He bent and kissed her fingers. "I shall be on the left platform as the train moves out," he said. "Look for me there," and he turned without more words and left her. Once she saw him pause as though he must come back and speak to her again, but he went on resolutely and was lost in the crowd.

When the train moved out of Rome, she saw him standing with uncovered head, and so they looked their last upon each other. Then the engine carried her swiftly into the night.

The New Surgery

BY W. W. KEEN, M.D., LL.D.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1909, I gave a brief account of the newer surgery of the heart, the arteries, and the veins, and of the transplantation of different parts of the body, with some remarks on cancer and goiter.

Further transplantations of bone, such as Lexer's, which I there described, have been reported during the past year. Streissler of Gratz has published eighteen such cases; some of deformed noses made straight and comely by pieces transplanted from the shin-bone of the patient, after being whittled into proper shape and size; others in which an inch or more of the arm-bone has been removed for various reasons and the gap filled also by pieces of the shin-bone. In fact, this bone seems to be the usual quarry from which can be had all the necessary building material for such operations. Of the eighteen cases all but one were successful, the limb becoming as strong and useful as before the operation.

In the present paper I propose to describe what has been accomplished in some other realms of surgery, which will show the remarkable progress made possible, especially with the aid of anesthesia, antisepsis,* and experiment.

Anesthesia.—Anesthesia is produced in several different forms. (1) General Anesthesia—*i. e.,* insensibility to pain of the entire body; (2) Local Anesthesia, similar insensibility of a part of the body; and (3) Spinal Anesthesia, insensibility produced by injecting an anesthetic around the spinal cord.

First. General Anesthesia.—On October 16, 1846, the first public demonstration of the use of ether for producing general insensibility to pain was made by Morton and Warren at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston. On November 17, 1847, chloroform was first used in surgery by Simpson of Edinburgh. On December 11, 1844, Wells had inhaled nitrous-oxid gas and had a tooth painlessly extracted, but it was not until 1867 that Colton brought the method into general favor by a report of 20,000 successful inhalations.

The relative danger of these general anesthetics is about as follows: chloroform produces 1 death in 2,500 cases; ether 1 in 16,000; and nitrous oxid 1 in 200,000. There are several other general anesthetics, but all of them have a larger death rate than ether and chloroform. Nitrous oxid is by far the safest anesthetic, but the difficulty has been that one cannot perform long operations with it on account of the danger from asphyxia. To a certain extent this can be remedied by administering oxygen with the ether. Recently some surgeons have performed even very long operations by this method. Possibly this may prove to be a very important advance in practical anesthesia.

Second. Local Anesthesia.—In 1884, as a result of experiment upon animals (for what prudent man would be willing to have a new drug which might blind him applied to his eye without such a proof of its harmlessness?), Koller first introduced cocain in the surgery of the eye. From this beginning its use has become greatly broadened. We now inject a solution first into the skin itself and then into the subcutaneous tissue, and, by means of this "infiltration" method, can perform even large operations. About 1891, Schleich in Germany showed the possibility of infiltrating the tissues with a very weak solution of one-tenth of one per cent. instead of two to ten or even twenty per cent., as had been used at first, thus avoiding all the dangers of the stronger solutions.

* Consult the remarkable paper by President Charles W. Eliot, "The Fruits of Medical Research with the Aid of Anesthesia and Asepticism," delivered October 16, 1909 (Ether Day), at the Massachusetts General Hospital, *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,* October 28, 1909.

In 1902, Braun conducted a series of experiments with a mixture of cocain and adrenalin. This added greatly not only to the duration, but to the safety of local anesthesia. Adrenalin is derived from a little body called the adrenal or supra-renal gland, which is situated immediately above the kidney. Adrenalin was first discovered by Takamine, a Japanese physiological chemist, in New York in 1901. Accurate experiments upon animals have shown that the effect of this powerful agent when administered in a very dilute solution is to contract the small blood-vessels in different parts of the body. But, strange to say, the blood-vessels of the lungs are not at all contracted, and therefore the supply of blood to the lungs and the function of respiration are not affected by the adrenalin. By its effect upon the blood-vessels elsewhere, however, the anesthetic action of cocain is greatly prolonged and also intensified. Hence its frequent use.

Another local use of cocain and several other similar drugs has been brought to the notice of surgeons in the last few years by Crile and Cushing; namely, the injection of a solution of cocain directly into the large nerves of the body before dividing them, in the case of an amputation. For example, in any amputation above the knee, or at or above the shoulder joint, we have to divide nerves which are as large as a lead-pencil, or even a little finger. Accurate observation both in animals and man has shown that when these nerves are divided a great fall takes place in the blood pressure, to such an extent in some cases as even to threaten life very seriously. This dangerous shock is produced even when the patient is fully etherized. But it has been found that if a solution of cocain is injected into the nerves supplying the arm or the leg *above* the point at which the nerves are to be severed, these large nerves may then be divided with impunity and without the least shock, since the cocain "blocks" the sensory impulses going to the spinal cord and brain when the nerves are cut.

Third. Spinal Anesthesia. — Lately spinal anesthesia has attracted great attention, and has been widely exploited by the press, and many inaccurate notions have been published. The facts are as follows: From the initial trials, by Corning in America in 1885, there has been developed the method which we now know as spinal anesthesia. In 1891 Quincke of Kiel first introduced what we know as "lumbar puncture"; that is to say, the introduction of a long hypodermic needle between the vertebræ into the sheath which includes the nerves at the lower end of the spinal cord, for the purpose of withdrawing some of the cerebro-spinal fluid which surrounds the spinal cord and is continuous with that within the skull. The object that Quincke had in view was that of diagnosis. By this procedure, now constantly used, we are able to determine whether, in cases of brain tumors and some other conditions, this fluid exists under a higher pressure than is normal; whether the fluid contains blood, and therefore indicates hemorrhage either around the spinal cord or even within the skull; and again, by microscopic and bacteriological examination, whether the fluid contains any bacteria which are capable of producing disease. This has now become a well-established method of investigating and diagnosticating a number of diseases, the most noteworthy, perhaps, being cerebro-spinal and tuberculous meningitis. From the use of the method for diagnosis, however, it was a very easy step to treatment, for by the same needle by which one withdraws the cerebro-spinal fluid it would be possible to inject various remedies. Thus the mortality of cerebro-spinal meningitis has been diminished from sixty per cent. or even ninety per cent. down to twenty-five per cent. or less by the injection of the serum discovered by Flexner and Jobling at the Rockefeller Institute.

Naturally one of the obvious questions would be whether the injection of cocain directly into the sheath of the spinal cord, thus bringing it into direct contact with the nerves from the cord, would not produce anesthesia of all the body below the point of injection. The answer given by experimental research was that it would.

Spinal anesthesia has now reached a stage of practical utility. The injection is made into the lumbar region (the small of the back) between the vertebræ. Cocain now is rarely used, because of its danger. Stovain was used for a con-

siderable time. Since then novocain and tropacocain have replaced it, as they are found to be much less dangerous.

Recently Jonnesco has advocated applying this method even as high as between the shoulders, and has thought that the danger of stovain was much diminished by the addition of a small amount of strychnin to the stovain. But experience in a large number of cases has shown that Jonnesco's method is far from being devoid of danger.

One can easily understand that there are dangers peculiar to this method of anesthesia. A tubular needle is a very difficult thing to disinfect thoroughly, and infection of the cerebro-spinal fluid would be a very serious danger. In some cases the needle itself has broken off, requiring a serious operation to remove the broken point. Palsy of the lower extremities and, curiously enough, palsy of the muscles of the eye have followed in a few cases. But the chief danger is that of collapse, and especially failure of the respiration. The nervous centre which governs breathing is situated in the spinal cord immediately below the base of the skull. The cerebro-spinal fluid, as a rule, circulates freely up and down around the spinal cord and into the cavity of the skull. With the patient lying down, and especially if the shoulders and head are lower than the rest of the body, the solution of stovain or cocain, etc., gravitates toward this respiratory centre, and when the drug reaches this centre and anesthetizes it, it may easily produce collapse and failure of the respiration, which are very serious dangers. Even in Jonnesco's own hands, in several cases operated on recently in this country, death was only averted by the prolonged use of artificial respiration.

In view of all these possible dangers and complications, prudent surgeons restrict the use of spinal anesthesia in two ways: (1) They are unwilling to inject it at a point above the small of the back (*i. e.*, the lumbar region) for fear that it may reach the respiratory centre, and (2) they limit its use to the exceptional cases in which the use of ether, chloroform, or nitrous oxid is attended with unusual danger, and therefore contra-indicated. Within this limited field spinal anesthesia has a distinct value. Beyond this field it may hereafter be made less dangerous and therefore more widely applicable, but that can only be as a result of further experiment and observation.

Alluring as it unquestionably is to be able to have an operation performed on one's self without the loss of consciousness—a condition to which there is often a very natural repugnance—the preservation of consciousness during an operation is a distinct disadvantage in most cases. As I said in 1907, "to have the patient aware of surgical emergencies, which frequently arise and which often test a veteran operator's skill and resources to the utmost, would frequently invite death by the terror which it might occasion. Even the usual emergencies of hemorrhage, etc., which attend almost every operation and which are easily conquered by the surgeon, would frighten most patients. The ideal anesthetic, hereafter undoubtedly to be discovered by experimental research, *will abolish pain by the abolition of consciousness, but without danger to life.*"

Surgery of the Nerves.—I have already alluded above to the blocking of sensation in nerves in cases of amputation by the injection of a local anesthetic directly into the tissue of the nerve. Twenty years ago operations on nerves were very few. At present they are constantly performed. As long ago as 1863 Philipeaux and Vulpian by experiments upon animals proved that by uniting nerves which had been divided the function of the nerve might be re-established. Until these experiments had proved it, there would be a natural fear that if we sewed the two ends of a severed nerve together, the needle puncture and the thread, which must remain in the nerve for a considerable time, might inflict serious or even lasting injury. Indeed, it was supposed at that time that very possibly lockjaw might follow; for that lockjaw was only caused by a special germ was then unknown. It has been proved, however, on animals, that these supposed dangers did not follow, but that severed nerves could be sewed together without harm. In case a patient in falling puts his arm through a pane of glass and divides the sinews (tendons) and the nerves at the wrist,

where they lie just under the skin, in view of our present knowledge it is the bounden duty of the surgeon who first sees the case to sew the divided sinews end to end, and, what is quite as important, if not more so, to sew the divided nerve ends together in order to avoid permanent paralysis. If this is done promptly, success is almost the rule. Even if this has not been done and the severed nerve has remained ununited for weeks, months, or in some cases for years, it is possible in not a few cases to restore the function of the nerve and cure the paralysis by sewing the ends together.

One nerve in the arm, the musculo-spiral, so called because it winds among the muscles in a spiral fashion around the upper arm-bone, is peculiarly liable to injury, for instance, by a stab wound by a pocket-knife or a gunshot wound. But the most frequent source of injury to this nerve as it winds around the bone itself is fracture of the arm-bone about midway between the elbow and the shoulder. In some cases the nerve is torn to such an extent that the two ends when they are dissected loose at operation are separated by a considerable interval. If this interval is not too large, by stretching the nerve above and below the point of injury we can bring the ends into contact and sew them together. In other cases, however, the gap between the two ends is too wide for approximation of the two ends. In this condition there are various ways of accomplishing union of the nerve. Among them, in a number of cases, surgeons have deliberately laid bare the bone, sawed out an inch or more of the bone, and wired the ends of the bone together. This shortens the upper arm to such an extent that, with stretching, the two nerve ends can be brought into contact and held in this position by sewing them together; after the wound is dressed splints are then applied to the arm as in any ordinary fracture. This operation, especially if done early enough, is followed by a considerable, and in some cases practically a perfect, recovery of function—a useless arm is made useful again.

The bundle of nerves which originate from the spinal cord in the neck and are distributed to the arm are also specially liable to injury. Occasionally, in fracture of the collar-bone, these nerves are seriously injured. In other cases, by a fall on the shoulder—for instance, from a bicycle—one or more of these nerves are completely torn across. This is the condition which we now know occurs in a great many cases of the so-called "birth palsies," in which one arm from the time of birth hangs flabby and useless. Unless the condition is remedied, it means a useless arm during the entire life of the patient. Only within the last few years has this condition been recognized as due to rupture of the nerves, and attempts have been made to remedy the serious disability following the injury. The nerves have been exposed, and where they have been torn apart the ends have been sewed together with the very gratifying result in a number of cases of a partial or, in some cases, practically of complete restoration of function of the arm.

Of course in all of these cases of wound or other injury, as a rule, the earlier the operation is done the greater the prospect of success, but in a number of cases not only several months but sometimes years have elapsed before the operation has been performed, and yet restoration of function has followed. After the operation, subsequent treatment by massage and the use of the various electrical currents are quite as important as the operation itself, and should be persisted in for a year or even two years before giving up all hope of success.

The muscles of the face are all supplied by what we know as the seventh or facial nerve. This comes through a canal in the base of the skull very close to the mastoid process (the bony lump behind the ear), emerges from the bone just behind the lobe of the ear, and then spreads out fan-like over the face, supplying all of its muscles. A stab wound or gunshot wound just below or just in front of the ear not uncommonly paralyzes one side of the face by destroying this nerve trunk. Occasionally, unavoidably, in the well-known mastoid operation for ear disease, the same nerve is injured. Only within fifteen years, by a happy thought, Ballance of London, Kennedy of Glasgow, Bardenhauer of Cologne, and a number of surgeons in America and elsewhere, have handled this condition, and the unsightliness of

a face with the usual expression on one side, but motionless and expressionless on the other, has been remedied. This relief has been made possible in consequence of the studies of the union of divided nerves in animals and the means of their regeneration—*i. e.,* restoration to their normal power.

In the neighborhood of the facial nerve run two other nerves of about equal size; one (the hypoglossal) going to the tongue; the other (the spinal accessory) going to certain muscles of the neck. In cases in which the destruction of the facial nerve has been so extensive that the two ends could not be united, one of these two uninjured nerves just mentioned is partly or completely divided, and the end of the facial nerve which goes to the muscles of the face hitched on to the facial or hypoglossal nerve. In quite a number of cases the face has recovered its expression and the muscles their ability to contract.

Surgery of the Chest.—The surgery of the great cavities of the body—*i. e.,* of the head, of the chest, and of the abdomen—has advanced at very different rates of progress. The surgery of the abdomen was the first of these three regions to show immense progress as a result of the introduction of anesthesia, antisepsis, and experiment. Only a little over twenty years ago did the surgery of the head begin to make any serious progress. The surgery of the chest, until within the last very few years, has been almost at a standstill. One reason for this is the character of the contents of the chest. They are, the œsophagus on its way from the mouth to the stomach; the lungs covered by the pleura; the heart in its sac (the pericardium); and the enormous blood-vessels, some conveying the blood from the heart to all parts of the body by the arteries (the aorta and its branches), and bringing it back to the heart by the great veins (forming the greater circulation), and others going from the heart to the lungs and coming back to the heart from the lungs (the lesser circulation). These are the largest blood-vessels in the body; they are nearly as large as the thumb, and any interference with them is so dangerous that until very recently it has never been attempted.

Moreover, there is another peculiar feature about the chest which makes it very dangerous and difficult for surgeons to operate within that cavity. The chest, by means of the motion of the ribs and the diaphragm, practically acts like a bellows, drawing the air into the lungs through the mouth and nose (corresponding to the nozzle) when the diaphragm descends and the ribs rise, and expelling the air in the reverse way when the diaphragm and the ribs reverse their action. If one made an opening in the chest wall, it was like making an opening in the side of a pair of bellows, but with one serious difference. The air would rush into the cavity of the chest through this artificial opening, would surround the lungs in the pleural cavity, *but not get inside the lungs to aerate the blood,* and the lung itself would collapse because suction by the diaphragm and ribs was no longer possible. Moreover, pleurisy of a violent and often fatal form was always a possibility. And yet there was urgent need for remedial surgery in this region. Patients, especially children, very frequently inhale "foreign bodies," which pass down the windpipe into the great bronchial tubes, going each to its respective lung. They often lodge so far down as to be inaccessible through the mouth, or even through an opening into the windpipe (tracheotomy). If the foreign bodies are swallowed, they pass down the œsophagus and may be arrested at any level in the chest. Then again frequently pleurisy passes into that form in which a large amount of pus (matter) accumulates in the pleural cavity around the lung and should be evacuated. Abscesses form in the lungs as a result of pneumonia or of other causes. Gangrene of the lung occasionally occurs. In consumption great cavities are formed in the lungs, which ought to be drained or otherwise dealt with. Besides all these there are gunshot wounds, stabs, and other accidental injuries. Yet the surgery of all these conditions was in the most backward state till very recently.

At the meetings of the American Surgical Association and the American Medical Association in 1909, several papers were read dealing with the surgery of the chest, such as sewing up the lungs when they have been wounded, removing

diseased parts of lungs, removing large portions of the wall of the chest, etc., with extraordinary ease, compared with a few years before, and with surprising success.

Urged by the necessity of removing foreign bodies that lay in the bronchial tubes, various experimenters attempted to reach them by direct operations either through the chest wall from in front, from behind, or at the side of the chest. Experiments were made upon lower animals to see which of these modes of approach was the least dangerous, the most expeditious, and most satisfactory, but *all* of them were found to be exceedingly dangerous, and were only resorted to when the dangers of not doing anything exceeded the dangers of attempting to do something.

Within a few years, however, what is called "bronchoscopy" has been practised with the greatest success. When a tack or other foreign body has been inhaled, we now can introduce a long straight tube between the vocal chords down the windpipe to the point where the windpipe divides into the two bronchi to the right and left lungs, and by means of powerful electric lights can then see the foreign body, and can even pass the tube into the right or the left bronchus, and by means of suitable delicate instruments passed down through the tube can seize and extract this foreign body. This is a vastly less dangerous and vastly more successful method than the older one of tracheotomy, but as yet relatively few surgeons are masters of the method.

When the foreign body, however, is beyond the reach even of such an instrument, then the only possible way to extract it is through the lung by an opening in the chest. In 1904 Sauerbruch in Breslau constructed an air-tight chamber from which the air could be exhausted to any extent. Only the body of the animal was placed in the chamber; the head protruded through an opening with a rubber collar around the neck so that the animal could be etherized from the outside. Inside the chamber there was room for the surgeon and his assistants, instruments, etc. Control of the amount of exhaustion was obtained through an electric motor operated from within the chamber, and a telephone gave ready means of communicating with those outside. Various modifications of this have been made, the last by Dr. Willy Meyer, of New York. He has shown that the pressure of the atmosphere as indicated by the barometer in New York varies normally between that at sea-level and that which corresponds to an elevation of 1,700 to 2,000 feet; but in the chamber he has devised to open the chest safely it is only necessary to exhaust the air to what corresponds to an elevation of 250 or 300 feet, about the height of many modern "sky-scrapers." In this chamber he has removed part or all of one lung in twenty-six dogs, with twenty-two recoveries—84.6 per cent.

Last year, also, Meltzer and Auer at the Rockefeller Institute devised a new method of respiration that may possibly render even such a chamber in many cases unnecessary. By "ventilating the lungs," as it has been called—*i. e.*, by introducing a tube into the windpipe and forcing a gentle current of air charged with a certain amount of ether vapor into the lungs—they have found that all the necessary respiratory changes of oxygen, carbonic acid, etc., go on, and the animal can be kept alive for hours *without any movement whatever of the chest in breathing*. Utilizing this method, Carrel has done some extraordinary work on the aorta, the great blood-vessel which carries all the blood from the heart to the entire body and is as large as the thumb. He has divided it at different levels, interrupting the blood current long enough to sew the ends together, has incised and even cut away portions of the aorta, and done other remarkable surgical operations, from which the animals in most of the cases reported recovered.

In February last I saw him thus freely open the entire chest from side to side, operate upon the aorta, and manipulate heart, lungs, and other organs in the chest with the same facility and safety as we handle the various organs in the abdomen. The operation lasted an hour and a half, and an hour later the dog had entirely recovered from the ether, and was doing better than a human being after most capital operations.

Thus a wholly new chapter in the surgery of the chest and its great blood-vessels has been opened.

These advances in the surgery of the chest in animals will lead quickly to very great advances in the surgery of the chest and its contained organs, the heart, the lungs, the œsophagus, and even the aorta, in man. In fact, already more than a score of cases have been operated on, usually in a Sauerbruch chamber. A most extraordinary case was reported at the German Surgical Congress in April, 1909, by von Eiselsberg of Vienna. A man stabbed himself repeatedly in the chest with a pair of sharp scissors. He was brought to the hospital and operated upon in a Sauerbruch chamber within an hour after the accident. He was already unconscious, so that no anesthetic was needed, was pulseless—in fact, was dying. The chest was opened widely, the lungs drawn aside; the heart and its great blood-vessels could be readily seen and manipulated. It was discovered that the scissors had made a considerable rent in one of the great blood-vessels carrying the blood between the heart and the lungs. This was sewed up with six stitches, and the man survived for fifty-four days—almost eight weeks. This is the first operation on man of this kind ever recorded. Had the operation been done deliberately with all the necessary antiseptic precautions, there is little doubt that the man would have survived; but when life is ebbing away with the lapse of every moment, one is between the Scylla of too great haste and therefore possible infection, and the Charybdis of too great delay for proper disinfection while the patient is dying from hemorrhage.

Occasionally the blood suddenly forms a clot in the great artery carrying the blood from the heart to the lungs, thus arresting more or less completely the aeration of the blood. This accident is necessarily fatal, sometimes so quickly that nothing can be done. But in most of the cases death does not follow for fifteen to forty minutes, and occasionally for an hour or more. After experiments upon animals, which he reported in 1907, Trendelenburg of Leipzig believed it to be possible to rescue some of these relatively slow-dying cases. The next year one of his patients, a woman of seventy, suddenly collapsed, and was evidently dying. Fortunately he lived only eight minutes away. He was called by telephone, and in eighteen minutes after the first symptom the operation was begun, and in five minutes more the chest had been opened, the artery exposed and opened, and the clots removed. This was the first case of this kind ever operated upon. But the patient was too old and too far gone for recovery.

The second operation was done by Trendelenburg's assistant, this patient living for fifteen hours. Kruger has recently reported a third case, who lived for five and a quarter days.

With constantly improving technic, success is sure to follow before long, just as it has followed many early failures in operations for typhoid perforation, goiter, cancer of the stomach, and many other operations. Thus from 1849 to 1875 the stomach had been operated on for cancer twenty-eight times with twenty-eight deaths. The twenty-ninth case, in 1875, was successful. The operation has gradually become more and more successful as our technic has improved, till now the great majority of the patients recover.

That valvular disease of the heart will before very long come within the domain of surgery I have little doubt.

Some cases of cancer of the œsophagus, also, heretofore absolutely abandoned to death, have been operated on, but with only fair success thus far.

Ulcer and Cancer of the Stomach.—To attempt to give any idea of the advances made in the surgery of the various organs contained in the abdomen in the short space at my disposal is hopeless. I can only consider a few special points.

Among the most important are ulcer and cancer of the stomach. It is now well established that most cases of cancer of the stomach originate from a chronic ulcer. This ulcer has two distinct dangers besides that of a possible cancerous degeneration. Not seldom the ulcer eats into one of the large blood-vessels, just as in consumption the same process in the lung opens one of the large blood-vessels of the lung. In either case a more or less profuse and always dangerous hemorrhage takes place.

In cases of chronic trouble with the stomach, surgeons are not now disposed to wait until a profuse hemorrhage an-

nounces the presence of an ulcer, but open the abdomen and then open the stomach, search for the ulcer, and treat it. This avoids or remedies, as the case may be, not only hemorrhage, which is so dangerous, but another danger, namely, that the ulcer will eat its way entirely through the wall of the stomach and suddenly allow the contents of the stomach to escape into the general cavity of the abdomen. This is invariably followed by a fatal peritonitis unless operation is undertaken at once. The number of cases in which, after such a perforation, operation has been done is now very large, and when it is done promptly, within say a few hours, the percentage of recoveries is very large.

Cancer is very apt to attack the stomach at the orifice of exit called the pylorus, where the food passes into the upper intestine. When cancer develops here, this opening is gradually narrowed until no food can escape from the stomach. All that the patient swallows remains in the stomach, undergoes decomposition, and creates the greatest possible distress in addition to the pain of the cancer. In these cases if we cannot remove the cancer we make an opening in the stomach and an opening in a near-by loop of the upper bowel, sew the two openings together, and in that manner side-track the food past the obstruction precisely as the Welland Canal passes around the obstruction to navigation by Niagara Falls.

If we could only make a diagnosis of cancer in the very earliest stages, it would be possible in most cases to remove the cancer and have patients recover. In a very considerable number of cases parts, and in a few cases all, of the stomach has been removed, the œsophagus and the intestines have been sewed together, and while many of the patients have died, a number have recovered and lived for months and in some cases for a much longer period. In the past few years the percentage of recoveries has increased very encouragingly.

The difficulty is in *making a diagnosis before the disease has advanced to the stage when, by adhesions to neighboring organs and infection of the glands, removal of the cancer with any hope of success is practically past.* When a case of marked indigestion has been rebellious for a number of weeks, surgeons are more and more inclined to open the abdomen and by actual inspection and palpation of the stomach to determine whether it is cancerous or not. In these early stages the removal of the cancer is not an extremely dangerous operation. Such an "exploratory" operation is fully justified, for if no cancer exists, practically all of the patients recover, and not seldom the surgeon, even if he finds no cancer, does find adhesions, ulcer, or other difficulty which can be remedied. Ulcer precedes cancer in about two cases out of three, and probably even more; perforation of the stomach by an ulcer occurs in about one case in five. The average of recoveries after perforation, if operated on very promptly, is about three out of four; later it is reversed—three out of four die by reason of the delay.

Surgery of the Intestines.—Cancer is not by any means limited to the stomach, but not uncommonly attacks the intestine. Here again an "exploratory" operation is often necessary. If we can catch the disease in its early stages, we can remove large portions of the intestine and by various devices can restore the continuity of the intestinal canal and save the patient's life. The only safety for the sufferer in these cases lies in *early* operation. When operation is deferred, we are almost sure to find that it is impossible to remove the disease, and we have to resort again to the device above spoken of, to side-track the intestinal current by making one opening above the cancer and another below it and sewing the two openings together. As in the similar operation between the stomach and the upper bowel, life is not permanently saved, for the cancer remains, but life is prolonged for months and sometimes even for years, and the immense comfort that is given to the patient fully justifies the procedure, which is not very dangerous.

In not a few cases of accident, when, for example, the wheel of a wagon runs over the abdomen, rupture of the intestine takes place, allowing its contents to escape into the general abdominal cavity. So, too, when a stab wound or a gunshot wound is received, a similar es-

cape of intestinal contents may take place. In these cases, where the evidence from the symptoms is fairly clear, so safe is abdominal surgery in these antiseptic days, we do not hesitate to open the abdomen, seek for the point of rupture, or of the wound, and either, if it be small, sew it up in the proper way, or, if too large for this procedure to be safe, we cut out the torn portion of the intestine and unite the two ends. In fact, it is surprising that of twenty-five feet of the intestine almost one-half has been successfully removed. In gunshot wounds, as many as eighteen perforations have been closed and the patient has recovered.

One of the most desperate, frequent, and fatal complications of typhoid fever is perforation of the bowel. In typhoid fever ulcers form in the intestines, and in a large percentage of cases, as in ulcer of the stomach, an ulcer eats into a blood-vessel, producing profuse hemorrhage which may destroy life, or if it eats a hole entirely through the intestinal wall, the deadly intestinal contents then escape. It is serious enough to operate on a healthy patient who has had a hole torn in his intestine, but when in addition to the perforation we have to operate on a patient who is desperately ill with typhoid fever, even the stoutest heart might well shrink from it.

The first operation for such a perforation ever done was by Mikulicz of Breslau in 1884. The mortality originally was about three out of four. Several hundred cases operated on have now been published, and the mortality has gradually fallen to about sixty-five per cent. In other words, one out of three recovers instead of one out of four. This seems a terrible death rate, and at first blush one might almost believe that no operation ought to be done if two out of three or three out of four die; but remember the alternative—if no operation is done, practically a hundred out of every hundred die. Operation, therefore, distinctly saves every case that recovers. A few hospital surgeons, very favorably situated as to facilities, have been so fortunate as to save about one-half of the cases operated on. In seventy cases of operation in children under fifteen, collected by Jopson and Gittings, there were only thirty-one deaths—a recovery rate of fifty-six per cent. With speedy operation (always if possible within a few hours) and suitable methods, the next few years will undoubtedly show a general mortality of only fifty per cent. or less, and every case that recovers owes his life to modern antiseptic surgery.

Heretofore, in searching for perforations or ruptures, surgeons have constantly drawn part or often all of the intestines temporarily outside of the abdominal cavity, without a thought that the patient would suffer any harm by such a procedure. We used no especial care in manipulating the intestines, particularly when haste was needful on account of hemorrhage.

But Crile has studied on animals the deleterious shock produced by any rough handling of the bowel or by pressure upon it, and Cannon of Harvard has recently reinforced Crile's conclusions. They have shown that mild, moderate, or rough handling of the bowel (always under an anesthetic of course) produces very pronounced shock proportionate to the roughness of such handling.

Hence in all abdominal operations nowadays—*e. g.*, for appendicitis, etc.—surgeons are most careful to handle the intestines with the greatest gentleness, and never displace them outside the abdomen if it can possibly be avoided, with the result that the mortality of abdominal surgery is always steadily decreasing.

Surgery of the Liver and Gall-Bladder.—The liver is liable to stab wounds, gunshot wounds, and also to be torn when a patient is run over by a wagon, cart, etc. Besides the danger of infection by bullets, dirks, etc., which is very great, the danger of death from hemorrhage always exists. Hence if there is good reason to believe that the liver has been wounded or torn, the abdomen should be opened very quickly, the hemorrhage arrested, and the abdominal (*i. e.*, the peritoneal) cavity cleansed. If done promptly, a very large percentage of the patients recover. To show how in this as in other operations increasing experience, by disclosing errors and establishing better methods, results in a diminishing rate of mortality, in 1887 the mortality was as high as sixty-six per cent.; in opera-

tions date between 1880 and 1900 it has fallen to forty-four per cent.

Non-cancerous tumors of the liver have been very successfully removed in the last few years, sixty-three out of seventy-six early cases having recovered, while in later cases the results are even better. Cancer of the liver, however, is practically always fatal.

The gall-bladder, which is simply a receptacle for the bile, has now been successfully removed in so many cases that it is rather puzzling to know why we have any such organ. The bile in this storage reservoir is often infected by bacteria. Such an infection is probably the rule in typhoid fever, and even many years after the patient has recovered from such a fever the bile is still infected and not seldom becomes a serious menace to life. In addition to other causes, typhoid and other germs frequently cause gall-stones to form in the gall-bladder. These are concretions formed from the solid constituents of the bile. Often they are only one, two, or three in number, but in some cases they number hundreds and even thousands of very small stones. Women are far more liable to gall-stone disease—in the proportion of three or even four to one. Tight lacing has been accused of being one of the most potent causes.

If gall-stones cause trouble, they should be removed by operation. In competent hands this is now attended with a mortality of from one and a half to say five per cent., depending on existing complications.

Peritonitis.—Rupture or perforation of the stomach or intestine, from whatever cause, unless speedily operated on, always sets up a general peritonitis. Until within the last few years, when this diagnosis was made, it was equivalent to a verdict of death. Even if operation took place the patients almost all died. But in the last few years, thanks especially to two American surgeons, Murphy of Chicago and the late Doctor Fowler of Brooklyn, this almost hopeless picture has been changed to one of great encouragement. It is needless to enter into details of the treatment, but it may be summarized for popular knowledge in this way: It has been found that the poison of pus ("matter") in the abdomen is much more readily absorbed in the upper part of the abdomen next the diaphragm, and much less readily absorbed in the lower part of the abdomen. Hence we raise our patients suffering from peritonitis in bed, sick as they generally are, to two-thirds or three-fourths of the sitting position, and then slowly for hours flush the interior of the intestine with salt solution delivered very gradually but almost continuously. As much as two or three gallons of the salt solution may be absorbed within the twenty-four hours. At the present time, therefore, even when the spectre of general peritonitis is present, the case is by no means hopeless, but, thanks to the greatly improved treatment of modern days, and also to American surgery, it is full of hope.

Hernia or Rupture.—One of the commonest surgical conditions in the human body is hernia or rupture. In the wall of the abdomen there are a few openings to let arteries and veins and other structures pass out of or into the abdominal cavity. When these apertures—or "rings," as we call them—are not securely closed a knuckle of bowel protrudes through the opening. This is a hernia or rupture. For many years after I graduated, in 1862, sporadic attempts were made to remedy this condition by operation, so as to spare the patient not only the life-long annoyance of a truss, but the ever-present danger that more bowel would be forced suddenly through the opening in the wall of the abdomen as a result of sudden muscular strain in lifting something heavy, and become gripped by the opening, or what we know in surgery as "strangulated"; that is to say, so constricted that gangrene of the bowel and death were inevitable unless relief was afforded.

Until the antiseptic method was thoroughly grounded and established in the profession no really successful methods to cure this condition had been devised, for the reason that until the advent of antisepsis every surgeon was afraid, and rightly afraid, of opening the abdominal cavity on account of the exceedingly great danger, or, in fact, almost certainty, of peritonitis. About twenty-five years

ago, however, attempts began to be made to remedy the condition, innumerable new methods were devised, until finally we are now in a position to advise almost every sufferer from this condition, unless too old or suffering from some complication which would make it undesirable, to have a radical operation done. How little danger now attaches to the operation is seen in the fact that in a series of 2,200 operations by Coley there have been only four deaths. Three of these occurred in the 1,200 children; in the 1,000 cases in adults, only one patient died—a mortality of only one-tenth of one per cent. Well did Lord Lister at the Royal College of Surgeons on March 29, 1897, say of a similar result: "An achievement like that is enough to cause gladness in the heart of any man who loves his fellow men."

All this is a result of the antiseptic method.

Surgery of the Pituitary Body or Hypophysis.—About at the crossing of two lines, one drawn horizontally backward between the eyebrows, and the other horizontally across between the temples, is a cup-shaped depression in the base of the skull a little smaller than the tip end of the little finger. In this is lodged a peculiar gland or body called the hypophysis or pituitary body. It is one of that strange class of "ductless glands" which exist in different parts of the body, among which are the thymus gland at the very lowest part of the neck in front; the thyroid gland, which when it becomes enlarged is called a goiter; the parathyroid bodies, three or four little bodies, each the size of a grain of wheat, situated behind the thyroid; the adrenal or suprarenal bodies at the upper end of each kidney, from which adrenalin is derived, and several other glands which have no tube or duct which can deliver their secretion into the circulation. The "internal secretions" which they are believed to produce, and which reach the blood current through the absorbents, formerly were thought to be of no importance, but now we know that these secretions, in some cases at least, are of supreme importance.

If in animals the pituitary gland is removed, death follows in the course of a short time. If all four of the little parathyroids are removed, death takes place before long. If all of the thyroid is removed, we have a condition which gradually develops into cretinism. In disease of the adrenal gland the skin becomes of a bronze color, etc., and disease of the thymus frequently results in sudden death. Moreover, the pancreas (which in animals we call the sweetbread) may be involved, and through that in turn the liver, so that this whole series of glands, small as most of them are, forms a most complicated system which we have only very recently begun to understand. What little we have learned has been chiefly by animal experimentation, and this little emphasizes the need for more and more knowledge, till we shall know thoroughly their functions, and what we can do to cure or, still better, to prevent their diseases.

This little gland, the pituitary body, though very small, is divided into a front and a back part, which are apparently wholly different in function. When an extract of the back part, which is supposed to be the most active, is injected into animals, it does harm, yet when the same part is entirely removed from the brain of an animal, no harm apparently results. The front half, however, has been found to be essential to life. Certain changes in the gland, if they arise in childhood, are followed by tremendous overgrowth of the body (gigantism), together with a deposit of much fat over the body. If the condition arises in an adult, there follows clumsy thickening of the hands, feet, features, etc. (acromegaly), and in other parts of the body an infantile condition is produced.

Surgery, it is astonishing to say, has dealt successfully with tumors of this small but important organ hidden in an almost inaccessible spot. In a few cases such tumors have been successfully removed in man with great relief, if not real cure of the symptoms.

Almost the same story may be told of all the other ductless glands which are so closely interrelated. Gradually, by experiment upon animals, we are learning what the functions of these important structures are, and by removal of parts or all of these glands, or by other experiments upon them, we are getting a glimmering

knowledge of their interrelation, their importance, and the possibility of dealing with them medically and surgically. I believe that in the near future our ignorance about these various structures will be dispelled and the surgery of these glands will develop with rapid strides, greatly to the advantage of many patients.

Tetanus or Lockjaw. — Among the many other subjects crowding upon me for description, I can only select one more—Tetanus or Lockjaw. In 1884, I remember my surprise and almost incredulity when I saw it asserted that Nicolaier, by experiments on mice, rabbits, and guinea-pigs, had discovered that the germ or bacillus of tetanus was found in the earth, and especially in that around stables and on highroads travelled by horses. It was such a novel idea that I was little inclined to accept this as a possible origin of lockjaw, but time has proved that Nicolaier was right. For many years we had known clinically that stablemen, above all others, suffered from lockjaw, but why this was so we did not understand. Now we know that this little microbe finds its chief abiding-place in and around stables, highroads, etc.

The popular belief that a wound from treading on a rusty nail is very likely to cause tetanus is quite correct. This is not because it is a nail or is rusty, but because by lying on the ground it has become infected with the germs of lockjaw. Moreover, as the punctured wound caused by the nail bleeds but little and this blood dries up and excludes the air, the most favorable conditions for the development of tetanus exist, for, as Kitasato, the Japanese bacteriologist, proved, the absence of oxygen is most favorable to the growth of this germ.

The germ itself looks very much like a tack. So virulent is it that its toxin in doses of 1-200,000th of a teaspoonful will kill a mouse. It has been found by experiment that the poison is carried up to the spinal cord, not by the absorbents or the blood-vessels, as are other poisons, but through the motor nerves themselves. Fortunately, an anti-poison or antidote has been developed, but so prompt is the action of the poison that in an animal, two minutes after the injection of a fatal dose of the poison, twice as much of the remedy is required as if it had been administered with the poison; after eight minutes ten times the amount, and after ninety minutes forty times the original amount is necessary. This antitoxin is entirely harmless.

As a result of antiseptic methods lockjaw is now almost unknown except after neglected wounds, instead of being terribly frequent as it formerly was. When it is feared, the antitoxin is used as a preventive, and when it has developed, as a cure.

In animals, for naturally horses suffer enormously more frequently than man, the same antitoxin is used. In 163 horses that had operations performed on them, but were protected by the antitoxin, not one developed tetanus, whereas of eight cases unprotected by the antitoxin, five developed tetanus. The result of all these experiments has been that what is known as Fourth-of-July tetanus has been enormously diminished, chiefly by the antitoxin used as a preventive.

It is well known now to every intelligent person that a large number of cases of tetanus develop from injuries, especially those received from toy pistols and blank cartridges in celebrating the Fourth of July. The following table from the Journal of the American Medical Association gives the number of persons injured, the number of deaths, and the number of deaths from tetanus alone for several years past:

Year	Injured	Deaths (Total)	Deaths from Tetanus
1903	4,449	466	406
1904	4,169	183	91
1905	5,176	182	87
1906	5,466	158	75
1907	4,413	164	62
1908	5,623	163	55
1909	5,307	215	125
Totals....	34,603	1,531	901

The popular movement for a "sane Fourth of July" was begun by the doctors, and fortunately is spreading vigorously. Too long we have had an "insane" Fourth with its thousands of victims. Even the small Chinese "firecracker" has caused 10,781 serious injuries in the last seven years!

Mr. Durgan and the Ampeer Puffs

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

MY cousin, who lives in New York, says that I consider our little community near the Blue Ridge as "inside" and all the rest of the world as "outside." I am not conscious of feeling superior to people who have to live in the North and in cities; I am only sorry for them. I used to think the things I read about their lives must be partly fiction, and I did not accept my cousin's reports, owing to his sense of humor being rather bizarre; his mother was a Keenan, and the Virginia Keenans were not quite-quite. But we were all very good to her, and I am always glad when my cousin comes to visit me, though his ways are queer. Very often when I am talking to him he will rush out of the sitting-room, and I can see him leaning against a fence post and fairly yelling. I am also mighty afraid he is a Republican. However, he is the only young man who ever left us who does come back.

Our circle consists of some old Southern, and a few English, families who are quite in sympathy with us, whether they came here before or after the war. It was through one of these English ladies, Mrs. Secor-Browne, a widow, that we had our introduction to Mr. Durgan. One Sunday in church we all noticed that she was paying mighty poor attention to the sermon. She turned her head twice and once distinctly fluttered the leaves of her prayer-book. But I almost think she was justified, for after we had passed into the churchyard she told me how a certain Mr. Durgan of New York had actually made an offer to buy her estate. She had had a little money left her in England, and was very anxious to sell Grassmere and go back there. This surprising Mr. Durgan was giving her no time to think over his offer. Of course she intended to accept it, but she wanted to talk about it with her friends for several weeks, because what is the use of such an exciting event if one has no time to enjoy it? But this Mr. Durgan had written a letter saying he would buy, which she had received Saturday, and had added that he would call Sunday afternoon to discuss terms. He actually said "call," as if he could have stepped over in fifteen minutes from New York, when it takes eight hours for the journey, and even when there is an excursion it costs ten dollars for the return trip. We knew from his recklessness that Mr. Durgan could not be absolutely poor.

Mrs. Secor-Browne asked me to come to tea that afternoon; she said she really did not feel equal to meeting such an impatient person without support. I believe she was afraid he might insist on buying some of the family heirlooms, and she felt that she and I together might restrain him morally, though not physically. We debated as to whether we should have Jenny harnessed to meet the four-o'clock train, which was the only one he could come on, or whether it would be more seemly to let him walk. Mrs. Secor-Browne wished above all things not to seem too eager. We were still considering when we happened to glance out of the window, and there coming full tilt up the road was a motor-car.

I am told that motor-cars rank in New York with daily bread, but I am sure that is an exaggeration. There must be many refined people yet even in New York. Our little circle regards motor-cars as very bourgeois indeed. My cousin says that is because we have never ridden in them and know nothing about them. But we have seen many magazine pictures of them, and when they first reached the South some of us were asked to go to see one in the nearest city. Of course we declined, but most of us found it convenient to do our spring shopping that day, and so, unofficially as

it were, we did see it. It struck us as quite vulgar. I prefer walking myself, and I happen not to have a horse and carriage, but they are what I should want if I did prefer driving. They have been in the world so long, horses, that I am sure they were intended to remain right smart longer.

The approaching motor-car had a strong effect on poor Jenny, who was in the pasture adjoining the road. She kicked up her heels and began to eddy round in circles, and Mrs. Secor-Browne looked at me in dismay. It meant that Jenny would be of no use for three days. My cousin on his visits here has been very much interested in Jenny. He says she has temperament, and therefore he calls her Jane. I do not exactly see the connection, but when he explained what temperament means I felt it was just the word to express Jenny's moodiness and lack of consistency. It is not as if she were a young woman who could be taught proper manners. My cousin rudely said that he preferred her to the well-brought-up girls of our circle.

Mr. Durgan, as his motor-car puffed up to the house, paid no attention to Jenny. I reckon he failed to see her. It is the only interpretation to be put on his conduct. Otherwise he would have surely stopped the car and walked the rest of the way, and perhaps would have tried to soothe Jenny with sugar, though that might have seemed to him a liberty. Undisturbed, he took his way to the steps, actually bounded up them, and knocked at the door so vigorously that the centre panel cracked. Of course we cannot blame him for that; we of the circle have known for years that Mrs. Secor-Browne's knocker must be barely touched, but there was not time to warn Mr. Durgan.

He showed no embarrassment, and at the time I took it for a sign of *savoir-vivre,* but I afterward realized that it did not occur to him that there was anything to be embarrassed about. He was like my cousin—laughed at things, only Mr. Durgan laughed as if he were on a par with them, and my cousin's air is very supercilious. Old Uncle Bostock opened the door, and he certainly did show self-control, barely flipping his eye at the cracked panel. I heard him ask the name, though he well knew it, for the servants had been talking of nothing else all day but the expected guest, and Uncle Bostock's oldest son, who is courting Major Lee's mulatto Lissie, had stayed home on purpose to see Mr. Durgan.

We heard a fine, big voice and then Mr. Durgan pushed open the drawing-room door. I have always thought that we should practise tact on every available opportunity, and so as soon as I had heard the door panel crack I had grabbed the yellow armchair with the worm-eaten leg and pushed it behind a table, and as Mr. Durgan entered Mrs. Secor-Browne rushed over and stood in front of the sofa. It looks big and comfortable, but one must sit on it very carefully. I joined her there, sure that two of us at least could fend him off it, and we stood facing him.

He was very big and brown, reminding me of an actor my mother once described to me who took the part of Othello. I could not help liking him the moment he smiled in a big, generous way. Ah, if the Northerners had only seen fit to send us men like that in the Reconstruction days! Mrs. Secor-Browne advanced a step and greeted him, and then she sat gingerly on the sofa. I stooped over as if I were going to, but the moment Mr. Durgan took the piano stool I moved over to the chintz chair, for I knew that sofa would not hold two. Mr. Durgan took the piano stool because, I reckon, he liked perpetual motion. There was a little brogue about his speech, but I thought that rather piquant than not. When he was presented to me he remarked that he knew my cousin.

"Well, Mrs. Browne," he said—and I saw my friend bridle, for what is the good of a hyphenated name if it is not honored?—"well, Mrs. Browne, it's yourself will be wondering why I want Grassmere."

She had indeed—a place all hills and stones and brambles, with not forty decent acres in the eighty.

"I'm just after making a million or so shearing lambs," he said, "and I want a little place in the country of my own."

"This is not a very good place for sheep pasturage," said Mrs. Secor-Browne, disappointedly. "The land has always raised corn and tobacco."



"It was Miss Rives's Cousin that told Me of this Place"

Mr. Durgan stared at her, for I am afraid New York manners are not all they should be, and then he laughed like my cousin does, only not so loud.

"I'm not going to take my sheep here," he explained; "I only want to be resting myself now and then in a place that is not overrun with people like myself, and where I can't be reached by telephone or telegraph. It was Miss Rives's cousin that told me of this place."

I hardly knew he was speaking of me. I was never called anything but Miss Sallie before, but I liked the dignity of the name as he pronounced it.

"So since you are anxious to sell—" went on Mr. Durgan.

"If we can come to terms," began Mrs. Secor-Browne.

I knew she wanted to explain to him all about the place, what fields wouldn't grow tobacco, and how the northwest corner had to be nursed like it was a sick child. But Mr. Durgan is not an adept in what I call conversation.

"I'll give you five thousand dollars," he said.

Mrs. Secor-Browne gasped, as well she might. In her wildest dream she never expected more than four thousand.

"Oh, really, Mr. Durgan," she began, "I couldn't—"

"Fifty-one hundred," he said, and his voice sounded harsh and he stopped smiling; "not a cent more."

"I was going to say it's not worth five thousand," said Mrs. Secor-Browne. "Nobody about here would think of offering me that."

Again Mr. Durgan stared; really he opened his mouth, too. Then he smiled in his big way and said: "It's worth fifty-one hundred to me and we'll let it go at that. How soon can you get out?"

"But—but—" murmured Mrs. Secor-Browne.

"I don't want to hurry you," he said; "two whole weeks if you need them. You make up your mind what stuff you want to leave behind and I'll buy it. Might as well; then I'll have less to cart out from Charlottesville."

I saw Mrs. Secor-Browne turn a wild eye toward her two Sheraton chairs and her grandfather's clock, and I tried to calm her by saying:

"I'll be mighty glad to have you visit me, Mrs. Secor-Browne, when you've moved from here."

Just then Uncle Bostock came in with the tea. Besides the thin bread and butter he carried in the flour biscuit that was going to be for supper, so that proved he had been listening at the door and knew the place was going to be sold to advantage.

Mr. Durgan looked like he didn't know what to do with his tea, and he actually ate the sandwiches two at a time and in two bites. Then Mrs. Secor-Browne spoke to him about keeping on old Uncle Bostock, and he got mighty interested in hearing all about Grassmere. By the end of another hour he had quite a proprietor-like air. I began to think that perhaps my cousin was right in his statement that Northern people are quick to assimilate, or, as he put it, "Catching up with a procession with them means getting in the van."

By and by Mr. Durgan said: "Now, won't you ladies put on your hats and come into the city and have dinner with me? I'll rush you there and back that quick you'll hardly think you've been away at all, at all."

We almost gasped, and I said, feebly, "But we've had our dinner."

"Oh, well, another one won't hurt you," said Mr. Durgan. "It's all ordered. They had to telegraph to Richmond for some of the things, I guess. You see, I had two men down here with me talking business, but they went back to New York on the afternoon train. Couldn't stand it. I mean, it was such a contrast to their hustling lives, and they couldn't bear to think what they were missing."

"I can believe it," I said; "the rushing North must seem intolerable to them after our peace and quiet."

"That was not just what I was meaning," replied Mr. Durgan, "but you've got one side of the idea, anyhow. So you see I'm in the lurch, ladies, if you won't be after taking pity on me: caviar, terrapin, Maryland oysters, all going to waste. Oh, well!"

If I have a weakness, it is for terrapin, and since Mr. Durgan was going to buy Mrs. Secor-Browne's estate, surely that meant sufficient social relationship to justify acceptance of an invitation. Mr. Durgan happened to be looking at me and I said:

"I'll go for my part, unless Mrs. Secor-Browne has another engagement."

"My only engagement was to be a lonely supper," said Mrs. Secor-Browne in quite a sprightly way for her. I could see that the excitement of a real long course dinner had gone to her head. We hadn't been to one since the wedding breakfast of Major Lee's daughter Elsie, who married Lord Trawlee, and they sold twenty acres to some poor white trash to make that marriage all it should be and never regretted it. But the twitterings of Mrs. Secor-Browne ought to have prepared me for anything that happened afterward.

Even now I can scarcely believe we were bold enough to go. But we put on our hats, and Mrs. Secor-Browne lent me her beaded dolman, and she wore the velvet cape her mother had worn the first time she was invited to stop at Arlington with General Lee's people. It was just as good as new with a little brushing. Mr. Durgan put us on the back seat, and except for its being lower and wider, and with sides, and padded, and more comfortable, it was really not unlike the back seat of a surrey. He sat in front, and just as he started off up came Jenny and stuck her head over the fence. She certainly did have a reproachful look in her eye; I reckon she could hardly believe it of us. She began to turn round like a top when the car whizzed by her, and Mrs. Secor-Browne whispered to me that if Mr. Durgan wanted to buy Jenny he might, for she really could not expect Jenny to overlook this.

My cousin said once that we Southern ladies never felt meaching, no matter if we walked instead of driving and ate

salt pork instead of roast beef, and that the reason was we took a pride in our poverty. Pride is a sin, but if we are poor we are poor because we clung to our principles, and besides we are gentle folk, so why should we mind if our food is not varied and if we can't afford to cover our old chairs? We have advantages enough. But as Mrs. Secor-Browne and I sat in that motor-car, just eating up the road to Charlottesville, I did have a kind of puffed-up feeling. It wasn't pride exactly, because why should I be proud when doing a gentleman the honor of driving with him? It was more a sense of forgiving my enemies and thinking how good I was not to raise the rent two bits on those Sharmons who live in the cabin on my hickorynut lot, and making up my mind to lend old Sharmon my saw next time he wanted to borrow it, though he always brings it back dull, if not rusty.

On we rushed past the old landmarks, that somehow looked different viewed from the angle of a motor-car, and presently Mr. Durgan stopped before the hotel. He helped us out as gallantly as if he had been a Southerner, and after we had made ourselves presentable in the parlor we went into the hall, where he was waiting to escort us to the dining-room. We had taken off our hats, because that is what we do when we have dinner with friends, and we wanted to show Mr. Durgan all attention.

I cannot describe that dinner; we just ate through everything, with Mr. Durgan spurring us on. Of course we did not neglect conversation. We told Mr. Durgan what we thought of the war, and he told us a good deal about New York life which confirmed my cousin's reports. We looked about us a good deal, and that hotel certainly has changed its character since my mother was given her coming-out ball there. Mr. Durgan says that Northern people sometimes stop there on their way to Norfolk or Richmond, and I certainly am sure that no other ladies in that dining-room but ourselves were Southerners. No lady would overdress like those persons at the other tables did. There was one young woman in a violet dress and hat, and I do not see how she walked in her clothes. She was much wider at the shoulders than at the knees, with a short waist, from which the line in front, if I make myself clear, went very straight to her feet. It was not at all my idea of a figure. As for her hat, it was just the size of the tub Aunt 'Mima Bostock washes her clothes in and with no better shape, while the hair under it—well, I never did see so many puffs and braids and curls all composed in together. For a moment I admired it, and then I saw it couldn't be real, for the front part was real fly-away and fluffy like she'd just washed it and couldn't do a thing with it; but the puffs and braids in the back were smooth as if they'd been made out of wax. So that gave her away and finished her for me, for I like hair real and I like it growing on the head.

I am glad I did not show how shocked I was by word or even by look, for I saw Mr. Durgan bow to the person, and she bowed and kindled in a forward way, as if she wanted him to like her more than he did. But I suppose gentlemen meet all sorts of underbred persons in New York. Mr. Durgan's bow was quite casual, like it was mighty inconsequential to him whether she was there or not, though of course it was a gentlemanly bow. Presently I heard Mrs. Secor-Browne say (and really I reckon the wine must have gone to her head or she would surely not have discussed ladies' garments with a gentleman):

"I've seen pictures of clothes like those in fashion plates, but down here we don't take fashion plates seriously any more than we do fairy tales or breakfast-food advertisements."

I saw she was looking at the violet creature. Mr. Durgan followed her eyes and said:

"A very handsome gown."

The word gave me a little start, as it is our term for night-robe, but Mr. Durgan went on:

"I like to see ladies keeping themselves young with beautiful clothes. No lady need be old nowadays."

Of course he was talking nonsense, and he said a good deal more of the same sort, which his mellow voice and big smile helped to make convincing. Still, I thought it was right silly for Mrs. Secor-Browne to preen the way she did, for she's older than I am—thirty-

seven, if she's an hour—and in her mother's time she would already have been wearing a cap. She acted like she was twisting his remarks into some kind of compliment to herself. I declare, I was so vexed with her that I hardly spoke all the way home.

For the next few days we saw a heap of Mr. Durgan. He was over from Charlottesville every day talking business with Mrs. Secor-Browne, and he took us both out in the car afterward, and then we'd pick up other ladies, so that by and by there wasn't any of us who hadn't met him and liked him. One lady did say he had no background, for his father was an immigrant, but then you don't expect background in a man that's just made a heap of money suddenly. And he took such interest in all we said and did that it made us feel we were getting right smart attention. The husbands liked him, too; said he had a good eye for a horse, and was a mighty fine gentleman, if he was in business and talked with a brogue. I reckon it was because we all had such confidence in him that we let him, as I shall always believe, go too far, so that he introduced among us Miss Marian Charters.

We have a woman's club, because, though we avoid all things that seem to us vulgar, still we are progressive. Some one of the ladies reads a paper while the others do fancy work or mending, and then we have tea. Mrs. Secor-Browne was to have the next meeting, for she wanted to entertain us all again before giving up her house to Mr. Durgan. Cousin Mattie Bowers from Culpeper County was to be my guest and give the paper, but three days beforehand she sent me word she'd got chills and fever and couldn't come. Mr. Durgan and Mrs. Secor-Browne were calling on me when the message came, and we asked him what in the world we could do.

"You just leave it to me," he said. "I'd talk to you myself if I knew enough about any subject to interest you. But I'll give you the time of your lives without me. I'll have a lady come and deliver the finest lecture you ever heard."

We had gotten used to trusting him, and, besides, it was a great comfort to have the club paper off our minds, so we said we were mighty grateful and the time was Wednesday at three. Tuesday we had a note from him saying the lady who would give the lecture was Miss Marian Charters, of New York, and that she and her maid would arrive in his car just before three. We couldn't see what she'd be bringing a maid for, as Mr. Durgan had said nothing about her staying the night, and, anyway, we don't carry servants when we travel. However, we put it down to some unknown Northern fashion, and I won't say we weren't impressed.

I reckon I needn't state we were all there that Wednesday, and so seated in Mrs. Secor-Browne's big drawing-room that we could command the drive and see Miss Marian Charters as she was arriving. The motor-car whirled up and two figures dismounted, one in violet and one in gray; and who should the violet one be but the person we had seen in the dining-room the night Mr. Durgan entertained us at dinner! I threw a glance of despair at Mrs. Secor-Browne, but, to my amazement, she looked interested rather than shocked.

Old Uncle Bostock announced Miss Marian Charters, and Mrs. Secor-Browne greeted her and introduced her to the ladies, while the maid stood in the background holding one of those newfangled things called dress-suit cases. The young woman bowed and smiled with great composure, but her manner was a little too studied to please me, like she had copied it out of a fashion plate along with her clothes.

"I shall require a table for the demonstrations," she said to Mrs. Secor-Browne, and at the word "demonstrations" we looked at each other in a puzzled way. We only use the word of politics and kisses.

Uncle Bostock and Miss Marian Charters's maid moved Mrs. Secor-Browne's Sheraton table and placed it so that we all fronted it. Then Miss Marian Charters stood behind it and lifted her eyebrows at her maid, who opened the dress-suit case. First she took out a thick towel, which she spread on the table, and then all sorts of boxes and bottles and mirrors, which she neatly arranged before Miss Marian Charters.

The feeling came over me like you get when you're going to understand things

in a minute but not just the way you'd like to. Then Miss Marian Charters began. She stood by the table, leaned toward us, lowered her voice, and said, confidentially:

"We are all women here and so we may be frank. There is nothing in the world, nothing, not intellect, not even religion, so important to a woman as beauty."

It was a sacrilegious thing to say, but will you believe me, there were women there, and women over forty, too, who at their age should have known better, who, after the first gasp of surprise, actually nodded their heads in confirmation!

"I am going to spend an hour today with you, my friends," went on Miss Marian Charters, "and in that hour I will show you how to take from ten to twenty years from your ages, how to become beautiful as to your faces and stylish as to your clothes." And positively she had a pitying look on her face and a sympathetic tone in her voice which said mighty plain, "You poor souls, you need it!"



UNCLE BOSTOCK ANNOUNCED MISS MARIAN CHARTERS

I got up. I don't know if I expected the ladies to walk out, rude though it might be, on hearing such astonishing talk, but before I could move farther Miss Marian Charters said:

"Yes, perhaps you had better come closer, madam; the ladies would all do well to move their chairs three feet nearer me."

They all did it, though there were two or three, whose husbands have since opposed the ideas of Miss Marian Charters, who now say that they were as horrified as I was. First this person talked about the complexion and dabbed things on and off her face with various finger movements, and I must say she had a good skin. But it was what followed that came mighty near upsetting the brains of the ladies—the things she did to her hair. She sat down before the table, and in all she took off nineteen-twentieths of it. First she removed eighteen hairpins and dropped them, click, click, on a tray in front of her. Then she lifted off eleven smooth blond puffs which had been sit-

ting just behind her pompadour and had been mistaken by most of the ladies as real. They were shaped like supper rolls, and I thought my friends would never have done looking at them, while Miss Marian Charters smoothed them and cuddled them like they really were her own.

"These are 'Ampeer puffs,' ladies," she said, "and the most beautiful in the world."

After that she took from behind the place where the puffs had been what she called a Marie Louise braid, that any one could see wasn't real, because the thick part of it came in the middle of the back of the head, whereas it would have come at one side in a real braid. This braid ended on each side in a couple of puffs smaller than the Ampeer ones. Then she had what she called a "transformation" and a "reinforcement" to fill out the back, and she showed a "hygienic" roll and a "fluffy puffer" intended to aid the pompadour, and then there were "Baby Belle" curls to fill in all crevices. And when they were all off she had right smart left of her own hair, though it was plainly bleached. Then she put everything on again under the intent gaze of her audience. All the time she avoided the use of the words "false hair" or "switch," and remarked that the Bible said woman's glory was her hair; and every little while she came back to the Ampeer puffs, which she said were the crown of modern womanhood.

That was not the end. She actually had her maid unhook her out of that astonishing violet gown, and then—but I really cannot go on. Suffice to say that we all realized the wonders of science and determination, for she was at least twice as stout as she looked in her clothes. But while she enjoyed telling the ladies how they could make their clothes so that they'd be as slim as their daughters, she enjoyed nothing so much as coming back again and again to the Ampeer puffs. She did not mention the impossible price of them, for she had probably been told that Virginians have not the money of New-Yorkers. It was only later that we heard that she had at least a hundred dollars' worth of hair on her head. No, she talked for pure love of the Ampeer puffs.

"Such hair is much easier to manage than natural hair," she said. "Indeed, there are some arrangements of hair you just can't make unless you have both ends loose. But I notice that the ladies before me, like all Southern women, have



I RIPPED UP MY GREEN CHALLIS

naturally thick hair. Since you have plenty of time, you can make for yourself natural 'Ampeer puffs.'"

Then, out of the goodness of her heart as she implied, she showed us on her maid's head how to make Ampeer puffs. When she went she left for each of us a fashion magazine and packages and bottles, though no Ampeer puffs. I have since found out that Mr. Durgan paid for them, though he had the delicacy, of course, not to let his beneficiaries know of it, and I reckon they all thought Miss Marian Charters was leaving samples to advertise her druggist.

Just after she took her leave she stood in the doorway and said to us as a kind of postscript:

"My friends, please tell me how old you think I am."

We reckoned she was thirty, so we said from twenty-five to twenty-eight. She smiled, bowed, and saying "Forty-three," glided out of the doorway.

So the car whizzed her off and we looked at one another in an uncertain way, like we didn't know just how far to commit ourselves; we compromised on saying how surprising it was that Miss Marian Charters could really be forty-three. Then we all got away as quickly as possible to think things over alone at home.

Next day nobody came to see me, and, as I found afterward, nobody went to see any one else, hardly. Just before dinner, as I was out walking near Grassmere, I ran in to talk things over with Mrs. Secor-Browne. She came downstairs looking a little breathless.

"If you had come a little later you wouldn't have found me," she said in a queer tone; "I'm going to New York this evening on the three-o'clock train."

"Going to New York!" I said; "but you'll have to go there anyway when you sail for England next month."

"Yes," she said; "but I must go now, too, on business that won't keep."

It's not my way to pry into people's affairs if they wish to withhold them, though it always makes me impatient to see any one walking in a mystery. However, I began to talk about Miss Marian Charters and her ideas. It was her ideas I was prepared to discuss, but Mrs. Secor-Browne asked me:

"Do you suppose she's a special friend of Mr. Durgan?"

"I reckon so," I said, carelessly; "I reckon she'd not do him a favor like talking to we-all if they weren't right well acquainted."

"Perhaps he paid her," suggested Mrs. Secor-Browne.

"She would hardly be wearing clothes and hair like that if she were a working-woman," I said.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Secor-Browne; "my ideas of clothes are all upset since yesterday. All the same, I don't think she's quite a lady and I don't believe he's engaged to her."

Possibly I was a little blunt in remarking that I didn't see what difference it made to us who Mr. Durgan married. Quite properly Mrs. Secor-Browne replied that it did make a difference, because we should all have to receive the wife of the man who had bought Grassmere. She implied, in that trying way married women have, that if only I were not an inexperienced spinster I would realize the necessity of her anxiety.

I went home, and feeling rather lonely I studied the fashion magazine Miss Marian Charters had given me, and thought over my clothes. It was not because I was so impressed with what she had said as that I wanted something to do that I ripped up my green challis with the pattern of violets. After all, gathers and shirring are bunchy and not becoming to a person naturally slim as I am. While I was working at the dress I took out a couple of breadths and shortened the body merely for something to do. It was just as well I had it on hand, for Friday and Saturday I didn't see a living soul, not even Mr. Durgan, who had gone to New York, and by Sunday I was quite lonesome and, I fear, glad to go to church quite as much for social as for religious reasons.

Perhaps I was too eager; at any rate, I got there before any one else had come, except a few of the poor whites. My seat is about the middle of the church, rather behind those of most of my friends. While I had my head bent in meditation I could hear people come rustling in, but I didn't look up till the bell stopped ringing and the clergyman entered the pulpit and we all stood to

begin the service. Then I all but dropped my prayer-book. No wonder nobody had come to see me for three days. They had all been snipping and sewing at home, and I could tell in every case exactly what page of that fashion magazine had borne fruit.

Old Mrs. Captain Jennings was in a sage-green cashmere that I heard afterward she had had for her second-day dress when she was married; but I reckon she had cut it down some, for it didn't look like there was a spare bit of cloth on it anywhere. She hadn't fixed her a hat, probably because she had delayed a day or two before making up her mind to take the plunge about the dress and hadn't had time left for her head, so she had on her old black bonnet with her gray hair still in smooth bands. But the other ladies hadn't stopped with light dresses. All of them had on pale colors, some of it in cloth I had not seen before, so they must have gone into the presses where their mothers' clothes were laid away, and all of them, except Mrs. Captain Jennings, had been fooling with their hair. Miss Mattie Carter had a Marie Louise braid of her own hair all spindling at one end, but she'd tried to cover that with her best gardenia blossoms. Her sister, Miss Betty, had got on the switch that used to be her aunt Sarah's, and it was three shades darker than her own color. Miss Nannie Lee had gone one better; she had got the gray switch that used to be her mother's and dyed it with some of Major Lee's whisker dye, and it looked handsome enough, though a little more purple than her own. I hadn't realized that people wore so much false hair before the war.

And every last one of them had tried for the Ampeer puffs. Some of the rolls were successful and some looked shaky and all messed up like a bat had been nesting in them. But, anyway, they all had plenty of hair, widening them out to make up for the way they had gone in at the waist and hips. Most of them had contrived new hats, and while I don't approve of all this fixing and fussing they did, they certainly showed ingenuity. They had added to the brims and crowns of their hats with cardboard and velvet, and I could see they had tried to get what Miss Marian Charters called "subtle" effects by combining three colors together, which was convenient for those whose velvet ran to scraps. Miss Betty Carter had taken that queer, slimpsy basket woven of rope strands which her uncle had brought back from the Shetlands and had twisted it up so that it looked mighty cute with black velvet and tan roses. There was a heap of violet showing everywhere, which proved that the spirit of Miss Marian Charters was indeed over us.

We had got to the litany when there was a little stir in the back of the church. I know I shouldn't have looked behind, but it was an upsetting day and nobody really felt like they were in church; not even the clergyman, for I saw his eyes get glassy in his efforts to keep his mind off the clothes of his flock. I looked round then, and with the tail of my eye I saw Mr. Durgan sitting down in the back of the church; and advancing up the aisle came a woman in a tight violet gown with a coronet of yellow puffs under a great purple velvet hat ornamented with touches of gold and with violet plumes. I almost thought it was Miss Marian Charters shrunk to half her size; then I reckoned it was some stranger till she got closer, and I saw it was Mrs. Secor-Browne.

After that I might as well have been in a dissenting chapel for all I heard of the service. I reckoned I saw why Mrs. Secor-Browne didn't want to think Mr. Durgan was engaged to Miss Marian Charters. Of course if she wanted to set about preventing it, that was her affair, though there might be two opinions about the method she was choosing. So this was the business that had taken her to New York—to get her hair bleached and buy violet dresses and Ampeer puffs!

When the service was over, it was just like a reception in the churchyard. Seeing my friends face to face was a revelation, for they had all been using the bottles and packages and had nice soft skins and pretty color. Of course no one looked aware of any one else's clothes, but they all took each other in and got new ideas for the next spell of dressmaking. The gentlemen were more attentive than I have ever known them to be; they quite put their sons in the shade, and most of them looked mighty



Drawn by William A. Kirkpatrick

IT WAS LIKE A RECEPTION IN THE CHURCHYARD

proud of their wives, like they had just lately married them.

But no woman got the attention Mrs. Secor-Browne did, which just shows how queer husbands are, for not a gentleman of them would let his wife bleach her hair next day; they drew the line at that, they said. But Sunday they hung over Mrs. Secor-Browne like bees over a honey-pot. Mr. Durgan moved among the ladies, not far from Mrs. Secor-Browne. I slipped away soon round the back of the church and went home. A little colored boy came running after me about the time I reached the house and said Mrs. Secor-Browne wanted me to have dinner with her and Mr. Durgan, but I sent back word that I was right much obliged but would have to be excused.

I reckon it was about half past three when I heard the motor-car. Mr. Durgan came in and shook hands in his big way.

"How are you, Miss Sallie?" he said. "We missed you at Mrs. Browne's. Did you have a headache?"

"No, my head didn't ache," I replied.

"Didn't the ladies look grand!" he said, and I could see Mrs. Secor-Browne had been praising him for turning Miss Marion Charters loose on us.

"I'm glad you were pleased, Mr. Durgan," I said.

"Pleased? Speaking confidentially, Miss Sallie, it's done me a lot of good to feel I've been of use to this crowd of nice people; it's a pleasant change from making money. You're all so kind and sweet, and when I saw how nothing goes on down here, and how your poor minds have nothing to chew on, and you were all growing old before your time, I made up my mind you should have one interest in life, anyhow, and so I sent the beauty-parlor woman down."

I was never so indignant in all my life.

"You have meant well, Mr. Durgan," I said, coldly; "but we Southerners have plenty to interest us, and I don't see that we need reforming."

"Now, Miss Sallie, I didn't mean it that way," he said, and it did me good to have that big creature meaching before me.

"You come down here and put a lot of silly ideas in the heads of people, some of whom are silly enough," I said, thinking of Mrs. Secor-Browne. Then I got angrier and angrier, and I talked a heap more and told him what my mother and my grandaunt Ellen would have thought of it, and Cousin Martha Washington if she were alive now—for as my mother was a Custis I have the right to speak of Lady Washington as cousin.

"Well, Miss Sallie," he said at last, "I'd hoped to spend a good many pleasant weeks down here—"

"Why not?" I asked; "you've a heap of friends: all those ladies in Ampeer puffs and umbrella-cover dresses."

"Oh, well," he said, "I ain't done what I set out to do, that's all. To tell the truth, I hate Ampeer puffs; I was thinking to-day what a relief you were with your nice parted brown hair—oh, well, I'm called to England on business and I'd thought to come back here."

I reckoned I saw what he meant and was thinking of the best words in which to congratulate him, when he said:

"I'll probably see Mrs. Browne over there. She sails the week after I do, and she wants to introduce me to a man she knows in London that I can give a tip or so to. She's been pleased with what I've done; she'll impress her relations all right with her style. Well, Miss Sallie, it rests with you whether I put this place Grassmere up for sale again or not."

"Rests with me?" I stammered.

"Sure it does," said Mr. Durgan; "no clothes could make you look better to me than you did the first time I saw you, but I wanted to please you, and I thought you seemed interested in the Charters woman's clothes that night you had dinner with me. I won't come back here on my return from England unless you say so."

Then it dawned on me that he was actually courting me. I couldn't say anything for a minute, but I was determined that whether I gave him my hand or not I would not have any rushing Northern motor-car kind of courtship, so I said:

"I'll be pleased to have you come back in a month, Mr. Durgan, and then we can discuss the matter of your staying permanently."

Some Votaries of Bruges

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

"THANK Heaven it's only a calf!"

The man who made this remark wiped his forehead and wandered back to his chair and his chops. One by one the diners of the small, dimly lighted café left the window where they had rushed a moment before. Feet shuffled, chairs rattled, and the interrupted meal was resumed with the confused clatter of ponderous crockery and the metallic scraping of hardware.

That the casual passing of a calf led by an overgrown boy in sabots could be the means of stirring up so much excitement seemed to me an hypothesis unworthy of serious consideration. My astonishment increased as the red-headed painter proceeded to count all present.

"Twelve, all told," he said. I noted that he had included me.

"You've forgotten Vermeers," somebody observed.

"Vermeers can't help us; he has a weak stomach."

"How about Schauerbaum?"

"He can't help us either. He's a vegetarian."

The artist who had just spoken borrowed a pencil and figured in silence on his napkin.

"Using the same schedule we established last month, I make it approximately two weeks, providing," he added, turning to me, "that the gentleman is not a vegetarian."

I was not.

"Then I can safely say it will take two weeks."

The joy at its being a calf, the counting of all present, and the elaborate calculations of the painter who had decided that solution was in the neighborhood of two weeks—here were items that formed a problem worthy of the highest analytical talent. In desperation I turned to Mr. Caulthrope, who had so fervently given thanks to Heaven.

"Would you tell me what difference it would have made to you if it had been a cow instead of a calf?"

"Why, my dear chap," he began, "it is going to take us two weeks dead reckoning to get rid of that calf. Now if it takes nine men two weeks (not including the servants), how long do you suppose it would take them to eat a cow?"

"You *don't* mean to say—?" I gasped.

"I mean to say that every bit of livestock that goes through that porte-cochère on a Saturday (horses excepted) is part of an odd lot that our revered proprietor has bought somewhere at excursion rates, and that is going to stay with us till we eat it. You paid in advance, I suppose?"

I nodded.

"Told you they would make special rates by the month, eh?"

I blushingly admitted it.

"We're all in the same boat," he added, by way of consolation.

"Was the last—er—purchase, a calf?" I was now thoroughly anxious.

"Two sheep — one fearfully moth-eaten."

So much for our hotel menu; but then one does not leave Paris and go to Bruges to eat, and there were other compensations. A cool shady terrace, securely entrenched behind a high hedge of bay trees, concealed the little groups of white chairs and tables, and looked out upon a drowsy square that awakened twice a week to the rattle of sabots and commercial activity. Beyond this a lovely background of Gothic step gables formed a romantic barrier against a misty horizon varied by the graceful belfries of distant sanctuaries.

Your bedroom window is a flower garden nodding with geraniums, and at night, when a Venetian silence casts its spell over the dead city and you have slipped between the covers with one eye open, watching the moonlight play over the weather-beaten tiles, the great belfry,

looming pale and ghost-like in the deep unfathomable void above, breaks the cloistral silence with its old story. A flood of golden, molten tones falls like a benediction on the slumbering city, marking the passing of each quarter of the hour, and faintly echoing from gable to gable, to die away in half-forgotten quarters, where old canals lie motionless like bands of quicksilver, glimmering in the moonlight.

My first day in Bruges began with a rather odd attitude on the part of my fellow boarders. Caulthrope, who the evening before had been the soul of hospitality, now nodded me a cool good-morning. Hethrington, who was kind enough to post my letter, now greeted me with marked formality; the red-headed painter, who showed me the way to the tobacconist, buried himself in his newspaper after a perfunctory greeting.

The atmosphere became strained to a point where the red-headed man eyed Caulthrope, and Caulthrope stared suspiciously at Hethrington. The latter scowled at me. In my peculiar position I did what seemed to me the right thing under the circumstances: I glared at the waiter, and brooded over the possibility of the peculiar diet accounting in a measure for the eccentricities of my companions. My reverie was interrupted as one of the company rose hurriedly, looked furtively about him, and seizing his sketching-traps, darted down the street. He was soon followed by the others, who looked about them with great apprehension as a man might who is haunted by the spectre of a creditor. In my innocence I then marvelled, but now I am told by an unprejudiced resident that I unconsciously go through the same solemn ritual before departing in the morning.

By way of explanation it should be pointed out that in Bruges the overworked, when an artist finds a new subject and stands on virgin soil, his exuberance is such that in his desire to conceal it he becomes either offensively formal or effusive, and will sneak about like a man who has robbed a safe. When he leaves his lodgings he will lie like a drug-fiend about his destination, and will childishly make a long détour for fear that the man who breakfasted with him may dog his footsteps and steal his subject.

His new "find" is a nest-egg for him, to be hatched out at propitious moments, when the light, temperature, and general conditions are right. Of course ninety per cent. of the nest-eggs one sees in Bruges should be quietly destroyed and buried in the period of incubation for the public welfare, but nobody seems to have the necessary initiative. The fact that a new point of view in Bruges is rarer than radium brings to the artist a strange exaltation difficult to describe, when he realizes the full significance of his discovery. He becomes as overbearing as a setting hen and quite as intolerant, and will resort to any expedient to keep you out of his sight.

"Going out to-day?" you ask, after breakfast.

"To the Béguinage," he replies, with some restraint, eying you suspiciously. He leaves you and steps jauntily down the street, giving the correct impersonation of a lover going to a tryst, by plucking imaginary hairs off his coat lapels. When you stumble upon him later, half hidden behind a great canvas in an obscure corner diametrically opposed to the direction he announced as his destination on parting with you, he has not even the decency to offer a suitable explanation or show a suspicion of embarrassment.

"Good morning," is his formal greeting; his eye looks through you like a gimlet and his air of suppressed agitation makes you feel apologetic and wish you had not discovered him. There is that in his manner which stamps him as a man who is hatching out something, and until he is through a wide berth should be given him.

It will be seen that when a man offers to show you three virgin subjects of Bruges he has opened his heart farther than the Deity ever intended him to—in Bruges. Caulthrope did all this, but there was a string attached to his offer. I was to swear to absolute secrecy concerning what I saw, and was not to work any of his claims until he had extracted the ore. After this I might do as I pleased, but for the present —he muttered something about having three subjects under way for each place.

We left the hotel with much mystery, making a long détour through venerable streets whose exquisite façades stood mirrored in the olive-green canals like an inverted city run wild with Gothic tracery. Long rows of pale-yellow fronts spaced with emerald-green shutters and small arcaded windows slipped past into the distance as we continued on our way, and virgins gray and bleached stood sheltered in their graceful Gothic niches, looking wistfully out across the shimmering surface of the old canals at the dim reflections of a dead city. Bridges innumerable, tufted with wild flowers and lichen, rose in a monumental arch to span the unexpected strips of water, but no idlers leaned languidly over the old gray parapets, watching the day pass, as in Venice. The rude stone benches are vacant save when some decrepit woman sinks for a moment, exhausted under her heavy burden, for a brief respite. For there are no idlers in Bruges: each drowsy court and gloomy interior echoes faintly to the dry monotonous rattle of the lace-pegs. Every doorway reveals the bowed heads and swiftly moving fingers, and there is a nervous, disquieting tension in the air.

"If we are going to the Quai St.-Anne, why not shape our course in that direction?" I asked, for I had studied my map and knew we were heading in the wrong direction. Caulthrope reassured me. "There's no use in taking chances," he observed.

We rested for a moment on the old Pont de Gruythuis, whose gray uneven pavement is worn hollow by the footsteps of endless generations of painters, and we had settled down for a half-hour's Elysium in this Arcadia for painters, when a canvas loomed up in the distance, heading in our direction. The owner whose thin wiry legs appeared below the stretcher was completely obscured as under a heavy head of sail, and held his course tenaciously till he reached the corner, where a sharp gust from an unexpected angle made it imperative for him to put about or be capsized.

The gentleman had executed this manœuvre beautifully, and was jockeying for a new start when the truth dawned upon us: it was the red-headed man!

"Quick—we'll go in here!"

In great agitation Caulthrope pulled me into a lace store. "He'll go by in a moment, and I don't want him to see us here." With this he closed the door softly and effaced himself. By a happy coincidence we had stumbled upon a scene peculiar to Bruges.

In the rear of the shop stood three aged women whose skin seemed to have shrunken and dried yellow on their bones. Their long black hood cloaks hung in full splendid folds, concealing the gaunt emaciated frames beneath. Years of slavery had bent the shoulders and bowed the head, and the bony, wrinkled hands were twisted with rheumatism.

The shopkeeper—a shrewd, calculating, sphinx-like spinster of forty years or more—stood counting small change, while the three elderly derelicts stood in a frightened group, staring wistfully. A little girl of twelve held the hand of the most helpless of the three, whose dim, deep-set eyes seemed to discern the counter and the shrew behind it with difficulty.

The clinking of money as it dropped into feeble, outstretched hands brought the tension of the group to breaking-point, and vented itself in a hopeless wail such as a child might make when it breaks its toy. As the money was counted, the dim eyes filled with tears, and they muttered unintelligibly. In an instant the little flaxen-haired girl stepped defiantly out from the others, her face flushed crimson and her diminutive body trembling with indignation.

"It's a shame," she cried, shaking a tiny, admonishing forefinger at the shopkeeper. "Last week it was forty centimes short and now it is fifty!"

"If you don't like what I give, don't come back," sneered the shopkeeper.

When they reached the street we stopped the child and dropped fifty centimes into her hand to make up the deficit. I asked her the age of the most feeble of the party.

"Grandma is eighty-seven."

"How long has she been making lace?"

"Since she was five years old—she makes two patterns."

"Has she always done two?"

"Yes."

"How much does she make a day?"

"She used to make sixty centimes a day and sometimes more, but now the

storekeeper only gives her fifty and sometimes forty-five."

With ten, twelve, and fifteen cents a day it is little wonder that one-fourth of the population of Bruges are paupers.

Strictly speaking, there is no artist zone in Bruges, but there are places where it is difficult to go twenty feet without bumping into an artist or easel. The Quai Dyver, enveloped in the deep shadow of its stately grove of trees, leads from the Pont de Gruythuis, that we had left a moment before in such precipitation, to the Quai du Rosaire, and claims a group of votaries entirely distinct from the worshippers of the other artistic Arcadias. Its devotees would shudder and feel that they had lost caste if seen painting along the Quai Vert, for the latter belongs to the English and American dilettante.

Here may be seen the young girl who has taken up painting at the advice of her family physician to strengthen her wrists, and beside her, perched on a sketching-stool, the young man who neither toils nor spins, trying to aid her. The robust Briton, who late in life developed temperament and ideals, is found squatting along the quai with his entire family, all messing about with expensive colors, and hovering over this group is the Man-who-knows, pointing out the hidden subtleties of nature, giving the small boys and girls a patronizing tap of approval; now stopping to show Father a sure formula for making trees, or darting over with a long sinuous movement of the forearm to aid Mother in the completion of one of those hand-made art products we all know so well.

The odd, irresistible silhouette of the Quai Vert was rapidly disappearing in the distance as we crossed a small bridge and turned into a narrow street, where a small estaminet appeared, wedged in between the adjoining houses. With its sagging window-frames and bulging front leaning at a drunken angle toward the street, this derelict seemed to have made in bygone ages a desperate effort to liberate itself, and to have stuck there for eternity.

An apéritif with the widow in charge of an ailing business enabled us to gain access to the garden in the rear, in which one still sees the remains of what once was a bowling-alley, now overrun with wild flowers. The air was heavy with the perfume of roses, and the drowsy humming of bees added to the ineffable languor of this little Eden which had apparently settled down contentedly in its splendid isolation regardless of time and the changing of seasons. In an arbor, submerged beneath a fluttering sea of ivy, was a small café table, littered with autumn leaves, and a broken fan lay in fragments beneath our feet. In rummaging about I discovered the remains of a long black glove, but these were the only tokens of the garden's dead past.

Now thoroughly aroused, I was for continuing my search, but Caulthrope would have none of it, on the ground that my discovery was of a purely literary, not pictorial value. "I saw it first" was as good as written all over the man as he elbowed me about; indeed, if he had planted the garden himself he could not have been more overbearing, but in view of the significance of his find I restrained myself.

"Looking out from the arbor it is exquisite," he began, mastering his emotion with difficulty; "almost more than one could ever hope to find for an oblong canvas. Now let me show you a composition that makes this one look positively commonplace in comparison. We'll pass around to the other side of the arbor and look . . ."

These last words sank into a hoarse whisper and died on his lips. Frozen into utter speechlessness, we beheld, securely entrenched behind a great canvas, the unmistakable outlines of the red-headed man. A cold, fowl-like eye played peek-a-boo with us at the other side of the stretcher. He was practically anchored out and had run guy-ropes from his easel to the ground, where they were secured to stout pegs, to keep the canvas from rocking.

Long after I had dragged my friend from the old estaminet, the odious spectre of the red-headed one, sitting alone in state on Caulthrope's premises, loomed up at every turn and drowned all genial impulses. And when, in an effort to cheer him, I pointed out the fact that he had two absolutely new motives to fall



RUE AVEUGLE
Etched by C. H. White

back on, and urged him to be cheerful under the circumstances, he turned on me fiercely and screamed: "Don't imagine for a moment *I* need cheering! *He'll* need cheering before I'm through with him!"

Then he took refuge in whistling a sickly melody to conceal the conflict raging within him, and to this dismal accompaniment we marched across Bruges, till a sudden resumption on his part of the amenities obtaining among gentlemen seemed to indicate the proximity of his second Eldorado. My suspicions were well founded. A narrow alley brought us to the entrance of a small deserted court, a mere pocket between the dilapidated houses such as one might poke one's head into in a moment of curiosity and pass by without comment. Once across the enclosure, however, the old court told a different story, revealing on the opposite wall a rude wooden shrine whose paint, once emerald green, had swollen in great blisters from the sun and now exposed faint and luscious blots of salmon. Here was the very quintessence of Bruges! A Virgin and Child in ceremonial robes stood in the little shrine on a bed of faded white roses, behind the weather-stained glass casing, and two lamps poised in rude Gothic brackets struggled fitfully with the daylight.

"When I spring this little discovery of mine on my Bruges co-workers they'll



QUAI VERT
Etched by C. H. White

never be the same," Caulthrope remarked, with an exultant ring in his voice, as he wandered back and forth, fondling the crude ornament with reverential hands, and pointing out trivial restorations with the eye of a connoisseur. This was unmistakably *his* property—unattached — and we settled down on a low window-sill to gloat over it as an epicure might before a dinner at Voisin's. It was while he was pointing out to me the fact that this shrine was erected to commemorate the ending of the plague at this spot that the window suddenly opened behind us and a deep voice exclaimed:

"Would you gentlemen please step aside; you're in my line of vision."

As we jumped and turned, a great raw-boned, red-faced, muscular female, whose accent betrayed her Scotch origin, appeared framed in the window, behind a canvas of childish proportions; and as we stood aghast at the sight, she proceeded to attack it in the fury of inspiration, cruelly slapping it with a peculiar drumming technique till it quivered and rocked on the frail easel.



LACE-MAKERS
Etched by C. H. White

This is Bruges. You circle about your subject, gloating inwardly at the thought of being first on the premises, and you look at it seated and then standing. In the morning you are back again, and midday finds you still hypercritical and undecided as to the most distinguished point of view. When you have finally finished the thing and become absorbed in other work, Christmas brings you back to it with a vengeance when your maiden aunt sends you the identical composition, painted on plush, in the Early Victorian style, with "Xmas Greetings" embroidered in the foreground.

That this tireless quest of the beautiful is as much the avocation of the good city fathers as it is the vital business

of the resident painter, I discovered in a rather odd manner, when a little circle of Brugeois, with whom I held nightly council in a café-chantant on the Grand Place, revealed how profound the Brugeois' learning is with respect to beauty.

On the night I have in mind I had left the café and was homeward bound across the Grand Place, when the sound of approaching footsteps brought me to a standstill. It was Colin, the goldsmith.

"What are you doing to-morrow morning?" he began, somewhat out of breath.

"Working," I replied.

"You have time for an apéritif at eleven?"

"Always."

He looked about him cautiously to make sure we were alone, and then whispered, "Would you like to see a beautiful woman?"

"By all means," I urged.

"Then to-morrow at eleven at my place —I'll expect you."

At the appointed hour we were swinging along to our destination while I speculated upon the outcome of our journey, for a beautiful woman in Bruges is as rare as—I am almost tempted to say rarer than—the new motive. Soon we crossed over the Pont Flamand to the Quai des Augustins, and as I looked about at the familiar surroundings I had been painting the day before, it suddenly occurred to me that possibly we were heading for an estaminet where I had met . . . but no—I argued. The situation would be too absurd, and I dismissed it. My worst fears were confirmed when we entered the doorway of a small estaminet whose simple furniture consisted of a billiard-table, some chairs, and three small tables. A diminutive pewter bar occupied one end of the room, and when a shaft of sunlight sifted through the orderly row of liqueur-bottles, ranged neatly against the wall, the dark interior glowed with all the colors of the solar spectrum.

As we entered, an attractive middle-aged woman dropped her sewing and rose to meet us, and while we shook hands a door opened and a young woman rushed forward to greet Colin. A glance convinced me that this was *my* Margot of the sidelong glance and equivocal smile, a curious mixture of the child and the woman, who, radiant in the full bloom of her sixteen years, had come to my rescue the previous morning with a fresh paint-rag to remove some paint stains on my clothing. I was groping about in my best French for a greeting worthy of her, when Colin interrupted me.

"Mademoiselle Margot," he began, "I want to present my friend, Monsieur"—suddenly recalling the name of an English client, he proceeded, "Monsieur Henderson, a distinguished engineer from America, who is in Bruges to superintend the new equipment of the steel-works."

I inclined my head to hide my shame, while Margot gravely bowed without revealing for a moment our acquaintance. When we left this most domestic of all estaminets Colin turned to me.

"Çà t'en bouche un coin," he said; which is the argot for "that's going some," and I admitted it was. A look of triumph in his eye recalled an argument I had started one night in the café with regard to the absence of attractive women in Bruges, and I at once assured him I was in ruins with remorse. On parting he lowered his voice and whispered "Don't mention this to the other fellows at the café. After all, it's *our* business."

Barely an hour had passed when by a happy accident I ran across the Doctor, of the café group, bustling along on his way to see a patient.

"What a strange coincidence!" he exclaimed, clasping my hand with a feverish grip. "I have just this minute been asking our friend Colin where I could find you, but as he hadn't seen you since last night he couldn't aid me."

I winced at my false position and awaited developments.

"Was there anything particular you had in mind?" I finally ventured.

"Why, yes. What are you doing around five o'clock?"

"Nothing worth mentioning."

He swept the street with an anxious eye and whispered, "Would you like to see a *very* beautiful woman?"

"By all means," I urged.

"Meet me in the Grand Place at my café at five," he replied, and then left me.

The moment we passed the Hôtel de



HÔTEL DE GÊNES
Etched by C H. White

Gênes and held our course down the Rue Flamande I had a premonition of what awaited me. The old Pont Flamand was crossed; the gray front of the estaminet frowned down on me with crushing gravity, and we passed through its massive doorway.

"Mademoiselle Margot," the Doctor began, in his oily, professional manner, "it gives me great pleasure to present



PENTELLIKES
Etched by C. H. White

my friend, Monsieur Jameson, who represents the vast interests of the Standard Oil Company, and has been sent to inspect their works in Bruges."

I hung my head to hide the deep crimson I could feel creeping slowly down my neck, while Margot dropped a curtsy with a smile that spoke exhaustless worldly wisdom. When, after a half-hour's badinage, we stood in the open again, I stole one glance back, and was rewarded by discovering in the deep shadow of the doorway a trim white silhouette and a fine shapely hand waving at me.

"Why did you invent that business about Jameson?" I asked, admonishing him for his unnecessary duplicity.

"To be a conspicuous figure in the commercial world can harm no man when he meets an attractive Brugeoise: and, by the way," he continued, his voice sinking into a confidential tone, "you needn't mention this little incident to the crowd at the café. There's nothing like keeping one's business to oneself in *this* town."

Then we parted.

Shortly before leaving Bruges, on a clear Sunday morning, I stood sunning myself against the warm façade of a church, and was watching the stream of worshippers pour through the great vaulted doorways into the golden sunlight of the street, when a familiar voice

brought me out of my lethargy. It was Stevin, a chemist of the café gatherings.

"This is exceedingly fortunate," he began, his eyes shining with unnatural brilliancy; "that a late mass should have brought me face to face with the man I have been looking for since yesterday. Are you free this morning?"

"That depends," I replied, profiting by past experience.

He looked carefully about him and then led me away a few feet. When we were quite alone he whispered hoarsely, "Would you care to see an *extremely* beautiful woman?"

"Stevin," I said, my worst suspicions aroused, "I would not."

"Well, you're *going* to see one in spite of it," he replied, not at all upset by my attitude. "When I make an assertion I prove it. Now you will recall our argument about the Brugeoise . . ."

"My dear fellow—forget the argument! I gladly retract everything."

It was a desperate effort to head him off, but he closed in on me.

"No hollow victory for *me*," he replied, with grim stubbornness.

How I loathed myself as we started on our journey, for I was now certain of our goal. A peculiar numbness stole over me, and it was not until he gave my button-hole a jerk that I realized we were standing on the ill-fated bridge.

He swept the quays with a restless eye and began: "It is just as well not to mention this little outing to my brother Auguste or to any of the rest of the café crowd. Poor Auguste is a charming fellow but something of a bigot, and . . . well—you understand."



A Street Scene
Etched by C. H. White



AFTERNOON GOSSIP
Etched by C. H. White

In my then bewildered state, the incidents that followed seem strangely unreal and distorted, as I recall them now. I remember distinctly bowing mechanically when Stevin mentioned a Mr. Watson of the English diplomatic corps, who was visiting Bruges, for past experience and subconscious intuition told me that it was I.

At the sound of Stevin's voice a guest who had buried himself in his newspaper looked up for an instant, and behold! Auguste of the narrow code of ethics, disguised in expensive Sunday raiment. For an instant the eyes of the brothers met, and the brief silence was broken by the younger Stevin rushing over with ill-concealed merriment and dragging him to our table, determined he should not escape us.

"Monsieur Prudhomme is *nice* and comes often," said Margot, pouting her pretty lips at Stevin.

"Monsieur *who?*" he asked, in amazement.

"Monsieur Prudhomme," she repeated, nodding to where the unhappy Auguste sat writhing in his chair. Then the truth dawned on us!

It all seems far away now, but whenever I think of the old Gothic city I wonder whether this *nom de guerre*—or perhaps *d'amour*—still clings to brother Auguste.

The Eleventh Hour

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

SHE despised him, she told herself fiercely often, as she ground a heel into the carpet, turning her back upon the retreating figure visible from the window, down the street.

He could have borne it all, he told himself, if his wife had taken it differently. The sting of it was in her indignant eyes when they looked at him, in her proud silence, in the things she didn't say, in the things she didn't do.

He had never meant to make such a mess of it when he married; it had been but the natural result of an inertia of temperament. The beginnings had been small—so small that he himself could not trace them; but his wife could. It had begun on that day when, after the natural *un*natural exuberance of roused efficiency—that first call upon his manhood which his marriage was—he had begun, quite unintentionally, to let his own temperament again have way; when he had begun to let Marcia write the notes he should have written, order the things he should have ordered, make the excuses he should have made. Lansing hated to make excuses; he hated in general everything that did not tend to make for pleasantness, which was what he understood as righteousness; and he hated the little exertion of acts not in themselves normally nor intrinsically unpleasant, but merely boring. It was so much easier to let Marcia acknowledge a gift, or even a debt, or explain why he could not keep an engagement—or even his word. And it was so easy to persuade himself that he had not time for all this, while Marcia, of course, had nothing else to do.

"You just drop a line—there's a blessed girl," disposed of so many annoyances.

And it was so easy—at first—to persuade Marcia also of this. For, in fact, what had she to do, beyond "keeping house" after the manner in which women of her class understand housekeeping, and which meant merely—watching other women keep it. And was it not her dream to associate herself with her husband in every way? Lansing, on the other hand, had distinctly a business and an office in which he was nominally supposed to be occupied an uncertain certain number of hours a day. As there was no great pressure of business therein, it was perhaps equally natural to spend more hours than Lansing ever saw any advantage in counting up, on the baseball field, at golf, or at whatever might be doing. He argued indeed that much business was transacted at these places, a faith sustained just often enough by the occasional insurance or real-estate job he did in fact "pull off" there, and which in the satisfied glow of conscience thus prompted seemed quite to make it not worth one's while to take into account what one might have missed meanwhile at the office. As people soon tire of calling at empty offices, there was less and less reason why he *should* reckon anything missed by his absences.

From the easy habit of not answering friendly and social notes came the easier habit of not answering business ones; these were if anything a greater bore than the other. Marcia again could "just drop a line" explaining; and it was only when things reached, as they did with a surprising rapidity, a point past explaining, even to Marcia, that the disadvantages of this method became fully apparent. For naturally the consistent dodging of the easy is no preparation for a determined grappling with the extra hard when it suddenly presents itself. There is but one course—to dodge again, and with celerity. There is always the chance that the hard of to-day may, by some divine intervention of chance, become the easy of to-morrow. And if not—for what are desk drawers made so significantly capacious? That which is buried is as good as dead.

It was only when the bills, rejecting this premature interment, began to be inconsiderately presented at the house, that the real trouble began, and Lansing found himself confronting the feminine incapacity for "understanding business," when expressed in terms of obligations that cannot be met, which is calculated to drive a man anywhere or to anything. The plastic became the adamant. Marcia, in other words, became a sudden judge.

Habits, on either side, are not easily broken. She still went on explaining things to people, even those which she herself did not understand; but Lansing felt she did not do this with a good grace, and the knowledge hurt and grieved him. When should a man's wife stand by him, if not when he needed her? When he said at breakfast, for instance, "By the way, Smythe may be around this morning about a little account; I wish you'd just explain to him—" his wife's rigid silence was, he felt, distinctly unfriendly and unsympathetic. It reduced him to pushing back his chair in resentful awkwardness, and to leaving the house without a good-by kiss. *That,* by the way, was getting to be altogether too frequent, whereas kisses were not; Marcia being about as kissable nowadays as an iceberg. This was not a pleasant pass for things to have come to between two young people who only a few short years ago had forsaken all the world for each other. And Marcia acted precisely as if he had done the whole thing intentionally, deliberately, and of choice, when Heaven knew it was the very last state of things he could have desired to bring about. As if any man would wilfully contribute to bring into his wife's eyes the kind of expression he so often saw in Marcia's. He was perfectly willing to acknowledge that he must have been at fault somehow to make such a mess of it, but if Marcia would only have understood how little he had intended to do it, and how uncomfortable he was in the consciousness of having nevertheless done it. He was frightfully sorry for Marcia, too; the thought cut both ways; and yet she acted as if *she* thought he felt nothing—nothing whatever. That *she* had long given up feeling for herself he knew; he had seen her harden into a kind of beautiful petrification under his very eyes. And he knew why that was, too; having had her ideal of him shattered, nothing else seemed to Marcia worth feeling about; she was like a stone image upon which the successive blows of fate fell without awaking any emotion in it. The only emotion she still felt, he was convinced, was one of contempt for him, but that was compounded of all the fires there are—love, scorn, pride—Marcia was very proud; he knew that when he married her; and she had been very proud of him—it was pleasant to remember this now! He would have given much to win back that pride again—but what could a man do? Affairs were at such a pass that there was literally nothing to do but dodge—and men dealt, it was well known, more leniently with a woman. What good would it do Marcia if he stayed at home and interviewed tradesmen he could not by any possibility pay? There was nothing for it but to temporize—to drift and drift—under the steady scorn of those eyes of Marcia.

Sometimes he thought if she had only been able to take a different attitude—he did not blame her for the attitude she did take—he could have made a fresh start. He thought this sometimes while he was standing, hands in his pockets, watching a ball game; and when he mechanically pulled them out to applaud and shout, "Good ball!" with the crowd. He went there because he must go somewhere; it was intolerable to sit in an empty office and think about Marcia at the house receiving duns. Besides, there was always the chance of "pulling something off"—he didn't know what, but something; and in short he had to be somewhere. Half the time when he was watching the game he hardly saw it; he was not thinking of the ball, but of Marcia.

Women had, after all, an easy time—Marcia might remember. They sat at home and waited for the man to do it all. And he had fully meant to do it all; to keep Marcia sitting at home forever, just as other men kept their wives; he wanted her to have everything they had; he had never wanted her to work, never asked anything of her; he didn't ask anything now—except a little human sympathy.

One part of his view of the case had occurred to Marcia, after stolid months of facing impending ruin. She had come to it slowly, having been neither born nor bred to it; her education had been exactly that of other girls of her class, framed to meet nothing in particular. As her father had taken care of her in his home, so she had serenely taken it for granted her husband would take care of her in his, in virtue of unexpressed exchanges. And she had meant to render a full return; Marcia was proud. Lansing should have a perfectly kept home, a wife who would be his companion in every sense, and a devoted mother for his children. Sometimes it had been a disappointment that no child had immediately come to claim her fulfilment of the latter obligation; now she blessed Heaven for it; no child ever *should* come now to hand on the weak traits, the defective manhood of the man she had—for her own endless self-scorn—given her life to. If he had been anything else *but* weak, she could have borne it.

"If I had only married a *man!*" she thought, bitterly. But a shuffler, a dodger from the consequences of his own acts, a man who put the load he shrank from himself on a woman's shoulders and went off to baseball! Marcia's lips trembled, her very hands trembled, when she thought of him at times. But she had come at last, through these gates of scorn, to one part of his view. She herself would go to work; she would not lean upon a thing so weak. They could go away—go anywhere; for that matter, they would presently have to; and there would be nobody to fight her determination. Not that she cared if there was; she cared for nothing any more. What could she do? Why, the usual thing—she could typewrite; she had learned in the early days of their marriage, when Lansing began to turn his business letters over to her, thinking, in a paroxysm of wifely devotion, how sweet it would be to help him so. And she had had plenty of practice since, as she reflected with a curling lip. The returns might not be magnificent—but she could at least earn her bread; for that matter, she could earn his too, if that were all—and, oh, how willingly she *would* have earned it, if that *had* been all. If she had had a husband, such as other women had, how little all else would have mattered! Failures and mistakes were nothing; they were young; they could have begun again; they could have lived in two rooms and gone without everything; she could have helped him work, and they could have been happier than they had ever been, if only—he had been what he was not.

It could not but be evident to Marcia, with all her inexperience, whither they were tending, or rather—rushing. If she had been in any doubt, there were plenty of people ready to explain it to her. She had long ago given up going anywhere, but that was not necessary for her enlightenment; the bills came steadily to the house, borne by more and more impatient collectors, and she was constantly explaining—for she still explained, whether from force of habit, pride, or old loyalty—that Mr. Delancy was not at home.

"I'd like to know if Mr. Delancy ever *is* at home," said one man, with irritated significance, folding up a paper one day.

Marcia grew slightly paler, but she looked at the man and made no reply. Her cold demeanor was perhaps her best defence. The man went off grumbling.

"And to think," thought Marcia, bitterly, when she had closed the door, "that it is he who is in the right—that he had a perfect *right* to feel outraged! Oh—how much longer can it go on!"

She knew—or she surmised with a certainty that was knowledge—that Lansing had borrowed money from time to time; but that too could not go on forever. Then with the usual suddenness the end came.

They were sitting at breakfast — a meagre breakfast, which Marcia had cooked. The last servant had left them a few weeks before, and Marcia had sold some of her wedding trinkets to pay a part of her wages. She had said nothing about it to Lansing; she rarely said anything about anything now. This morning, however, she was struck with something peculiar in his face or manner; much of the youth and buoyancy, she suddenly realized, had gone out of him; the old sunniness which had been so en-

dearing a charm was absent. He fingered the half-cold toast nervously, ate little, and barely tasted his coffee. Marcia knew the signs, and silently wondered what new trouble was in store, but for the very first time she also perceived—and with a brief, startled sensation—how the last months had told upon her husband. Even his beauty was deteriorating! They had been a handsome couple. For herself she had long felt ninety years old, but it had never occurred to her before that Lansing's youth could pass.

"Will you have more toast?" she asked, chiefly for the sake of saying something; for silence between them had grown as awkward as between strangers. There are no such strangers as the estranged who have been one.

"No, thanks," Lansing replied, absently; then suddenly rousing himself he made an effort at his old airy manner and smile. "I—I don't seem very hungry somehow."

"I'm afraid it's rather cold," said Marcia, in a corresponding tone. "I'm afraid I'm not a great success as a cook—" and then could have bitten her tongue. It was the very last thing she meant to have said; to reproach or complain, especially by implication, was not Marcia's way. Her husband flushed slightly and moved again nervously.

"I'm sorry," he said. "We—we'll do better by and by; it's only temporary."

"Oh, I don't mind *that* in the least!" exclaimed Marcia, with an unintentional emphasis, in her impatience that she could have seemed to mind a thing so trivial, but her husband got up quickly and went out into the hall.

He came in again presently, with his hat in his hand, and stood beside her. Marcia had not changed her position, but sat listlessly, with her untasted coffee-cup before her. He lingered a moment uncertainly.

"Did you want to say something?" she asked, indifferently.

Lansing hesitated a moment.

"No—I guess there's nothing." He hesitated a moment more. "Don't bother about any lunch for me—I sha'n't be back to lunch."

Marcia looked up quickly.

"Why not?" was on her lips, but she folded the words between them. She could not ask him that—at any pass. If he wanted to go to a ball game, let him go.

"Good-by," said Lansing.

"Good-by," said Marcia, coldly.

He turned away. She watched him go, dully; it all mattered so little. At the door he turned again and looked back, and their eyes met. The glance her husband gave her was piteous, and the pity of it struck Marcia so suddenly that she half rose from her chair, then paused instinctively; then, as she heard the outer door open, she sprang to her feet and hurried out.

"Lans!" she cried—but the door had already closed, and as she tore it open she heard the gate click and saw her husband's figure disappearing behind the hedge. She could not run after him! But she did run back to the dining-room window. Lansing was just vanishing down the street, and again it seemed to her suddenly stricken imagination that there was something changed—something unnatural in his bearing. He carried his head bent, instead of lightly thrown back, and he walked heavily. He was suffering, she was sure!—in some fashion he was suffering!—and with that perception all the wounded love and maternity in Marcia, throwing all things else to the winds, sprang instantly to life again. Lans was suffering—perhaps he had needed her! Never had she seen before in his eyes that look of appeal. Instead he had met her growing coldness—her growing scorn and indignation—with flippancy, with an offhand lightness, with mere bravado. Now it came to her all at once that he had been afraid—afraid of her, as he had been afraid of the other things—and that only in the last ditch of extremity, as it were, had he turned upon her that dumb look of appeal. She did not stop to ask herself what had brought him to that last ditch so suddenly, she understood merely that he *had* in some manner reached it, and in that instant he had turned to her—for what? It might be a plea for pardon, a confession, a promise, or a prayer—all it had left with her was that sense of his having somehow cried out to her, and her having failed to respond and let him go away like that. And with that reaction of feeling which women know, all at

once she mourned over him and yearned over him with an infinite yearning, out of that inextinguishable fund of latent tenderness and compassion from which Nature makes mothers.

Why had she not been quicker to overtake him! She had let him go—who knew where?—for all at once she was certain it was not to a ball game. With a recurrent pang she remembered he had said he was not coming home to lunch. Perhaps he *never* meant to come—perhaps he had reached even that point. All through the morning, while she performed her household tasks mechanically, and even invented several to fill the long hours, she was more and more nervous and anxious. Wherever she turned, that look of her husband's confronted her; it seemed to her she should never get it out of her mind again. And though she tried with almost feverish activity, she could not distract her thoughts a moment from him. How had he managed to reveal himself so wholly in one look? And she had thought all along that he did not care. As the hours went on, she began to blame herself unjustly—that was in the inevitable nature of the case; she was stricken with that remorse of motherhood which can never count itself wholly irresponsible for its erring child, and which, when it has done all, has still done too little. Could he help being weak, after all?—and might not *she* have helped him to help it? Was it not partly her fault if, turning from him with the aversion of the strong for the weak, she had finally led him to fear and to shrink from her, as he had feared and shrunk from the other issues of life? Suppose he never came—that look of his would be with her all her life. Ah, if he *would* come—come *now*—she would simply go to him and put her arms round him—and they would begin all over. Why should she—the stronger—ever have sat at home and left him to do it all? But they would change all that—it was not yet too late; they would begin all over, if only he would come. She would be patient—tender—helpful; somehow they would work it out together.

"Give me just one chance—only one chance more!" she prayed, passionately, into a vague Infinite.

About lunch-time there was a ring at the bell, and Marcia's heart stopped suddenly. *He* would not ring, of course, and yet she knew that ring was somehow connected with her husband. She opened the door hurriedly. Two men stood there; one, a gentlemanly person with a legal look, raised his hat politely.

"Mr. Delancy?" he said, inquiringly; and Marcia, with a nameless and growing dread, repeated the habitual formula.

"Not at home."

The two visitors appeared momentarily embarrassed.

"But no doubt he *will* be here soon," the legal gentleman smoothly recovered himself. "He expected us. If you will allow us, we will—er—come in and wait."

Marcia opened the door wider mechanically. Lansing had expected these visitors. She followed them silently into the parlor; it was a pretty parlor, furnished in their days of happiness, and both gentlemen covertly approved it with their eyes, which nothing indeed seemed to escape. Marcia motioned them silently to chairs, and several painful moments followed. Then the elder gentleman, consulting first his watch and then his colleague with a glance, cleared his throat.

"I don't know as there's any use waiting longer; Mr. Delancy has evidently been—er—detained," and Marcia's attuned ear caught a peculiar inflection in the tone. "This is—er—a very painful business, Mrs. Delancy, but doubtless your husband has prepared you—has—er—explained the necessity."

"You have come—" said Marcia, quietly.

"For the execution—yes," he assented, with a bow. "You will excuse us if—er—we look about a little."

"Do whatever you choose," said Marcia.

The gentlemen bowed. They had never seen any one take it so quietly, and, having wives themselves, were secretly grateful to her for sparing their feelings. They were not cherishing precisely similar sentiments toward Mr. Delancy.

Marcia stood exactly where they left her; they were welcome to go where they chose—to take what they chose. Lansing had expected them. This then was why he had not come home to

lunch! This then was what that look of his had meant! Nothing mattered any more. There existed one man on earth capable of this consummate cowardice—and she had married him.

The two gentlemen, their inspection finished, returned to her again.

"You will have no—er—objection to our inspecting the other rooms?" said the legal one, suavely.

"None whatever," said Marcia. "The dining-room is this way."

She turned indifferently to lead the way. They followed her softly, with their hats in their hands, and spoke in lowered tones, like undertakers. They had just crossed the hall and she had flung open a door and indicated by a gesture that they should enter, when swift steps came running up the path and leaping up the steps outside, a key was thrust into the lock, and the front door flung open. Lansing stood on the threshold. His breath came in gasps, he was pale and panting and bathed in perspiration as if he had been running a long way; the drops of sweat fell unheeded from his face. His glance took in the group in the dining-room doorway in one flash, and with a step he was in the midst of it.

"I—am—very sorry, gentlemen—to be—so late," he panted. "I—I missed the tram—" Then he took Marcia by the arm. "This is—no place for you. Go up-stairs. I will attend to these—gentlemen."

"Certainly, Mr. Delancy," said the elder gentleman, whose manner had suddenly and subtly changed. "By all means! Don't let us put Mrs. Delancy to any inconvenience."

Lansing bowed slightly, and keeping that firm hand on Marcia's arm, led her from the room. At the foot of the stairs outside he stopped and looked down at her. He said nothing; he had indeed almost no breath with which to say it, if he had wished, but he did not even try. His lips were set in one white line, and the hand on her arm trembled, but Marcia, looking up into the white, perspiring face, saw her husband's soul shining in his victorious eyes.

Now, indeed, nothing mattered any more.

To Song

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

HERE shall remain all tears for lovely things,
And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,
Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings;
Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,
The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,
All silent secrets in all lonely parts
Where Nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O Magic of a Song!—here loveliness
May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,
And noble things stand towering o'er the tide;
Here 'mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul
The music of a voice that never died!

The Sycamore

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

ALTHOUGH always a matter for marvelling, the continued existence of the Hyatts seemed least a miracle in the high tide of the year. When the sun streamed hot upon their long-chilled house and vegetables were swelling in the garden, one could relax a little one's keen concern for them. Mather, who saw most of the inexplicable family, used to point this out, sometimes whimsically, sometimes in a kind of desperation, to those other old friends of the painter and his wife who couldn't help seeing what Hyatt painted and who couldn't help remembering how Cynthia looked. Although, to understand them at all, Mather said, it was positively necessary to spell Nature with a capital. You had to believe that they, or that Cynthia and her charming brood at least, were, in some explicit sense, the foster-children of a beneficent earth-mother, who chose to keep them nourished from her own mysteriously yielding breast and who saw to it that they bloomed, though in an even scantier soil than wood-flowers, yet with a wood-flower's wild and startling grace. As no social or economic system could consistently sustain them, so none but a fantastic theory could explain their triumphant survival.

Persons of a practical and helpful turn of mind used now and then to devise relief programmes for the Hyatts, and then entrust to Mather the responsibility for their adoption. A little flat somewhere opposite the Palisades, with an instructor's post for Ansel, was a plan that had been urged with disinterested persistence, and that Mather had once or twice brought himself to the point of delicately mentioning to Cynthia—one didn't broach such matters to Ansel directly. And Cynthia always answered, with her look of bright astonishment:

"But *why* should we give up everything that we love? And what would you have Ansel paint?"

One simply couldn't explain without insulting them; that is, Mather thought he couldn't. So the Hyatts clung to their green valley, and dined on rice and milk, and Cynthia became constantly more lovely and every few years proudly displayed a new baby; and Ansel, who, alone of his thriving family, was becoming appreciably shrivelled, continued to paint landscapes that always included an ancient sycamore.

Cynthia herself used to tell charmingly the story of their coming to live in the valley; but a flaunted devotion to her husband, of which this and every other narrative of hers was made the vehicle, was more becoming in Cynthia's case than in that of many women. They had impulsively married, she used to relate, rather near the end of the month, when her own mite of an income was quite thoughtlessly exhausted and when Ansel's own resources seemed more than usually spectral; so by way of spending a frugal honeymoon they had started out on foot through Central Park, and a couple of days later found themselves in what later proved to be an untravelled part of Connecticut. At the time they merely knew it was their inevitable home. The shabby stateliness of the neglected old house, serene as a temple amid its indignities, had made a curious appeal to Cynthia's abundant tenderness; and Ansel had as promptly perceived that the gentle slopes of the valley that surrounded it had already too long awaited his understanding glance. Leaving him, therefore, to guard their discovery, she had begged a ride to the nearest town, where she had found an astonished agent and brought him back with her; whereupon they had all signed papers, and she had promised that the first instalment of rent be paid within a week; and Ansel, Cynthia always concluded, had never left the place since that day.

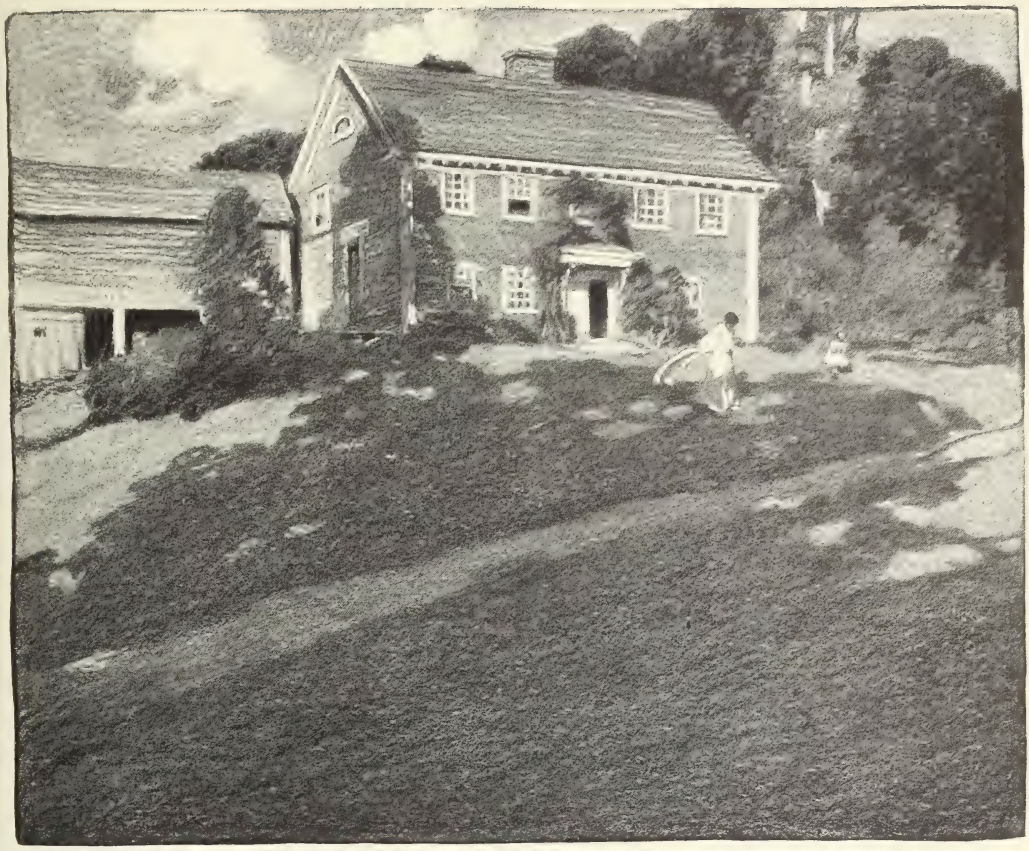
The statement was almost literally

true. What he had found here, almost without seeking, had satisfied the young painter's taste with dangerous completeness. It was his pride that he rejected, in a landscape, all intemperate luxuriance, all sensational contrast; and in this one he found neither. Its suggestive meagreness enraptured him. Even those vapors were of a singular tenuity that rose often from the slow-flowing stream, and floating up the hillside cast their delicate blue veil about the sycamore at the top. It was the first subject that he had chosen there, the sycamore; and he had been painting it ever since.

However, this latter information would scarcely have come from Cynthia. The source of her husband's remarkably constant inspiration held for her a kind of sacred awe that was by no means incompatible with her own liking for objects more radiant and vigorous. Lightning had once grotesquely riven the sycamore's trunk; and to Cynthia's whimsical vision the tree had always, on even the hottest days, a look of suffering from chill. And it seemed to her as if, from the moment that her husband began to paint it, the tree strove, in its uncouth way, to perform its appointed part. From year to year it more and more expressed to her the strain that its long and rigid pose inflicted, for there was never a season nor an hour that it was given respite. Yet she, or indeed any one, would have conceded that where it nobly stood, its gaunt arms flung against the changing sky, it had at all seasons a certain tragic effectiveness. Nobody questioned that, not even the painters who followed Hyatt's performances with such keen irritation, yet who couldn't bring themselves to the point of definitely dismissing their old friend's work and then forgetting him. It wasn't that he had not, now and then, hit off his idea rather capably; it was only that there seemed such excellent reason to fear that in ten years more he would still be reiterating his already outworn motive. But there was so much that was lovable and charming about Hyatt, they would insist to each other, quoting Mather's stories of what went on off there in the valley, miles away from the railroad—and an abominable place to find one's way to! Moreover, they all remembered Cynthia.

Mather's belief was that it would be the best possible thing for the Hyatt family, with its pressing material needs, if the sycamore should be cut down; for he doubted if even Ansel would keep on contemplating the stump. It was of course idle to wish that the tree would die. It would even be idle deliberately to poison it and put it out of its misery, as the flippant Cartwright had suggested, for he believed that Ansel would find the tree no less serviceable if it were dead. Indeed, it would then even more directly further what he believed to be his friend's artistic decadence. To Mather's own vigorous and wholesome fancy, the tree already quite sufficiently suggested death, with its livid patches of trunk, its writhing postures, and its melancholy crumpled leaves; and he believed that the only hope for Hyatt would lie in turning away from this too familiar spectacle and in painting something innocent and vivid and fresh. The year before, he had ventured, after much hesitation, to indicate to his friend one way in which this transition might be accomplished; and had himself done a study of Cynthia and the four little girls, grouped in sunlight. The thing had proved a greater success almost than the painter had intended; its only drawback was that it had rather a mythological air, whereas Mather and his work were passionately contemporaneous. But you couldn't prevent Cynthia from looking like a goddess of plenty, to save your life, and the little girls were always so artlessly (and a little scantily) dressed, that, with their eager faces and flowing tangle of hair, they could scarcely avoid suggesting "attendant nymphs." In short, the only objection to painting Cynthia all one's life from morning until night was that she was a shade too obviously designed for that very purpose. Her husband may not have been aware of this; but to obtain the concentration that he strove for, Ansel had to exclude a great many things from his vision. And the picture that Mather had painted as a very sign and a deliverance for him—Hyatt seemed not even to remember that he had seen.

Mather had remained in town on the July Sunday that the agent came over, and for that reason the two elder children, who sorely missed him, were softly



THE SHABBY STATELINESS OF THE NEGLECTED OLD HOUSE

singing to each other a chant of his perfections. Ansel was pottering in the studio, and Cynthia and the two babies were shelling peas in the yard with an appearance of innocent delight. The rent had been paid some time before, and Cynthia did not see why the agent's buggy should stop at the gate, or why the agent, followed by a companion, to whom she paid no attention, should so suavely present himself. He had come, however, he explained, to look at the leak in the roof, and he asked the liberty of taking the gentleman with him, who was interested in old houses, through some of the rooms. In her serene way Cynthia gave the permission and thought no more about it.

So when, only two days later, the catastrophe descended, it was with unmitigated force. An envelope bearing the agent's name had so familiar and unimportant an air that Cynthia almost neglected to open it at all. But it was as well that she waited until her husband had left her; for what the agent had written was that the house was sold. . . .

But the house was *theirs!*—theirs by the right of discovery, of inspired appropriation, of affectionate guardianship through all these years in which, little by little, their life had adapted itself, with such peculiar and indissoluble intimacy, to the beloved frailties of the infirm structure. Oh, in every sense it was theirs! They had never even dreamed of eviction. It might be that motors and trolleys and prosperous summer people had crept a little nearer, in the ten years that they had lived in the valley, but never so near that they had trembled for what seemed their own inviolable security, or feared any disaster more serious than that by which they were likely to be permanently menaced; for it had never yet seemed perfectly clear where the next quarter's rent was coming from. However, the agent had been

lenient; he, too, had taken it for granted that no one else was likely to fancy the neglected house.

Oddly, it was those features of the threatened sacrifice that mattered least that Cynthia, in this crisis, dwelt upon, over and over. She could have wept for thinking of the children's play-room, or of her own bed of hollyhocks. The real essence of the catastrophe she shrank from facing. Yet through her miserable brooding the reminder would now and then leap maliciously to her brain that it wasn't, after all, their beloved old house that was the indispensable thing. *It was the sycamore.*

She knew, of course, what their friends, with only half-concealed relief, would suggest to them. That the painter had already done admirable and perhaps sufficient justice to the rather restricted landscape that surrounded them. It was what Jimmy Mather, even, would say, if he were not so kind. It was, at any rate, what he would think. Only she and Ansel knew that Ansel did not wish to paint anything else. Only she and Ansel knew that when, some day, he should gain his full distinction, it would be by this serviceably familiar road. But it may have been she alone who knew—or, in some dim, shuddering fashion, feared—that the painter had arrived at a point where he had no longer any choice; that he *could* not paint anything else.

It was an intensely hot morning. Ansel, blanched and bloodless, industriously painted indoors, unaware of the heat. Cynthia's physical equilibrium was so perfect that ordinarily she also was unaffected, but to-day the hot, moist breath of the earth suffocated her. She could not even do the work that awaited her, and sat motionless, with the dooming letter in her lap. Now and then one of the children would come softly up to her, with a flushed, pouting face, and beg her to pin its hair high on its head, "like a grown lady." The little girls were much alike, with eyes set far apart, and blossomy mouths and firm chins, and as their mother looked at all four of them, their fair hair bunched high, and their cotton slips falling straight from their sweet, bared necks, she was unable for a full moment to feel anything but joy.

But then the dreadful definiteness of the thing again seized and gripped her. Their lease expired in two months, they were reminded. And the new owners naturally wished to begin repairs and improvements as soon as possible, so that if by any chance it should suit the Hyatts' plans to give up the house previous to the expiration of the lease, satisfactory arrangement would be made—and so forth. Of the various disturbing intimations, that relating to "repairs and improvements" was to Cynthia a peculiarly incisive thrust. The house was so ridiculously dear to them in its frail ancientness, with its warped floors and draughty passages and rattling windows. She knew what the invaders would most promptly set about to "repair"; and how the humpy lawn, enchanting to play games upon, and the lovely, untidy vines, would be "improved."

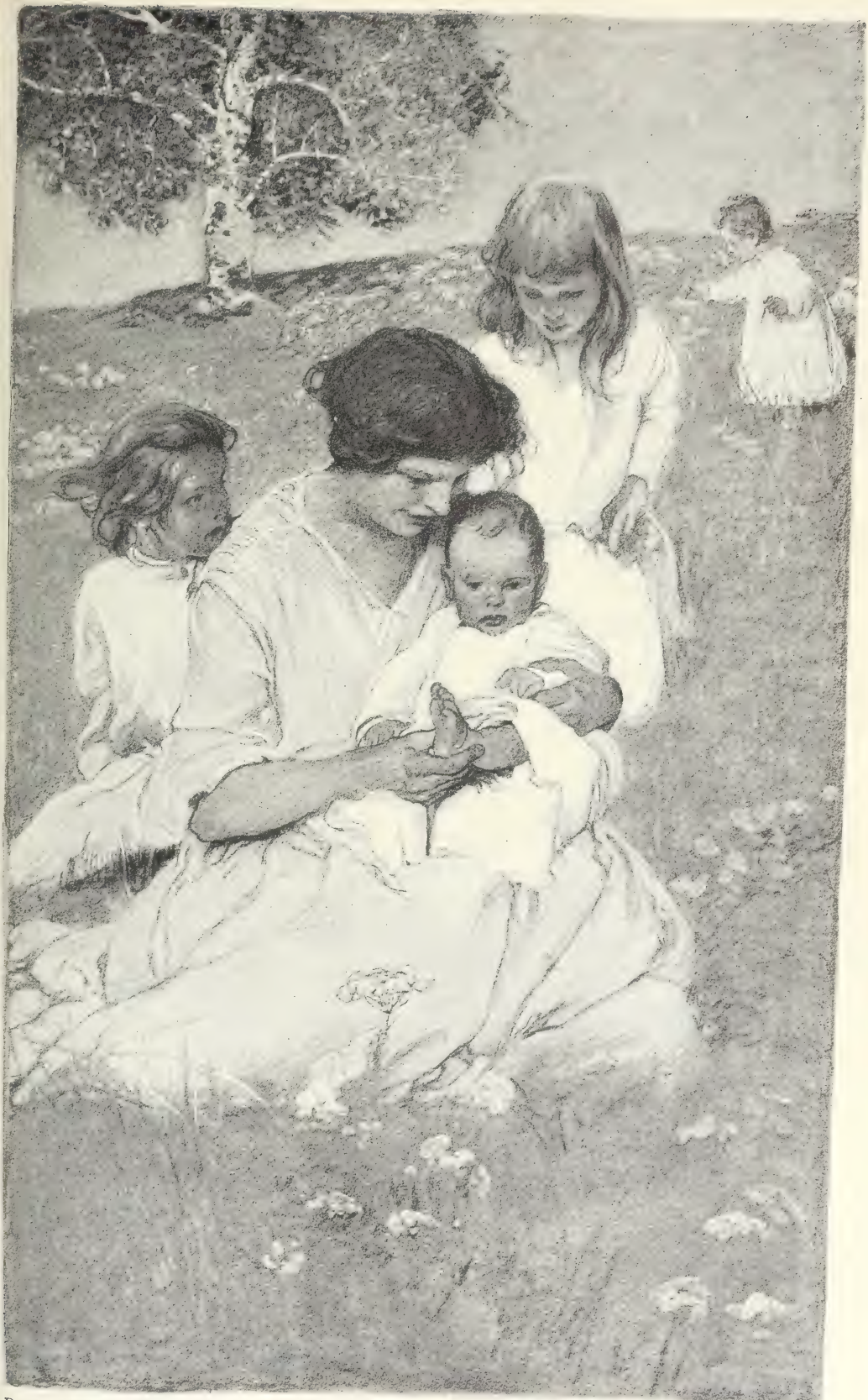
Still, if they were driven out, it would not matter what happened afterward. But they must not be driven out, they must not!

After sitting a long time, Cynthia's head ached so that she knew she must make herself some tea. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was already one; and remembering that the children had had no luncheon, she hastily prepared some and sent for Ansel, who, as rather rarely happened, consented to join them. Half an hour later, as they were all seated at table on the back veranda, they heard an automobile stop at the front gate and steps approach the house. In their cheerful household signs of this order were always construed as the descent from heaven of a picture-buyer; and Ansel smiled wanly now, at the recollection of this frequent pleasantry.

"I'd better go out myself and meet them," he suggested—deferring always to Cynthia, just as the youngest baby did, to have his suggestion confirmed. But Cynthia at this moment had her apprehensions.

"I would rather," she said, softly, to her husband; and, to the tallest child, "Peggy, see that Father has enough to eat."

Then, with that quick, springy tread of hers, she slipped through the house, and in a moment more was face to face with a strange young man and woman. Intuition had told her plainly enough



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE HYATTS CLUNG TO THEIR GREEN VALLEY

their errand, but she turned a gracious face of inquiry as they explained that they were Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow, and that they had ventured to come because Mr. Saunders had told them that perhaps—

Cynthia experienced an astonishing access of courage at sight of the visitors' youth and embarrassment. "Oh, I understand," she said, with a cooler courtesy. "Won't you sit down?"

"I came here first without Mrs. Ludlow's knowledge, even," the young man began, in a thick, ingenuous voice, "and so, of course—"

"You want her to see the house. Certainly," agreed Cynthia, still unsmiling. "But while we're talking of it—will you both forgive me if I suggest that we speak a little lower? My husband knows nothing of this, and I feel it my duty to spare him as long as possible. It will be so terrible a blow to him. He is so deeply attached to the place. I fear very much the effect upon his work. . . . Where may I have the pleasure of taking you first, Mrs. Ludlow—in the house or through the garden?"

Cynthia had not a scruple. She exulted in her own advantage, in the defencelessness of her antagonists.

"Oh, but that's so distressing," murmured the young woman. "Perhaps some other time, Mrs. Hyatt. It's not imperative, of course."

"Oh, but by all means, now that you are here. You plan to make improvements, I think the agent said."

"Why—yes—if Mrs. Ludlow agrees," stammered Ludlow, blushing deeply. The tiny black mustache that was to have imparted a look of sophistication to his innocent face failed grotesquely of its intention, and his deep-blue eyes had almost a look of tears.

"Our idea was"—young Mrs. Ludlow assumed a schoolgirlish importance—"to have the architect come out immediately—"

"The—*architect?*" repeated Cynthia, in a very soft, astonished tone.

"I think perhaps we'd better defer all that, Marian," Ludlow interposed. "We didn't dream, of course, when we made our hasty plans, that we were causing pain to any one. We merely want a place in the country to run away to—"

"And the house is so very attractive as it is." The girl seconded the attempt at propitiation. "We only thought that the servants—"

"Oh, the house has abundant room for servants. We have none because we are so very poor. But of course"—she rose, with a half-smile—"painters' families are always *hoping* to be richer, and I almost believe that if Mr. Hyatt were to have another uninterrupted year—Let me show you our lovely old hall, Mrs. Ludlow."

Ansel had gone back to his work now and the children were scattered. Cynthia punctiliously showed the strangers every corner of the house, gladly as they themselves would have abridged the inspection; for the more intimate rooms, the painter's study and the children's bedrooms, were displayed with so patient an air of reproach that the unfortunate young pair felt as though they were facing naked, breathing bodies that it was shortly to be their monstrous part to slay. Under such conditions, they had cold, hurried eyes for the stately mantels and the ancient door-latches. . . . Afterward the reluctant assassins went together for a look at the garden, while Cynthia waited for them on the porch. When they returned, young Ludlow's face was pinker than ever.

"I want to say one thing before we go, Mrs. Hyatt. Mrs. Ludlow and I have talked about the house, and we feel that—I mean to say that the actual legal arrangements with the owner of the property haven't yet been carried through, and that we so much dislike to—to cause you so much inconvenience that if I can call the thing off I shall do so. And I shall let you know as soon as possible."

Cynthia accepted this proposition gravely—even quite as though it were an act of mere decency that possibly the visitors had come rather near forgetting; and for the rest of the day she was able to smile.

The next day was Saturday; and Mather's day. Cynthia watched for him, bore him off alone and told him the incredible story, relating with especial pride her tactics of the day before. But Mather, since candor was impossible, found it a matter of extraordinary difficulty either to console or to advise. Particularly as he imagined that, in so far as their threatened misfortune con-

cerned her husband, her phrases were chosen with uncharacteristic reserve. She did not tell him that she feared Ansel could not paint in a new milieu; but because she so discreetly avoided any avenue to such a suggestion, he knew her well enough to guess that it lay hidden in her mind. He was ready enough to accept her intimation that it needn't be discussed. But Cynthia was a woman, and Ansel's wife; she could explain, extenuate, the preposterous thing. Mather's secret view of the painter's limitations was, with all his fondness for Hyatt, considerably less indulgent.

Monday morning, just before Mather left, a letter came from the agent, Saunders. It was not a particularly civil letter, but Saunders had evidently been much annoyed. It set forth that Mrs. Hyatt had seemed to misunderstand the situation; that the house was as definitely sold as a house could be, and that the final papers had now been signed.

"Which means, of course," Jimmy Mather commented, "that after you had terrified the young Ludlows they went weeping to Saunders, and he very naturally told them they were sacredly bound to keep their word to him. I'm afraid, Cynthia, there isn't much hope."

"There's one chance, I think," she persisted. "They're really such sweet, simple young creatures that I could be sorry for having been cruel to them if it weren't a question of our very lives. As it is—they have money, they can buy themselves other houses. So what I should like you to do, Jimmy, is to hunt up Mr. Ludlow in town and tell him that he's doing a dreadful thing, because we are too nice to be turned out, and ask him to rent his place to us instead of living in it himself. Then he can simply regard it as an investment. And we do pay rent now and then."

Jimmy looked at Cynthia. If his own secret sentiment for her ever dominated him, it was at that moment. "Why, of course—I'll do it," he said; then kissed the children all around and fled.

Two days later he sent the following discouraging news:

"Dear Cynthia,—You charmed and frightened the Ludlows horribly. But they now definitely own the house. And besides, other influences that I can't put my finger on have been at work. Then there's a flinty streak in the girl. Ludlow, I believe, would give you the house outright and tell you to make yourselves at home there forever; but his wife won't quite give way, now that she's thought it over. I spent an afternoon with them, and I know you'll believe I did my best."

No other recourse being apparent, Cynthia told her husband of their approaching doom. He said little, but after that she noticed that he did not touch his brushes, but sat all day in his studio as if stricken, with his unfinished canvases all about him. And the children wandered about for several days like little ghosts, holding their rag dolls to their breasts and looking reproachfully at Cynthia as if she, always so amply maternal and protecting, might have spared them *this!* Any effort on the Hyatts' part to transplant themselves was, however, so long delayed that it was finally Mather who, after a conscientious search, succeeded in finding a cottage that would keep them a great deal warmer and more comfortable, he earnestly insisted, than they had ever been before. Besides, the rent was less. And near by there was a stunning stretch of marsh that would coax the paint right out of the tube. Ansel nodded his head gravely when he heard this; but he refused to go and look at the new home.

During the last week of September the evicted family dismally trailed away; and by the first of October the regenerating army was in occupation—plumbers, carpenters, electricians, gardeners, in and out door decorators and embellishers of every approved description. Of the Hyatts' long tenancy all but a few rather pitiful traces were obliterated almost in a day. A wooden horse that had lost a rocker lay morosely on the lawn; and on the edge of the driveway a disintegrating easel stood awaiting its moment of collapse. The house itself, hollow and staring-eyed, regarded its invaders with the incredulous dismay of a plain elderly woman upon whom the attentions of a masseuse and hair-dresser have for the first time been forced. And behind, on the hill, so far unnoticed by the professional renovators, the sycamore shiv-

cred through the length of its scarred limbs, yet passively yielded its last decent covering of leaves to the wind's selfish insistence.

Mather, who had conscientiously been on hand to supervise the Hyatts' removal, would distinctly have enjoyed his task if he hadn't found it necessary to conceal his satisfaction. It was so plain to him that the influences of the house in the valley had been unwholesome, pernicious even. The cottage he had found for them was at least a civilized shelter. Yet these were not views to be expressed in face of the utter misery of the six Hyatts.

The children, it is true, readjusted themselves after a little, and the older ones in particular were somewhat blinded to their misfortune by the novel and rapturous experience of having neighbor children to play with. But poor Cynthia had found no analogous distraction. The fear that had in the summer tormented her at intervals was now become her constant companion. Or rather, it could scarcely longer be described as a fear. It had been a certainty long before the day that Ansel had come to her, in a queer, bewildered way, and begged her, like a child, to give him something to do—something to occupy and distract him. He did not rave against the thing that had befallen him. His vague, gentle eyes looked just beyond Cynthia, as they always did, as he told her in a flat voice, without any emphasis, that he could not paint any more. He had tried; and cut the canvases in pieces. It was true that there were lovely bits all about, as Mather had said. Let Mather paint them. Mather had a sane eye and a sure hand, there was no doubt of that. And he was a dear fellow. But there were things he didn't understand. He had never, after all, quite gotten the spirit of the old house in the valley; and he had never understood the peculiar atmospheres that Ansel himself had so faithfully studied there—or the old sycamore.

With this the silence was broken. They began to speak of the sycamore as naturally as though for months they had not been painfully avoiding it. Afterward, though their situation may have been no less forlorn and desperate in itself, it was distinctly easier to bear. And when, the following week, Mather came out with a fresh opportunity for Ansel to teach, Cynthia made no objection to her husband's knowing of it.

"I'll agree to it for a little," she conceded to Mather from her arrogant poverty, "but later on I'm going to uproot the sycamore by night and bring it over here, or I'm going to buy an eighth of an acre from the Ludlows and let Ansel live on it. It's got to be, Jimmy. In some way or other, he's got to recover his tree." For Mather, who certainly deserved the confidence, had at last been given a wifely version of the extraordinary truth.

Ansel, when the offer was made to him, agreed to begin teaching on the first of January. But neither he nor Cynthia appeared in the least influenced by the profit that would come from it. The faithful Mather suddenly wondered if, after all, he had ever done full justice to the unworldly pair.

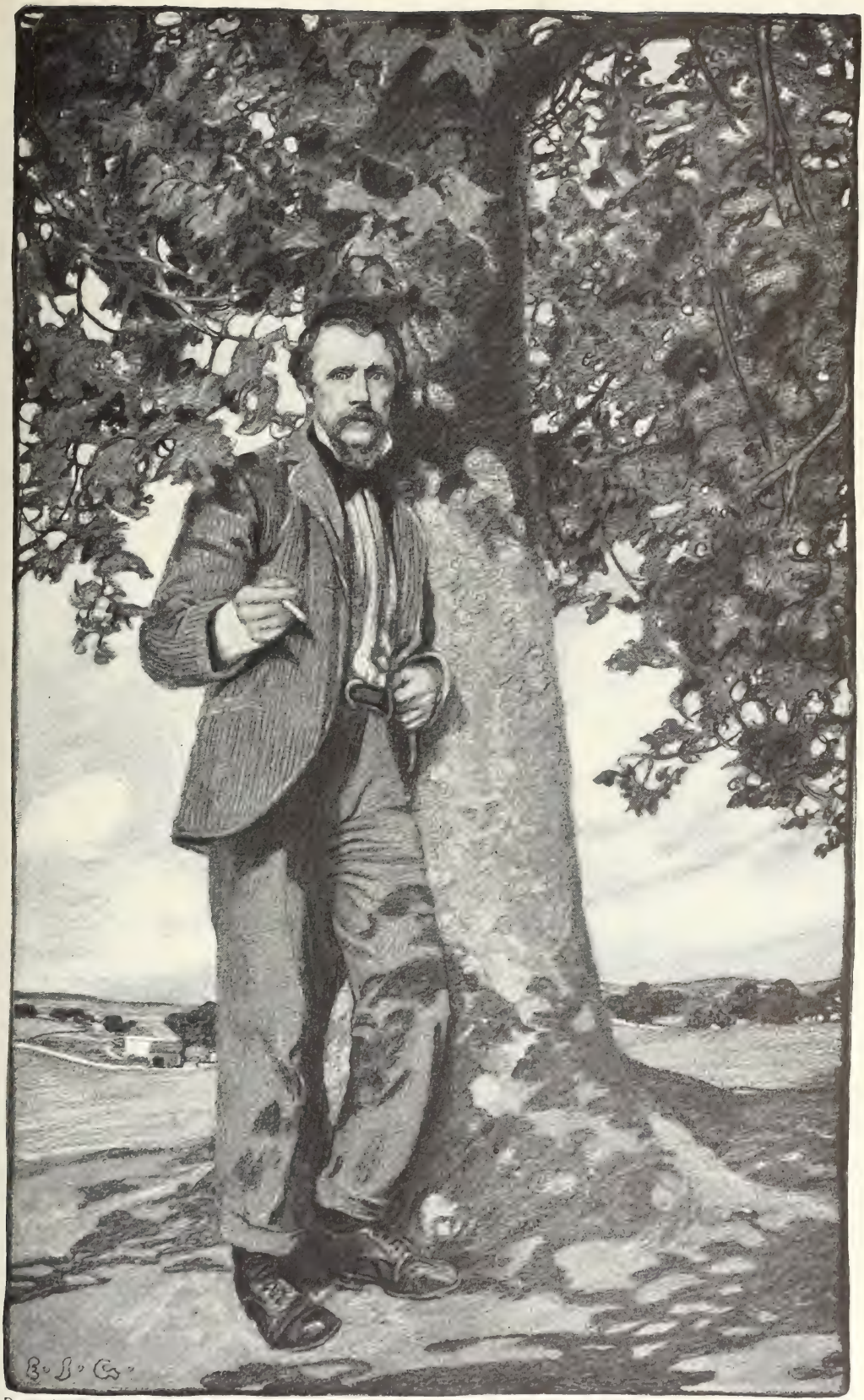
It was already the middle of December when, on an unprecedented Wednesday, Mather again arrived from town. Ansel met him at the door, and Cynthia, who had just come from putting the last baby to bed, stood radiant and welcoming on the staircase. Their old friend stood for a moment, smiling. "I have good news for you," he then quietly remarked. "You can go back to the old house."

"Jimmy, I've just been waiting! I knew, I knew it would come!" Cynthia cried, exultantly. But Ansel stood silent and pale. Mather's overcoat was affectionately stripped from him and he was drawn in to sit by an open fire. But the one great fact that he had brought was so deliriously satisfying that it was five minutes before Cynthia demanded the story that lay behind.

Mather spoke in a somewhat puzzled voice. "Why, it's through Ludlow, of course," he began. "He came into the studio to-day and asked me if I would take a message to you. He said he knew you so slightly he wasn't quite sure how you'd take it. So he thought he'd let me stand fire instead—"

"Dear Jimmy!" beamed Cynthia.

"I told him I was just the man for that and to go ahead. So he said that he and his wife are going to Europe next week. That they're keen for an Italian



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

IT WAS THE FIRST SUBJECT THAT HE HAD CHOSEN—THE SYCAMORE

winter, and he didn't believe they would ever go back to the house in the valley, anyway. They've put in half a dozen bath-rooms, I imagine, from what he said, and set out a great many triangular patches of silly shrubs, but they're willing to throw all that in and rent the house for the same price as before. Not that it matters to them whether they have a tenant or not, but he remembered how you felt about leaving, Cynthia—and so he wishes that you have an opportunity to return if you care to."

"Oh, *when?*" breathed Cynthia.

"To-morrow, if you like."

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed, sinking back in her chair. In a few moments she had seemed to recover the bloom that the last months had taken from her. "But do you understand it, Jimmy? Why they are going, I mean?"

Mather hitched uncomfortably in his chair. "Yes; Ludlow explained everything. He's such a curiously innocent, outspoken chap—didn't you think, Cynthia? But, good Lord! it's an unaccountable story. Unaccountable, I mean, because they're certainly an average pair—not the fanciful, imaginative sort. . . . But what their story practically amounts to is that the house is haunted."

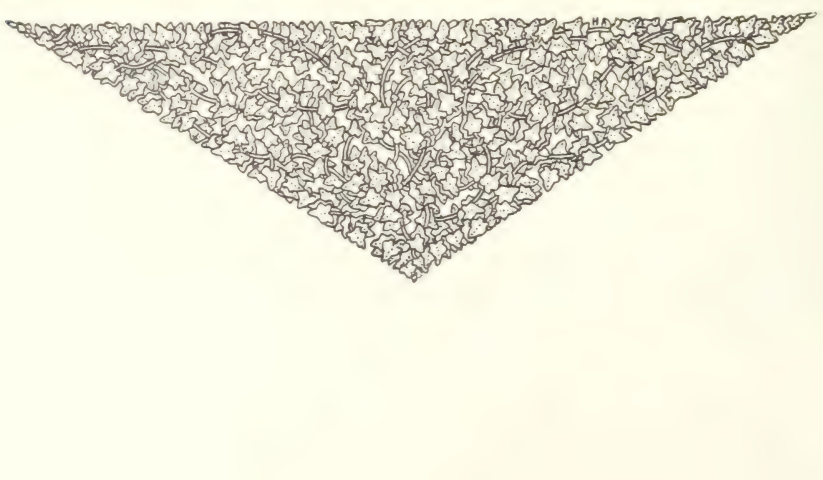
"Not our dear old house! But that's horrible and absurd of them!" Cynthia blazed, in defence of the place that she loved.

"He didn't say just that." Mather paused. "In fact, it's difficult to recall just what words he did use, for he used a good many and they came rather at haphazard. It isn't, however, that they've seen ghosts. But the place seems forlorn and uncomfortable. He said, I think, that they had felt unhappy presences about, or something of the sort. . . . But of course that's nonsense. Anyhow, the place keeps them at a distance. It's on its dignity with them. It's as much as it will do to let them in the door, so far as I can make out, and it harasses them at night and fusses them generally. In short, they're young, cheerful people, who want to be gay, and the house won't let them. I'd leave it if I were they, wouldn't you?"

Mather's affected lightness did not deceive Cynthia. "Jimmy, you haven't told us everything!" she challenged.

"Oh, practically everything," he answered, slowly, leaning forward to poke the fire. "There's one odd thing, though. Ludlow said they might have stood the general gloom that pervaded the place, if it hadn't been for one thing that acutely distressed them. . . . You remember your sycamore, Ansel? It's that tree that seems to have bothered them. He said it stood there in such a sinister, menacing way. And unfortunately they had to see it from all the rooms in the house that they liked best. It seemed to have an unpleasant way of telling them that they didn't belong there. You can't wonder that it got on their nerves. They would have cut it down, he said—but they didn't dare to. In fact, they were deathly afraid of it. So—the end of it is that the tree is there, and they are out—and you're at liberty to move in whenever you like."

Cynthia laid her hand on her husband's arm. "After all, it's not so strange—is it, Ansel? I can understand it all so well now. I only wonder that we did not *know* it would happen!"



Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of those opportune friends who wait upon the conversational moods of the Easy Chair, and appear at its elbow upon any slight intimation of its wish to talk, came in out of the bland spring morning with an air of expectation which the event justified when we addressed him.

"Well," we said, "you look as if you had been consorting with the robins and blackbirds and squirrels in the Park. What have they had to say for themselves?"

"Not so much as they had in March," our friend answered. "The spring has got on so far now that the robins feel they are no longer a novelty, and those big, swelling, strutting blackbirds have, a good many of them, gone on farther north and left the field, or the lawn-mowered meadow, to that small brownish variety who seem to be rather more like permanent residents. They are very well, but after the pomp of those first-comers, their human companion feels as if he had come down in society, rather. As for the squirrels, really, it is just as well they have gone to rearing families. I don't think I'm very proud, but when it's a question of squirrels at this season, with their fur off in patches and their bushy tails reduced to bare twigs, I had almost as lief have a rat climb up my trousers leg and eat peanuts from my hand. To do the squirrels justice, though, they have no use for me or my bounty at present. Whether they find the tree buds edible and preferable, or whether they are too busy with housekeeping and the care of their young families, I don't know; but they've quite abandoned me to the sparrows, which are no uglier now than ever they are, and always hungry and always on hand; very likely the infant sparrow shifts for itself as soon as it's out of the shell, and leaves its parents to divorce one another and remarry more to their taste, and found other happy homes."

"And the lovers," we said, impatiently, "what of them, the young men and maidens, and the tender *divorcés* of our own species, what of them in these gentling days? They must have come out with the other spring flowers; they must be blossoming on all the benches, and intertwining their heart-tendrils in this sweet air and hanging together, as the wistarias and honeysuckles support their clinging masses. Come!"

"Come, yourself," our friend retorted. "Do you think I let my eyes dwell on those human weeds? You call them flowers; but did you ever see a violet so lost to shame, a rose so devoid of proper pride, a lily so bold? They are weeds, weeds, and though I dare say harmless enough, their very innocence is vulgar."

"But haven't you seen anything flower-like at all in the lover line?" we asked. "Nothing that we could offer the cultivated reader as an idyllic picture of American manners, as a sort of prose-poem, with the old eternal passion as a *leit-motiv* of very refined appeal?"

Our friend appeared to be thinking, and thinking of something pleasant. Then he said: "Why, yes, there *was* a little pastoral, but very slight, very evanescent, which I recall now. I was going up the path that leads to the Carrousel from the Seventh Avenue gate, beside that wide pleasant field, when I met coming down toward me, in the soft afternoon air, a young pair, dressed with worldly correctness, and holding hands quite as if they had been out of Theocritus or Pope. At one side of them a young man was walking with his hat off, for greater coolness, and looking enough like the girl to be her brother, with an effect of being bored past all surgery by the bliss he was apparently in charge of. The young pair, in their rapture, seemed to mind him so little that I couldn't imagine their minding me, and I stared my fill. Do you think there is such a thing as eavesdropping with the eyes?"

"We've never heard just that euphemism applied to it."

"Well, they seemed to think so, for when they saw me involuntarily battening on their rapture, they dropped each other's hands—I must say she dropped his last—and walked past me like total strangers. I turned and looked to see if they began holding hands again; but no!"

"You ought to have been arrested," we said, in a burst of righteous indignation.

"I suppose so," our friend admitted, "but, as usual, there was no guardian of the public security within call. And I had my excuse: I had been spoiled by feasting my vision, without offence, on the young pairs who sit on so many seats in the Park with their arms round each other, and their cheeks accurately adjusted. But what interested me in this particular pair was that they were not that sort; I instinctively distinguished in their case; those others were the prose of young love; these were its poetry."

"Yes, we see. But for that very reason," we said, "you ought to have enjoyed it more reticently. One doesn't glut one's eyes on such a sight with impunity. You were justly punished, but we, we who share your penalty, are unjustly punished. Do you suppose you will ever see that tender pair again?"

"Not likely," the guilty wretch sighed, as frankly as if he had committed no offence against the eternal decencies. "I may see other such pairs, pairs as like them as two peas, and yet not the same."

"Should you ever know them again if you did see them?"

"Instantly, infallibly. There was something infinitely charming, inexhaustibly characteristic in them. They were not only an hour of the universal life, a print of the human composite, the portrait of youth and love, but they were each richly personal, finely expressive of individual experience and expectation."

We began to be deeply interested. "Would you mind saying just what you mean, if you mean anything definite?"

"Why, yes, very willingly. That is, I don't mind trying. Do you think it would be offensive to your lady readers—"

"Women readers, please," we corrected him.

"Women readers, if I confessed that the girl seemed to be less abashed at my delight in their holding hands than the young man was?"

"We will put it to them, if you will be a little more explicit."

"It's so hard to be explicit," he murmured. "And already I begin to feel that I've overstated it, or stated it rather awry. I shall have to begin again, begin at the beginning, instead of midway. I shall have to go back and describe them somewhat. I should say they were not so very, very young. I should say that he was about thirty, and she not much under it."

"You don't mean," we put in, aghast, "that they were possibly a divorced pair—that is, a pair formed from two divorces?"

"What made you think that?"

"Oh, we don't know. It flashed into our mind. You don't mean it, then?"

Our friend resumed with a sarcastic smile and tone: "I don't think a divorced pair or a pair formed from two divorces would go through the Park holding hands, even on that secluded path skirting the wide meadow where there would be no one to see them but forty or fifty common young fellows passing ball."

"Why not? What is there in divorce to take the poetry out of life?"

"Not the poetry, perhaps," our friend returned, stubbornly, "but the inexperience."

"Yes, it certainly takes the inexperience out. But the *statu quo ante vinculum* being restored, why shouldn't the inexperience renew itself? Don't you think that's what the votaries of divorce expect of it?"

"The votaries of marriage expect impossible things, but nothing quite so impossible as that."

"Ah, well," we sighed, not to leave all the sighing to him, "we are sorry you don't think they were divorced. As you are studying them altogether from the outside, by the inductive method, we wish in the interest of psychological fiction that you'd find they were divorced. Then their imaginable emotions would be more of a contribution. The hearts of divorced persons—that is, the widows- and widowers-in-law—have been too little inquired into by analytic art. It might pierce depths of tenderness in them

which would well supply the defect of inexperience. Divorce is a factor of our civilization which poetry has got to reckon with. It is more and more broadly based with every passing session of our Legislatures. In the new States to be carved out of our few if any remaining Territories, difference of sex may be constituted a just ground of divorce."

"Oh, if you want to be trivial!" our friend protested.

"We were never more serious. Go on."

"It isn't easy. Your mere notion of my young pair being possibly two divorced people has cast a sort of blight on them in my mind."

"How absurd! How unjust! Does divorce kill love which renews itself from death in marriages that every one respects? You mustn't be ridiculous."

"Ridiculous, if you like. But I shall want a little time to work back to the bloom of that first delicate impression."

"Take all the time you want," we said, and he took it.

At the end of a silence in which we had quite forgotten his point he resumed.

"I didn't mean that in any ill sense the girl seemed less abashed, but that she had all that courage of her affection, which is such a notable and beautiful thing in woman when once the fact has been ascertained and declared. They have then a sort of ecstasy in their fearlessness—I don't quite know how to put it. That young pair were both rapt from the ordinary contact with earth, but, if you can understand, his rapture seemed more impersonal than hers. Hers had an element, shall I say, of business in it; and rightly, for love is the great affair of women's life."

"They're beginning to deny it," we interpolated, under our breath; and he went on.

"Both were rapt from the past; but he dwelt solely in a beatific present; and she dwelt in a beatific present which included all the future. That, anyway, was what their faces said to the unprejudiced spectator."

"It's a nice distinction," we commented. "What do you think the fact—if it is a fact—had to do with her clinging to his hand after he had dropped hers? The thing doesn't appear quite possible."

"Physically, no; morally, yes. Shall I say it was a subjective lingering on her part?"

"You may, though we don't think that means anything."

"Ah," our friend breathed, with the breath of a character in fiction who has exhausted the author's resources of stage direction, "it was very pretty, her holding his hand for that instant after he had dropped hers, and then nervously flinging it from her!"

"It *was* pretty," we owned, beginning to recognize the possibility of the occurrence. "Did you imagine that perhaps if he had not yielded to a sense of embarrassment she might have braved it out against your—as we must call it—visual eavesdropping?"

"Who knows? She seemed a person of great character."

"A society person?"

"Not New York society. But a society person from a foreign city like—say—Boston. Of course she wouldn't have walked holding hands through the Common or the Public Garden at home, for the obvious reason that she might meet girls of her own Sewing Circle, or old acquaintance of her Afternoon or Evening at Papanti's dancing-school."

"You derive her from so far back?"

"I've said she was in her last twenties. She was old enough to be no longer afraid of the conventions—old enough to know when to obey and when to defy them. And in New York, feeling herself safe from recognition, she would be liberated to a greater amplitude of action."

"She counted without your espionage."

"Don't call it an ill name! It was so purely involuntary, so really reverent. What would you have done yourself but stare, fascinated to see so authorized a person depredating the sacred precincts of propriety—? Or, I don't mean that, exactly. If she was authorized, then she created her own proprieties and fitted them to the time and place."

"Was she very pretty?"

"She was very charming. She transcended the precision of being pretty; she was above it, beyond it; her authority came in with the question of her looks the same as with the question of her actions."

"How was she dressed? Fashionably?"

"Authoritatively, again. She subdued the fashions to her taste as she did the proprieties, the looks."

"We see," came in a murmur of deep interest from our lips. "And the young man, was he a Bostonian too?"

"No, no, decidedly not, though he was a foreigner, an American alien, too."

"Just what do you mean?"

"A very exceptional Westerner, a very exceptional Southerner. He might have been a Westerner come to New York with a play in his pocket, and encouraged by some alluring manager, after its rejection, to remain and 'write for the stage.' Have you any notion how many people, from the West and elsewhere, are now 'writing for the stage' here? They must run into the four figures—"

"We can't take that inquiry up now," we hastily interposed. "Why do you think he was a Westerner rather than a Southerner?"

"Because he looked a dreamer. If he had been a Southerner he would have looked more practical—he would have been a young lawyer, or a young doctor, pushing into practice, and he would have looked it. The Southerners are romantic, but the Westerners—who can't stand the West, and come to New York in eager exile—are idealistic. If you can understand."

"We can, with an effort. Was he good-looking?"

"As good-looking as she."

"For the same reason? By authority?"

"Not exactly. In fact, not at all. He was good-looking in the way people are who aren't thinking of their looks; you don't think of them, either. They were both of a sort of middling blondness. She would have despised a violent contrast, and she was of a middling Bostonian blondness. They had both brownish rather than golden hair, and grayish eyes—what the French call *bleuâtre*—"

"And the Americans bluish. As they advanced to meet you on that secluded walk, with no one to see them except that half-hundred doggy youths passing ball in the meadow, and the equestrians cantering by on the bridle-path, in twos and threes, did you notice how much taller she was? We suppose she overtopped him by a head at least."

"She would have scorned to take that vulgar advantage of him. She renounced that latest-won superiority of her sex, and remained exactly of his height."

"Ah, that *was* charming. Now we begin to realize how truly well-bred, how worthy of her authorization she was. It *is* vulgar for women to be so tall; it's indelicate. Now, we begin truly to respect her, and we retroactively permit her to have held hands with impunity. When they dropped each other's hands, and passed you—and no policeman arrested you and clubbed you, and had you locked up overnight, and honorably discharged in the morning—did you turn and look after them?"

"If you must know—though I think you're rather pushing your investigation—I did, as I've told you before."

"True. And what were they doing?"

"They were crossing that bridge which leads to the culvert leading to the Seventh Avenue entrance."

"And not holding hands again?"

"No; not at all."

"You ought to have been arrested!" we recurred to our first sense of outrage. "Don't you know that you had spoiled the prettiest sort of romance in real life: an idyllic drama, which by the quality of the persons was one of the rarest episodes of Park experience? Have you ever seen anything like it before or since?"

"Never!"

"You base Judean! What a pearl you threw away in the desire to submit it to your prying scrutiny!" He did not attempt any reply to our reproach, even to convict us of a mixed figure; and we continued, on another tack: "And the brother: should you say he was a Bostonian too?"

"Not if she was," he retorted, ironically, and he now took out his watch. "Bless me! I've an imperative engagement to afternoon tea! How I have stayed chatting with you! But you're so delightful—"

"Wait!" we cried, rising. "Do you mean—?" But he was gone before our incomplete question could arrest him.

Editor's Study

WAS not man as incomprehensible to woman as woman was to man in that long period before his doings were such as to invite her co-operation?

We cannot look to literature for an answer to this question, as, during this period, she had no part in it. There never was a time when woman was not the most fascinating subject engaging man's imagination in literature, art, and religion. Woman did not return the compliment. She had imagination and a peculiar capacity for mediumistic inspiration. It was Cassandra whom Apollo endowed with prophecy, and he chose women also as Pythias for the utterance of his oracles. The Sibyls were all women. Our phrase, "old wives' tales," indicates that legendary lore was not a masculine monopoly; indeed we do not know—because we have no means of knowing—what share woman had in the original shaping of all folk-lore and mythology, especially as these were associated with the earth and the underworld. But there is nothing to show that her imagination was inspired by man, or by any of his performances.

When woman's imagination had free play, there were probably no splendid performances of man to celebrate. Civilization was either in its formative stage or in its process of re-formation after a general collapse, as at the time of the rise of the medieval guilds. In such stages of social development—that of the tribe, clan, or industrial guild—man is working within close range, and woman finds her place by his side and with an equal voice. There is no aristocracy, no art, no literature—that is, within these close precincts.

Literature waits upon heroic achievement. The epic always followed some quite advanced stage of civilization. In ancient and medieval, as in a large section of modern, history the advance of civilization meant the retirement of woman and, unfortunately, an implication of her subordination, to which generally she submitted without protest. The older civilizations, in their maturity and to the end of their predestined terms, had upon them the stamp of the masculine imagination, which was as speculative in empire-building as in the projections of art and philosophy. Man monopolized the whole theatre of action—all the heroism and all the open praise of heroism; and he magnanimously blended with it the praise of woman.

The man child was the mother's pride, but he soon got away from her—so far that she could not follow. The benignant souls of wife, mother, sister, and daughter were exhausted in service and solicitude, troubled in their dreams—as in the case of Cæsar's wife—by things which overshadowed them but which they could not understand. All of man's world outside of woman's narrow precinct was more a bewilderment to her than an appealing wonder; it overwhelmed her sensibility. She was grateful for comfort and protection, proud of her alluring charms, vain of her gaudy chains; accepted empty gallantries with as empty delight, and took the poet's word for her likeness to goddesses and nymphs. The only part of this world which really appealed to her sympathetic sense was that which came to her through the embodiments of art and religious faith. Here man's imagination invested him with wonder, but even here she worshipped in silence.

Our modern civilization is different; it is of a continuing order, with ever-increasing stability, yet more dynamic than those which preceded it, confidently expectant of future evolutionary variations, in a world which has become impatient of revolution and intolerant of destructive dynastic ambitions; even its decadences suggest renewals. Thus we are permitted stages of maturity in spiritual growth which were denied to old and abruptly concluded cycles; and at the

same time we have received from our predecessors indispensable lessons through their defects, and have inherited the values of their excellences. It is because of this unbroken continuity of an expansive growth, which has been allowed ample season for reflexive psychical control, that our individualism is of the many and not merely of the eminent few and that it is possible for sovereignty to be popular and still be the sovereignty of intelligence. We have only to look at the record of the last decade to see what has thus recently been accomplished in bringing public social functions into full publicity and within popular control.

Ours, therefore, is the only civilization in the advanced stage of which man could not only welcome but invite the equal companionship of woman in culture and in all vital social movements. We have seen how it was when women in the eighteenth century began to write fiction. Men had in the novel of society opened a field in which woman's partnership was indispensable—a field which must become sterile without her complementary achievement. She had the willing ear of the wisest of men, statesmen, critics, and contemporary novelists. But as a rule she showed as little intimate comprehension of men as her brother novelists of women. Jane Austen had a keener intuition than the rest. But, for the most part, the fiction of that time did not attempt any creatively realistic disclosure of life—man's or woman's. We say "of that time," but, if we take the whole period of fiction from that time to this, there are very few writers—and those mostly of our own day—who have given us distinct examples of creative realism in their work. Apart from such examples there can be no representation of real men or women. But what is here to be noted is that in these examples we have real men in characters created by women and real women in characters created by men. It is within the possibilities of the near future that men will give us the most real women in our fiction and women the most real men. Already this is foreshadowed in the novels of Mr. Howells and of some of our foremost women writers.

As we are touching here upon the one distinctive note of the advance made in the fiction of our time, it seems well worth while to inquire how it has been reached and what it connotes.

Originally the story was, like any show, successful only as it was interesting—the showmen were masters of entertainment, whether by means of a pageant, a circus, a tragedy or comedy, or a recitation in verse or prose. Usually the show was picturesque, finely or grotesquely; sometimes it was, in epic and dramatic poetry, rhythmically uplifted to the region of art, with an appeal to the subjective sense of pathos, of fear, or of wonder; and in this order were the plastic arts, as they were displayed at Athens, everywhere open to the eye and addressing the inward sense of beauty. Whatever shape the show took, there was the story back of it, familiar but enhanced by some novel or impressive feature in its presentment.

When the show was withdrawn from outward representation, and the novelist became the showman, he for a long time shook the old scenes and depended upon old and familiar motifs, sometimes, as in the case of Apuleius, displaying a genius which made his tales immortal.

In the eighteenth century, human society had become in so many ways interesting to itself as to demand a representation impossible in the play or in any kind of fiction hitherto in vogue. A new audience, of which women were a considerable part, awaited the new order of novelist for its entertainment. But it was not demanded of this novelist that he should put aside the old function of showman. If the writer were a woman, she also must follow the old method in the new field, however vivid or humorous her portraiture of social life. She succeeded in giving concrete representations of life in an age which abounded in generalizations and "views," but she was held within the limitations which narrowed the thought of her time, and, whatever new possibilities she realized, she could not escape the conventional régime imposed upon all literature.

Before the nineteenth century was half completed, this régime had passed away. The revival of Romanticism had done its work, and there was a strong reversion from tradition, convention, and artifice

to Nature. This tendency had had its most signal illustration in the poetry of Wordsworth, and it had been cleared of its early moonshine and murky vapors by the progress of a new spirit of scientific inquiry. Steam and electricity were bringing on a world-wide cosmopolitanism in which new currents of thought and feeling were generated, creating fresh interests and enthusiasms in the popular mind such as hitherto had been entertained by only a select few.

Thus a demand was made upon the writers of fiction that they should meet these psychical interests and participate in these psychical enthusiasms. George Meredith, George Eliot, and Thomas Hardy made a satisfactory response. These novelists did not prate of human nature, after Fielding's manner—they disclosed the truth of human life beneath its outward traits and guises; they furnished entertainment as novel and more deeply interesting than that afforded by Herschel and Darwin, yet of the same kind, appealing to the highest curiosity; they introduced creative realism into fiction. This means that they had a sense of life, as to its plain realities, and a creative imagination which lifted human experience and its environment into psychical illumination.

It is no reflection upon Ainsworth, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, or any of the earlier masters of entertainment, men or women, to say that they did not deal with human experience in this real way and with this kind of creative vision and faculty. They simply did not stand at that advanced point in the evolution of fiction; and the writers we have mentioned as standing there did not as fully illustrate this which we may call the new art as their followers have, the men and women who, it may be, with less mastery, but with more truth, have represented human life in fiction for a later generation.

At least a new era was opened in literature, responding to new activities and demands of the human spirit. The advance meant a new status for women, because it was in the line of a more intimate comprehension by man and woman of each other. Far more than the man of the eighteenth century, the man of the latter half of the nineteenth had, in the course of his culture, divested himself of guises and habits which folded him away from woman's direct mental vision. He roamed less widely, and could be seen plain—that is, for something in himself, free from the insignia of office or of class and from the glamour of romantic investment. George Eliot, in her early novels and while her intuitions had free play, saw man in this way. She did not feel confined to mere situations for her development of masculine character, nor did she intimate the character through earmarks or outward traits; she found and creatively interpreted the spiritual disposition which shapes character. We note the same thing in George Meredith's creations of women, wholly unprecedented in previous Victorian fiction. Thomas Hardy, after his first two or three novels and as soon as his genius found its definitive path, held everything in his fiction, including his women, close to the natural scene, preferring the provincial, and so, while he has created real women, they seem antique, not, like Meredith's women, liberated from the elements into a distinctly psychical atmosphere.

In the last generation a still further advance has been made, because men and women have been brought more closely together, so that the culture of this later time has been their common product and therefore the best medium for their mutual understanding. In life and literature it has been a clearing-up period. Culture has no fellowship with superstition, and certain diseases of the soul—false prides and abnormal fears—have been eradicated. A sound sense of the real values of life excludes sophistry and morbid phantasy. Men and women are together creating a living human experience, at once individual and social, in the light of which new truth is disclosed and, therefore, new liberation. Only in this real way, and not through formal propositions and generalizations, can there be progressive knowledge.

It is the knowledge of life—of human life in its intimate partnership with Nature; so that humanism and naturalism are seen as a blended growth and not as reversion, as in Rousseau's sentimentalism, in Zola's gross imaginings, and in Nietzsche's athletic philosophy.

So men and women are working together as creators in fiction—inevitably after a method wholly different from that adopted by former masters. Out of the vast number of writers there may be comparatively few who have found the new way, but it is this few who mark the advance and who determine the lines of future progression. We are not ashamed to put James, Conrad, Howells, Hewlett, Booth Tarkington, Kenneth Grahame, Alfred Ollivant, Robert Hichens, Edith Wharton, Mrs. Deland, Alice Brown, Mrs. Freeman, and some of our new writers, like Miss Sinclair, Marjorie Bowen, Mary Austin, Georg Schock, and Muriel Campbell Dyar, by the side of the eminent novelists of fifty years ago, and venture a comparison as to their sense of the vital values of fiction. Nearly all the men we have just mentioned follow the path struck out by Meredith, and to these may be added another follower, Mrs. Humphry Ward, that is, in the texture of her fiction, while its pattern has an older heritage. But all of these writers, men and women, create separate worlds, each showing individual genius—all of them having this in common, that they appeal to a psychical interest and are not scene-shifters standing by, in the mean time, and giving their audiences the benefit of their "views" of life.

The whole field is open to us, both the old and new, for our enjoyment, and while we claim for no present writer preeminence over Fielding or Scott or Thackeray, each of whom responded to the demand of his audience for truth as that audience cared to see it, yet we clearly find ourselves in a different scheme from theirs and with another attitude toward life and the world, the truths of which are directly reflected by our more modern writers, while we are conscious of certain refractions when we surrender our vision to the older masters.

Formerly the writers of fiction, while they made much of what they called truth to life and a knowledge of human nature, dealt mostly with types rather than with individual human lives and with life's outward investment rather than with any living experience. Some of them made thrilling tragedies by the representation of elemental passions. Others appealed to the intellect by ingenious invention or, in addition to this, to a sense of terror, as Poe did, without any representation of humanity. Because of this detachment from a real humanity, the entertainment we derive from them, or from those of our time who imitate them, is detached from anything which intimately concerns us as human beings. The moral concern, in the eighteenth century, was made to serve in place of all others, and was used even by those who pretended to admire what they were not inclined to imitate.

The advance made since Bret Harte was in his prime is sufficiently indicated by the fact that no writer of to-day who hopes to make a substantial contribution to the literature of fiction would venture to detach himself from what is real in human experience to the extent that Bret Harte himself did—to say nothing of older models. We read the old writers and, having the historic sense, we enjoy them, making due allowance for chromatic aberrations. If a contemporary story-teller, like De Morgan, reminds us of Dickens, we note that he finds it necessary to translate Dickens in terms of reality.

Woman, since she began to write fiction, has, from the inevitable promptings of her nature, generally followed the lines of this human realism. But for a long time she confined her portrayal of life to external features. It was not until this man-made civilization of ours had taken its critical turn, developing a wholly different attitude of the human mind in its quest of truth, that George Eliot, feeling the impulse of the modern renascence, initiated a new order of fiction.

The significance of the movement, which has since had a surprising development, is only slightly indicated by what was merely an incident of it—the recognition and comprehension, in women's fiction, of man as a really interesting creature, apart from his trappings, and worthy of inmost portraiture. The essential thing was that the new era in fiction, men's or women's, showed a new kind of knowledge of Man, Woman, and Nature, not definite and assertive, but involving the confession of a vast ignorance of those things about which writers were formerly most certain, and a plain intuition or sense of life as it is disclosed in the light of living experience.

Editor's Drawer

Photographing the Baby

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

SCENE.—*The nursery. A small, unattractive-looking child is screaming and roaring in apparent terrified rage, amidst a riot of broken toys on the floor. Grandmother, maiden aunt, father, mother, and a submerged and helpless nurse are grouped about, standing and kneeling, endeavoring, with unvarying ill success, to coax the infant into good nature and holiday garb. The mother, somewhat more determined than the rest, is dangling a clean white dress in one hand, and with the other she waves a maddening arrangement of bells and rattle, the sight of which seems to further infuriate the child.*

NOW, muzzer's angel must come and get dressed again. Edward, I think if you hold his feet, while grandma nips his hands and Aunt Ella steadies his head, we can get him into it—Maggie, you shake the bells as loud as you can to distract him, and then he won't notice what we are doing to him. I know this way isn't according to the instructions in the book, but he doesn't seem to respond to science this morning. . . . I cannot understand his antipathy to clothes. . . . Now, Edward, that remark was entirely unnecessary, and when you know my nerves are already worn to a bone. You men are always saying the hatefulest things about the means we use to make ourselves look nice, but if we don't look well then you don't notice us. . . . Not at all; you men are quite as deceitful in your way, for when a man is trying to get a girl engaged to him he pretends he possesses all the loveliest traits of character, and then, when you *do* marry him, you find out he is quite different from what you thought. And if that isn't deception, criminal deception, I don't know what you call it! . . . Now, grandma, don't you interfere—Edward is quite capable of taking care of himself.

Now does it seem possible anything so small could scream so loud and be so determined? It does seem to me, with all of us here trying our best to amuse him, he might be in a better temper. I do hope, Edward, he is not going to inherit your disposition. . . . Now, grandma, that's not so at all—I'm not fault-finding. But you and Ella always side with Edward—no one ever agrees with me, no matter what I say— . . . Well, never mind, we won't discuss it now, and I don't want baby to see anything like dissension in the family—the book says anything of the kind is bad for him, the atmosphere must always be pleasant around him. . . . Well, I didn't begin it. . . . I certainly did not.



NOW, MUZZER'S ANGEL MUST COME AND GET DRESSED AGAIN

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Well, are we going to get this dress on him or are we not? This is the last clean one he has. I do think, Maggie, when Mr. Tripp gave him his fountain-pen to play with, you might have seen he didn't pull the bung thing out of it and let the ink all over him—particularly when you know how fond he is of upsetting ink-bottles. I have an idea he may be going to be an author. And he's got that bread and jam all over his hair—it's taken every bit of curl out of it. You know he always rubs it on his head if you don't watch him. It does seem to me, with all I've studied up about him in *The Care of Infants*, that you people might be a little more careful of him when I'm not around!

There—that's the third time he's sneezed—I don't see how he can be taking cold in this hot room. . . . Why, Ella, why on earth did you let him have the pepper pot to play with? . . . Well, suppose he did insist on having it—you shouldn't have done it—what is the use of my disciplining him if every time my back is turned he is allowed to do as he likes? I wouldn't have let him have it, no matter how he went on. All the authorities say you must start in to be firm from the beginning, and stay so. . . . Oh, all right. . . . Good heavens, if he's going to scream like that let him keep it—Ella, give it back to him. But if you are all going to give in to him like that, all my work will go for nothing.

Ella, can't you hold your hand over his mouth for one moment while I hear myself think? . . . No, he won't either—as long as you don't cover up his nose, too. . . . Well, don't, then—I want him to have a pleasant expression when he has his picture taken.

. . . Now, are we all ready? Maggie, are you sure we haven't forgotten anything? Count up and see—you know we have seven things to carry. . . . No, grandma, I am not going to take any of his toys—he's getting quite big enough to understand, and I'm not. . . . Oh, if he's going to go on like that— . . . Yes, he can take his fire-engine, and his Teddy bear, and his soldiers— . . . No, he cannot take that great Punch-and-Judy show. Well, how on earth are we going to carry it? I suppose he's not going to stop crying till we do—we will have to take a cab now.

Maggie, you haven't forgotten to put his bottle in the bag? I suppose the man can heat it for us. . . . And the orange? . . . No, no, grandma, not the inside—of course—he just likes to lick it.

Here's Edward with the cab—oh, dear, why did he get one with a brown horse—you know baby hates anything but a white horse like the one on his wagon. Good-by, everybody.

. . . You see, just as I said. Every time I try to get in, Edward, he starts to scream. . . . Well, what is he going to look like for his picture with such a dreadful expression and his face all snarled up? You will have to get him another. No, Edward, it's no time to joke—white or cream-color—perhaps he wouldn't mind that.



OH, DON'T PULL THE GENTLEMAN'S MUSTACHE

. . . Of course the man is cross about it—pay him something and get rid of him. We're late for the appointment now. And don't give him too much, Edward; remember the coal bill isn't paid yet! It does seem as though Prosperity no sooner gives you something with one hand, than she gives you a kick with the other.

Oh, Edward, tell him to stop a moment—I want to look at those hats in that window. . . . Now, isn't that sickening—an exact copy of mine and just half the price!

. . . Now, I do hope he isn't going to keep us waiting—baby is so disagreeable when he has to wait. Do you know, Edward, I think he grows more like you every day. . . . No, I didn't, Edward—I didn't mean anything of the kind—you are so quick to take me up on every little thing I say, and I should think when you know how nervous I am over baby's picture you wouldn't do everything in your power to irritate me. . . .

Nothing of the kind—you're cross—I'm nervous—that's a very different thing. . . . I sha'n't discuss it.

(They enter the photograph gallery.)

I do hope you aren't going to keep us waiting—the baby is very sensitive and doesn't like to be kept waiting. He's a sweet-tempered boy, though. . . . Shake hands with the gentleman, dear. Put out your hand, darling—Oh, no, sweetheart, mustn't slap—just put your hand out—he's shy. Perhaps if you would come a little closer. . . . There, now, darling— Oh, don't pull the gentleman's mustache—he's so full of fun, if you only understand it right—Why, he's *sticking* to you—where on earth did he get that candy? I believe Maggie gave it to him. . . . I'm so sorry—he didn't mean to—you can easily clean it off. . . . Yes, his little nails are sharp, too— . . . You have another appointment before us? . . . Oh, yes, I know we're late. . . . All right—we'll sit here and wait.



NO; MUSTN'T DO THAT WITH FATHER'S WATCH

It seems he has some one before us, Edward. . . . Well, I know we're late, but I do think he needn't have let some one go before us. . . . You're late, too, for one of your business appointments? Well, telephone and say you have been delayed or something—say I have been taken suddenly ill and you can't leave me—but don't tell an untruth, Edward; I hate that telling of small lies—it's inexcusable under any conditions. . . . Well, of course I suppose your business is important, but isn't baby's pictures important, too? Good heavens, here comes that horrid Kemp woman with that hateful little brat of a boy of hers! I wouldn't have had her see me here for anything—I hope she doesn't catch sight of me—there she has. . . . Oh, good morning, Mrs. Kemp; isn't this nice to meet you? And your dear little boy, too—what a darling he is. What's your name, dear? . . . Wainwright? My, what a big name for such a very little boy! . . . Why, no, Mrs. Kemp, I didn't mean he was undersized—that was just a silly little joke. . . . Come, Wainwright, come and speak to baby—that's a nice little man. . . . There, baby, shake hands with Wainwright; that's a good darling. . . . Oh, darling, don't slap. . . . Oh, I'm so sorry—I'm sure it wasn't baby's fault—he never slaps or does the least ill-natured thing—he has an angelic disposition—every one says so. I am sure if you had warned the boy it wouldn't have happened—baby is such a little gentleman, although he is so young. . . . There, Wainwright, don't scream so—baby didn't mean to hurt you—he only wanted to play. . . . It hurt just the same? But you're too big a boy to cry over a little thing like that. . . . No, Mrs. Kemp, baby certainly did not hit him at all—it landed on a soft spot, that's all—on his head, I think—baby is never cross unless some one annoys him. . . . Oh, are they ready for us to go up now? . . . All right. . . . So pleased to have met you, Mrs. Kemp, and had this pleasant little chat. I must apologize to you for not having returned your last call before this, but I've been so awfully busy with one thing and another, and Mr. Tripp had a cold, and—and—well, good morning; I am so glad to have seen you. Good-by, Wainwright.

Oh, Edward, wasn't that just like you—why didn't you say something and help me out? . . . What? Didn't want to interfere? Nonsense! I sometimes wonder if you really know how exasperating you can be at times. . . . Don't say any more about it now.

Now ask the man to heat baby's bottle—he'll be cross if he doesn't get it—he's screwing up his face already. . . . He says he can't? Well, tell him he must. . . . Dear, dear, I suppose he will have to do without it, then. Now, he's begun to scream—there ought to be some way—I never heard of such disobliging people. We ought to have brought mother along, although I must say I know how to manage my own child, and

don't thank any one. I don't care who it is, to give me any suggestions. There, now, muzzer's lamb mustn't cry any more and spoil his pretty face. Here's the orange—no, pet, no, mustn't try to bite it—only lick it. I should like to have him taken in his little shirt, but I think it is so embarrassing for people after they have grown up and the family album is brought out for visitors and you are displayed with nothing on. It does seem to me his hair never stuck up quite so stiff and straight before—I don't dare brush it any more—his scalp is quite red already. Is the operator ready for us? I'm sure baby is going to take cold in that icy studio.

. . . Yes, this is the baby—he's such a handsome child I am sure you can't fail to get a good picture of him. . . . Oh, no, I shouldn't care for him sitting like that with the book—you can see he's hardly old enough to read—that looks too ridiculous. . . . Oh, no, he's too young to stand alone—he couldn't do that. . . . Oh, no, he couldn't sit in a chair by himself for a moment. . . . No, I can't hold him, either—you see, I never thought about it, and I simply can't go down to posterity in a last year's hat! Oh, no, I couldn't do that under any consideration. . . . No, my husband couldn't hold him either—I can't bear pictures of fathers holding their children—it looks as though you couldn't afford a nurse, or you were a suffragette. . . . Oh, no, I shouldn't at all like him sitting on that table leaning against the palm—it seems such an unchildlike attitude. I don't know — Mr. Tripp might get under the table and steady his legs—if you have a cover and they wouldn't stick out. . . . You wouldn't do it, Edward? Well, I think that is very inconsiderate of you. I suppose we will have to risk the chair, then.

. . . Now, didn't I tell you he won't sit there a moment! . . . Shake something at him. . . . Oh, no, I didn't mean anything like that—something to amuse him—now you've only frightened him and he has begun to cry again. When he begins roaring with that peculiar sound at the beginning—you never know when he will stop—if you could have only have heated his milk. . . . I know that—I suppose other people have not asked you—but that is no reason why I shouldn't. He's such a sweet-tempered child ordinarily, when he has his own way—but I never think of giving in to him under any circumstances. I think he has taken a dislike to you and we will probably have trouble before we are through.

There, I knew it—he's fallen and bumped himself. Edward, I do think you might have watched him when I turned my back for one single second. . . . Now, don't say another word about that old appointment of yours—I am nearly in hysterics myself. There, there, darling, do stop crying. Where are his toys? Edward, you left them in the cab—how could you be so thoughtless? . . . Well, it certainly was your fault—I suppose we will never get them back again. . . . And he's cried all over his clean dress and it looks like a rag.

There, now, if he will only stay still a minute— No, darling, don't turn your head away. . . . Look at mother, dear. No, no, dear —not at the man—you see you annoy him. I think it's your hair—not that there's anything strange about it—but baby isn't used to seeing hair stand up like yours. Now, look at mother, darling. See the birdie on mother's hat— No, dear, not on the floor—hat—hat. . . . Look at mother's hat. . . . No, no, darling, don't put your foot in your mouth. . . . Why, no, Edward, it covers his face all up—we couldn't have it taken like that. And his eyes are just swollen out of his head with all this crying. . . . Let him take your watch and perhaps that will put him in a better humor. . . . There, now, see him smile—I always know what will please him. . . . No, darling, don't bang it about, dear. . . . No, mustn't do that with father's watch. Oh, darling—right on the floor! . . .

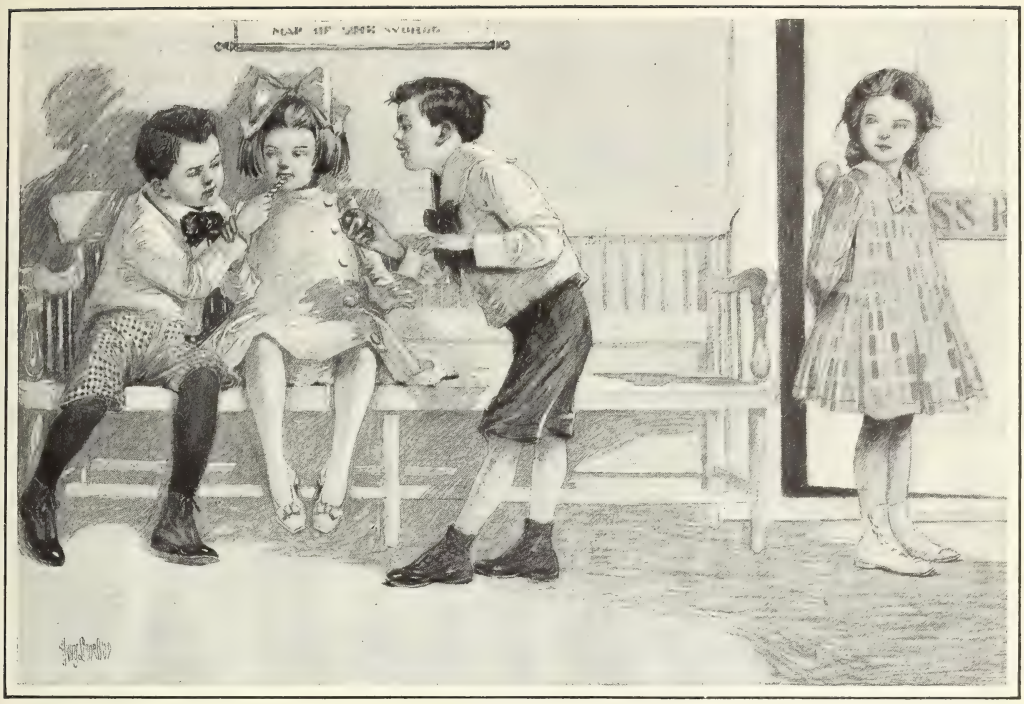
Well, Edward, you needn't blame me—how did I know he was going to slam it on the floor? And you see he's crying again because you won't let him have it back. I suppose it can be fixed—probably it needed repairing anyway.

I think if the man got down on his hands and knees and played bear with him for a while it might make him feel better. . . . What? You're too busy this morning? I should think— No, baby, sit still—mother is not going to take you up now—you must learn to mind what mother tells you—you're quite big enough, and when I say no, I mean no—all right, then, if you are going to cry again. There—that's a good expression —try to catch it— But he looks cross-eyed like that— . . . You had noticed he was cross-eyed? Edward, Edward, are you going to permit this man to say our child is cross-eyed? . . . What? You had noticed yourself he was slightly— All I can say is you are a most unnatural father— Never mind—

But you might try to take him sideways—my mother so often sits that way—it would look quite natural— Now, darling, stay the way the man has put you— No, don't turn this way now. No, no, we want you looking the other way, now— Did you ever see anything so exasperating! . . . There's no use when he gets that obstinate look on his face —so like you, Edward—you can't do a thing with him. We will have to wait awhile now until he gets over it—I can't tell how long it will be—it takes him so long sometimes.

. . . You have to go to your lunch now? But you haven't taken a single picture yet— . . . It isn't your fault?—can't waste any more time? Edward, did you hear that? . . . You can't waste any more time either? Disgusting—I shall tell the man down-stairs —and I shall take particular pains to tell all my friends how I have been treated in this place and just what sort of people you are. Edward, look out of the way—

Come, muzzer's angel—we'll go straight home!



The Fair Co-ed

Literary Criticism in the High School

THE subject of a young man's essay, who was graduated from a high school in a Pennsylvania town, was "Hawthorne," and in that essay he said, "At the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his bride to the old manse."

In discussing the merits of the essay one young woman observed to a schoolmate:

"Wasn't it awful that Harry Meggs should say such a thing as he did?" Then, in response to the other's inquiry as to the allusion, the young lady added:

"Why, he said that at the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his bride to the old man's. Why couldn't he be more elegant and say to his father-in-law's?"

Did as He was Told

JIM was a new porter in the hotel and he was putting in his first night at his new and responsible position. It was five in the morning, and so far Jim had done all he was told and was getting on splendidly.

"Call seventeen and four," commanded the night clerk as he looked over his call-sheet. Jim obeyed.

After he had been gone for a considerable time the clerk went up to see if he had called the rooms designated.

"Well," sighed the new porter, whom he found on the third floor, "I've got seventeen of 'em up, but I haven't started on the other four yet."

Just Like a Woman

LITTLE Emily had just reached that exasperating period of most little folks' lives when there still remain certain obstinate words in the English vocabulary which, try as they will, they simply *cannot* pronounce. Of course Emily, like all the rest, was extremely sensitive about her failing. One day her mamma sent her to the grocery for a quart of vinegar. After she had entered the store she discovered, very much to her embarrassment, that vinegar was one of the words she could not pronounce without raising a laugh among those who heard her.

"What can we do for you, my little lady?" asked the grocer.

Emily raised the jug to the counter and pushed it toward him. Then with her sweetest smile she said:

"Smell the jug!"

Getting Ahead of the Job

A SON of Ireland was painting a fence surrounding a house in one of the suburbs of Chicago. His face wore a troubled look; but suddenly it brightened, and dipping the brush into the paint-pot he began to paint faster and faster.

"Why are you in such a hurry to finish the job?" a passer-by chanced to ask.

"I haven't much paint left," explained the Celt, "an' it's finishin' the job I'm afther before it's all gone."



The Last Straw

Becoming Modesty

DROWNING MAN. "Help! help! I can't swim!"

MAN ON THE SHORE. "Neither can I, but I don't go bragging about it."

A Pupil of Promise

IN a certain town of the Middle West the gas for illuminating purposes is dispensed by means of meters wherein a coin is dropped whenever gas is wanted.

Now there had been some technical classes started in connection with the high school. When the principal of the school, calling at the house of the mother of a pupil in his institution, made some remarks touching the work of the classes, the mother at once expressed her delight at the progress made by her young son. "Do you know, sir," she said, "since Willie took up the plumbing and gas-fitting branches it hasn't cost us a cent for gas!"

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the astonished principal. "And how is that?"

"Well," explained the mother, "Willie moved our slot-meter from the kitchen to outside the front door."

"But you have to drop in your coins just the same," said the principal.

"No, indeed," was the proud reply. "Other people do that for us. Willie painted the word 'chocolate' over the top of it, you see."

Always to Blame

"NOW, children," said the teacher, "who can tell me what is a stoic?"

No one knew a stoic from a spelling book.

"Listen," said the teacher. "What is it that says no word, but heroically takes the blame for misdeeds as they come, without flinching?"

"Aw, I knows," said Bill. "You mean de stoik wot brings the babies."

And right after that school was dismissed.

It Wouldn't Stretch

THE assessor was doing the very best he could, but the farmer was shrewd and wary.

"How many acres of farming-land have you?" he inquired, wearily.

"Bout twenty, I guess," said Reuben.

"Twenty! Why, it looks to me like nearer one hundred and twenty. Come now, can't you increase that a little. There are surely more than twenty acres in that tract. Suppose you stretch that a little."

"Say, feller," said the farmer, "this ain't no rubber plantation."

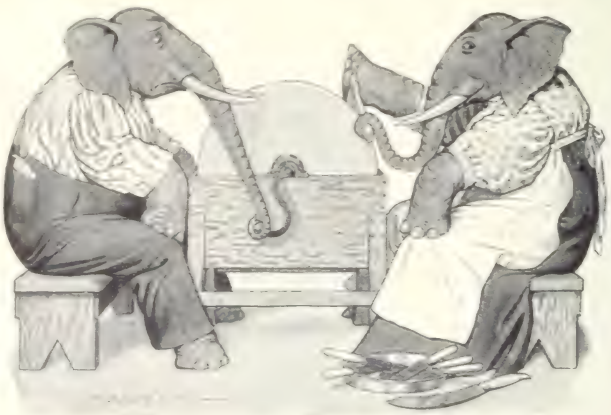
A Mean Clerk

"I WANT some collars for my husband," said the lady in a department store, "but I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, madam," explained the observant clerk.



"Keeping his Nose to the Grindstone"

Working the Baby

ONE of the daily newspapers taken in little Mary's family offers a three-dollar prize for the best sayings of little children. Mary, who had just learned to read, loved to spell her way through these funny stories, and watched for them every week.

One day she appeared at the door of her mother's room, much excited and dragging along her protesting baby brother. "Sweetheart, what is the matter?" asked her mother, coming to the rescue.

"Oh, nothing, mother. I only was trying to make him say something funny to send to the newspaper, for I want some money so badly for a pair of roller-skates."

Well Versed

ALTHOUGH the little boy of a Philadelphia lawyer had talked several times through the telephone to his father, he had never gone through the formalities necessary to call his parent up. The first time the little chap tried it, he took the receiver off the hook, as he had seen others do, placed his lips to the transmitter, and said:

"Hello, Central! I want to speak to papa."

"Number, please?" came from Central.

"Singular," answered the lad, surprised at the question, but proud that his knowledge of the rudiments of grammar enabled him to respond.

A Case for the Anti-Cruelty-Society

LITTLE Alice, whose family lived in a rather large house with a comfortable equipment of servants to run it smoothly, went home from school one day with a little playmate, whose parents were in much less affluent circumstances. She had a very good time, and on coming home was telling her mother all about it, when all at once she sobered up, and said:

"But, mother dear, they do one very dreadful thing. I sort of hate to tell you about it, for it's kind of cruel and you mightn't let me go again."

However, the desire to tell it prevailed, and in an awful voice she whispered:

"They use their own grandmother for a cook."



Unafraid

WHO'S afraid of a cow!
They're so gentle and kind
You can go up quite close and they none of 'em mind.
An' they like little girls, so I've heard people say—
But I wish, oh I wish they was furder away!

Pooh!—who's afraid?
They're as good as can be,
An' one's a child cow that is younger than me.
An' they give us good milk—an' there's nothing to fear,—
But I wish, oh I wish that my Daddy was here!

BURGES JOHNSON.



"Turn About is Fair Play"

Mister Willbillwilliams

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

MISTER Willbillwilliams, he is got a horse an' cow,
An' two mither horses 'at they hitch up to a plow,
An' a lake to fish in—an' he lets me hold th' pole
While he rows th' boat out to th' dandy blue-gill hole!
An' he's got a windmill 'at is turnin' all th' time
An' a apple tree 'at it don't hurt if I will climb.

Yes, an' his dog's funny, 'cause it tries to bite its tail.
An' it dared th' postman to come in an' leave th' mail;
But it never dared me—though it growled, just to p'tend—
'Cause it knowed I'm Mister Willbillwilliams's p'tend.
Mister Willbillwilliams let me try to wear his hat,
An' he's got a pigpen, an' one horse's name is Pat.

Mister Willbillwilliams ain't his re'l'y name—
He say it's a alias, or a nuke, just th' same,
'Cause he's William Williams when he's livin' here in town,
But out in th' country, where he turns his collar down,
He say dirt is *good* for boys an' men an' children dear—
"An'," he say, "we got about a hundred acres here!"

I can go in swimmin' where his lake is, an' it won't
frighted me, so my mama she ain't scared, an' don't say don't!
Mister Willbillwilliams, he just take me in wif him,
An' he say it's *wonderful* th' way 'at I can swim.
I ain't re'l'y swimmin, I'm just propped up on my hands,
But he keeps on lettin' on he never understands.

Mister Willbillwilliams ast me when I am a man
If I'm go' be president, or what else is my plan.
Nen I say I'm go' to be a mither man like him,
Wif a farm where boys can run an' climb th' trees an' swim.
Nen he laugh, an' Missus Willbillwilliams say: "Such noise!
Goodness sakes alive, was ever such a pair o' boys!"



Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "Ysobel de Corveaux"

THERE STOOD THE FAERY PRINCE

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXI AUGUST, 1910 No. DCCXXIII



Ysobel de Corveaux.

by Brian Hooker.

Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

THAT was a strange house whereto Ysobel de Corveaux returned from her nunnery about the time of the great peace. Her father, the Sieur Arnault, was then already sapless, his manhood withered up in thought; spending his days and nights in prayer and study, in fasts and meditations and the reading and writing of huge books. He was called saint and sorcerer, but without proof of either: whether or no his lore spread into other worlds, at least he was without all care for this. His soul turned in upon itself, leaving him a deedless man that sat the year round alone in his tower-chamber while his three stark sons, Arnault, Simon, and Jehan, rode forth to plunder and rode back to revel. They, saving the nobility that gave an edge to their ill-doing, were no better than common robbers and rioters. Their onslaughts and pillagings, tolls, burnings, ambushments, and ravishings made a curse and a terror between the Lot and the Garonne. They filled the castle with lawless men and loveless women, whereof the Sieur de Corveaux that lived islanded among his books noted nothing. It was such a wolf-hold as many another of that day and that country; only with tower and bower hiding a drowsy scholar and a dreaming maid.

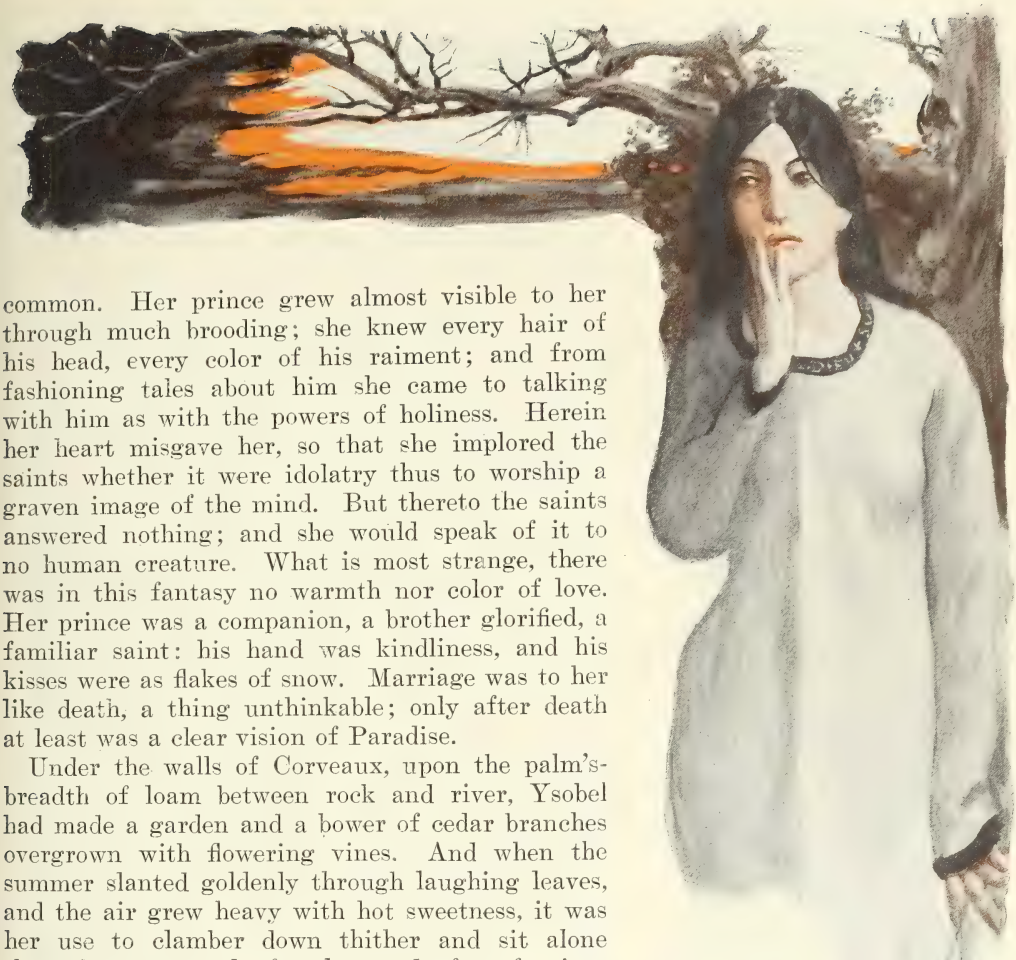
As for the maid herself, that was convent-bred from her babyhood, she had no other strangeness than being beyond nature maidenly. She was born under Saturn, a straight sturdy creature, all night and ivory, big-bosomed, with twin rivers of

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black hair drawn downward over brow and ear, her eyes fiercely holy. The depths of a maid are worship and wonder, the nearness of God and the remoteness of man: in Ysobel these lay as it were open to the eye, and there was little else. Her whole knowledge of men was between her father and her brothers; of whom she made them swine and him a saint, loathing and adoring from afar. I have heard that on the night of her home-coming none met her at the gate, but she came alone into the hall where her brothers held high carouse amid their following. Jehan staggered up and cast clumsy arms around her, crying: "Another . . . another nun, by all the saints!" whereupon Arnault yerked him in the ribs, muttering, "It is thy sister, fool." And the lean Simon burst into a sour howl of laughter. She stood a moment sickening with scorn, then cried out, "Ye be no brothers of mine, but sons of the devil that rideth upon your eyes!" And so fled above to her father, and would have sobbed upon his neck; but he bowed himself away, welcoming her the while in courtly words as lady of Corveaux; and presently fell to questioning her upon the Latin tongue and the miracles of the lesser saints. Thereafter, through the months and the years, Ysobel dwelt within herself, little regarded and very lonely. With her father she might have a dry converse of mind and soul; but any confessor would have been more fatherly; and she scarce held speech with any other save her tirewoman that was an old witch out of Brittany, full to the tongue's end of strange tales. So all the youth of her that should have blossomed forth in dance and merriment sucked inward into dream and prayer. She was a nun without order or service, a dumb singer: making a vain passion of both. Of her own will, indeed, she would have taken the veil; but the brothers would have none of that. Her marriage to some timely choice could hardly fail of their profit, and they kept her for that use as though she had been a Flemish mare. And little by little the stagnant beauty turned sour in her, and her dreams and days drew apart into a hot holiness and a cold scorn.

Being thus parted from earth, she dwelt in the fellowship of things unearthly, the hosts of heaven and hell, and the soulless spirits of enchantment. She spoke aloud with angels in the morning, and shuddered in her bed because the wickedness in the castle drew devils as flies to carrion. And because men were loathly to her and the saints chill, she made in her imagining a prince of faery that was marvellously strong and beautiful, whereof she told herself numberless tales. Therein she did indeed not otherwise than as other maids, that have commonly in measure of their misknowledge of man some dream of angel purity and giant force, white wings upon a pair of mighty shoulders. But she went beyond the



common. Her prince grew almost visible to her through much brooding; she knew every hair of his head, every color of his raiment; and from fashioning tales about him she came to talking with him as with the powers of holiness. Herein her heart misgave her, so that she implored the saints whether it were idolatry thus to worship a graven image of the mind. But thereto the saints answered nothing; and she would speak of it to no human creature. What is most strange, there was in this fantasy no warmth nor color of love. Her prince was a companion, a brother glorified, a familiar saint: his hand was kindliness, and his kisses were as flakes of snow. Marriage was to her like death, a thing unthinkable; only after death at least was a clear vision of Paradise.

Under the walls of Corveaux, upon the palm's-breadth of loam between rock and river, Ysobel had made a garden and a bower of cedar branches overgrown with flowering vines. And when the summer slanted goldenly through laughing leaves, and the air grew heavy with hot sweetness, it was her use to clamber down thither and sit alone through sunset and afterglow and often far into starshine, tranced between dream and prayer. So upon an August eve she sat, yearning across the calm water, while the shimmering light burned into gold and cooled in tawny crimson and the stars reached their bright fingers across the darkening stream; by times remembering a saint's legend, and by times taking a part in the gramarye of some old tale. The calling of birds and songs of wayfarers through the forest to southward gave way to rustling gloom, wherethrough the castle lights above shone yellowly. The clash of laughter within there sounded like a sudden breeze. And as the moonlight poured over the tower, changing all semblances and filling the river-mists with pearl and amber, she fell to brooding upon her faery prince, how he should come with the mist across the water and stand bright-haired in the moonbeams a little before the bower, looking in upon her, his hand above his eyes; and they should go away together into faery-land. A breeze broke, and a small cloud covered the moon. And as it passed, there stood the very Prince before the bower, golden-haired against the golden mist. He was clad all in green, after the manner of Faery, with a great sword by his side; and he held a hand above his eyes, looking in upon her.

Her heart sprang, and curbed itself. She stood up, and muttered, "Is it thou indeed?" and he smiled at her under a



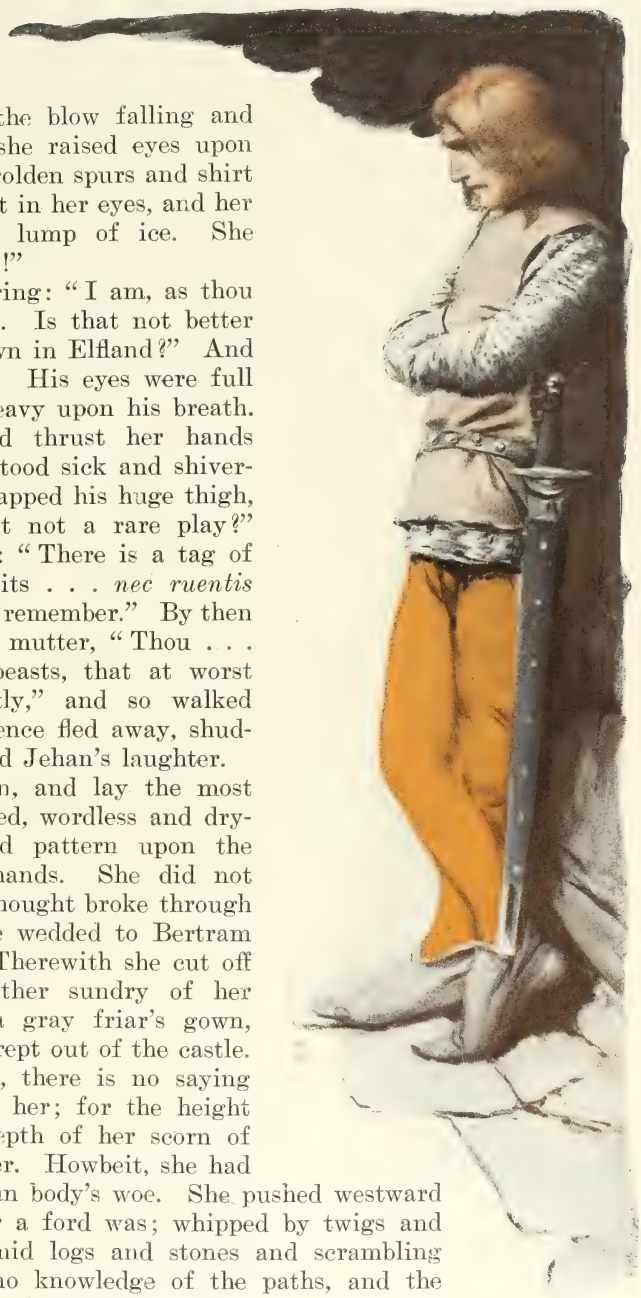
bent brow, answering, "It is I, surely; who should I be?" Therewith she took a blind step nearer and laid hands upon his shoulders, marvelling to find him any firmer than air. She said, "I dream, doubtless . . . or didst thou come hither, having heard me?" Thereupon he laughed low: "Nay, I hear—and see." And he kissed her, holding her close. A sweet fire surged over her, and she leaned back against the strength of his arms.

Then she was resting against a fallen tree while he stood near by, frowning above a smile. She fell to questioning him of his own land, that was by his count not like to France all wasted by war, but a green place full of laughter and holiday. Because he had the tongue of a Northerner, she asked whether he came above earth in Brittany, through the green doorways of the hills. Thereat he frowning, she said, "Belike I ask now some secret of Faery unlawful for mortal flesh to know; forgive me therefore." And out of a silence he answered slowly, "Nay, as thou sayest . . . through the green doorways of the hills," and so told her many marvels of faery-land, setting right sundry errors in her own knowledge. At the last, when he would have kissed her in farewell, she thrust away, whispering, "It is overmuch to bear," but at sight of his eyes her strength turned to water. Then he took three steps into the shining mist, and was gone.

Thereafter the world fell away from Ysobel hour by hour. If she had dwelt among her dreams before, it was now the very day that was a dream; wherefrom she awakened in the twilight, clambering down the rock to her Faery lover, the light of his eyes and the shelter of his arms. All that passed she put into her prayers; but the saints had still naught to say thereof, while her tirewoman wondered that she grew so beautiful. So this endured for hard upon a fortnight, until one eve the tirewoman came in while she was making ready, saying that her brothers bade her of her graciousness attend them in the great hall. She answered scornfully: "What have I to do with them? I will not go." But the woman wagged a smirking head at her, saying, "Nay, but bethink thee well, my lady; haply they have tidings for thee out of faery-land." At that she knit her hands and set her teeth upon a deadly fear, and went down to the hall.

It was empty save where her brothers sat above the high table, that was strewn with horns and set with flagons. One of these lay upon its side, the wine dripping to the floor, where a dog sniffed at the pool of it and slunk away. Jehan cried loudly: "There she stands, Sir Bailiff! How say ye now, having seen her?"

Arnault rose up to meet her, saying: "My lady sister, here is Lord Bertram of Eversley, whom the English king hath set over our country of Guienne. And because of our power and repute hereabout, and for the strengthening of the peace between the lands, he hath asked thee in marriage. Give him thy hand therefore, for he is to our liking."



The meaning of his speech came very slowly upon Ysobel, as one watching a wood-cutter across a glade may breathe twice between the blow falling and the sound thereof. At last she raised eyes upon the Faery Prince himself in golden spurs and shirt of dingy mail. The blood beat in her eyes, and her heart became as an aching lump of ice. She might say only, "Thou . . . !"

He bent before her, answering: "I am, as thou hast heard, Lord of Eversley. Is that not better than a kingdom of thistle-down in Elfland?" And he made to have saluted her. His eyes were full of water, and the wine sat heavy upon his breath. Ysobel cried out dully, and thrust her hands against his face. Then she stood sick and shivering, half aware that Jehan slapped his huge thigh, shouting, "God's nails! is it not a rare play?" and the lean Simon drawled: "There is a tag of our old sire's Latin that suits . . . *nec ruentis tolerare* . . . Curse it, I cannot remember." By then she caught breath enough to mutter, "Thou . . . thou art below even these beasts, that at worst follow their foulness honestly," and so walked proudly through the door, thence fled away, shuddering. Yet even so she heard Jehan's laughter.

She barred out her woman, and lay the most part of the night upon her bed, wordless and dry-eyed, watching the broidered pattern upon the canopy and biting at her hands. She did not pray. Toward morning the thought broke through her shame that she would be wedded to Bertram of Eversley whether or no. Therewith she cut off her hair, and brought together sundry of her jewels. Then she put on a gray friar's gown, drawing the cowl close, and crept out of the castle.

But for such hard employ, there is no saying what might have come upon her; for the height of her fall was the whole depth of her scorn of man; and her soul mocked her. Howbeit, she had now small space for other than body's woe. She pushed westward along the river bank whither a ford was; whipped by twigs and torn by briers, stumbling amid logs and stones and scrambling over gullies. For she had no knowledge of the paths, and the night was pit-murk, smelling of rain and full of short gusts that hissed and howled about her. Where the ford should be, she went fearfully into the water, thrusting forward with a branch, and gasping at the chill wetness that crept upward to her waist. Toward the farther bank lay a mire wherefrom she might not by any means get free: the mud shook and sucked under her feet, and stinking bubbles rose. By now the night was waning, so that she dimly saw black forest and wan sky and the gray water that crisped and wrinkled in the wind like her own flesh; and remembering that same river beautiful under the moonlight, she fell to laughing and sobbing together, by times crying out for aid. Presently there came a trampling of hoofs and a babble of strange tongues. Then a horse crashed down to the waterside, and a rope fell across her shoulders. They dragged her up the bank half alive; and there was Bertram of Eversley with a score



of men-at-arms, all shouting with laughter. Their language, moreover, that she could not understand, sounded like to the grumbling of swine.

Bertram said at last: "What a devil dost thou in the river, good father? Must every good Franciscan be preaching to the fishes?"

Ysobel answered sullenly, "I go to Agen, to the convent there; that is enough for thee to know."

He turned upon her a face that she had not seen. "Truly, there is little merit in saving a friar or so: but when I ask, I am answered as in this country." Then she began hastily a tale of a pilgrimage and a message to the Prioress, whereupon he broke in pleasantly: "For a holy man, these be marvellously ill-fashioned lies. I doubt thou art over-innocent to be let loose among nuns. Howbeit, we shall be to-night in Agen. Meanwhile . . . deal fairly with us, good father; that rope that drew thee from the mire is all unused to the saving of life." Therewith an archer took her up on his horse, and they rode away through a fine rain.

After a time they went very quietly along a bridle-track that gave upon the main road. Then they stopped for an archer to clothe himself like a churl, while others filled great sacks with leaves. He loaded his horse therewith, and set off driving it before him. Presently arose a shouting, whereupon they all set spur and thundered down the highway where a dozen rough fellows beset the man. There was no quarter given save to one, a grizzled giant with a blue scar on his chin.

That day's ride southward was to Ysobel as an evil dream. Her body grew weary unto numbness, but her soul quickened sorely. By times they halted while Bertram held converse with sundry persons, gentle and simple, that seemed all to meet him as by ordinance. The onfall and the slaying of men looked no less a part of the day's business. And it came upon her with a strange anger that he had, as it were, set her betrothal in a chance cleft among laidly matters. Once he cried back to know how fared the friar; and the archer shouted in French for her to hear: "Well enough for himself, I promise thee. A murrain on him, he clings like a woman." By that she grew mindful of her feet that must surely betray her when they should be washed from the mire. So that in the nooning she made shift to wrap them in rags, and lost her dinner thereby. The afternoon was a humming faintness, mixed with the smell of wet horses and the senseless jargon of the men. Surely they must be throughout of iron, so to endure unwearied; and she marvelled at the swing of Bertram's shoulders and his heartsome voice flung backward. It was little enough to him that he had lost her: though he were no faery, he was at the least a devil.

In Agen, she slid from the horse faint with cold and emptiness, and so galled with riding that she might hardly stand. Thereat the savage crew became of a sudden kindlier than women. They brought her to the fire, kicking the scullion out



of the chimney-seat, and filled her with a great cup of hot wine. She had sense to hold cowl and gown desperately close; and seeing that, they grinned one to another and let her be. So she fell into a warm doze, aching comfortably, with humming ears. Out of that she roused to see Bertram sitting in judgment over the prisoner, that stood before him sullenly unfearful, the firelight reddening his bristly face, saying:

"I have done no more than my betters. I rob the knave and hang therefor, while the Corveaux rob the master and go free."

Bertram answered, "Truly they deserve worse than thou; does that better thy deserving?" And the fellow growled:

"Nay, I have had my will. Now take thine."

Bertram looked at him through sorrowful eyes over a shut mouth. "Thou art such an one as I would spare, if I might. At least, I swear to thee that I will root out that owl's nest of Corveaux." And he signed to lead the man away. Thereat Ysobel sprang up, crying hoarsely for mercy upon him. Her words trickled into a silence, wherein Bertram said slowly, "Tell thine own beads, Priest, and be still."

Then they brought in a young soldier that had carried off a farmer's daughter from the Abbey lands. By their law he should go to death, and the maid to the Abbey as a penitent; and that the Prioress herself was there to uphold, sacredly wroth that the matter must go to other judgment than her own. When Bertram had heard all, he turned to the maid, that shook and wept, her mother whispering in her ear, and said:

"Thou if any bearest the wrong in this matter. I will take thy way of it—shall he die?"

The Prioress began to tell her to be strong and cast out the devil, while the farmer railed aloud. When they were quiet, Bertram said again:

"Speak out, and speak freely. If thou desire it, the man shall surely die; or if thou will, here is a priest that shall wed you, and I will take him into my service." Therewith he flashed round upon the man. "How say'st thou? Wilt thou bide her will of it?" And the fellow stammered, "Ay, surely." Then the wench cast herself at Bertram's feet, saying that they were true lovers, and calling on him to save them. He raised her, and bade the friar stand forth.

The turn of Ysobel's life was in that moment. She had but to cry out and throw off the gown to have a hallowed safety all her days; on the other side lay shame and sacrilege. Yet there stood those two hearts, evil doubtless, that she might rescue if she would; and there stood the Prioress, pure and terrible behind her veil, and the parents hot after vengeance. Moreover, she had beneath all a blind sense of bearing a part in Bertram's judgment that by her failure would be set at naught. The wine gave her courage of the body, and she flung her soul into the scale. The pair were on their knees at her while she murmured half-remembered words. After that she was on a dark stairway with Bertram, where she grew dizzy and fell.

She wakened at dawn in an empty garret, an archer shaking her, and saying that Roger of the Scar had need of a priest before he died. So along with the dread of what she had done came the need of playing the part that she had taken;



and she went forth to him with an aching brow and a weakness of the knees. He looked as though naught was to happen.

"I will none of thy shrifts, little father," he said, before she could speak. "Scarce all Avignon could send Scarred Roger away clean. But there is a nephew of mine yonder in some stew over a wench. He is an honest lad, no likeness to me; and his mother lives by him. Say a good word for him to thy lord, and I will send thee to a treasure."

She choked out: "Willingly, but thereof is no more need. I wedded them yesternight."

The robber howled with laughter: "Well done, thou! Thou look'st not to have so much blood in thee—hast had thine own troubles, doubtless, for all thy girl's face." Thereafter, she seeking not as a priest but out of her own pity to move him from carnal thoughts, he answered: "Nay, let be, lad. Mayhap I go lightly into hell, mayhap the good God is merciful. Howsoever, I will not trouble Him with whining." Then he told her where his treasure was, and the men came for him. Ysobel must needs go with him to the gallows; it was an ugly sight, but soon over.

Returning, Bertram asked her merrily, "How doth our fisherman?" And she said, "Canst thou jest at this time?"

He frowned above a smile: "I have many a life upon my soul, and never one sat lightlier. There was no blacker villain than this Roger in all Guienne . . . yet he took a dog's death like a man."

She answered, doubting, "Doubtless the devil upheld him."

"Mayhap. Did not thy heart warm to the fellow?"

Ysobel said sullenly, "Men and deeds be either good or evil." But he shook his head.

"That is a woman's error, whereby ye priests take hold on women. But a man taketh all the world, fair and foul together."

She looked sharply at him, and he reddened, but his eyes held straight.

"Then this is a dreadful world."

He answered merrily, "Nay, it is a fine heartsome place, full of hunger and good fare." And so they went in to meat.

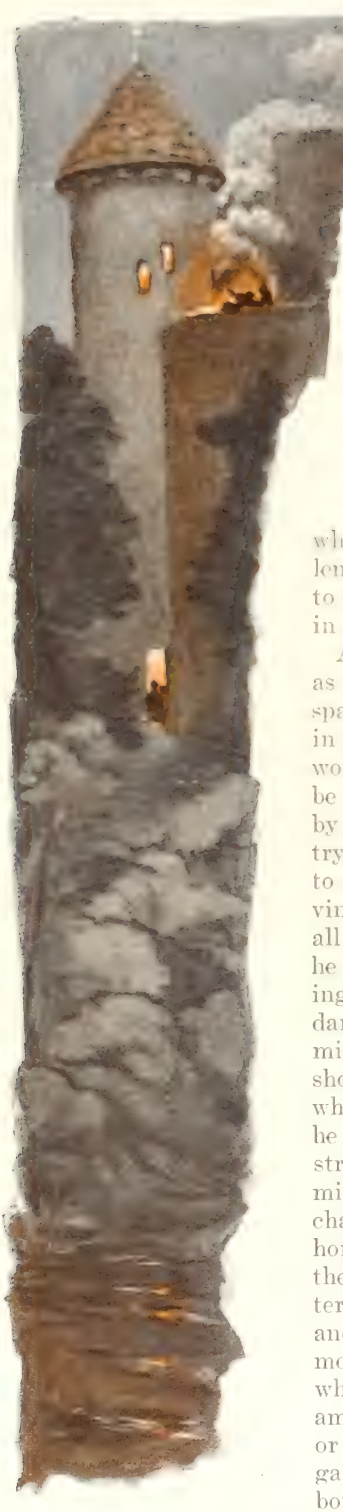
Thereafter, and for many days, Ysobel abode as a friar with the men of Eversley, taking that part as it befell in all their doings: at first hopelessly, as having no earth beneath her feet, clutching at that which lay nearest. Having drowned the morrow in a mist, she must needs take up hour by hour as one



sick beyond hope taketh food and drink. Truly, there was naught else to do: she had barred herself out of the Abbey, and her home was a horror to her. She might, indeed, have sought sanctuary elsewhere; but by what time that hope grew clear she had little care for it, nor even for this, that in playing the friar still she built up sacrilege. Her sorrow had an edge too sharp to cut through busy days unblunted; and the courage of her birth plunged her among the press of affairs eagerly, doing small deeds with all her might, hungry for use. Guienne was in those times a very litter of waste and lawlessness, and Eversley the besom to sweep it clean; whereby even Ysobel, that could neither fight nor feed, had enough to do. There was ever a sore body at hand, or a broken soul; and shrift and confession opened gulfs of humanity before her, wherefrom she must pluck tools to work with, and no time for shuddering. She had in this no thought of atonement. As for her soul, that was already lost beyond peradventure; though she did good, it was for wonder and for fellowship in the employ of the rest. Of the men she thought belike no better than at first; only through marvelling at them, she forgot the foulness of her distaste. She set to learn their language, telling them tales by night around the fire. They bellowed with laughter at her speech, and drank the tales thirstily, swearing fearsome oaths for joy thereof; whereat Ysobel wondered to feel pleasure. Life was to her as a loathly food that she ate starveling, and so found it curiously sweet.

As for Bertram, he was the strangest of many marvels that rode night and day upon her heart. That he had not known her that first night at the inn was beyond thinking. Yet he gave never a sign thereof in word or look. He guarded her, indeed, momently from the chance of harm, keeping her much by his side, seldom beyond eyeshot; and it was doubtless by his will that the men left her alone save when she sought after them. Nevertheless, he shielded neither her eyes nor her ears, and bore himself toward her with a careless good-will that roughened by times as though he remembered a plan. Among those days, the couple of her false wedding came to her with a simple flood of thanks, the woman sobbing at her lap, while the man babbled of how a saint upon earth was worth many in heaven, and the like. Thereafter Bertram, coming by, asked what ailed the friar; and she answered out of a dry agony, "Because I have done sacrilege, they make a saint of me."

He said roughly, "They are happy; where is the harm?" Whereupon she broke out: "Happy! They



are in mortal sin." Then, catching herself, began to say how the wedding had been unlawful as against the Prioress's will.

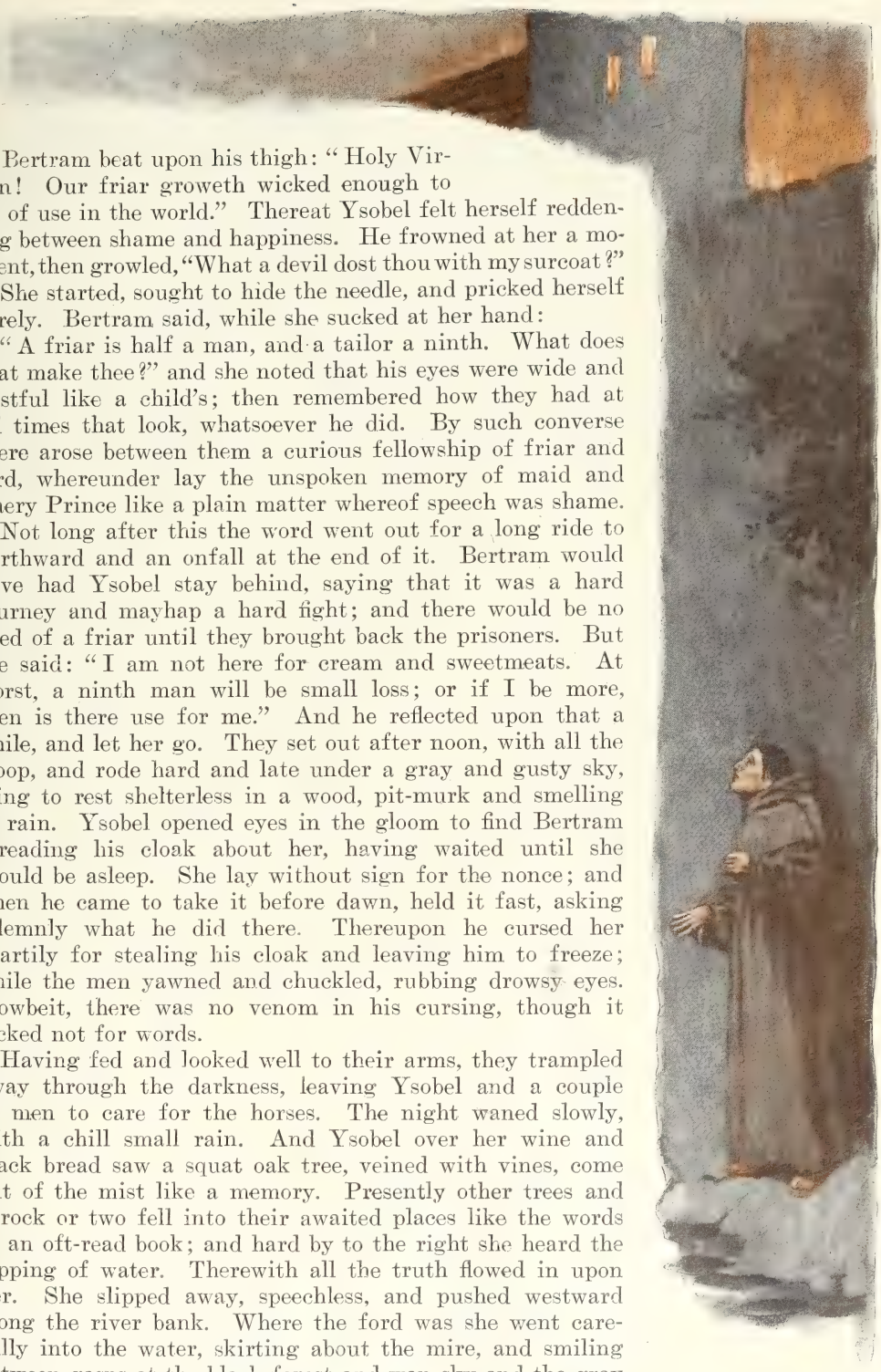
He frowned above a smile: "Here is the plain good we have done: a man alive and a maid loving. What is amiss with their wedding, since they have no doubt thereof?"

She said, "Thou art ever tangling good and evil." And he answered:

"Nay, there is no tangle. See now, to slay a man is unlawful, and I slew Roger of the Scar. Yet so I upheld that very law, he being a murderer. Also, a fair fight is honorable. It is the whole deed that matters." Then suddenly, out of a silence: "Lo, a miracle! Bertram of Eversley preaching to a friar!" and he went away laughing, yet leaving her in some sort comforted.

After this the two drew somewhat together, she leaning as it were upon his will; for her own, when she had space for brooding, ran to waste, chasing good and evil in circles about God. And Bertram, that went about his work undoubting, was a stay against dizziness. He would be half across Guienne overnight, fighting and harrying; by dawn sitting in judgment over the quarrels of a countryside, and by noon teaching the war-bewildered villeins to restore their fields. He might slit a throat, prune a vine, and deal justly with a Jew under the same sun: all with laughter and a toss of the hair, and all (unless he were beyond dreaming false) with a starved love crying at his heart. That, nevertheless, was a door that she dared not open, even in herself. Meanwhile she grew mindful as to him of small things: the droop of his shoulders in a long ride, the upward fling of his hand when he looked across country, his frowning smile when he pondered a matter. The strength of him, as her own strong body used itself to rough living, grew less a miracle and more a wonder. And that tells the whole change in her. Birth and death she beheld now without horror; but no mystery could match a world wherein these and a thousand lesser miracles were ordinary matters; and most marvellous of all was the great laughter and kindliness of men through sin and pain. She fell more and more into the power that Bertram wielded: while he was afield among the peasantry, she wrought among the women; she twisted the truth out of crooked or craven souls for the use of his judgments; and she gathered up the overseeing of the men's fare and harborage, becoming in a sort seneschal to the troop. The ill-gotten treasure of Roger of the Scar she kept for her own charities, whereof Bertram demanded why it should not be sent with other moneys to the King.

Ysobel answered pertly: "I will take on myself his Majesty's use thereof. Thou may'st ask Roger. The King gave him a long rope, and I at least a short shrift."



Bertram beat upon his thigh: "Holy Virgin! Our friar groweth wicked enough to be of use in the world." Thereat Ysobel felt herself reddening between shame and happiness. He frowned at her a moment, then growled, "What a devil dost thou with my surcoat?"

She started, sought to hide the needle, and pricked herself sorely. Bertram said, while she sucked at her hand:

"A friar is half a man, and a tailor a ninth. What does that make thee?" and she noted that his eyes were wide and wistful like a child's; then remembered how they had at all times that look, whatsoever he did. By such converse there arose between them a curious fellowship of friar and lord, whereunder lay the unspoken memory of maid and Faery Prince like a plain matter whereof speech was shame.

Not long after this the word went out for a long ride to northward and an onfall at the end of it. Bertram would have had Ysobel stay behind, saying that it was a hard journey and mayhap a hard fight; and there would be no need of a friar until they brought back the prisoners. But she said: "I am not here for cream and sweetmeats. At worst, a ninth man will be small loss; or if I be more, then is there use for me." And he reflected upon that a while, and let her go. They set out after noon, with all the troop, and rode hard and late under a gray and gusty sky, lying to rest shelterless in a wood, pit-murk and smelling of rain. Ysobel opened eyes in the gloom to find Bertram spreading his cloak about her, having waited until she should be asleep. She lay without sign for the nonce; and when he came to take it before dawn, held it fast, asking solemnly what he did there. Thereupon he cursed her heartily for stealing his cloak and leaving him to freeze; while the men yawned and chuckled, rubbing drowsy eyes. Howbeit, there was no venom in his cursing, though it lacked not for words.

Having fed and looked well to their arms, they trampled away through the darkness, leaving Ysobel and a couple of men to care for the horses. The night waned slowly, with a chill small rain. And Ysobel over her wine and black bread saw a squat oak tree, veined with vines, come out of the mist like a memory. Presently other trees and a rock or two fell into their awaited places like the words of an oft-read book; and hard by to the right she heard the lapping of water. Therewith all the truth flowed in upon her. She slipped away, speechless, and pushed westward along the river bank. Where the ford was she went carefully into the water, skirting about the mire, and smiling between gasps at the black forest and wan sky and the gray water that crisped and wrinkled in the wind. On the farther side, she gathered her gown and ran, until, while she panted breathless and hot-throated up the rock, suddenly the whole castle above her broke into shouts and clashings like a blown fire bursting into flame. There was a bird's nest above the wicket, wherein the mother-bird sat motionless with bright eyes. Ysobel pushed

through and into the great hall, where before her Bertram and his men-at-arms ranged along the edge of the dais, spread apart for sword-swing, and beyond them raged a horde of howling shadows whereamong the archers in the gallery drave their arrows. Eversley had all the best of it. The line of shining shoulders bent and sprung like a great sword; in the midst, Bertram's tossing hair made a St. Michael of him. A man writhed lizardwise between the feet of the fighters, and rose up at his back with a knife. Ysobel wound herself about the man's neck, dragging him down with her. He struck at her as they rolled, and cut her arm; but she made shift so to beat his head upon the floor that he lay quiet. And therewith was a rush and a shouting, and the men of Eversley bore forward adown the hall, driving a crumpled mass. So that fight was over.

Ysobel got to her feet. The man she had fought with was her own brother Simon. Presently through the pale torchlight that flickered against the dawn came sweaty men seeking him. They dragged him up, groaning, and led him down the hall. At the far end, Bertram sat upon a table swinging his feet, his sword across his knees; and they brought the three brothers bound before him.

He said slowly: "Well, I have come. Ye had warning of me many times."

Simon began: "We gave thee our sister, and it is none of our fault that she voided the bargain. Now, for our ransom—"

Arnault broke in upon him: "Be still, dog, if thou hast any blood of Corveaux remaining! . . . My Lord Eversley, we are at last in thine hands. Take our heads, not our necks, for we be gentle born." And Jehan growled: "Ay, we be fair caught. We have naught to say."

Bertram said: "There is no need to count your ill-doing. Have ye done one gentle knightly deed since ye were lords of Corveaux?" Then he turned to the crowd. "Is there any here that will speak up for them?"

Ysobel thrust into the circle, throwing back her cowl. "Here am I," she said, "Ysobel de Corveaux. These be my brothers when all is said, and I am . . . God knows what. Howbeit, I have won of thee some deserving. Leave these free to mend what they have done, and I will be hostage for them."

There was a rustling, and then a stillness. A dog sniffed at a splotch of blood upon the rushes, and one kicked him away, whereat he howled and some laughed shortly. Bertram only said, "If I hang the small robbers and ransom the great, how shall I uphold the law?"

Ysobel answered. "It is the whole deed that counts. They can overdo all their ill deeds in aiding us to set this land in order. Trust me that they will. Moreover, it is not them that I ransom, but thee; for thine own life is mine." And Simon growled: "That is sooth enow. I had thee safe when the wench fell upon me."

Bertram frowned into nothingness over a shut mouth. Out of a silence Jehan shouted: "By God, no! We will live at no such price." And Arnault added: "Give me a sword, Lord Eversley, and I will fight thee for my sister's fame. Let me be hanged afterward."

At that Bertram sprang up, crying: "I am Edward of England in this place, and ye shall do as I say! Ye are free forthwith to sweep out your own midden; and a year hence, if ye will, I will fight all the three of you. There is no wrong between us. Meanwhile, the lady Ysobel is your surety, not to me but to the King." And therewith a great clamor went up, wherethrough of a sudden rang a brazen snarl like the sound of a broken trumpet. And there stood the Sieur Arnault de Corveaux, towering above human stature in his long scholar's gown, his thin beard a-bristle and his eyes red-hot under the white knot of his brows.

"How now, messieurs!" he roared, striding to the edge of the dais. "Enemies in our castle of Corveaux? To me, cowards—why stand ye dreaming? Jehan, Simon, Arnault—" His hand flew to his girdle, and brought away only a worn and dusty inkhorn, whereat he stared a moment, then gazed blindly about the cluttered hall—the broken settles, the men-at-arms, the prisoners, and the dead. The manhood went out in him like a blown candle; and he tottered up to Ysobel, groping with his hands like a child.



"Here is my daughter Ysobel come home again," he creaked out. "Thou must be our housewife, child, for we be all men here. See to the entertainment of these gentles . . . and now, touching the gestes of St. Anthony of Padua . . ." His voice died off into mumbling, and she led him forth of the hall.

She left him an hour later to clamber down to her old bower between rock and river, where the leaves were curling, but the sun shone warm upon the water through a waft of golden mist. Out of the forest came a melody of many birds, that hushed while a small cloud covered the sun. And there within the bower was Bertram of Eversley, looking out upon her, his hand above his eyes. He came forward quietly and kissed her. Her heart sprang and curbed itself, trampling; and she leaned back against the strength of his arms. Presently he said:

"Now have we broken the last fantasy, and there is no more Faery Prince for thee."

And she answered, nestling, "It's no matter: I have found a man."

Duet

BY WITTER BYNNER

WHAT can a woman find in us,
What has her wit divined in us?—
The utmost and the least in us—
The angel and the beast in us.

What can a man descry in us
And so allow the lie in us?—
The serpent and the dove in us—
And oh, the mother-love in us!

My Memories of Mark Twain

BY W. D. HOWELLS

PART II

HE was the most caressing of men in his pity, but he had the fine instinct, which would have pleased Lowell, of never putting his hands on you—fine, delicate hands, with taper fingers, and pink nails, like a girl's, and sensitively quivering in moments of emotion; he did not paw you with them, to show his affection, as so many of us Americans are apt to do. Among the half-dozen, or half-hundred, personalities that each of us becomes, I should say that Clemens's central and final personality was something exquisite. His casual acquaintance might know him, perhaps, from his fierce intensity, his wild pleasure in shocking people with his ribaldries and profanities, or from the mere need of loosing his rebellious spirit in that way, as anything but exquisite, and yet that was what in the last analysis he was. They might come away loathing or hating him, but one could not know him well without realizing him the most serious, the most humane, the most conscientious of men. He was Southwestern, and born amidst the oppression of a race that had no rights as against ours, but I never saw a man more regardful of negroes. He had a yellow butler when I first began to know him, because he said he could not bear to order a white man about, but the terms of his ordering George were the softest entreaty which command ever wore. He loved to rely upon George, who was such a broken reed in some things, though so stanch in others, and the fervent Republican in politics that Clemens then liked him to be. He could interpret Clemens's meaning to the public without conveying his mood, and could render his roughest answer smooth to the person denied his presence. His general instructions were that this presence was denied to all but personal friends, but the soft heart of George was sometimes touched by importunity, and once he came up into the billiard-room saying that Mr. Smith wished to see Clemens. Upon inquiry, Mr. Smith developed no ties of friendship, and Clemens said, "You go and tell Mr. Smith that I wouldn't come down to see the Twelve Apostles." George turned from the threshold where he had kept himself, and framed a paraphrase of this message which apparently sent Mr. Smith away content with himself and all the rest of the world.

The part of him that was Western in his Southwestern origin Clemens kept to the end, but he was the most desouthernized Southerner I ever knew. No man more perfectly sensed, and more entirely abhorred, slavery, and no one has ever poured such scorn upon the second-hand, Walter-Scotticised, pseudo-chivalry of the Southern ideal. He held himself responsible for the wrong which the white race had done the black race in slavery, and he explained, in paying the way of a negro student through Yale, that he was doing it as his part of the reparation due from every white to every black man. He said he had never seen this student, nor ever wished to see him, or know his name; it was quite enough that he was a negro. About that time a colored cadet was expelled from West Point for some point of conduct "unbecoming an officer and gentleman," and there was the usual shabby philosophy in a portion of the press to the effect that a negro could never feel the claim of honor. The man was fifteen parts white, but, "Oh, yes," Clemens said, with bitter irony, "it was that one part black that undid him." It made him a "nigger" and incapable of being a gentleman. It was to blame for the whole thing. The fifteen parts white were guiltless.

He was entirely satisfied with the result of the Civil War, and he was eager to have its facts and meanings brought

out at once in history. He ridiculed the notion, held by many, that "it was not yet time" to philosophize the events of the great struggle; that we must "wait till its passions had cooled," and "the clouds of strife had cleared away." He maintained that the time would never come when we should see its motives and men and deeds more clearly, and that now, now, was the hour to ascertain them in lasting verity. Picturesquely and dramatically, he portrayed the imbecility of deferring the inquiry at any point to the distance of future years when inevitably the facts would begin to put on fable.

He had powers of sarcasm and a relentless rancor in his contempt which those who knew him best appreciated most. The late Noah Brooks, who had been in California at the beginning of Clemens's career, and had witnessed the effect of his ridicule before he had learned to temper it, once said to me that he would rather have any one else in the world down on him than Mark Twain. But as Clemens grew older he grew more merciful, not to the wrong, but to the men who were in it. The wrong was often the source of his wildest drolling. He considered it in such hopelessness of ever doing it justice that his despair broke in convulsing laughter.

I go back to that house in Hartford, where I was so often a happy guest, with tenderness for each of its endearing aspects. Over the chimney in the library, which had been cured of smoking by so much art and science, Clemens had written in perennial brass the words of Emerson, "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it," and he gave his guests a welcome of the simplest and sweetest cordiality. But I must not go aside to them from my recollections of him, which will be of sufficient garrulity, if I give them as fully as I wish. The windows of the library looked northward from the hillside above which the house stood, and over the little valley with the stream in it, and they showed the leaves of the trees that almost brushed them as in a Claude Lorrain glass. To the eastward the dining-room opened amply, and to the south there was a wide hall, where the voices of friends made themselves heard as they entered without ceremony, and answered his joyous hail. At the west was a little semicircular conservatory of a pattern invented by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and adopted in most of the houses of her kindly neighborhood. The plants were set in the ground, and the flowering vines climbed up the sides and overhung the roof above the silent spray of a fountain companied by callas and other water-loving lilies. There, while we breakfasted, Patrick came in from the barn, and sprinkled the pretty bower, which poured out its responsive perfume in the delicate accents of its varied blossoms. Breakfast was Clemens's best meal, and he sat longer at his steak and coffee than at the courses of his dinner; luncheon was nothing to him, unless, as might happen, he made it his dinner, and reserved the later repast as the occasion of walking up and down the room, and discoursing at large on anything that came into his head. Like most good talkers, he liked other people to have their say; he did not talk them down; he stopped instantly at another's remark, and gladly or politely heard him through; he even made believe to find suggestion or inspiration in what was said. His children came to the table, as I have told, and after dinner he was apt to join his fine tenor to their trebles in singing.

Fully half our meetings were at my house in Cambridge, where he made himself as much at home as in Hartford. He would come ostensibly to stay at the Parker House, in Boston, and take a room, where he would light the gas and leave it burning, after dressing, while he drove out to Cambridge, and stayed two or three days with us. Once, I suppose it was after a lecture, he came in evening dress, and passed twenty-four hours with us in that guise, wearing an overcoat to hide it when we went for a walk. Sometimes he wore the slippers which he preferred to shoes at home, and if it was muddy, as it was wont to be in Cambridge, he would put a pair of rubbers over them for our rambles. He liked the lawlessness, and our delight in allowing it, and he rejoiced in the confession of his hostess, after we had once almost worn ourselves out in our pleasure with the intense talk, with the stories and the laughing, that his coming almost killed her, but it was worth it.

In those days he was troubled with sleeplessness, or rather with reluctant sleepiness, and he had various specifics for promoting it. At first it had been champagne just before going to bed, and we provided that, but later he appeared from Boston with four bottles of lager-beer under his arms; lager-beer, he said, now, was the only thing to make you go to sleep, and we provided that. Still later, on a visit I paid him at Hartford, I learned that hot Scotch was the only soporific worth considering, and Scotch whiskey duly found its place on our sideboard. One day, very long afterward, I asked him if he were still taking hot Scotch to make him sleep. He said he was not taking anything. For a while he had found going to bed on the bath-room floor a soporific; then one night he went to rest in his own bed at ten o'clock, and had gone promptly to sleep without anything. He had done the like with the like effect ever since. Of course it amused him; there were few experiences of life, grave or gay, which did not amuse him, even when they wronged him.

He came on to Cambridge in April, 1875, to go with me to the centennial ceremonies at Concord in celebration of the battle of the Minute Men with the British troops a hundred years before. We both had special invitations, including passage from Boston; but I said, Why bother to go into Boston, when we could just as well take the train for Concord at the Cambridge station? He equally decided that it would be absurd; so we breakfasted deliberately, and then walked to the station, reasoning of many things, as usual. When the train stopped, we found it packed inside and out. People stood dense on the platforms of the cars; to our startled eyes they seemed to project from the windows, and unless memory betrays me they lay strewn upon the roofs like brakemen slain at the post of duty. Whether this was really so or not, it is certain that the train presented an impenetrable front even to our imagination, and we left it to go its way without the slightest effort to board. We remounted the fame-worn steps of Porter's station, and began exploring North Cambridge for some means of transportation overland to Concord, for we were that far on the road by which the British went and came on the day of the battle. The liverymen whom we appealed to received us, some with compassion, some with derision, but in either mood convinced us that we could not have hired a cat to attempt our conveyance, much less a horse, or vehicle of any description. It was a raw, windy day, very unlike the exceptionally hot April day when the routed redcoats, pursued by the Colonials, fled panting back to Boston, with "their tongues hanging out like dogs," but we could not take due comfort in the vision of their discomfiture; we could almost envy them, for they had at least got to Concord. A swift procession of coaches, carriages, and buggies, all going to Concord, passed us, inert and helpless, on the sidewalk in the peculiarly cold mud of North Cambridge. We began to wonder if we might not stop one of them, and bribe it to take us, but we had not the courage to try, and Clemens seized the opportunity to begin suffering with an acute indigestion, which gave his humor a very dismal cast. I felt keenly the shame of defeat, and the guilt of responsibility for our failure, and when a gay party of students came toward us on the top of a tally-ho, luxuriantly empty inside, we felt that our chance had come, and our last chance. He said that if I would stop them and tell them who I was, they would gladly, perhaps proudly, give us passage; I contended that if with his far vaster renown he would approach them, our success would be assured. While we stood, lost in this "contest of civilities," the coach passed us, with gay notes blown from the horns of the students, and then Clemens started in pursuit, encouraged with shouts from the merry party, who could not imagine who was trying to run them down, to a rivalry in speed. The unequal match could end only in one way, and I am glad I cannot recall what he said when he came back to me. Since then I have often wondered at the grief which would have wrung those blithe young hearts, if they could have known that they might have had the company of Mark Twain to Concord that day and did not.

We hung about, unavailingly, in the bitter wind a while longer, and then

slowly, very slowly, made our way home. We wished to pass as much time as possible, in order to give probability to the deceit we intended to practise, for we could not bear to own ourselves baffled in our boasted wisdom of taking the train at Porter's station, and had agreed to say that we had been to Concord and got back. Even after coming home to my house, we felt that our statement would be wanting in verisimilitude without further delay, and we crept quietly into my library, and made up a roaring fire on the hearth, and thawed ourselves out in the heat of it, before we regained our courage for the undertaking. With all these precautions, we failed, for when our statement was imparted to the proposed victim, she instantly pronounced it unreliable, and we were left with it on our hands intact. I think the humor of this situation was finally a greater pleasure to Clemens than an actual visit to Concord would have been; only a few weeks before his death, he laughed our defeat over with one of my family in Bermuda, and exulted in our prompt detection.

From our joint experience in failing I argue that Clemens's affection for me must have been great to enable him to condone in me the final defection which was apt to be the end of our enterprises. I have fancied that I presented to him a surface of such entire trustworthiness that he could not imagine the depths of unreliability beneath it; and that never realizing it, he always broke through with fresh surprise but unimpaired faith. He liked beyond all things to push an affair to the bitter end, and the end was never too bitter unless it brought grief or harm to another. Once in a telegraph-office at a railway station he was treated with such insolent neglect by the young lady in charge, who was preoccupied in a flirtation with a "gentleman friend," that, emulous of the public spirit which he admired in the English, he told her he should report her to her superiors, and (probably to her astonishment) he did so. He went back to Hartford and in due time the poor girl came to me in terror and in tears; for I had abetted Clemens in his action, and had joined my name to his in his appeal to the authorities. She was threatened with dismissal unless she made full apology to him and brought back assurance of its acceptance. I felt able to give this, and of course he eagerly approved; I think he telegraphed his approval. Another time, some years afterward, we sat down together in places near the end of a car, and a brakeman came in looking for his official note-book. Clemens found that he had sat down upon it, and handed it to him; the man scolded him very abusively, and came back again and again, still scolding him for having no more sense than to sit down on a note-book. The patience of Clemens in bearing it was so angelic that I saw fit to comment, "I suppose you will report this fellow." "Yes," he answered, slowly and sadly. "That's what I should have done once. But now I remember that he gets fifteen dollars a month."

Nothing could have been wiser, nothing tenderer, and his humanity was not for humanity alone. He abhorred the dull and savage joy of the sportsman in a lucky shot, an unerring aim, and once when I met him in the country he had just been sickened by the success of a gunner in bringing down a blackbird, and he described the poor, stricken, glossy thing, how it lay throbbing its life out on the grass, with such pity as he might have given a wounded child. I find this a fit place to say that his mind and soul were with those who do the hard work of the world, in fear of those who give them a chance for their livelihoods and underpay them all they can. He never went so far in socialism as I have gone, if he went that way at all, but he was fascinated with *Looking Backward* and had Bellamy to visit him; and from the first he had a luminous vision of organized labor as the only present help for workingmen. He would show that side with such clearness and such force that you could not say anything in hopeful contradiction; he saw with that relentless insight of his that in the Unions was the working-man's only present hope of standing up like a man against money and the power of it. There was a time when I was afraid that his eyes were a little holden from the truth; but in the very last talk I heard from him I found that I was wrong, and that

this great humorist was as great a humanist as ever. I wish that all the workfolk could know this, and could know him their friend in life as he was in literature; as he was in such a glorious gospel of equality as the *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.*

Whether I will or no I must let things come into my story thoughtwise, as he would have let them, for I cannot remember them in their order. One night, while we were giving a party, he suddenly stormed in with a friend of his and mine, Mr. Twichell, and immediately began to eat and drink of our supper, for they had come straight to our house from walking to Boston, or so great a part of the way as to be ahungered and athirst. I can see him now as he stood up in the midst of our friends, with his head thrown back, and in his hand a dish of those escalloped oysters without which no party in Cambridge was really a party, exulting in the tale of his adventure, which had abounded in the most original characters and amusing incidents at every mile of their progress. They had broken their journey with a night's rest, and they had helped themselves lavishly out by rail in the last half; but still it had been a mighty walk to do in two days. Clemens was a great walker in those years, and was always telling of his tramps with Mr. Twichell to Talcott's Tower, ten miles out of Hartford. As he walked, of course he talked, and of course he smoked. Whenever he had been a few days with us, the whole house had to be aired, for he smoked all over it from breakfast to bedtime. He always went to bed with a cigar in his mouth, and sometimes, mindful of my fire insurance, I went up and took it away, still burning, after he had fallen asleep. I do not know how much a man may smoke and live, but apparently he smoked as much as a man could, for he smoked incessantly.

He did not care much to meet people, as I fancied, and we were greedy of him for ourselves; he was precious to us; and I would not have exposed him to the critical edge of that Cambridge acquaintance which might not have appreciated him at, say, his transatlantic value. In America his popularity was as instant as it was vast. But it must be acknowledged that for a much longer time here than in England polite learning hesitated his praise. In England rank, fashion, and culture rejoiced in him. Lord Mayors, Lord Chief Justices, and magnates of many kinds were his hosts; he was desired in country houses, and his bold genius captivated the favor of periodicals which spurned all the rest of our nation. But in his own country it was different. In proportion as people thought themselves refined they questioned that quality which all recognize in him now, but which was then the inspired knowledge of the simple-hearted multitude. I went with him to see Longfellow, but I do not think Longfellow made much of him, and Lowell made less. He stopped as if with the long Semitic curve of Clemens's nose, which in the indulgence of his passion for finding every one more or less a Jew he pronounced unmistakably racial. It was two of my most fastidious Cambridge friends who accepted him with the English, the European entirety: Charles Eliot Norton, namely, and Professor Francis J. Child. Norton was then newly back from a long sojourn abroad, and his judgments were delocalized. He met Clemens as if they had both been in England, and rejoiced in his bold freedom from environment, and in the rich variety and boundless reach of his talk. Child was of a personal liberty as great in its fastidious way as that of Clemens himself, and though he knew him only at second hand, he exulted in the most audacious instance of his grotesquery, as I shall have to tell by and by, almost solely. I cannot say just why Clemens seemed not to hit the favor of our community of scribes and scholars, as Bret Harte had done, when he came on from California, and swept them before him, disrupting their dinners and delaying their lunches with impunity; but it is certain he did not, and I had better say so.

I am surprised to find from the bibliographical authorities that it was so late as 1875 when he came with the manuscript of *Tom Sawyer,* and asked me to read it, as a friend and critic, and not as an editor. I have an impression that this was at Mrs. Clemens's instance in his own uncertainty about printing it.

She trusted me, I can say with a satisfaction few things now give me, to be her husband's true and cordial adviser, and I was so. I believe I never failed him in this part, though in so many of our enterprises and projects I was false as water through my temperamental love of backing out of any undertaking. I believe this never ceased to astonish him, and it has always astonished me; it appears to me quite out of character; though it is certain that an undertaking, when I have entered upon it, holds me rather than I it. But however this immaterial matter may be, I am glad to remember that I thoroughly liked *Tom Sawyer,* and said so with every possible amplification. Very likely, I also made my suggestions for its improvement; I could not have been a real critic without that; and I have no doubt they were gratefully accepted, and I hope never acted upon. I went with him to the horse-car station in Harvard Square, as my frequent wont was, and put him aboard a car with his MS. in his hand, stayed and reassured, so far as I could, concerning it. I do not know what his misgivings were; perhaps they were his wife's misgivings, for she wished him to be known not only for the wild and boundless humor that was in him, but for the beauty and tenderness and "natural piety"; and she would not have had him judged by a too close fidelity to the rude conditions of Tom Sawyer's life. This is the meaning that I read into the fact of his coming to me with those doubts.

Clemens had then and for many years the habit of writing to me about what he was doing, and still more of what he was experiencing. Nothing struck his imagination, in or out of the daily routine, but he wished to write me of it, and he wrote with the greatest fulness and a lavish dramatization, sometimes to the length of twenty or forty pages, so that I have now perhaps fifteen hundred pages of his letters. They will no doubt some day be published, but I am not even referring to them in these records, which I think had best come to the reader with an old man's falterings and uncertainties. With his frequent absences and my own abroad, and the intrusion of calamitous cares, the rich tide of his letters was more and more interrupted. At times it almost ceased, and then it would come again, a torrent. In the very last weeks of his life, he burst forth, and though too weak himself to write, he dictated his rage with me for recommending to him a certain author whose truthfulness he could not deny, but whom he hated for his truthfulness to sordid and ugly conditions. At heart Clemens was romantic, and he would have had the world of fiction stately and handsome and whatever the real world was not, but he was not romanticistic, and he was too helplessly an artist not to wish his own work to show life as he had seen it. I was preparing to rap him back for these letters when I read that he had got home to die; he would have liked the rapping back.

Clemens liked coming to Boston, especially for those luncheons and dinners in which the fertile hospitality of our publisher, Osgood, abounded. He dwelt equidistant from Boston and New York, and he had special friends in New York, but he said he much preferred coming to Boston; of late years he never went there, and he had lost the habit of it long before he came home from Europe to live in New York. At these feasts, which were often of after-dinner-speaking measure, he could always be relied upon for something of amazing delightfulness. Once, when Osgood could think of no other occasion for a dinner, he gave himself a birthday dinner, and asked his friends and authors. The beautiful and splendid trooper-like Waring was there, and I recall how in the long, rambling speech in which Clemens went round the table hitting every head at it, and especially visiting Osgood with thanks for his ingenious pretext for our entertainment, he congratulated Waring upon his engineering genius, and his hypnotic control of municipal governments. He said that if there was a plan for draining a city at a cost of a million, by seeking the level of the water in the down-hill course of the sewers, Waring would come with a plan to drain that town up-hill and carry it through the Common Council without opposition. It is hard to say whether the time was gladder at these dinners, or at the small lunches at which Osgood and Aldrich and I foregathered with him, and talked the afternoon away.

He was a great figure, and the principal figure, at one of the first of the now worn-out Authors' Readings, which was held in the Boston Museum to aid a Longfellow memorial. It was the late George Parsons Lathrop (everybody seems to be late in these sad days) who imagined the reading, but when it came to a price for seats I can always claim the glory of fixing it at five dollars. The price if not the occasion proved irresistible, and the Museum was packed from the floor to the topmost gallery. Norton presided, and when it came Clemens's turn to read he introduced him with those exquisite praises which he best knew how to give, but before he closed he fell a prey to one of those lapses of tact which are the peculiar peril of people of the greatest tact. He was reminded of Darwin's delight in Mark Twain, and how when he came from his long day's exhausting study, and sank into bed at midnight, he took up a volume of Mark Twain, whose books he always kept on a table beside him, and whatever had been his tormenting problem, or excess of toil, he felt secure of a good night's rest from it. A sort of blank ensued which Clemens filled in the only possible way. He said he should always be glad that he had contributed to the repose of that great man, whom science owed so much, and then without waiting for the joy in every breast to burst forth, he began to read. It was curious to watch his triumph with the house. His carefully studied effects would reach the first rows in the orchestra first, and ripple in laughter back to the standees against the wall, and then with a fine resurgence come again to the rear orchestra seats, and so rise from gallery to gallery, till it fell back a cataract of applause from the topmost rows of seats. He was such a practised speaker that he knew all the stops of that simple instrument man, and there is no doubt that these results were accurately intended from his unerring knowledge. He was the most consummate public performer I ever saw, and it was an incomparable pleasure to hear him lecture; on the platform he was the great and finished actor which he probably would not have been on the stage. He was fond of private theatricals, and liked to play in them with his children and their friends, in dramatizations of such stories of his as *The Prince and Pauper;* but I never saw him in any of these scenes. When he read his manuscript to you, it was with a thorough, however involuntary, recognition of its dramatic qualities; he held that an actor added fully half to the character the author created. With my own hurried and half-hearted reading of passages which I wished to try on him from unprinted chapters (say, out of *The Undiscovered Country*, or *A Modern Instance*) he said frankly that my reading could spoil anything. He was realistic, but he was essentially histrionic, and he was rightly so. What we have strongly conceived we ought to make others strongly imagine, and we ought to use every genuine art to that end.

There came a time when the lecturing which had been the joy of his prime became his loathing, loathing unutterable, and when he renounced it with indescribable violence. Yet he was always hankering for those fleshpots, whose savor lingered on his palate and filled his nostrils after his withdrawal from the platform. The Authors' Readings when they had won their brief popularity abounded in suggestion for him. Reading from one's book was not so bad as giving a lecture written for a lecture's purpose, and he was willing at last to compromise. He had a magnificent scheme for touring the country with Aldrich and Mr. G. W. Cable and myself, in a private car, with a cook of our own, and every facility for living on the fat of the land. We should read only four times a week, in an entertainment that should not last more than an hour and a half. He would be the impresario, and would guarantee us others at least seventy-five dollars a day, and pay every expense of the enterprise, which he provisionally called the Circus, himself. But Aldrich and I were now no longer in those earlier thirties when we so cheerfully imagined *Memorable Murders* for subscription publication; we both abhorred public appearances, and at any rate I was going to Europe for a year. So the plan fell through except as regarded Mr. Cable, who, in his way, was as fine a performer as Clemens, and could both read and sing the matter of his books. On a far

less stupendous scale they two made the rounds of the great lecturing circuit together. But I believe a famous lecture-manager had charge of them, and travelled with them.

He was a most sanguine man, a most amiable person, and such a believer in fortune that Clemens used to say of him, as he said of one of his early publishers, that you could rely upon fifty per cent. of everything he promised. I myself many years later became a follower of this hopeful prophet, and I can testify that in my case at least he was able to keep ninety-nine, and even a hundred, per cent. of his word. It was I who was much nearer failing of mine, for I promptly began to lose sleep from the nervous stress of my lecturing and from the gratifying but killing receptions afterward, and I was truly in that state from insomnia which Clemens recognized in the brief letter I got from him in the Western city, after half a dozen wakeful nights. He sardonically congratulated me on having gone into "the lecture field," and then he said: "I know where you are *now*. You are in hell."

It was this perdition which he reentered when he undertook that round-the-world lecturing tour for the payment of the debts left to him by the bankruptcy of his firm in the publishing business. It was not purely perdition for him, or rather it was perdition for only one-half of him, the author-half; for the actor-half it was paradise. The author who takes up lecturing without the ability to give histrionic support to the literary reputation which he brings to the crude test of his reader's eyes and ears, invokes a peril and a misery unknown to the lecturer who has made his first public from the platform. Clemens was victorious on the platform from the beginning, and it would be folly to pretend that he did not exult in his triumphs there. But I suppose, with the wearing nerves of middle life, he hated more and more the personal swarming of interest upon him, and all the inevitable clatter of the thing. Yet he faced it, and he labored round our tiresome globe that he might pay the uttermost farthing of debts which he had not knowingly contracted, the debts of his partners who had meant well and done ill, not because they were evil, but because they were unwise, and as unfit for their work as he was. "Pay what thou owest." That is right, even when thou owest it by the error of others, and even when thou owest it to a bank, which had not lent it from love of thee, but in the hard line of business and thy need.

Clemens's behavior in this matter redounded to his glory among the nations of the whole earth, and especially in this nation, so wrapped in commerce, and so little used to honor among its many thieves. He had behaved like Walter Scott, as millions rejoiced to know, who had not known how Walter Scott had behaved till they knew it was like Clemens. No doubt it will be put to his credit in the books of the Recording Angel, but what the Judge of all the Earth will say of it at the Last Day, there is no telling. I should not be surprised if He accounted it of less merit than some other things that Clemens did and was: less than his abhorrence of the Spanish War, and the destruction of the South-African republics, and our deceit of the Filipinos, and his hate of slavery, and his payment of his portion of our race's debt to the race of the colored student whom he saw through college, and his support of a poor artist for three years in Paris, and his gift of opportunity to the youth who became the most brilliant of our actor-dramatists, and his eager pardon of the thoughtless girl who was near paying the penalty of her impertinence with the loss of her place, and his remembering that the insolent brakeman got fifteen dollars a month, and his sympathy for workingmen standing up to money in their unions, and even his pity for the wounded bird throbbing out its little life on the grass for the pleasure of the cruel fool who shot it. These and the thousand other charities and beneficences in which he abounded, openly or secretly, may avail him more than the discharge of his firm's liabilities with the Judge of all the Earth, who surely will do right, but whose measures and criterions no man knows, and I least of all men.

He made no great show of sympathy with people in their anxieties, but it never failed, and at a time when I lay sick for many weeks his letters were of

comfort to those who feared I might not rise again. His hand was out in help for those who needed help, and in kindness for those who needed kindness. There remains in my mind the dreary sense of a long, long drive to the uttermost bounds of the South End at Boston, where he went to call upon some obscure person whose claim stretched in a lengthening chain from his early days in Hannibal—a most inadequate person, in whose vacuity the gloom of the dull day deepened till it was almost too deep for tears. He bore the ordeal with grim heroism, and silently smoked away the sense of it, as we drove back to Cambridge, in his slippered feet, sombrely musing, sombrely swearing. But he knew he had done the right, the kind thing, and he was content. He came the whole way from Hartford to go with me to a friendless play of mine, which Alessandro Salvini was giving in a series of matinées, to houses that never enlarged themselves beyond the count of the brave two hundred who sat it through, and he stayed my fainting spirit with a cheer beyond flagons, joining me in my joke at the misery of it, and carrying the fun farther.

Before that he had come to witness the æsthetic suicide of Anna Dickinson, who had been a flaming light of the political platform in the war days, and had been left by them consuming in a hapless ambition for the theatre. The poor girl had had a play written especially for her, and, as Anne Boleyn, she ranted and exhorted through the five acts, drawing ever nearer the utter defeat of the anti-climax. We could hardly look at each other for pity, Clemens sitting there in the box he had taken, with his shaggy head out over the corner, and his slippered feet curled under him: he either went to a place in his slippers or he carried them with him, and put them on as soon as he could put off his boots. When it was so that we could not longer follow her failure and live, he began to talk of the absolute close of her career which the thing was, and how probably she had no conception that it was the end. He philosophized the mercifulness of the fact, and of the ignorance of most of us, when mortally sick or fatally wounded. We think it is not the end, because we have never ended before, and we do not see how we can end. Some can push by the awful hour, and live again, but for Anna Dickinson there could be, and was, no such palingenesis. Of course, we got that solemn joy out of reading her fate aright which is the compensation of the wise spectator in witnessing the inexorable doom of others.

Heaven-Memory

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

CAME Memory to my winter hearth:
"Of thee alone I shelter seek,
Those Others being gone from earth;
But thou and I of Them will speak."

"Hast thou," I asked, "not found Their place—
Do thou and They not speak of me!"
Then said that guest with star-dim face,
"But all Their speech were strange to thee."

The Secret-Sharer

AN EPISODE FROM THE SEA

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

PART I.

On my right hand there were lines of fishing-stakes resembling a mysterious system of half-submerged bamboo fences, incomprehensible in its division of the domain of tropical fishes, and crazy of aspect as if abandoned forever by some nomad tribe of fishermen now gone to the other end of the ocean, for there was no sign of human habitation as far as the eye could reach. To the left a group of barren islets, suggesting ruins of stone walls, towers, and blockhouses, had its foundations set in a blue sea that itself looked solid, so still and stable did it lie below my feet; even the track of light from the westering sun shone smoothly, without that animated glitter which tells of an imperceptible ripple. And when I turned my head to take a parting glance at the tug which had just left us anchored outside the bar, I saw the straight line of the flat shore joined to the stable sea, edge to edge, with a perfect and unmarked closeness, in one levelled floor half brown, half blue for the enormous dome of the sky. Corresponding in their insignificance to the islets of the sea, two small clumps of trees, one on each side of the only fault in the impeccable joint, marked the mouth of the river Mekong we had just left on the first preparatory stage of our homeward journey; and far back on the inland level a larger and loftier mass, the grove surrounding the great Paknam pagoda, was the only thing on which the eye could rest from the vain task of exploring the undistinguished sweep of the horizon. Here and there gleams as of a few scattered pieces of silver marked the windings of the great river; and on the nearest of them, just within the bar, the tug steaming right into the land became lost to my sight, hull and funnel and masts, as though the impassive earth had swallowed her up without an effort, without a tremor. But presently my eye caught the light cloud of her smoke, now here, now there, above the plain, according to the devious curves of the stream, but always fainter and farther away, till I lost it at last behind the mitre-shaped hill of the great pagoda. And then I was left alone with my ship, anchored at the head of the Gulf of Siam.

She floated at the starting-point of a long journey, very still in an immense stillness, the shadows of her spars flung far to the eastward by the setting sun. At that moment I was alone on her decks. There was not a sound in her—and around us nothing moved, nothing lived, not a canoe on the water, not a bird in the air, not a cloud in the sky. In this breathless pause at the threshold of a long passage we seemed to be measuring our fitness for a long and arduous enterprise, the appointed task of both our existences to be carried out, far from all human eye, with only sky and sea for spectators and for judges.

There must have been some glare in the air to interfere with one's sight, because it was only just before the sun left us that my roaming eyes made out beyond the highest ridge of the principal islet of the group something which did away with the solemnity of perfect solitude. The tide of darkness flowed on swiftly; and with tropical suddenness a swarm of stars came out above the shadowy earth, while I lingered yet, my hand resting lightly on my ship's rail as if on the shoulder of a trusted friend. But, with all that multitude of celestial bodies staring down at one, the comfort of quiet communion with her was gone for good. And there were also disturbing sounds by this time—voices, footsteps forward; the steward flitted along the main-deck, a busily ministering spirit; shortly afterward a hand-bell tinkled urgently under the poop-deck. . . .

I found my two officers waiting for me near the supper table, in the lighted cuddy. We sat down at once, and as I helped the chief mate, I said:

"Are you aware that there is a ship anchored inside the islands? I saw her mastheads above the ridge as the sun went down."

He raised sharply his simple face, overcharged by a terrible growth of whisker, and emitted his usual ejaculations: "Bless my soul, sir! You don't say so!"

My second mate was a round-cheeked, silent young man, grave beyond his years, I thought; but as our eyes happened to meet I detected a slight quiver on his lips. I looked down at once. It was not my part to encourage sneering on board my ship. It must be said, too, that I knew very little of my officers. In consequence of certain events of no particular significance, except to myself, I had been appointed to the command only a fortnight before. Neither did I know much of the hands forward. All these people had been together for eighteen months or so, and my position was that of the only stranger on board. I mention this because it has some bearing on what is to follow. But what I felt most was my being a stranger to the ship; and if all the truth must be told, I was somewhat of a stranger to myself. The youngest man on board (barring the second mate), and untried as yet by a position of the fullest responsibility, I was willing to take the adequacy of the others for granted. They had simply to be equal to their tasks; but I wondered how far I should turn out faithful to that ideal conception of one's own personality every man sets up for himself secretly.

Meantime the chief mate, with an almost visible effect of collaboration on the part of his round eyes and frightful whiskers was trying to evolve a theory of the anchored ship. His dominant trait was to take all things into earnest consideration. He was of a painstaking turn of mind. As he used to say, he "liked to account to himself" for practically everything that came in his way, down to a miserable scorpion he had found in his cabin a week before. The why and the wherefore of that scorpion—how it got on board and came to select his room rather than the pantry (which was a dark place and more what a scorpion would be partial to), and how on earth it managed to drown itself in the inkwell of his writing-desk—had exercised him infinitely. We had been having scorpion at every meal, and the second mate's lip had been kept on the quiver all the time. The ship within the islands was much more easily accounted for; and just as we were about to rise from table he made his pronouncement. She was, he doubted not, a ship from home lately arrived. Probably she drew too much water to cross the bar except at the top of spring tides. Therefore she went into that natural harbor to wait for a few days in preference to remaining in an open roadstead.

"That's so," confirmed the second mate, suddenly, in his slightly hoarse voice. "She draws over twenty feet. She's the Liverpool ship *Sephora* with a cargo of coal. Hundred and twenty-three days from Cardiff."

We looked at him in surprise.

"The tugboat skipper told me of her when he came on board for your letters, sir," explained the young man. "He expects to take her up the river the day after to-morrow."

After thus overwhelming us with the extent of his information he slipped out of the cabin. The mate observed regretfully that he "could not account for that young fellow's whims." What prevented him telling us all about it at once, he wanted to know.

I detained him as he was making a move. For the last two days the men had had plenty of hard work, and the night before they had very little sleep. I felt painfully that I—a stranger—was doing something unusual when I directed him to let all hands turn in without setting an anchor-watch. I proposed to keep on deck myself till one o'clock or thereabouts. I would get the second mate to relieve me at that hour.

"He will turn out the cook and the steward at four," I concluded, "and then give you a call. Of course at the slightest sign of any sort of wind we'll have the hands up and make a start at once."

He concealed his astonishment. "Very well, sir." Outside the cuddy he put his head in the second mate's door to inform him of my unheard-of caprice to take a

five hours' anchor-watch on myself. I heard the other raise his voice incredulously—"What? The captain himself?" Then a few more murmurs, a door closed, then another. A few moments later I went on deck.

My strangeness, which had made me sleepless, had prompted that unconventional arrangement, as if I had expected in those solitary hours of the night to get on terms with the ship of which I knew nothing, manned by men of whom I knew very little more. Fast alongside a wharf, littered like any ship in port with a tangle of unrelated things, invaded by unrelated shore people, I had hardly seen her yet properly. Now, as she lay cleared for sea, the stretch of her main-deck seemed to me very fine under the stars. Very fine, very roomy for her size, and very inviting. I descended the poop and paced the waist, my mind picturing to myself the coming passage through the Malay Archipelago, down the Indian Ocean, and up the Atlantic. All its phases were familiar enough to me, every characteristic, all the alternatives which were likely to face me on the high seas—everything! . . . except the novel responsibility of command. But I comforted myself with the reasonable thought that the ship was like other ships, the men like other men, and that the sea was not likely to keep any special surprises expressly for my discomfiture.

Arrived at that comforting conclusion, I bethought myself of a cigar and went below to get it. All was still down there. Everybody at the after end of the ship was sleeping profoundly. I came out again on the quarter-deck, agreeably at ease in my sleeping-suit on that warm breathless night, barefooted, a glowing cigar in my teeth, and, going forward, I was met by the profound silence of the fore end of the ship. Only as I passed the door of the forecastle I heard a deep, quiet, trustful sigh of some sleeper inside. And suddenly I rejoiced in the great security of the sea as compared with the unrest of the land, in my choice of that untempted life presenting no disquieting problems, invested with an elementary moral beauty by the absolute straightforwardness of its appeal and by the singleness of its purpose.

The riding-light in the fore-rigging burned with a clear, untroubled, as if symbolic, flame, confident and bright in the impenetrable mysteriousness of the night. Passing on my way aft along the other side of the ship, I observed that the rope side-ladder, put over, no doubt, for the master of the tug when he came to fetch away our letters, had not been hauled in as it should have been. I became annoyed at this, for exactitude in small matters is the very soul of discipline. Then I reflected that I had myself peremptorily dismissed my officers from duty, and by my own act had prevented the anchor-watch being formally set and things properly attended to. I asked myself whether it was wise to interfere with the established routine of duties even from the kindest of motives. It might have made me appear eccentric. Goodness only knew how that absurdly whiskered mate would "account" for my conduct, and what the whole ship thought of that informality of their strange captain. I was vexed with myself.

Not from compunction certainly, but, as it were mechanically, I proceeded to get the ladder in myself. Now a side-ladder of that sort is a light affair and comes in easily, yet my vigorous tug, which should have brought it flying on board, merely recoiled upon my body in a totally unexpected jerk. What the devil! . . . I was so astounded by the immovableness of that ladder that I remained stock-still, trying to account for it to myself like that imbecile mate of mine. In the end, of course, I put my head over the rail.

The side of the ship made an opaque belt of shadow on the darkling glassy shimmer of the sea. But I saw at once something fish-like, elongated, and pale floating very close to the ladder. Before I could form a guess a faint flash of phosphorescent light, which seemed to issue suddenly from the naked body of a man, flickered in the sleeping water with the elusive, silent play of summer lightning in a night sky. With a gasp I saw revealed to my stare a pair of feet, the long legs, a broad livid back immersed right up to the neck in a greenish cadaverous glow. One hand, awash, clutched the bottom rung of the ladder. He was complete but for the head. The cigar dropped out of my gaping mouth with a tiny plop and

a short hiss quite audible in the absolute stillness of all things under heaven. At that I suppose he raised up his face, a dimly pale oval in the shadow of the ship's side. But even then I could only barely make out down there the shape of his black-haired head. However, that much was enough for the horrid, frost-bound sensation which had gripped me about the chest to pass off. The moment of vain exclamations was past, too. I only climbed on the spare spar and leaned over the rail as far as I could, to bring my eyes nearer to that mystery floating alongside.

As he hung by the ladder, like a resting swimmer, the sea-lightning played about his limbs at every stir; and he appeared in it ghastly, silvery, fish-like. He remained as mute as a fish, too. He made no attempt to get out of the water, either. It was inconceivable that he should not attempt to come on board, and strangely troubling to suspect that perhaps he did not want to. And my first words were prompted by just that troubled incertitude.

"What's the matter?" I asked in my ordinary tone, speaking down to the face upturned exactly under mine.

"Cramp," it answered, no louder. Then slightly anxious, "I say, no need to call any one."

"I was not going to," I said.

"Are you alone on deck?"

"Yes."

I had somehow the impression that he was on the point of letting go the ladder to swim away beyond my ken—mysterious as he came. This impression remained, though for the moment this being appearing as if he had risen from the bottom of the sea (it was certainly the nearest land to the ship) wanted only to know the time. I told him. And he, down there, tentatively:

"I suppose your captain's turned in?"

"I am sure he isn't," I said.

He seemed to struggle with himself, for I heard something like the low, bitter murmur of a doubtful man. "What's the good?" His next words came out with a hesitating effort.

"Look here, my man. Could you call him quietly?"

I thought the time had come to declare myself.

"*I* am the captain."

I heard a "By Jove!" whispered at the level of the water. The phosphorescence flashed in the swirl of the water all about him; his other hand seized the ladder.

"My name's Leggatt."

The voice was calm and resolute. A good voice. The self-possession of that man had somehow induced a corresponding state in myself. It was very seriously that I remarked:

"You must be a good swimmer."

"Yes. I've been in the water practically since nine o'clock. The question for me now is whether I am to let go this ladder and go on swimming till I sink from exhaustion, or—to come on board here."

I felt this was no mere formula of desperate speech, but a real alternative in the view of a strong soul. I should have gathered from this that he was young; indeed, it is only the young who are ever confronted by such clear issues. But at the time it was pure intuition on my part. A mysterious communication was established already between us two—in the face of that silent, darkened tropical sea. I was young, too, young enough to make no comment. The man in the water began suddenly to climb up the ladder, and I hastened away from the rail to fetch some clothes.

Before entering the cabin I stood still, listening in the lobby at the foot of the stairs. Everybody slept. A faint snore came through the closed door of the chief mate's room. The second mate's door was on the hook, but the darkness in there was absolutely soundless. He, too, was young and could sleep like a stone. Remained the steward, but he was not likely to wake up before he was called and wander out of his berth to have a look at the weather. I got a sleeping-suit out of my room and, coming out on deck, saw the naked man from the sea sitting on the main-hatch, glimmering white in the darkness, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. In a moment he had concealed his damp body in a sleeping-suit of the same gray pattern as the one I was wearing and followed me like my double on the poop. Together we moved right aft, barefooted, silent.

"What is it?" I asked in a deadened voice, taking the lighted lamp out of the binnacle, and raising it to his face.

"An ugly business."

He had rather regular features; a good mouth; light eyes under somewhat heavy, dark eyebrows; a smooth, square forehead; no growth on his cheeks; a small, brown mustache, and a well-shaped, round chin. His expression was concentrated, meditative, under the inspecting light of the lamp I held up to his face; such as a man thinking hard in solitude might wear. My sleeping-suit was just right for his size. A well-knit young fellow of twenty-five at most. He caught his lower lip with the edge of white, even teeth.

"Yes," I said, replacing the lamp in the binnacle. The warm, heavy tropical night closed upon his head again.

"There's a ship over there," he murmured.

"Yes, I know. The *Sephora*. Did you know of us?"

"Hadn't the slightest idea. I am the mate of her. . . ." He paused and corrected himself. "I should say I *was*."

"Aha! Something wrong?"

"Yes. Very wrong indeed. I've killed a man."

"What do you mean? Just now?"

"No, on the passage. Weeks ago. Thirty-nine south. When I say a man . . ."

"Fit of temper," I suggested, confidently.

The shadowy, dark head, like mine, seemed to nod imperceptibly above the ghostly gray of my sleeping-suit. It was, in the night, as though I had been faced by my own reflection in the depths of a sombre and immense mirror.

"A pretty thing to have to own up to for a Conway boy," murmured my double, distinctly.

"You're a Conway boy?"

"I am," he said, as if startled. Then, slowly . . . "Perhaps you too . . ."

It was so; but being a couple of years older I had left before he joined. After a quick interchange of dates a silence fell; and I thought suddenly of my absurd mate with his terrific whiskers and the "Bless my soul—you don't say so" type of intellect. My double gave me an inkling of his thought by saying:

"My father's a parson in Norfolk. Do you see me before a judge and jury on that charge? For myself I can't see the necessity. There are fellows that an angel from heaven . . . And I am not that. He was one of those creatures that are just simmering all the time with a silly sort of wickedness. Miserable devils that have no business to live at all. He wouldn't do his duty and wouldn't let anybody else do theirs. But what's the good of talking! You know well enough the sort of ill-conditioned snarling cur. . . ."

He appealed to me as if our experiences had been as identical as our clothes. And I knew well enough the pestiferous danger of such a character where there are no means of legal repression. And I knew well enough also that my double there was no homicidal ruffian. I did not think of asking him for details, and he told me the story roughly in brusque, disconnected sentences. I needed no more. I saw it all going on as though I were myself inside that other sleeping-suit.

"It happened while we were setting a reefed foresail, at dusk. Reefed foresail! You understand the sort of weather. The only sail we had left to keep the ship running; so you may guess what it had been like for days. Anxious sort of job, that. He gave me some of his cursed insolence at the sheet. I tell you I was overdone with this terrific weather that seemed to have no end to it. Terrific, I tell you—and a deep ship. I believe the fellow himself was half crazed with funk. That was no time for gentlemanly reproof, so I turned round and felled him like an ox. He up and at me. We closed just as an awful sea made for the ship. All hands saw it coming and took to the rigging, but I had him by the throat, and went on shaking him like a rat, the men above us yelling. Then a crash as if the sky had fallen on my head. They say that for over ten minutes hardly anything was to be seen of the ship—just the three masts and a bit of the forecastle head and of the poop all awash driving along wildly in a smother of foam. It was a miracle that they found us, jammed together behind the forebits. Not a pretty miracle, either. It's clear that I meant business, because I was holding him by the throat still when they picked us up. He was black in the face. It was too much for them; it seems they rushed us aft together, gripped as we were, screaming "Murder!" like a lot of lunatics, and broke into the cuddy. And the ship running for her life, touch and go all the time, any minute her last in a sea

fit to turn your hair gray only a-looking at it. I understand that the skipper, too, started raving like the rest of them. The man had been deprived of sleep for more than a week, and to have this sprung on him at the height of a furious gale nearly drove him out of his mind. I wonder they didn't fling me overboard after getting the carcass of their precious shipmate out of my fingers. They had rather a job to separate us, I've been told. A sufficiently fierce story to make an old judge and a respectable jury sit up a bit. The first thing I heard when I came to myself was the maddening howling of that endless gale, and on that the voice of the old man. He was hanging on to my bunk, staring into my face out of his sou'wester.

"'Mr. Leggatt, you have killed a man. You can act no longer as chief mate of this ship.'"

His care to subdue his voice made it sound monotonous. He rested a hand on the end of the skylight to steady himself with, and all that time did not stir a limb, so far as I could see. "Nice little tale for a quiet tea-party," he concluded in the same tone.

One of my hands, too, rested on the end of the skylight; neither did I stir a limb, so far as I knew. We stood less than a foot from each other. It occurred to me that if old "Bless my soul—you don't say so" were to put his head up the companion and catch sight of us, he would think he was seeing double, or imagine himself come upon a scene of weird witchcraft; the strange captain having a quiet confabulation by the wheel with his own gray ghost. I became very much concerned to prevent anything of the sort. I heard the other's soothing undertone.

"My father's a parson in Norfolk," it said. Evidently he had forgotten he had told me this important fact before. Truly a nice little tale.

"You had better slip down into my stateroom now," I said, moving off stealthily. My double followed my movements; our bare feet made no sound; I let him in, closed the door with care, and, after giving a call to the second mate, returned on deck for my relief.

"Not much sign of any wind yet," I remarked when he approached.

"No, sir. Not much," he assented, sleepily, in his hoarse voice, with just enough deference, no more, and barely suppressing a yawn.

"Well, that's all you have to look out for. You have got your orders."

"Yes, sir."

I paced a turn or two on the poop and saw him take up his position face forward with his elbow in the ratlines of the mizzen-rigging, before I went below. The mate's faint snoring was still going on peacefully. The cuddy lamp was burning over the table on which stood a bunch of flowers, a polite attention from the ship's provision merchant—the very last bunch of flowers we should see for the next three months at the very least. Two bunches of bananas hung from the beam symmetrically, one on each side of the rudder-casing. Everything was as before in the ship—except that two of her captain's sleeping-suits were simultaneously in use, one motionless in the cuddy, the other keeping very still in the captain's stateroom.

It must be explained here that my cabin had the form of the capital letter L, the door being within the angle and opening into the short part of the letter. A couch was to the left, the bed-place to the right; my writing-desk and the chronometers' table faced the door. But any one opening it, unless he stepped right inside, had no view of what I call the long (or vertical) part of the letter. It contained some lockers surmounted by a bookcase; and a few clothes, a thick jacket or two, caps, oilskin coat, and such like, hung on hooks. There was at the bottom of that part a door opening into my bathroom, which last could be entered also directly from the saloon. But that door was kept always locked.

The mysterious arrival had discovered the advantage of that particular shape. Entering my room, lighted strongly by a big bulkhead lamp swung on gimbals above my writing-desk, I did not see him anywhere till he stepped out quietly from behind the coats hung in the recess-like part.

"I heard somebody moving about, and went in there at once," he whispered.

I, too, spoke under my breath.

"Nobody is likely to come in here without knocking and getting permission."

He nodded. His face was thin and the sunburn faded, as though he had been ill.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

"NICE LITTLE TALE FOR A QUIET TEA-PARTY," HE CONCLUDED

And no wonder. He had been, I heard presently, kept under arrest in his cabin for nearly nine weeks. But there was nothing sickly in his eyes or in his expression. He was not a bit like me, really; yet, as we stood leaning over my bed-place, whispering side by side, with our dark heads together and our backs to the door, anybody bold enough to open it stealthily would have been treated to the uncanny sight of a double captain busy talking in whispers with his other self.

"But all this doesn't tell me how you came to hang on to our side-ladder," I inquired, in the hardly audible murmurs we used, after he had told me something more of the proceedings on board the *Sephora* after the bad weather was over.

"When we sighted Java Head I had had time to think all those matters out several times over. I had six weeks of doing nothing else, and with only an hour or so every evening for a tramp on the quarter-deck."

He whispered, his arms folded on the side of my bed-place, staring through the open port. And I could imagine perfectly the manner of this thinking out—a stubborn if not a steadfast operation; something of which I should have been perfectly incapable.

"I reckoned it would be dark before we closed with the land," he continued, so low that I had to strain my hearing, near as we were to each other, shoulder touching shoulder almost. "So I asked to speak to the old man. He always seemed very sick when he came to see me—as if he could not look me in the face. You know, that foresail saved the ship. She was too deep to have run long under bare poles. And it was I that managed to set it for him. Anyway, he came. When I had him in my cabin—he stood by the door looking at me as if I had the halter round my neck already—I asked him right away to leave my cabin door unlocked at night while the ship was going through Sunda Straits. There would be the Java coast within two or three miles, off Angier Point. I wanted nothing more. I've had a prize for swimming my second year in the Conway."

"I can believe it," I breathed out.

"God only knows why they locked me in every night. To see some of their faces you'd have thought they were afraid I'd go about at night strangling people. Am I a murdering brute? Do I look it? By Jove! if I had been he wouldn't have trusted himself like that into my room. You'll say I might have chucked him aside and bolted out, there and then—it was dark already. Well, no. And for the same reason I wouldn't think of trying to smash the door. There would have been a rush to stop me at the noise, and I did not mean to get into a confounded scrimmage. Somebody else might have got killed—for I would not have broken out only to get chucked back, and I did not want any more of that work. He refused, looking more sick than ever. He was afraid of the hands, and also of that old second mate of his who had been sailing with him for years — a gray-headed old humbug; and his steward, too, had been with him devil knows how long—seventeen years or more—a dogmatic sort of loafer who hated me like poison, just because I was the chief mate. No chief mate ever made more than one voyage in the *Sephora,* you know. Those two old chaps ran the ship. Devil only knows what the skipper wasn't afraid of (all his nerve went to pieces altogether in that hellish spell of bad weather we had)—of what the law would do to him—of his wife, perhaps. Oh, yes! she's on board. Though I don't think she would have meddled. She would have been only too glad to have me out of the ship in any way. The 'brand of Cain' business, don't you see. That's all right. I was ready enough to go off wandering on the face of the earth—and that was price enough to pay for an Abel of that sort. Anyhow, he wouldn't listen to me. 'This thing must take its course. I represent the law here.' He was shaking like a leaf. 'So you won't?' 'No!' 'Then I hope you will be able to sleep on that,' I said, and turned my back on him. 'I wonder that *you* can,' cries he, and locks the door.

"Well, after that, I couldn't. Not very well. That was three weeks ago. We have had a slow passage through the Java Sea; drifted about Carimata for ten days. When we anchored here they thought, I suppose, it was all right. The nearest land (and that's five miles) is the ship's destination; the consul would soon set about catching me; and there would have been no object in bolting to these islets

there. I don't suppose there's a drop of water on them. I don't know how it was, but to-night that steward, after bringing me my supper, went out to let me eat it, and left the door unlocked. And I ate it —all there was, too. After I had finished I strolled out on the quarter-deck. I don't know that I meant to do anything. A breath of fresh air was all I wanted, I believe. Then a sudden temptation came over me. I kicked off my slippers and was in the water before I had made up my mind fairly. Somebody heard the splash and they raised an awful hullabaloo. 'He's gone! Lower the boats! He's committed suicide! No, he's swimming.' Certainly I was swimming. It's not so easy for a swimmer like me to commit suicide by drowning. I landed on the nearest islet before the boat left the ship's side. I heard them pulling about in the dark, hailing, and so on, but after a bit they gave up and everything quieted down and the anchorage was as still as death. I sat down on a stone and began to think. I became certain they would start searching for me at daylight. There was no place to hide on those stony things—and if there had been, what would have been the good? But now I was clear of that ship, I was not going back. So after a while I took off all my clothes, tied them up in a bundle with a stone inside, and dropped them in the deep water on the outer side of that islet. That was suicide enough for me. Let them think what they liked, but I didn't mean to drown myself. I meant to swim till I sank—but that's not the same thing. I struck out for another of these little islands, and it was from that one that I first saw your riding-light. Something to swim for. I went on easily, and on the way I came upon a flat rock a foot or two above water. In the daytime, I dare say, you might make it out with a glass from your poop. I scrambled up on it and rested myself for a bit. Then I made another start. That last spell must have been over a mile."

His whisper was getting fainter and fainter, and all the time he stared straight out through the port-hole, in which there was not even a star to be seen. I had not interrupted him. There was something that made comment impossible in his narrative, or perhaps in himself; a sort of feeling, a quality, which I can't find a name for. And when he ceased, all I found was a futile whisper: "So you swam for our light?"

"Yes—straight for it. It was something to swim for. I couldn't see any stars low down because the coast was in the way, and I couldn't see the land either. The water was like glass. One might have been swimming in a confounded thousand-feet deep cistern with no place for scrambling out anywhere, but what I didn't like was the notion of swimming round and round like a crazed bullock before I gave out; and as I didn't mean to go back . . . No. Do you see me being hauled back, stark naked, off one of these little islands by the scruff of the neck and fighting like a wild beast? Somebody would have got killed for certain, and I did not want any of that. So I went on. Then your ladder . . ."

"Why didn't you hail the ship?" I asked, a little louder.

He touched my shoulder lightly. Lazy footsteps came right over our heads and stopped. The second mate had crossed from the other side of the poop and might have been hanging over the rail, for all we knew.

"He couldn't hear us talking—could he?" My double breathed into my very ear, anxiously.

His anxiety was an answer, a sufficient answer, to the question I had put to him. An answer containing all the difficulty of that situation. I closed the port-hole quietly, to make sure. A louder word might have been overheard.

"Who's that?" he whispered then.

"My second mate. But I don't know much more of the fellow than you do."

And I told him a little about myself. I had been appointed to take charge while I least expected anything of the sort, not quite a fortnight ago. I didn't know either the ship or the people. Hadn't had the time in port to look about me or size anybody up. And as to the crew, all they knew was that I was appointed to take the ship home. For the rest, I was almost as much of a stranger on board as himself, I said. And at the moment I felt it most acutely. I felt that it would take very little to make me a suspect person in the eyes of the ship's company.

He had turned about meantime; and

we, the two strangers in the ship, faced each other in identical attitudes.

"Your ladder—" he murmured, after a silence. "Who'd have thought of finding a ladder hanging over at night in a ship anchored out here! I felt just then a very unpleasant faintness. After the life I've been leading for nine weeks, anybody would have got out of condition. I wasn't capable of swimming round as far as your rudder-chains. And, lo and behold! there was a ladder to get hold of. After I gripped it I said to myself, 'What's the good?' When I saw a man's head looking over I thought I would swim away presently and leave him shouting—in whatever language it was. I didn't mind being looked at. I—I liked it. And then you speaking to me so quietly—as if you had expected me—made me hold on a little longer. It had been a confounded lonely time—I don't mean while swimming. I was glad to talk a little to somebody that didn't belong to the *Sephora*. As to asking for the captain, that was a mere impulse. It could have been no use, with all the ship knowing about me and the other people pretty certain to be round here in the morning. I don't know—I wanted to be seen, to talk with somebody, before I went on. I don't know what I would have said. . . . 'Fine night, isn't it?' or something of the sort."

"Do you think they will be round here presently?" I asked with some incredulity.

"Quite likely," he said, faintly.

He looked extremely haggard all of a sudden. His head rolled on his shoulders.

"H'm. We shall see then. Meantime get into that bed," I whispered. "Want help? There."

It was a rather high bed-place with a set of drawers underneath. This amazing swimmer really needed the lift I gave him by seizing his leg. He tumbled in, rolled over flat on his back, and flung his arm across his eyes. And then, with his face nearly hidden, he must have looked exactly as I used to look in that bed. I gazed upon my other self for a while before drawing across carefully the two green serge curtains which ran on a brass rod. I thought for a moment of pinning them together for greater safety, but I sat down on the couch, and once there I felt unwilling to rise and hunt for a pin. I would do it in a moment. I was extremely tired, in a peculiarly intimate way, by the strain of stealthiness, by the effort of whispering and the general secrecy of that excitement. It was three o'clock by now and I had been on my feet since nine, but I was not sleepy; I could not have gone to sleep. I sat there, fagged out, looking at the curtains, trying to clear my mind of the confused sensation of being in two places at once, and greatly bothered by an exasperating knocking in my head. It was a relief to discover suddenly that it was not in my head at all, but on the outside of the door. Before I could collect myself the words "Come in" were out of my mouth, and the steward entered with a tray, bringing in my morning coffee. I had slept, after all, and I was so frightened that I shouted, "This way! I am here, steward," as though he had been miles away. He put down the tray on the table next the couch and only then said, very quietly, "I can see you are here, sir." I felt him give me a keen look, but I dared not meet his eyes just then. He must have wondered why I drew the curtains of my bed before going to sleep on the couch. He went out, hooking the door open as usual.

I heard the hands washing decks above me. I knew I would have been told at once if there had been any wind. Calm, I thought, and I was doubly vexed. Indeed, I felt dual more than ever. The steward appeared suddenly in the doorway. I jumped up from the couch so quickly that he gave a start.

"What do you want here?"

"Close your port, sir—they are washing decks."

"It is closed," I said, reddening.

"Very well, sir." But he did not move from the doorway and returned my stare in an extraordinary, equivocal manner for a time. Then his eyes wavered, all his expression changed, and in a voice unusually gentle, almost coaxingly:

"May I come in to take the empty cup away, sir?"

"Of course!" I turned my back on him while he popped in and out. Then I unhooked and closed the door and even pushed the bolt. This sort of thing could not go on very long. The cabin was as hot as an oven, too. I took a peep at my double, and discovered that he had not

moved, his arm was still over his eyes; but his chest heaved; his hair was wet; his chin glistened with perspiration. I reached over him and opened the port.

"I must show myself on deck," I reflected.

Of course, theoretically, I could do what I liked, with no one to say nay to me within the whole circle of the horizon; but to lock my cabin door and take the key away I did not dare. Directly I put my head out of the companion I saw the group of my two officers, the second mate barefooted, the chief mate in long india-rubber boots, near the break of the poop, and the steward half-way down the poop-ladder talking to them eagerly. He happened to catch sight of me and dived, the second ran down on the main-deck shouting some order or other, and the chief mate came to meet me, touching his cap.

There was a sort of curiosity in his eye that I did not like. I don't know whether the steward had told them that I was "queer" only, or downright drunk, but I know the man meant to have a good look at me. I watched him coming with a smile which, as he got into point-blank range, took effect and froze his very whiskers. I did not give him time to open his lips.

"Square the yards by lifts and braces before the hands go to breakfast."

It was the first general order I had given on board that ship; and I stayed on deck to see it executed, too. I had felt the need of asserting myself without loss of time. That sneering young cub got taken down a peg or two on that occasion, and I also seized the opportunity of having a good look at the face of every foremast man as they filed past me to go to the after braces. At breakfast time, eating nothing myself, I presided with such frigid dignity that the two mates were only too glad to escape from the cabin as soon as decency permitted; and all the time the dual working of my mind distracted me almost to the point of insanity. I was constantly watching myself, my secret self, as dependent on my actions as my own personality, sleeping in that bed, behind that door which faced me as I sat at the head of the table. It was very much like being mad, only it was worse because one was aware of it.

I had to shake him for a solid minute, but when at last he opened his eyes it was in the full possession of his senses, with an inquiring look.

"All's well so far," I whispered. "Now you must vanish into the bath-room."

He did so, as noiseless as a ghost, and I then rang for the steward, and facing him boldly, directed him to tidy up my stateroom while I was having my bath—"and be quick about it." As my tone admitted of no excuses, he said, "Yes, sir," and ran off to fetch his dust-pan and brushes. I took a bath and did most of my dressing, splashing, and whistling softly for the steward's edification, while my other self stood drawn up bolt upright in that little space, his face looking very sunken in daylight, his eyelids lowered under the stern, dark line of his eyebrows drawn together by a slight frown.

When I left him there to go back to my room the steward was finishing dusting. I sent for the mate and engaged him in some insignificant conversation. It was, as it were, trifling with the terrific character of his whiskers; but my object was to give him an opportunity for a good look at my cabin. And then I could at last shut with a clear conscience the door of my stateroom and get my double back into the recessed part. There was nothing else for it. He had to sit still on a small folding stool, half smothered by the heavy coats hanging there. We listened to the steward going into the bath-room out of the saloon, filling the water-bottles there, scrubbing the bath, settling things to rights, whisk, bang, clatter—out again into the saloon—turn the key—click. That completed the scheme for keeping my second self invisible. Nothing better could be contrived under the circumstances. And there we sat; I at my writing-desk ready to appear busy with some papers, he behind me out of sight of the door. It would not have been prudent to talk in daytime; and I could not have stood the excitement of that queer sense of whispering to myself. Now and then, glancing over my shoulder, I saw him far back there, sitting rigidly on the low stool, his bare feet close together, his arms folded, his head hanging on his breast—and perfectly still. Anybody would have taken him for me.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

I SAW THE STEWARD TALKING TO THEM EAGERLY

I was fascinated by it myself. Every moment I had to glance over my shoulder. I was looking at him when a voice outside the door said:

"Beg pardon, sir."

"Well!" I kept my eyes on him, and so, when the voice outside the door announced, "There's a ship's boat coming our way, sir," I saw him give a start—the first movement he had made for hours. But he did not raise his bowed head.

"All right. Get the ladder over."

I hesitated. Should I whisper something to him? But what? His immobility seemed to have been never disturbed. What could I tell him he did not know already? . . . Finally I went on deck.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Oh Strong Desires

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

OH strong desires that hurt the heart
With useless strife of blunted wings,
I weary of your travailings.
Why must you always surge and start
When I am nearest happiness?
Across the freedom of the sky
Like dazzling phantom gods you fly,
And seeing you, my joy is less.

When sometimes by an April brook
Beneath the birchen buds I kneel,
And, almost turned a dryad, feel
The thrill of that green life which shook
Old woodlands that the Hellenes knew,—
When every breath is rare and good,
There sweeps a shudder down the wood:—
Wild-hearted wonders pierce me through.

Or when beside the hearth I lie
And listen to the liquid flame,
While one I love most speaks my name
And in that peace my dreams all die:—
Then from the shadow-pools beyond
Our small red-circled joy, there leap
Tall shapes, fantastical as sleep,
To call us mortal, helpless, fond;
And blind my eyes with visions—vain,
Enormous, never known on earth,—
A longing for immortal mirth
That mortal lips may never stain.

Oh strong desires! Oh worthless wings!
Star-reachings, heaven-failings, why
Will you remind me I must die
To taste the utmost joyful things?

Cut Off in Paris

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

A MONTH before, young — very young — Mr. and Mrs. Kidder Hoadley had stepped from a Gare du Nord taxicab, thanked their departing Robinsons fervidly, and, fifteen minutes after their arrival in Paris, had found themselves occupying an apartment which lacked nothing conceivable in French taste on the one hand or in American conveniences on the other. Their feelings had been such that in the impossibility of embracing the apartment itself they had once more turned to and with rapture embraced each other. Attempts to translate an existence that combined a view down the boulevards and a tiled and porcelain bathroom, drop-lights from Barbedienne, and a drop-stitch sewing-machine from New Jersey! In the kitchen there was a rivalry between a fourteenth-century spit and a twentieth-century gas-range. And below, in the person of M. le Comte de Morgon de Vernon, dwelt a gentleman whose family, if not its representatives, had been noble for thirty generations. Louise had commanded Kidder to make his acquaintance at once.

He had not made it, however. Personally he did not like either the Count's face or his style. And—while he did not confide this to Louise—if M. le Comte continued to gleam his teeth at her like that when they passed upon the stairs, there were moments when Kidder felt that in the end it might even be necessary to have some doings with him.

Neither he nor Louise, however, was giving a great deal of thought to M. le Comte. It was their first visit to Paris. They were daily going to the sources of pure delight on the top of three-cent busses. While Louise visited Louvre and Luxembourg, Kidder explored miles of bone-filled catacombs and the scenes of revolutionary massacres. "Jinks, too, it was things like that that you came to Europe for." Almost every second day they set forth together for Versailles or Chantilly or Fontainebleau. And such happiness was to last as long as the Robinsons remained in Egypt—which, as Sybil Robinson had written, was going to be just as long as it was any way possible to induce them, the Hoadleys, to take care of things in the Rue de Lagadeu.

On this particular afternoon, however, Kidder had stretched himself out in Cilley Robinson's den for a smoke, which soon became a nap. And Louise, happily reminded by the two big bundles of laundry just left in by their *blanchisseuse de fin*, had settled down to a small wifely task which she had already procrastinated for much too long. Kidder, having "travelled light," had had to replenish his wardrobe in Paris. Of our very necessary article of fine linen he had ordered six. They were well made, too, with impeccably turned cuffs, and collars which fitted, as the French brightly image it, "like the lunette of the guillotine." But, from their many-pleated backs and starchy bosoms, those shirts expanded themselves downward to a length wholly incredible. Plainly it was the custom—or the costume—of the country, one of those foreign facts which even Baedeker does not warn us of. And since that day rarely had the Hoadleys gone forth on one of those expeditions to Versailles or Chantilly or Fontainebleau but, sooner or later, Kidder had begun with groanings to allude to himself as The Human Cocoon, The Walking Winding-Sheet — "And when, oh, when was she going to cut them down?"

And, as he had never by any chance brought the matter up at a time when it would have been humanly possible to do that "shortening," the thing had gone on until Louise had begun to lose it seriously upon her conscience. In all their three months of married life it was the one

housewifely request that Kidder had made of her, and for almost three weeks it had gone unheeded.

But now the reminder and the opportunity had come together. The first yellow bundle of laundry opened in the Robinson sewing-room showed her the garments in question. She softly closed the two doors between sewing-room and den so that Kidder might not be disturbed. It took her some time to find a pair of shears. But, having found them, she set to work. And, since Kidder had asked her to take off at least a yard, she removed a good foot and a half. She had just dealt with the third, and had opened the sewing-machine to do the rehemming, when in the now more widely opened bundle she noticed something—a style of collar which she had never seen Kidder wearing. . . . With a pulse that seemed to stop and wait for her to say that it might go on again, she made an examination. The examination revealed other things that were not Kidder's. In fact, nothing in that parcel was Kidder's!

It is in moments of shock that our real character is revealed to us. Louise Hoadley was the daughter of a long line of Episcopal clergymen. She had probably never told four lies in her whole life. But, as she weakly got that bundle together again and tried to make it look in every way as if it had never been opened, the intention to deny—to deny absolutely and unequivocally—came to her less as a resolve than as a simple reflex action. She felt possibilities of horror in the situation that morally permitted of her doing nothing else. She knew that that *blanchisseuse* had another customer over on the Boulevard Haussmann, a young Sorbonne professor. Probably she would not discover her mistake until she got to him. There might be several minutes yet.

As a matter of fact, she had time even to imitate the peculiar knot tied by *blanchisseuses de fin.* But barely had she finished, when from the stairs there came the sound of perturbed and heavily hurrying footsteps.

"Madame was the last person," explained that much apologizing laundress —"the last person she had thought of in the matter." She had the proper bundle with her now, and she recognized the missing one the moment she beheld it. Obviously, too, she noticed nothing. Lifted by a first great shoreward billow of relief, Louise told herself that she might yet come out of it *altogether!*

Some ten minutes later, Kidder Hoadley became somnolently aware that Louise was calling him. "Dearie," she called —"dearie, come—come here a minute." And in her voice there was a tone, or rather a dry-throated absence of tone, which, once he got it, brought him quickly. Louise was standing in the half-darkness at their hall door, which she held on the chain. In the hall were two persons. In one of them he believed he recognized the large, massive countrywoman who looked after their laundry. Over her quiveringly extended arm she was holding certain objects wide and



SHE HAD SETTLED DOWN TO A SMALL WIFELY TASK

white, at which her companion was speechlessly pointing. It was evident that mere words were of little avail to him.

"Voilà!" said the *blanchisseuse*, like another Judith presenting the corpse of the murdered Geta.

"C'est à vous! It is to you, Monsieur!" said the gentleman. It was M. le Comte de Montégut de Vgxensac!

"He—he—he—they think *I* did it," said Louise.

As Kidder gaped he remembered, and as he remembered he knew all. And



MERE WORDS WERE OF LITTLE AVAIL

there were various things which he might have done — brought to bear all his French, for example, in an attempt to apologize to Monsieur le Comte, or all his change in an attempt to square Madame la Blanchisseuse. What he did was to emit a kind of whimpering whoop, which rose gradually to a coyote-like yelping. He fell back through the Robinson hall into the Robinson drawing-room —"Lord! Oh, give me *time* for it, Louise!"—and thence over a footstool into the den. "*Whoo-oo!*" he cried. "*Wee-ee!*" And getting himself to the cozy corner, he wallowed throughout its length. "Oh, give me *time!*" . . . Far from standing up beside his wife like a man and a protector, he lay down like a weakling and a poltroon. Could the Count once have got to him past that door-chain, he would have found him incapable of standing up even on his own behalf. And he remained where he lay, represented only by the sounds that came from him, until, a moment later, the scene had reached its close.

"Très-bien!" said Madame la Blanchisseuse, and started down the stairs.

"Très-bien!" said Monsieur le Comte. And, scarcely leaving the interval demanded by his rank, he followed her.

"Well—well, anyway," began Kidder, at length, seeing that Louise would not speak to him—"anyway, it's finished with *now*."

"Yes!" she said, again taking the other side of the table, "it's finished now!"

That was what they said. And so simple were they, so uninformed of the spirit and character of the modern Gauls, that they believed it, too!

Finished with! As Madame la Blanchisseuse thrust herself heavingly down the Rue de Lagadeu, "But *why* did they do it—*why?*" she kept repeating.

As for Monsieur le Comte, it was not alone that he had been wronged — though, *nom de Dieu*, is it nothing for a nobleman whose means are in reality very limited to discover that the major part of his laundry—laundry, moreover, which at that hour he was impatiently awaiting —had at one stroke of gratuitously fiendish malevolence been reduced to what in Anglo-Saxondom can be represented only by the mocked-at contumely of the



SHE PROFESSED TO KNOW NOTHING WHATEVER ABOUT IT

"dicky"? Hardly more seethingly could his blood have boiled under the amputation of half his titles.

And yet all this was minor. With that instant comprehension on the face of Monsieur Hoadley, with his first bellow of insulting laughter, Monsieur le Comte had been confirmed in what he had darkly suspected from the beginning. There was *intention* in what had occurred! He might not as yet understand fully, but he understood enough! And—though Madame, doubtless unwillingly, might have made herself the *instrument*—those so intolerable yells and shoutings of triumph with which Monsieur had continued to reply to his every demand for an explanation made it very plain with whom he had to deal. The one thing which kept Monsieur le Comte from remounting those apartment stairs with swords and pistols was this: Madame la Blanchisseuse had insisted upon rushing forth for an *agent-commissaire de la sûreté.*

An *agent-commissaire de la sûreté* is a species of detective, but one who detects affairs so grave, whose aspect and expression are themselves of such a gravity, that he is forever prevented from detecting in plain clothes: he would be recognized at a glance even by one of his fellows. Nor was the quality of this present *agent* lost upon those two Americans. No longer did they keep the chain upon their door. The Robinson inner hall was the scene of what next took place. It is known in France as the *interrogatoire.*

Monsieur le Comte testified to fact and to motive. From his first *rencontre* with Monsieur, the latter had shown himself *booldogue* and *antipathique.* And, since observing Monsieur in this last hour (he observed him now with an eye of asps and vitriol), he had been able to guess sufficiently well the meaning of the outrage of to-day so apparently inexplicable. "In America, with its humor always brutal, to cut the tails from a gentleman's vestment *intime* was, without doubt, *une espèce d'injure*—a species of insult aboriginal and *de dernière classe!* It was as it were in one *gross* and *moquante acte d'apache* to submit the honor, *la haute sensibilité,* of an opponent to *le scal'p, le hamstreeng!*"

Madame la Blanchisseuse testified as to the error which had given opportunity

for the affair. And, if that bundle of laundry had not been in the apartment Hoadley for long, granting that Madame acted quickly, the time would have sufficed. . . . She herself had in a manner



MADAME LA CONCIERGE BEGAN TO SPEAK VERY RAPIDLY

been responsible, she acknowledged it freely. But would any one say that she was a woman capable of doing a deed like that? When Monsieur le Comte had held up those garments before her, even without his language, she had had a veritable weakness of the limbs!

It would have been better for those Hoadleys had they confessed at once. But, from the commencement of that *interrogatoire*, Madame Hoadley again denied, denied *absolument*. Though guilt marked her every lineament, she professed to know nothing whatever about it.

"Eh bien!" said M. le Comte, "let the question be put to Monsieur!"

With the young wife who has been raised in an atmosphere of true idealism, it is an article of faith that her husband shall continue to believe in her even when he is well aware that she is not telling the truth. And if circumstances rendered it impossible for M. Hoadley to attain to this marital height, it was still possible for him to rise to another. Whatever Madame had said he swore to. He, too, confessed nothing, acknowledged nothing, understood nothing. It was another case of *absolument*. He went further, in fact. He did not even admit that Madame la Blanchisseuse was their laundress. As far as his French allowed, he suggested that she might well be an impostor and no laundress at all. And the power of such a defence showed itself in this, that when he had finished, that *blanchisseuse de fin* was no longer capable of utterance. She made her way burstingly down-stairs. And she returned with Madame la Concierge.

Madame la Concierge, being put under interrogation, began to speak very rapidly at the *porte-cochère*—that big double gate by which alone you may gain admittance to French apartment-houses—though little of what she said did those Hoadleys understand at the time. They merely continued to deny, to deny *absolument*. . . .

What in America is known as "the third degree" is in French practice known as the *confrontation*. The criminal is if possible *confronté* with the mangled and ghastly remains of his victim. If they are not sufficiently ghastly to begin with, they can easily be rendered so. And if there are no ghastly remains obtainable, he is *confronté* with the *évidences* of his crime. The *agent-commissaire* said something to the two complainants. They disappeared. When they remounted, the large arm of Madame la Blanchisseuse was extended with its pale burden of corpses. And again Monsieur le Comte, controlling himself by a supreme effort, limited himself to pointing.

For a moment Mr. Hoadley also controlled himself. Then he gave an exhibition which in its very shamelessness the *commissaire de la sûreté* would have been justified in acting upon alone. But, following the sage prudence of his kind, he now made *sûreté* doubly sure by passing on all responsibility to those above him. The next step was for *messieurs les chefs de bureau*.

It may be taken as a measure of his real feelings that when, fifteen minutes later,

Mr. Kidder Hoadley, looking from a front window, took note of the cortège that was then arriving, he put on a specious jauntiness. "That's right," he said. "Get some more, now. Bring 'em all! What we particularly need for an affair like this is the President and the Secretary of the Navy."

Louise sat apart. She lifted her hands and let them fall again. "Kidder," she said, "has it occurred to you that this may get into the *papers*—and be copied *home?*"

"That's all right now, little girl. We're denying it, ain't we? We're not giving 'em an inch. We're not knowing any more than if we'd been caught rebating."

If an *agent-commissaire* alone carries with him an atmosphere of gravity, is it necessary to say how profound is the atmosphere of gravity which can accompany an *inspecteur,* a *chef de bureau,* two more *agents-commissaires,* a *gardien de la paix,* an official interpreter, and an official stenographer, both the latter in cocked hats? Outwardly, the business of upholding the dignity of the government of France is upon the shoulders of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. Those who are truly informed know that in reality it rests upon the shoulders of six or seven too-little known gentlemen in the office of the Twenty-ninth Arrondissement. It is not without reason, then, that they are grave. And when they have to do with something which they do not in the least understand, their gravity becomes a gravity indeed.

The three *agents-commissaires* stood to attention with the expression of those detailed to assist at an execution. Madame la Blanchisseuse bowed and bowed again. M. le Comte de Montégut de Vezensac, though as a member of the old nobility he spat upon the Republic, also permitted himself once to bow. Then, lest that first *agent-commissaire* had not heard aright, the *constatation* was from its beginning taken again.

Again Monsieur le Comte, having *constaté'd* how much against his disposition it was to be compelled, *sacré Dieu,* to appear in such a matter at all, bore his almost conclusive testimony.

Again Madame la Blanchisseuse bore *her* testimony, testimony wholly conclusive.

Again the Hoadleys, Madame and Monsieur, maintained a *dénégation*—pretended themselves to be of an ignorance complete.

Again during the *confrontation,* Madame was unable to rest her eyes upon the *évidences* at all. And Monsieur, after the most frightful efforts to control himself, ended by giving precisely the same exhibition that he had given twice before. Only the united strength of those three *agents-commissaires,* in truth, kept Monsieur le Comte from throwing himself upon him and giving him the death.

One would have said that both *confrontation* and *interrogatoire,* having followed the same course, could conclude only as the first had concluded.



THE THREE AGENTS-COMMISSAIRES STOOD TO ATTENTION

But, when this time Monsieur Hoadley had burst finally into his yells, his ululations *lascuses*, Monsieur l'Inspecteur and Monsieur le Chef de Bureau, as if with one voice, breathed forth an "Ah-h!" of profound intelligence. They looked at each other with a meaning, with a significance.

Of a first significance, too, was the fact that they now addressed their *interrogatoire* no longer to Monsieur but to Madame Hoadley.

"Madame would perhaps wish to communicate the affair to her Ambassador?"

"*No!*" cried Madame. "*No!—No!—No!—*"

A second time Monsieur l'Inspecteur and Monsieur le Chef de Bureau regarded each other.

"*Très-bien!*"

"*Très-bien!*"

But it was in the testimony of Madame la Concierge, now again called up, that the new direction which the *interrogatoire* had taken made itself really felt. The incident narrated by Madame la Concierge—that of the *porte-cochère*—dated back to the first night Monsieur and Madame had remained out after ten o'clock. And, told from the standpoint of the Hoadleys, it was briefly this: They had returned to find the *porte-cochère*, according to custom, firmly closed. At that time neither of them knew the location of the bell, or, for that matter, that there was any such thing. Knocking effected nothing. Obviously, decisive action was called for. And, taking five yards, Kidder had bucked that *porte-cochère* for a touch-down. It had opened with a crash of cheap bolt castings. And he had got Louise half-way up-stairs before the concierge had recovered from a terrified certainty that she had to deal with the whole Belleville colony of anarchists. Next morning Louise had paid for the damage—Kidder not having the French for it—and given the concierge ten francs for herself in the bargain. At the time, Madame la Concierge deposed, she had accepted the explanation of Madame Oadly. She understood now the mistake she had made in not reporting the affair at once to the *bureau*. She would, indeed, have done so later had there been anything of an equal seriousness between then and to-day.

But, *with* this affair of to-day, it was enough! The conclusion was so plain, so *indicatif* to all, that, when for a necessary intermission that provisional court of *constatation* arose, none of those composing it even felt the need of putting its conclusion into the regular official language.

The Hoadleys did not understand everything. Kidder, because of his weakness in linguistics, in fact, understood very little. But Louise had understood what was sufficient for both. And, when once more they were alone, she could only sit where they had left her. In French phrase she was *abimée*—nailed!

"It's all right now, little girl," Kidder again began to babble. "Nothing to worry about whatever. They've merely gone out to get the chief coroner and the commissioner of the morgue."

"Kidder," she said, "do you know—have you any first *conception* of the belief they're under now?"

"Well, not for more than pass-marks. I wouldn't want to try to take honors on it. But don't you worry a bit. If once you let them get you sea—"

"But it isn't me. It's *you!*"

"*Me?*"

"Yes, and they—they"—her voice rose and rose with the horror of it—"except the Count, and he believes you did it on purpose—they think you're *insane*, that's all! That's what comes of always getting the laugh out of things, as you say. They think you're insane, and that I've been trying to cover you up—to attract the notice to *me!*"

"Now look here, joker—"

"And do you know what they've gone out for now? Do you know what they meant by some one *adjoint à l'inspection médicale des aliénés?* Well, just what we'd call an expert from Bellevue! One of them's gone to ring him up, and the rest are only waiting down-stairs till he comes. And if you don't look sane to *him* . . . *Kidder!* If you're going to look like *that!*— Oh—my—goodness! And when I've told you there wasn't anything funny in it from the beginning!"

"Oh, now, Louise! Oh, pshaw! you know—" But his voice had its own huskiness. "Why, this time to-morrow we'll be laughing our heads off over it.



MONSIEUR HOADLEY BURST INTO YELLS

The thing is simply to take it naturally —to take it rationally!"

"Take it rationally—I should think you would! Oh, if father were only here! But, anyway, if you start up that crazy, senseless hee-haw at the *next* examination, you know now just exactly where it 'll land you!"

And he was offered every chance to take it rationally. That young *médecin-inspecteur* was the first Frenchman he had ever liked on sight. He was, indeed, precisely the kind of keen, well - tailored, vandyked, and genial young professional — he might have been from Cornell or Johns Hopkins— who tells you with a slap that, as a matter of fact, there's nothing the matter with your engine at all, but as you're an old friend he'll prescribe two weeks off for fishing. He might, officially, belong with the police; but the first all but contemptuous movement of the hand with which he put them behind him, that first warming beam of comprehension which he turned on their harried victims, showed the sort of person he really was. There was no need for the Hoadleys to tell him how great, how insufferable a mistake had been made. As his hand closed upon Kidder's, he seemed to get it all intuitively. He kneaded Kidder's arm and smiled salvation through his very being. "*Ah, quelle erreur, mes amis!—Quelle stupidité!—Quelle imbécillité!*" Already he had become the trustiest, the most understanding, the oldest of college chums! In fact, that display of international and comprehending friendship, arriving when it did, came near to unmanning the object of it. M. Hoadley broke away, and getting himself into the den, began to grope for the cigars—for the Robinson wine-closet.

And how much greater was the effect upon Louise! If that young *médecin-inspecteur* had talked movingly to Kidder, to her he spoke with a fineness of feeling, a chivalrousness, a deep and true appreciation of what she as a *woman* had that day been through, which, she felt, if she allowed him to talk so a minute longer, indeed, could end only with her falling upon his neck. And she begged him to speak to Kidder again.

He did, or rather, through Monsieur *l'Interprète,* he spoke to both of them. He inquired if Monsieur had not veritably been the object of a persecution by the police? *Non? Non?* But at least, now that she had some one to speak for her, Madame would no doubt wish

to communicate the affair to her Ambassador—*Non!* Then it was only Madame's philosophy, her nobility of heart, that led her to refrain. But he believed well that there were matters which (though one might not choose to impart them to *these* gentlemen) if at some time he should have the great happiness, the high honor, to call himself a friend—?

For his part, Kidder, still breathing relief in huge gulps, was by now only waiting the chance to tell the doctor the whole story. It wasn't a thing you could bring out, of course, before that stageful of buttony hats. But as soon as they'd been given due notice to quit, he'd get the doctor back into the den there, and share that afternoon's richness with him, if he had to do it in sign-language. It would be the first real chance he'd had to have his laugh out. So far it had been like getting caught in church, or at a funeral. He'd had to let go, of course—and he'd have had to even if he knew it was going to send him to the chair! It had got him sort of hysterical. But he hadn't had any real *satisfaction* out of it.



SHE FELT THAT IT COULD END ONLY BY HER FALLING ON HIS NECK

The French alienist is the most practical of psychopaths. He knows that the *aliéné* may, through hours of ordinary examination, succeed in concealing his *aliénation*. The one direct diagnosis is to reconstruct before him that idea-group, or even image, in connection with which the mental obliquity was first made manifest. While the doctor was still talking to young Mr. Hoadley—while, indeed, they were now mutually kneading each other's arms in the fulness of their understanding—Kidder noticed that the doctor's eyes were turning toward the door. Madame la Blanchisseuse was once more standing darkly in the dusk, her arm burdened once more with its pallid tragedy. And once more—but this time under the compulsion of the police—M. le Comte de Montégut de Vezensac unfolded an arm from a bosom *de Vésure* and pointed.

"*Whimsy! Wow-ow!*" The subject of professional observation waved them away. "Oh— Oh, Lord, are you back at that again! Oh, powers above!"

"Kidder!" shrieked Louise. "*Stop!* Oh, stop in *time!*"

But if he heard, he neither heeded nor remembered. She could only turn in her agony to the friend and protector whom the last hour had so blessedly bestowed upon them.

She turned to him, to become aware that the face of that *médecin-inspecteur* had undergone a transformation to freeze one's blood! As if in a single moment his expression had changed to one of a cool, a calm, a ruthlessly scientific satisfaction! His eye shone happily—with the brightness of a nickelled instrument. "C'est assez," he said. It was all that was needed. And he reset his glasses. In fact, the sole person who, plainly, still believed with her in Kidder's responsibility for his conduct, was Monsieur le Comte. And this time the Count could be restrained by no human power whatever. Beating his way through part of the intervention, and dragging the rest along with him, he precipitated himself upon that *grand cochon*—that great pig *d'Américain*. He sought to rend him. To be wholly truthful, he tried to *bite* him!

"G'way," breathed the sufferer, faintly. "G'wan away. . . . I'll slap you on the wrist. . . . I'll stick a pin in you!"

"He says," the official interpreter translated, "that he will strike him a blow upon the wrist—that he will thrust at him with a pin."

"*Parfaitement!*" said the friend and protector. "And, but five minutes since, one might have believed that Monsieur—voilà!" Madame he no longer saw. He turned to give instructions to M. l'Inspecteur: Monsieur would not, as yet, come under the classification "*presumé dangereux.*" It would be better, *en effet,* to place no *gardien* save at the street door. Doubtless by night Madame would be willing to communicate, herself. And he departed.



"GARE DU NORD!" CAME CHOKINGLY FROM MONSIEUR

Great deeds are frequently but the product of great need. About eight that evening Monsieur and Madame Hoadley descended to the courtyard. Madame explained to the *gardien*—the policeman—at the foot of the stairs that M. l'Inspecteur had wished her to call upon her Ambassador. The *gardien* understood. He regarded her with a sympathy. He allowed himself to go as far as the curb to stop a yellow-bodied open cab: Monsieur must, however—he regretted to say it—remain with him. Monsieur accepted the order with a mildness to touch the heart. He saw Madame prepare to depart without him; he passed the *gardien* and returned sadly to the stairs. And next moment the *gardien,* seized back to back, found himself whirling upward and over and upon his axis as if from the saddle of some bucking bronco. He came down, hurting himself *atrocement,* to behold Monsieur—*diable de diables!*—half-way to the cab. The cab itself was half-way to a gallop; not entirely so, for in that case Monsieur might not have been able to overtake it!

How did that cabman understand? The French are a people of logic. It was logical that Monsieur should wish to follow Madame, particularly after his moment with the *gardien.* It was also logical that Monsieur should now desire to travel fast.

"*Vite! Vite! Vitement!*" came from Madame as he mounted. And, "Gare du Nord!" came chokingly from Monsieur, along with a piece of twenty francs.

Had Jehu been driving in front of that cabman, he would have been arrested for impeding traffic! In seven minutes they could see the station gates. "Fore Lawndon, à gauche, à droite!—First to your left, then to your right," said that cabman of genius. Without those six golden words, indeed, they would have been late. . . . Why were they not

stopped at Calais? The French, let it be said *again*, are a people of logic. Since those Hoadleys had thus delivered France of themselves, why take any further steps—unless, indeed, they should attempt at some time to *return*?

And when at length, by endless diplomatic mediation and the payment of damages, they had finally come into possession of their baggage again, Louise Hoadley, far from wishing ever to re-enter France, desired only that she might never hear French spoken more.

Kidder, however, resented the whole affair. He, too, might have no desire to return to Paris immediately; but not improbably he *would* have such a desire in future. And he was much averse to being compelled to return in disguise. He felt resentful in particular against M. le Comte de Montégut de Vezensac, who, he now realized, had been the well-spring of the whole trouble. He felt that he could not rest—much less go back to work—till he had gone *some* distance at least toward squaring things with him. And with the unpacking of Louise's largest trunk something greatly resembling an opportunity presented itself. There ensued an hour of grim but satisfying composition. The following morning there came into the hands of M. le Comte an epistle which, translated back again, read in part as follows:

"You were right. It was I who did it—I. You were also right in your inference as to the significance of the act. It is thus, Monsieur, that our fathers the aborigines have been accustomed to pass the insult, from a time immemorial. It will, perhaps, not affect your position so long as you continue to remain in France. But should you at any time contemplate visiting America—for example, upon that high mission of matrimonial alliance which has drawn to our shores so many of your compatriots of rank—then, Monsieur, you will understand that your position will at once become very different. Possibly you could in that event assist yourself by laying the matter—need I say without the mention of names—before a committee of gentlemen of the New York press. And if, Monsieur, the outcome is to be the field of honor, I await you. But until then, according to the usage of my country, I continue to hold in my possession the pieces which remain."

To illumine any seeming obscurity in the concluding sentence it is necessary to explain that the epistle of the Hon. M. Kidder Hoadley went to M. le Comte de Montégut de Vezensac upon a square of Irish linen not of the shape commonly used for correspondence. It had also been freshly laundered.

Alone

BY CONSTANCE JOHNSON

DEAR, I am strong, and working can forget you:
Dear, I can nerve my soul to face the night:
But, O Belov'd! I cannot face the waking,
Cannot endure the tender, dawning light.

After deep sleep, that seems to end all sorrow,
Must I renew the bitter fight each dawn?
After sweet dreams, which God in mercy sends me,
Must I awake and always find you gone?

America's Debt to Beaumarchais

BY JOHN PRESTON BEECHER

United States Vice Consul, Havre, France

AT the corner of the Rue Beauverger and the Rue de la Halle in the city of Havre stands a three-storied house of gray stone, with a sloping slate roof and high chimneys, topped by picturesque pots of clay, discolored by time, smoke, and the elements.

The *quartier* Notre Dame of Havre, in which the house is situated, was, a century and more ago, the centre of business and fashion, for many prosperous French merchants lived, and still live, over their counting-rooms. But offices and residences have, in the march of time, moved to a more modern part of the city, so that the *quartier* Notre Dame is now inhabited by a population of fishermen with knee-breeches and long brown woollen stockings, and by fishwives with fluted caps of white tulle, short dresses, and wooden shoes.

In this now dilapidated structure of slate and granite were, from 1776 to 1792, the offices of Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, who spent a fortune during our Revolutionary war in providing the Americans with guns, ammunition, and supplies of every description. Indeed, it is safe to say that without his aid the colonists could not have carried on the conflict.

Rochambeau and Lafayette lent their swords to the United States; Beaumarchais sent supplies to the value of 5,000,000 francs. It is true that these material and metallic sinews of war were not a gift, for Beaumarchais was a merchant, and sent them to the United States with the understanding that they should be paid for in time. That he was far from pressing in regard to his bill is proved by the fact that it was never paid during his life.

Beaumarchais, who was born on January 24, 1732, was the son of a watchmaker, and grew up in his father's shop in the Rue St.-Dénis, Paris. Like Rousseau, he was the seventh child in a family of ten, and the object of much care and tenderness. As a boy he was singularly precocious and intelligent, and when less than twelve years of age wrote with facility not only the most amusing rhymes, but also verses and poems of a sentimental nature. In fact, he was the life of the family. At the same time he applied himself diligently to his father's trade, the love of which, he was made to understand by that parent, must enter his heart and occupy his thoughts. The father had lost three sons, and was determined that this one, if he lived, should be the *soutien de famille.*

The young man was industrious, and at the age of twenty-two invented a watch escapement which received the commendation of the Academy of Sciences, and won for him the title of Watchmaker to the King. When not at work he devoted his time to music, for which he had a natural taste, and became an exceptionally brilliant player on the harp. Louis XV., who heard him, at once decided to promote him from the prosaic office of Watchmaker to the more poetic and acceptable one of Court Harper.

At this time there was at Versailles an officer of the King's household named Francquet; and Beaumarchais, having offered to repair a watch belonging to his wife, entered not only into the good graces of the husband, but became, first, his successor at court, and secondly, upon his death, his successor as husband of Madame Francquet. Beaumarchais was young, and his wife rather old. But she was rich, and Beaumarchais, who was a born financier, availed himself of the opportunity not only of entering into the bonds of matrimony, but of having at his

back a capital which he felt certain of being able to invest to advantage. Ten months after their marriage the wife died, and her money, which had not as yet been settled on her husband, went to various blood-relations.

But Beaumarchais had made the acquaintance of M. Duverney, a noted French speculator and promoter, who, in exchange for the young man's influence, gave him an interest in all of his schemes, and enriched him as he had already enriched Voltaire. In 1768 Beaumarchais married Madame Lévêque, the widow of a French officer. She was young, beautiful, and rich, but died three years afterward.

Several years previous to the Declaration of Independence Beaumarchais began writing comedies, the first of which, *The Barber of Seville*, produced for the first time on February 23, 1775, is a masterpiece of wit, humor, satire, and buffoonery, and remains popular to-day. It was followed by *The Marriage of Figaro*, which, meeting with considerable opposition on the part of the *censeur*, was produced only on April 27, 1784. Bachaumont, whose memoirs describe in detail almost everything of interest that occurred at that period, states that on the first night of its production the Comédie Française was besieged by a crowd that broke open the doors, demolished the railing outside of the box-office, and had to be kept back by the military. Though the comedy ran for sixty-eight nights, and was the greatest success of the time, it was the subject of considerable criticism on the part of the playwright's enemies, who were numerous. The Archbishop of Paris condemned it in a sermon; Beaumarchais wrote and published a satirical song in reply. Others pointed out its defects; Beaumarchais added to the play, wrote a prologue, and made these critics the laughing-stock of the capital. One redoubtable enemy, however, remained—Suard, a literary protégé of de Miromesnil, guardian of the seals, who was among those who tried to prevent the play being produced on account of its numerous innuendoes, and who later, in the French Academy, expressed himself very freely in regard to its author. He, moreover, caused unfavorable notes to appear about it in a journal of which he was the principal stockholder. To this publication Beaumarchais wrote to say that inasmuch as he had vanquished a pack of wild beasts before being permitted to produce *The Marriage of Figaro*, he was not disposed, in the midst of its success, to enter into a discussion with "a troublesome insect of the night."

Suard was, of course, the animus referred to, and it suited his purpose to admit it. But who composed the menagerie of wild beasts? According to his friend and spokesman, the Comte de Provence, King Louis XVI. formed one of the objects of this allusion; and a suggestion to that effect was made to him one evening when he was playing écarté. The sovereign, taking a card from the pack, wrote on it an order for Beaumarchais's arrest, and the following day the latter was in the prison of St.-Lazare.

The last work of Beaumarchais was a memoir, or open letter, addressed to Lecointre de Versailles, a deputy of the Convention, who in a debate in that assembly had accused the playwright of various things of which he was totally ignorant. The pamphlet was biting and trenchant; so much so, in fact, that on September 1, 1792, at a moment when the French Revolution was preparing to massacre hundreds, Beaumarchais found himself in the prison of the Abbaye. It is probable that he would have been one of the victims of the butcheries which took place on the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th of that month, had not Manuel, the public prosecutor, come to release him. Once at liberty, the author went to Germany.

Returning to Paris at the end of the Revolution, he resumed his literary labors, though his life was passed in greater seclusion than before. On bright afternoons he was almost invariably to be found taking his walk along the principal avenues of the metropolis, observing Paris and its people with a critical eye and a cynical smile. He was accompanied, as a rule, by his little dog, which followed close at his heels. The existence of the master, now on the verge of seventy, had been one of many vicissitudes and deceptions, so that in his old age his affection and attachment for dumb animals, whose faithfulness and sincerity were not to be questioned, became daily accen-

tuated. The sympathy existing between man and beast was best illustrated by the words engraved on the latter's collar:

Je suis Mlle. Folette;
Beaumarchais m'appartient;
Nous demeurons No. 1 Boulevard
St.-Antoine.

Generous, gay, venturesome, and intrepid; captious, amiable, and cantankerous, Beaumarchais was characterized by one of his enemies as "the best of all bad men."

With this brief *résumé* of the man's career, we return to the rôle played by him during the Revolutionary war. In the year 1774 the French government, being desirous of ascertaining the probable result of the tension then existing between the American colonies and the mother country, sent Beaumarchais on a secret mission to London, in order that he might gather and forward to Paris authentic and specific information concerning not only the actual state of affairs, but public, private, and official feeling in regard to the same.



BEAUMARCHAIS
From a drawing by St.-Aubin

The future author of the *Marriage of Figaro* was particularly well qualified for such a mission, for the reason that he had lived in the British metropolis before, and had friends in both political parties. He had known Lord Rochford, who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, ten years previously, when his lordship was British ambassador to Spain, and although the latter did not remain in the Cabinet after 1775, he continued to be a man of great influence, and on the most friendly terms with George III. Beaumarchais was equally intimate with Wilkes, who, with the Earl of Chatham, espoused the cause of the colonists, and who received frequent visits from noted Americans. Notwithstanding the critical situation, however, and in spite of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the general opinion in England and France was that there would be no separation between Great Britain and America.

Beaumarchais thought differently, and having been commissioned to keep Louis XVI. and his ministers *au courant* with the actual condition of political affairs, he wrote, in the middle of September, a letter delivered to the King on the 21st of that month, of which the following is an extract:

SIRE, — Feeling confident that my communication will be considered confidential, I shall state the exact truth, without regard to personal or other interests of whatever nature. . . . The Americans, resolved to suffer every adversity rather than yield, and full of that love of liberty which, for such a long time, rendered the Corsicans so redoubtable to Genoa, have thirty-eight thousand men under arms at, or near, Boston. About forty thousand armed men exist in other parts of the country, determined to defend it and their rights. With innumerable resources, and a vast expanse of territory at their backs, the Americans, even if Great Britain became master of all their ports, would, in my opinion, be invincible. Every one possessed of common sense must be convinced that the colonies are practically, and forever must be, lost to Great Britain.

In another letter addressed to Louis XVI., in February, 1776, Beaumarchais says:

"The quarrel between America and England, which will soon divide the world and



Drawn by George Ames Aldrich

THE HOUSE OF BEAUMARCHAIS AT LE HAVRE

change the situation in Europe, makes it imperative for every nation to look ahead in order to determine what influence the impending separation will bring about. By far the most interested country, in this particular, is France, whose sugar-producing islands, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and the Grenadines, have, since the peace of 1763, been the object of constant regret, and future designs, on the part of the English. On the eve of this serious crisis, advancing with rapid strides, I must inform your Majesty that the retention and preservation of our West-Indian possessions depends, in a great measure, upon whether or not we aid the Americans. To-day Arthur Lee, agent of the colonists, said to me: "If France agrees to assist us secretly, we will make with her a treaty of commerce by which she will be accorded, for a certain number of years, all the advantages that have hitherto enriched England. In addition to this we will guarantee to France, as far as lies within our power, the retention of her West-Indian islands."

"If France will offer her assistance," adds Beaumarchais, "I am ready to act and to guarantee the ratification of such a treaty, without compromising any one. Celerity and secrecy alone are necessary."

Louis XVI. and his Prime Minister de Vergennes hesitate. In the mean time England becomes suspicious of France's neutrality, searches her merchant ships, interferes with her commerce, pursues American vessels until they are safe in French waters, insists upon France punishing merchants doing business with the revolutionists, all of which gives rise to no end of friction and complications. Their patience exhausted, the King and his advisers agree to follow the counsel of Beaumarchais. "But," says de Vergennes, in a letter to him, "the assistance offered by us to the Americans must have the appearance of a personal transaction, put into execution by a private individual, a merchant. We must appear either to be ignorant of it, or at least to be unable to prevent it. To have such an appearance the affair must be of a mercantile nature, to a certain point, or in reality. We will give you a million francs, no more. With this, and what you may be able to provide, you must furnish and ship to America all the necessary arms, ammunition, and supplies; assuming, yourself, all risks, perils, and losses. You need not exact of the Americans money in return, for they have none. But you must get, in place of it, the products of their soil, which can be sold in France, and which will be equivalent, in the end, to money."

Beaumarchais accepted this proposition, which at first sight might appear to have been an advantageous one. Such, however, was not the case. The million supplied by the King was soon spent, dragging other millions from Beaumarchais's private purse after it. Indeed, his first shipment to the colonists was over 3,000,000 francs in value, and the vessels carrying the same, chartered on his personal responsibility, ran the risk of being molested by the English. He was, in fact, engaged in a clandestine commerce which Great Britain was ever on the alert to prevent, and which was keenly watched by Lord Stormont, British ambassador to France.

But Beaumarchais was a man of vast business acumen, endless resources, and dauntless intrepidity. His heart and soul were in the enterprise, his motto had long been "Life is a struggle," and he did not shrink from the undertaking. Complicated problems pleased him more than simple equations. He was a born poet, musician, dramatist—and financier. He leased in the Faubourg du Temple, Paris, a large house, known as the Hôtel de Hollande, in which he established an office under the *nom de guerre* of Roderigue Hortalez & Co., with an important branch at Havre, at the corner of the Rue de la Halle and the Rue Beauverger, where most of the business was done, vessels put into commission, and supplies despatched across the sea. Within a few months after commencing operations he had got together and shipped to the colonists 25,000 guns, 200,000 pounds of powder, of which the Americans were in great need, and shoes, clothes, and tents sufficient for 25,000 men.

His ships were the *Amphitrite,* the *Fier Roderigue, Mercure, Ferragus, La Ménagère, L'Aimable Eugénie, Alexandre, Le Flamand, Le Zéphyr,* and the *Thérèse.* Later he chartered *Le Romain, L'Anonyme, L'Andromède, La Seine, L'Heureux,* and *L'Hippopotame.*

On the *Amphitrite,* and two other vessels bound for Portsmouth, which ar-

rived there early in 1777, there took passage between forty and fifty experienced officers whom Beaumarchais had engaged to fight for the Americans. Among them were General Ducoudray, the Marquis de la Rouërie (who was greatly esteemed by Washington), de Kalb, des Epiniers, the Comte de Conway, Pulawski, and old General Steuben, the companion in arms of Frederick the Great.

In a letter addressed to Congress by Silas Deane, its secret agent in France, the writer says:

> The Americans are indebted to Beaumarchais more than to any one else on this side of the ocean. He has been indefatigable and generous, and I hope you will be able to reimburse him with promptness. It would be impossible in a letter to describe his zeal for our cause. His influence, money, and credit have always been employed in our interest, and I trust that the results will fulfil his hopes.

His hopes, however, were not fulfilled; for instead of receiving compensation in the shape of merchandise, he was unable even to get a communication from our government. Yet, in face of these disappointments, he sent off more ships loaded with clothes and ammunition.

As late as the autumn of 1777 France had not recognized the American colonies as free and independent States, or collectively as a nation. The sympathies of Louis XVI., of his ministers and his subjects, were with the Americans, but they feared that by officially recognizing them they would themselves be drawn into a war with England. In a letter written to the King on October 26, 1777, Beaumarchais directs attention to the danger of this hesitancy on the part of France, and draws up a royal proclamation of recognition. "If France," writes Beaumarchais to Louis XVI., "does not recognize without delay American independence and sovereignty, we shall soon see the English themselves doing so, the conditions being that a treaty be made between them and their former colonies antagonistic to *us*."

The text of the proclamation suggested by Beaumarchais in his letter is practically that of the recognition of American independence made by France on March 13, 1778, and his influence in bringing about this important event is evident.

After the conclusion of the war Beaumarchais repeatedly claimed from the United States the 5,000,000 francs which his books and accounts showed were due to him. He received hopeful assurances and offers of a compromise in turn, until Alexander Hamilton, who had been authorized by Congress to arrange a settlement, proposed one on a basis of 2,280,000 francs. It is probable that Beaumarchais would have accepted this could he have obtained it, but he died in 1799 without ever having received a penny.

Four years before his decease, chagrined by repeated disappointments and blasted hopes, exiled by the French Revolution, and living alone in a Hamburg garret, he wrote the following letter to the American people:

> HAMBURG, *April 10, 1795.*
>
> AMERICANS,—I have served you with a zeal that has been unswerving. I have received in return—*nothing!* I am to-day your creditor.
>
> Permit me, before dying, to leave my daughter to your care and consideration, with the request that you give her for a dower what you owe her father. Perhaps, after I can no longer defend her against the bitter injustice of the world, she will be left penniless, and perhaps the hand of Providence, foreseeing this, has wished, by repeatedly retarding the discharge of your indebtedness to me, to provide for her after I am gone.

In 1824, and again in 1835, this daughter went to America to claim the amount due.

In the latter year she was offered 800,000 francs ($154,400), and took it as her sole heritage.

It was all that remained of a large fortune spent in the cause of liberty.

His Father's Heart

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

THE Rev. Eliakim Penrose came out from the wood-shed with his lean arms full of wood; it was red oak, hard to the heart; he knew, because he had sawed it all, and split some of it, himself; he could not have afforded to burn wood if the red oak in the pasture had not died. This was the pasture that went with the parsonage, and brought in as much as forty dollars some years from neighbors' cows. Mr. Penrose looked upon the death of the red oak as a direct interference of Providence in his behalf; for the winter had proved brutally cold. None but a poor man—perhaps none but a poor minister—could know how hard it was to keep a house warm enough for an invalid wife—an old, loosely articulated wooden parsonage, shivering between a church and a cemetery, and flogged by every wind that lashed the highest hilltop in the county. As a matter of course, there was no furnace. The boy used to say that some day he should put one in for his father and mother; but he had not spoken of it lately. There were a good many things the lad did not notice as he used to do. College life is either a whirlwind or a whirlpool; a boy is swirled up or swept down—in either case he is at the mercy of a rotary motion too swift and too strong for the minds of his elders to follow without effort.

It should be said at once of Mr. Penrose that he had systematically made the effort. No elderly, scholarly man, prisoned in the secluded life of a country parish and bound by the handcuffs of the theological idea, ever tried harder to be the comrade of his son. Perhaps few (or so it seemed to him) had more pathetically failed. The minister wondered in his sensitive way why this was. He assumed that it was his own fault.

"I'm not modern enough for the boy," he thought. He had reached and passed the point where he admitted to himself that an unlikeness wide enough to thrust the two apart existed between himself and his only child.

The boy had been named after his father; but he took early occasion to resent the circumstance.

"The fellows call me 'Likim," he protested. "I don't like it and I won't have it. Thunder and beeswax, Father! Why didn't you call me Leviticus or Solomon's Song, and done with it? It's no sort of a name to tag on to a live boy. It isn't—why, it isn't *fair!*" cried the lad.

Something in the secular side of the minister's nature admitted that there was force in this adjective; but he urged, not without a gentle dignity:

"It is your father's name, my son. It was my father's name before me. You have sprung from a line of ministers. You have a godly ancestry."

"Then give me an ungodly one!" blazed the boy. "I'm not the pious sort. You know that, Father. I tell you I'm not going through the world with the Old Testament buckled on me like a bag-tag. Why didn't you call me after Uncle Harry? *He* wasn't a Bible fellow."

"I didn't know but you might have liked to bear your father's name," replied the Rev. Eliakim Penrose, gently; "but never mind."

He yielded quickly and kindly, as he always did to any demand of the lad's that was not what he would have called "devoid of principle." The boy assumed his uncle's name, and held to it. That was the scapegrace uncle, the dark splash on a white, family mantle. Harry Penrose the past had gone to pieces, in fact; being a drinking man and a wanderer, he had lost his way in life, and sunk in some Western brawl out of which he had never emerged. But the minister's son took his unhappy uncle's name upon himself with an insouciance of which it were impossible to say whether it meant more obtuseness or most bravado.

"Since you choose it, then redeem it," said the father, with a lifting of his chin.

"Oh yes," the lad had answered, lightly, "I'll redeem it."

The afternoon was of a cruel bleakness, and the wet snow had begun to freeze. The Reverend Mr. Penrose slipped as he staggered under his big armful of red oak. In fact, he slid and fell. But no one saw him, for the invalid's room was on the other side of the house, and the "cheap girl," whose variant types slammed in and out of the parsonage kitchen, was not likely to concern herself. The particular specimen on that occasion was known as Fleecy Ann. Fleecy Ann did say, when the old gentleman had picked up his oak sticks and had come into the kitchen:

"You're messin' up my floor. Why, you're all wet! Had a tumble? Ain't hurt, be you?"

Fleecy Ann wiped off his shoulder and arm and coat-tail with her dish-towel; it did not occur to her to offer to take the wood.

"You'll not mention to Mrs. Penrose that I met with this little mishap," observed the minister, stiffly. "It would only disturb her. Thank you, Fleecy Ann. I am not at all injured, thank you, only shaken a trifle."

He passed on into the narrow entry where the big wood-box stood outside his wife's room. He did not pour the wood into the box, although he was trembling with the jar he had received, so that he could scarcely hold the oak sticks; he put them softly one by one into their places. Sarah could not bear noise very well. He placed the wood like jack-straws in a game where they must be laid down as lightly as they are taken up. He stood, when he had done this, to his full height. He was a tall man, and had been meant by nature for a vigorous or even a merry one: the embers in his eyes were still capable of sparkle; but about his mouth the red-hot iron of life had graven deeply. He was so tall that he had to stoop to enter the low door of his wife's room. He came in with a quick, quiet: "More wood, Sarah? Plenty here."

"Thank you, Mr. Penrose," replied the invalid, absently. "I am not cold."

In twenty-five years of married life she had never accustomed herself to say Eliakim, and 'Likim she thought far too frivolous a corruption for so good and great a man. She did not notice his splashed coat, as he had expected or feared; her patient blue eyes reached to him, but did not dwell. He perceived at once that she was imprisoned in some thought or event which excluded him.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, quickly. He drew a bony, wooden armchair with an emaciated Turkey-red cushion to the side of her sofa. A cotton comforter covered her, and in turn a shrunken, knitted afghan tried to cover it. She was an uncomplaining woman, who had once been pretty, and who was not without a consciousness of both these facts.

"Let's have it, Sarah," he demanded, with some decision; for she dallied with what she had to say, and delayed, and that fretted him. His nerves were always on the watch for a new strain. Care had never let him alone long enough in all his life for him to forget it.

"Deacon Ledd drove by and came in." The wife hesitated. "He stopped while you were out sawing wood. He brought a letter."

The minister silently held out his thin hand, but hers retained the letter, while she said in a dull voice:

"It had been in his pocket for three days. I do wish those post-office people would stop giving our mail to the neighbors. They *mean* right," she added, with the habit of the religious mind to excuse the faults and follies of an unsanctified world. "Of course they *thought* they were doing us a kindness. But that's Thistleton. We ought to have got this last Wednesday."

"I should like to read the letter," observed Mr. Penrose, patiently. She handed it to him without further remark, and he got up and went to the window with it. The winter day was dying gorgeously upon a windy sky. The cow-pasture that belonged to the parsonage gave a shivering perspective behind the barn and the wood-shed. There was a well-sweep, too, and there was a hen-coop. All were covered with snow of the blue tint that one sees at the hour before twilight in the month preceding spring. From that side of the house no

neighbor could be seen. Not a window glimmer dipped into the advancing dusk, and of course of street lights there were none. Beyond the pasture a scanty row of oaks stood gaunt against the fire of the west. The desolate scenery seemed to watch the minister while he read the letter.

It began affectionately: My dear Father, and how was poor Mother? and how was old Enoch? and so on. As the father turned the leaf to the second page there dropped from the sheet a slip of paper closely written with figures. He crushed it in his hand while he finished the letter—the poor, flimsy fold of words, as thin as black gauze, and as dreary. Excuse played with excuse, and ingenuity wheedled reason. In his honest soul the minister perceived of the letter that it was as cold as it was weak. But he did not say so to the lad's mother.

"Light the candle," she suggested. "It's too dark for figures. You'll hurt your eyes."

Mr. Penrose lighted the tallow candle in the tin candlestick on the bureau, still without speaking; he used a paper lamp-lighter to save matches. The invalid twisted the lamp-lighters. She was not helpless, and could move about the room in her easier hours. Still with his back to his wife, the minister glanced at the paper which held the boyish subterfuges known as his son's "accounts." One look sufficed the father.

"I can attend to this better in the study," he said, abruptly.

He stooped again at the low door, and crossed the dark entry quickly. His study was a small room, barren of everything but books, and these, alas! of a scanty force for a thinking, preaching man. There was sun in the study mornings, but by now it was half past four o'clock, and gray as gloom. He sat down in the dull place and lighted his kerosene lamp slowly. He was aware of being in no haste to see the lad's accounts; but after a pause he faced them bravely.

They ran somewhat after the fashion of many a better boy than Harry Penrose —anything, anyhow, to placate a father, old and poor. Tuition, board, room, society dues, clothes, car fares—these were paraded at their full-dress force. Other items were elided or absorbed shrewdly. One preposterous sum was entered as "Charity." At the close of the list stood the naïve dénouement: "*Sundries*—$60."

The minister laid the paper down and stared into the glimmer of his open base-burner. That air of cheerful unconcern which he had worn in the presence of his wife had now dropped from his face like a paper mask worn at some cheap game. He looked what he was—an elderly man, sensitively honorable, not physically strong, and sinking under the struggle to support his family. It was a heavier family to lift, as he reflected, than it would have been, or need have been: If Sarah had been well—but poor Sarah! If the boy had been more considerate—but poor Harry! The sum, in fact, was out of all reason; it was, if you chose to call it so, out of all humanity.

The paper containing the lad's accounts had crackled from his father's knee, and fell over toward the fire, wafting with a little swirl of air, as a gust from the winter evening rattled the loose windows of the study. Mr. Penrose could not afford double windows, and he was accustomed to stuff the casings with listing; in extreme weather he hung up an old comforter between himself and the biting draught; screens were too expensive. As he stooped and snatched the bit of paper to save it from cremation, he perceived for the first time that there was writing upon the outside of it—dim, because it was done with pencil. He returned to the kerosene lamp with the paper, and read the pencilled words:

"Dear Father, I'm sorry, but this isn't the worst of it. I'm darned hard up. You see, I've got into debt. I borrowed of somebody who won't wait. I've got to pay up next Saturday. Take it altogether it comes to—"

In the shaking hand of his dear father the college boy's accounts blurred and darkened till they went dead black. Taken altogether, the lad had flung upon the parsonage an unexpected bill of more than three hundred dollars.

A bitterness bit into the minister's face —it was one of the faces for which we have no finer adjective than Christian, and this expression was therefore rudely foreign to it. After some unhappy thought he turned to his old desk and began to fumble there. In the lowest

drawer was a false bottom, a bit of amateur carpentry, turning on a pivot to the hand that knew it. This piece of secular sophistry was, in fact, the parsonage safe; ingenuously supposed to be inaccessible to, because unthinkable by, an inconceivable burglar. The pastor's salary was so small that he did not carry a bank account. When he had closed the secret drawer he sat down wearily to write a letter. He had not finished before an unanswered knock admitted Fleecy Ann.

"Enoch's be'n on a bat," she announced, querulously. "He's just got home and he's messin' up my kitchen. Don't you want him in here?"

Without waiting for permission, a clumsy, old-fashioned St. Bernard pushed past Fleecy Ann, and waggled comfortably to his master's feet. Enoch was a very old dog; he and the lad had been puppies together, and Harry, it is needless to say, had been responsible for the naming of him. Enoch had always been a trial to the minister, who felt that the dog's name verged upon the sacrilegious. Matthew or Luke, Moses, or even Abraham, might have been pardonable. But the holy Enoch!

Enoch stood dripping by the base-burner; the frozen mud was melting from his tangled coat, but the dog did not avail himself of a dog's paradise—firelight and a rug. It was apparent to him, perhaps before it was to the man himself, that the minister was going out. If masters cannot rest and stay warm, why should a dog? When Mr. Penrose put on his hat and got himself into his thin gloves and worn overcoat, Enoch pushed open the door and awaited orders with dignity. None came, but their absence did not deter the shivering St. Bernard, who followed the thin, clerical figure out.

The black-clad man and the black dog looked in the twilight like the carving on a medallion selected from a series the continuity of which was lost. They did not seem to relate, only to connect. Mr. Penrose was not a dog-lover, and unquestionably Enoch knew that; yet each did his duty by the other conscientiously, as befitted a religious family.

With his hand on the front-door knob Mr. Penrose hesitated; then returning, he went through the kitchen to the back door. Fleecy Ann was making milk-toast—a pious dish, which the ultimate of Christian consecration had never succeeded in teaching the pastor to accept with anything more cheerful than resignation.

"If Mrs. Penrose inquires," observed the minister, "you will tell her that I found it necessary to go to the post-office before the hours close. I may be a little late to supper."

The post-office was a long half-mile from the parsonage; this was, as Mrs. Penrose would have said, "just like Thistleton." Thistleton was a small parish, wind-smitten and orthodox; it knew few comforts, no luxuries, and the superlative force of the New England climate. "Anywhere outside of New England," Harry Penrose used to say, "this windy hole would have been called Thistledown."

The minister walked rapidly to the post-office, that he might get there before the money-order hours closed. His coat was yet damp from his fall, and the wind, which was increasing, stabbed him through the more viciously, he began to notice, on that side. The wet dog followed the wet man laboriously. When Mr. Penrose slipped his enclosure into the envelope he glanced over the note which he had written at home:

My dear Harry,—Your letter gives me great concern, but I cannot reply to it at length to-night. It has been three days delayed by an accident in reaching me. I am hurrying to the office to mail a money-order to you at once. I enclose a draft for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. My son, with the exception of a small amount for daily demands, this is all the money I have in the house; it is all I have in the world, until my salary is due. But I cannot find it easy to bear that I should have a son in debt. I hope they are all *necessary* obligations? Of course you realize that our income is narrow, and that, owing to your mother's illness, we cannot reduce our household expenses much below the point which they have already reached. If I had only myself to consider, we might do so. Do not think me harsh if I say that I must beg you to be as considerate and economical as you can. And believe that I am, always,

Your loving father,

Eliakim Penrose.

On the way home—the minister and the St. Bernard trudging along silently in the winter of the darkening night—a plumber's wagon overtook the two and offered them a ride. One should rather say The Plumber, since Thistleton knew but one. His name was Ledd—Aaron Ledd. Although a plumber, Aaron Ledd was a deacon, and held his pastor in the historic subjection recorded of pastors and their ecclesiastical officers.

"I brought your letter," observed Mr. Ledd. "I thought I would help you out. It was some late, but I don't suppose that made any partikkelar difference, did it?—What's that follerin' along behind? Looks like a mounting-bear. There was one round last week."

The plumber whipped up.

"Excuse me," pleaded the minister. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Deacon, but that is my son's dog. He's pretty old. And he has rheumatism. Would you mind his coming in the wagon?"

"He can set on the pipes if he wants to," replied the deacon, without enthusiasm. But Enoch was too old and too lame to jump, and Mr. Penrose clambered down stiffly and lifted up the heavy dog. This hurt his damp side a little, but he did not mention that. He did not really love Enoch very much; but he never neglected any living thing.

"Harry doin' well?" demanded the plumber-deacon, authoritatively. Between his smarting sensibility and the utter truth, the father hesitated long enough for a register and a parlor grate to tumble over on Enoch; who, not being a hired minister, lifted up his voice and swore at the deacon.

"My son is a dear boy," replied the pastor, with a touch of the gentle dignity which even the chairmen of church committees have been known to respect.

When he got home it did occur to Mr. Penrose to change his damp coat. Fleecy Ann made him a cup of weak tea and brought him his milk-toast; this he ate by the base-burner in the study; but Enoch begged away a good deal of his supper.

"The dog is old, and weak, and cold," he thought.

"Mis' Penrose has gone to sleep," observed Fleecy Ann. "I fed her half an hour ago. I've fed the hens too. There ain't nothin' left now but you. Better not wake her up. She cried a spell after you was gone."

The husband sighed with relief. He had wondered all the way home what he should say to Sarah about the money-order. She was not easy to deceive; few invalids are; and when anything concerned Harry, she had an abnormal insight—a cross between that of a crippled seer and a mother-turkey.

This was on a Thursday evening. Friday afternoon's mail brought another college letter; and this one Mr. Penrose resolutely repressed from the knowledge of his wife. He had waked with a little cold that day, and it was snowing some, but he walked to the post-office again—feeling for some reason uneasy—and Enoch followed him.

He did not read the letter till he got back; half the parish was in the post-office. And he turned the key of his study door to do so. Enoch stood anxiously watching him open the letter, which the St. Bernard had nosed shrewdly. In the dog's eyes was a startling intelligence. After all, who knew Harry Penrose better than Enoch?

The letter was scrawly and cloudy—blotted, too; Harry was usually a neat writer.

"My dear Father and Mother," wrote the college boy, "I have not got an answer to my last, and my need of money is urgent, for several reasons. One of these I did not explain when I wrote. It is—I mean—you see, in fact, I am not very well. I have doctor's bills to meet. I've seen a man in town who stands well—Jackson; Dr. Hiram Jackson. He says there's some trouble with my lungs. Don't worry, for I'll come out all right, but just now I seem to need some attention. I am

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

"P.S.—Give my love to Enoch and Fleecy Ann.

"P.P.S.—I've invented an automobile-brake. I wish I could afford to get a patent on it. They tell me it's great. They say—" The postscript trailed off into a splash of ink.

"Well, what is it now?" demanded Mrs. Penrose. Her husband did not take

the bony armchair beside her, but stood with his back to the air-tight stove, warming his hands.

"You're coughing again," proceeded the wife, without waiting for an answer. "Where's your syrup?"

"I gave the last of it to Enoch," observed the minister, guiltily. "He was so hoarse. Where is Fleecy Ann, my dear? It is time for family prayers. I will call her."

Fleecy Ann came wiping her hands on her cooking-apron, which it did not occur to her to remove. She took a chair by the door. Enoch came in and lay behind the air-tight stove. The minister sat by his wife's sofa, and read from the Bible—not much, only a few verses. He chose the prayer of the Crucified for His disciples—that supreme outcry of tenderness for the dearest and the most dependent which entreated "that none of these whom Thou has given me may be lost."

Then Eliakim Penrose prayed—very briefly that night, and not discursively as he sometimes did. He did not put in any petition for foreign missions. He omitted to draw the attention of Heaven to the church and Sunday-school; in fact, he neglected the parish altogether. In a few thrilling words he prayed for his own.

"Lord," he said, "remember us, for we need to be thought of. Keep us from mistakes. Spare us fresh trouble. Let us not be smitten more than we can bear. Teach us how to act when we are perplexed. Shew us the right thing, the wise thing to do. Be merciful to this household; to its handmaiden upon whom we all depend; to the sufferer in this sick-room whom we long to shield from every pang; to the absent son—our only child. Give him health of body and integrity of character. Grant that he may long be spared to us—" The minister's praying voice faltered, and the father rose from his knees. Enoch came up anxiously and kissed his hand. Fleecy Ann stared, and went out to finish her dishes.

"Oh, what *is* it?" cried the wife.

Mr. Penrose stood by the air-tight, coughing. He did not speak at once. When he did, he only said:

"I am going to Harle."

"*Oh!* To see Harry?"

"To see Harry."

"Why don't you tell me what it is?"

"He is not—that is, not very well," replied the minister, slowly.

"What do you mean? You might as well say it as pray it. Soul or body?"

"Both, perhaps."

"He's wet his feet," observed the mother. "Or he isn't wearing his flannels. Probably he isn't saying his prayers. Aren't you going to show me the letter?"

"*No,*" came the answer, in a tone which the indulged invalid did not often hear. When she did, she knew better than to parley with it.

"Very well," she said; but she turned her face to the back of the sofa, and the slow tears of age and long endurance crawled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"When I get back," suggested Mr. Penrose, more cheerfully, "I will tell you everything—that is, all it is worth while to talk about. We must not make too much of things. We must do the best we can. We must be patient and trust in God."

"I haven't done a thing *but* be patient and trust in God since I can remember," returned the more secular wife. "I get tired out with it, Mr. Penrose. When you going to start?" she added, briskly. "I must have your flannels aired. You'll need all your stockings darned, too. Going to-morrow?"

"It is too late to fill the pulpit now," replied the minister. "There's nobody I know of round here to give a Sunday, and you see for yourself, Sarah, I can't afford a supply. I must preach twice—and then there's the Bible class. I shall take the first train Monday morning."

"You cough too hard to preach," urged Mrs. Penrose. "Are you *sure* I can't see Harry's letter?"

"Leave it to me, won't you, Mother? Trust me, can't you, for a day or two?"

"I'd rather trust you than the Lord," replied the minister's wife, profanely. "But you see I'm his mother."

In the descent of the winter afternoon an elderly traveller stepped from the northern train into the university town, which he had not visited for so long that he passed for a stranger to it and to its traditions. He was proud to the last

drop of scholastic blood in him to be a Harle graduate; but he had reached that point in his biography where a man begins to be known as "an old graduate." He was not yet an old man, being, in fact, scarcely sixty, but either the hardship or the rusticity of his life, or both, had aged him beyond his years. He would have been a person of fine presence, had he not lacked a certain air natural to a country life and limited income. His height was marked, his eyes were commanding, and his mouth unusually fine. He was so poorly clad as to be noticeable in the crowd of well-dressed youths and prosperous professors through which he made his way with pathetic diffidence. He was coughing, and the air was savagely raw; but he did not think of calling a cab; in fact, he had calculated the expense of his trip to the last penny; he had not money to pay for a supper. In his old-fashioned hand-bag he carried cold luncheons enough, put up at home, to last him through; or so he had planned. His bag was heavier than it need have been—his wife had packed in a set of extra flannels for their son and a change of shoes for himself. He walked slowly, and swung the bag from hand to hand when it tired him. When he had walked rather aimlessly for a block or two he went into a druggist's and asked for a directory. There was a smell of hot beef-tea and malted milk in the drug-store; he was conscious of being faint, and hesitated, but he knew that he had not ten cents to spare, and took himself abruptly away.

"It must go for car fares," he thought. While he stood waiting for an up-town electric, a red touring-car skidded by and spattered him with freezing mud. The car was filled with college boys, and was speeding carelessly. The boys were singing and jeering. One of them, a tall fellow in furs and goggles, laughed resoundingly as the machine passed the old clergyman. There was something in the lad's laugh—what was it? *Who* was it? He on the sidewalk stood with the blood pounding at his heart. But the visor and the goggles forbade him.

"A man could not recognize his own flesh and blood in that toggery," thought the country parson. "Nothing were easier than to be mistaken. Of course it would be impossible—with his lungs. His doctor would not allow it."

The introduction of the doctor's name into his thoughts hurried him, and he walked back nervously to anticipate the next car. It used to be a blue horse-car, but everything in Harle had changed to something else. Now, a blazing red electric flung its search-light in his face. The old graduate was confused by the new university world. His head spun and his eyes blurred. He was pretty cold, too; and faint, as we have said. He lost a car, and considerable time with it. He found it necessary to cling carefully to the railing when he climbed to the platform of the car; and to cling more cautiously when he left it; for the steps were slippery. He was glad that his wife had made him wear his rubbers.

The doctor's steps were slippery, too, and a haughty negro was putting sawdust on them. He glanced at the country minister with the superciliousness which only the cultivated poor can feel, and yet scorn themselves for feeling, in the manner of servants. The rustic, ill-dressed man was ushered curtly into the office. For a moment the sudden warmth of the room caught the breath of the shivering visitor; and his head fell against the tall, carved back of the office chair.

"You are faint," observed the doctor. The Reverend Mr. Penrose found brandy at his lips, but he pushed it gently away.

"Excuse me, sir," he pleaded. "I am the president of the Temperance Society in my parish."

He felt as he spoke them how the words would sound to this man of the world of the flesh. But he was not accustomed to apologize for his convictions. An expression of enforced respect traversed the face of the other.

"Ah, then," he said, gently. "A few swallows of tea." He rang, and the haughty negro brought a cup of tea. It was served upon a silver tray, in a delicate china cup from some famous factory of which the country minister had never heard. He drank gratefully, and when he had finished the tea he put his story into as few words as possible, and awaited the verdict as quietly as he could. But the physician did not speak. He was a fashionable college doctor, but he was a young doctor; his heart had not hardened

within him yet; he regarded the clerical figure in the patient's chair with an expression in which pity and deference manifestly fought.

"You see," entreated the Reverend Mr. Penrose, "his mother is an invalid —I cannot say what effect this will have upon her. But I cannot keep such news from her very long. I thought it best to come directly to you for the facts. I am prepared for the worst."

"I doubt if you are," sprang to the physician's lips; but he switched the sentence off—"I mean, I doubt if you have come to the right office. I have not made any tubercular diagnosis in the case of your son."

The father began to tremble.

"Are you not Doctor Jackson?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Hiram Jackson?"

"That is my name."

"Do you not know my son—Harry Penrose—a Junior—on the football team? A tall young man? His hair curls. He is an athletic fellow. That was why this news surprised me so. Surely you must know my son, sir?"

"Oh yes," admitted the college doctor. "I have met your son. But it is some time —I think he sent for me for a sprained ankle. It must have been six months ago."

"Then you have not said—"

"I have *not*," replied the doctor, in a reverberating voice. "There is, I repeat, an evident error. You must have mistaken the name of your son's physician, Mr. Penrose. I hope, when you find him, he will be able to relieve your apprehension altogether. These college lads give their parents a good many scares; they are seldom as ill as they think."

The eyes of the minister evaded those of the physician, while the other chatted on kindly—anyhow, anything, to save the dreadful moment.

"It is plain that I have made a mistake," said Mr. Penrose, steadily. "I have—perhaps I have—come to the wrong office. I thank you, sir. You are—you have been considerate. I am much obliged to you."

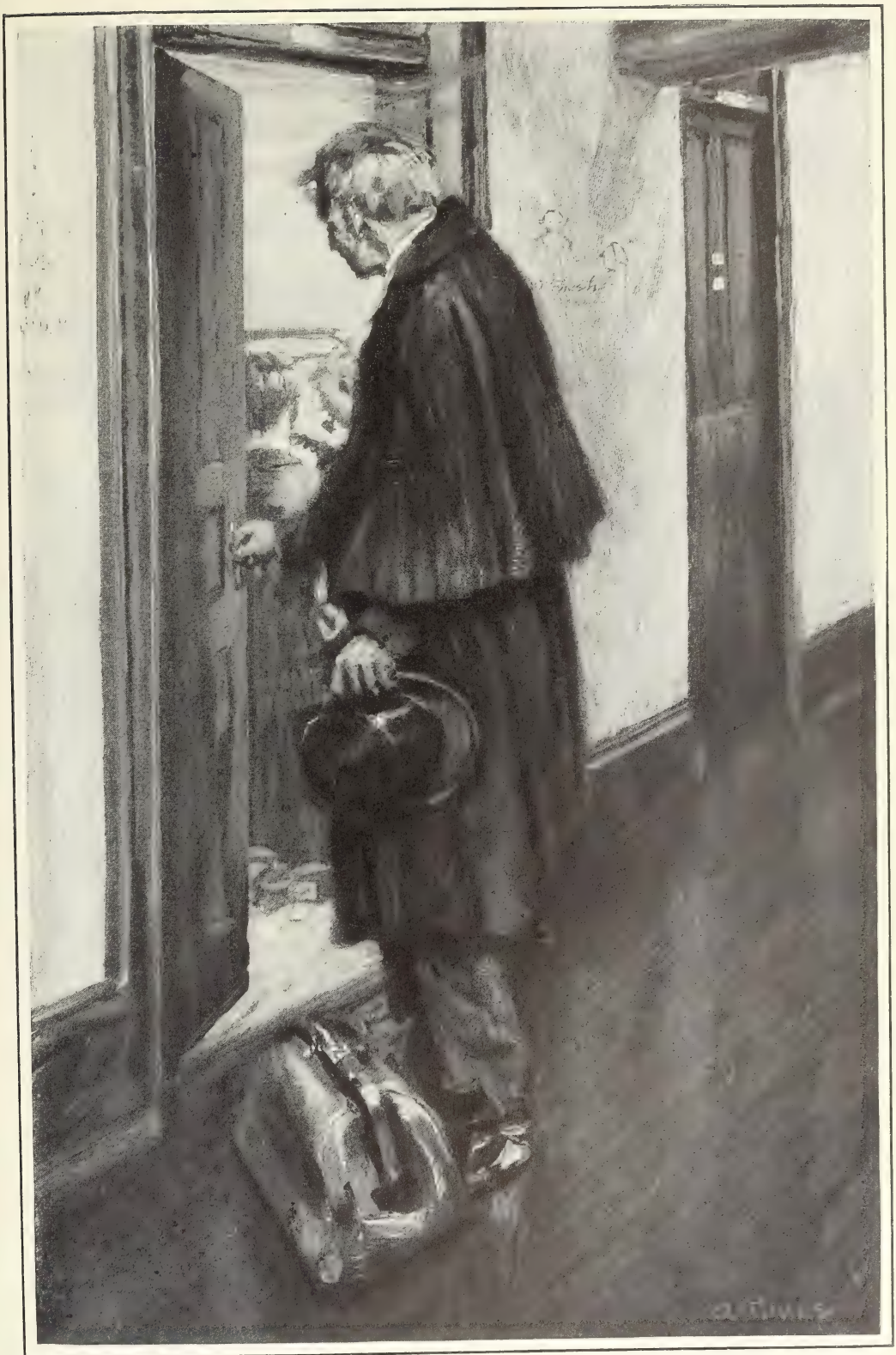
He pushed himself weakly into his thin overcoat. The doctor helped him gently, while he said: "You'd better look after that cough, Mr. Penrose. If I were you, I'd get home as soon as possible."

He handed the minister his old silk hat, and himself showed the visitor kindly to the door. Mr. Penrose was conscious of a foolish gratitude that the negro was not to be seen.

He went blindly down the sawdusted steps. A college car was passing, and he took it. At the campus he got out and made his way slowly to his son's rooms. It seemed to him undesirable to hurry. The old dormitory that he used to study and freeze in was gone. They called them halls now; they were handsome buildings, warm and luxurious. The chapel was left, and the library, yet untouched; these had the dignity of their age and austerity upon them; there was ivy on the chapel still. There were no study hours now, and boys were rollicking everywhere. He was obliged to push his way through a crowd that did not yield for him, and he mounted the stairs —there were two flights—with a weariness equalled only by his reluctance. He shrank so from what was before him that he was tempted to return to his wife, and Fleecy Ann, and Enoch, without revealing himself. But he climbed on, and knocked at his son's door. There was no reply to his summons, and he stood uncertain.

"Harry should be studying," he thought. "Probably he is." While he hesitated, a loud boy's laugh assailed his ears—and another and another; a storm of what he would have called "revelry" broke through the room of the student. He knocked again, but his tap was unheard, and he gently pushed open the door, and stood unnoticed.

That the room was handsomely fitted did not much surprise him; he remembered that Harry's chum had a rich father. Draperies, lion-skins, a damask couch-cover, bric-à-brac, pictures, college flags, luxurious easy chairs, swam before his eyes muddily. A fur automobile-coat was tossed over the back of the chair in which Harry was sitting. Automobile goggles and gauntlets were thrown upon a foot-rest. There were three other lads. The table was littered with poker chips. A bottle and glasses stood at his son's elbow. Perplexing details arrested the eyes of the minister, who had never watched a gambling game in his life.



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

HE GENTLY PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR, AND STOOD UNNOTICED

In fact, he did not know poker from bridge, nor madeira from champagne.

Harry was playing cleverly—he could see that. The boy's face was of a higher order than any to which his companions belonged, and the father, with a snap at the heart, saw that too. Harry was a handsome lad—curly, with frolicsome eyes; he was broad of shoulder and full of chest. He looked to be in excellent health. A curious, darting look roved across his eyes, in and out, and in again —his uncle Harry used to have that expression. The father watched with held breath. The knob of the door curled into one's hand, and he clung to it; he had not stirred.

"I call," said one of the boys, shoving a yellow chip into the middle of the table and scowling at Harry. Another dropped a blue, and stooped with an oath to pick it up. This brought the minister within range of his eyes.

"Look here, Penrose," he said. "Who's that old codger in the door?"

Harry Penrose turned. A color as deep as the grain of the red oak in the parsonage pasture surged to the boy's ears; then he went snow white. Instinctively his hand covered the pile of chips nearest him upon the table, while he cried, "Why, Father!" It seemed he could think of nothing else to say, and he repeated the two words stupidly, "Why, Father!"

"Boys," he added, with difficulty, "my father has come to see me. We'll stop for to-night."

The boys got to their feet and stood awkwardly. The country minister in his shabby clothes, with his Christian eyes, regarded them steadfastly. The man was now as much at home as he was in his own pulpit. The ethical situation had restored his self-possession. All his diffidence and rusticity had dropped from him. Harry was introducing his friends—uncomfortably, it could be seen; *he* was the rustic now; he stammered and quavered. The Reverend Mr. Penrose responded with a certain courtliness. The boys found their hats and slunk out. One of them was something the worse for liquor, and his friends helped him along. When the door had closed behind them all, Harry turned the key.

"Won't you come and get warm, Father?" he said, timidly. "You look cold."

Mr. Penrose took the chair that was pushed toward him, and put his numbed feet upon the radiator. Harry put away the bottle and glasses, pushed away the chips, and threw his cigar out of the window.

Neither the man nor the boy spoke. The room was nauseating and blue with smoke. The minister sickened in it, but he did not say so. He had never nagged Harry about smoking. He had perceived that there were more serious matters concerning which to contend with a son for the life of his soul.

"Had your supper, Father?" asked the lad, when he had borne the surcharged silence as long as he could.

Mr. Penrose shook his head.

"Oh, come on, then, with me. Come over to my club. It isn't late. You look as if you needed something."

"Your mother directed Fleecy Ann to put me up some luncheons," replied the minister, unexpectedly. "It saves buying them. But I have not felt like eating—not to-night. If you will excuse me, Harry, I will take a bite right here. I might feel stronger for it. I do not—I am not as well as usual."

He drew out from his old bag a big paper parcel of corned-beef sandwiches and caraway cookies, and tried conscientiously to eat. After a few mouthfuls he gave up the attempt, and restored the luncheon to the bag. He scrupulously picked up the crumbs, and was stooping to brush them from the rug with his hand, when Harry gulped and rushed:

"For God's sake, Father — *don't.* That's for *me,* not you." The boy knelt and brushed the crumbs, and then he lifted his hanging face.

"Why, you've got your overcoat on yet, Father. You'll take cold when you go out. You *have* a cold. Where did you get that cough?"

The lad could be seen to cringe as he removed the shabby overcoat from his father's shoulders. He laid it down across the automobile fur, as if, perhaps, he would have covered that from sight. He shut the window and turned on more heat in the radiator. By this time he had in some measure regained his com-

posure. He was puzzled that his father did not blame him; he would have preferred to be blamed; he felt as if a good, round, unsanctified scolding would have been a relief. He even wished that his father had been a swearing man and would hurl language at him. He was perfectly aware that there was nothing in the compass of the profane vocabulary which he did not deserve. At last the minister spoke.

"Your mother sends you her love," he said, gently. "And so would Enoch, I am sure, if he could speak English. You are greatly beloved at home, my son. We miss you very much. . . . I thought it best to come on and see for myself how you are situated. . . . I have done so," he added, with a poignant glance about the dissipated-looking room. "It does not seem to be a case for words," he proceeded, slowly. "But there are two points. Your bills—"

"I've taken out a caveat on that automobile-brake," interrupted the lad. "They think I could get a patent. That's expensive, you see.

"I know that's only a part of it," added Harry, feverishly. His shallow words flooded his father's significant silence. "I'm in a deuce of a scrape, Father," he pleaded. There was a childish movement of his handsome mouth; he put up his under lip in the way he used to do when he was a baby.

"I can mortgage your grandfather's homestead in Vermont," said Mr. Penrose without looking at the lad. "I can sell it, if necessary. I have no other assets—none in the world."

"But you rent it summers. It helps you out. Your salary is so small!" cried the boy. "You can't afford to do that."

"I can afford it better than I can afford to have my son in debt," replied the minister.

"Some of them are debts of honor," urged Harry, weakly.

"There we differ," contradicted Mr. Penrose, with the first grip of sternness that had clutched through the interview. "Call them debts of dishonor—debts of dishonor! Then drop the matter. There is one other. Your health— You understood, of course, how much suffering your last letter would cause. I have not shown it to your poor mother. I did not dare to. So I came on. I have been to see your doctor, Harry."

But Harry's curling head had fallen into his athletic hands; his father's commanding, quiet voice rose about him like a tide: "Doctor Jackson? Dr. Hiram Jackson? That was the name, was it? Perhaps I made a mistake? I hoped there was some mistake—I have not your letter by me. If there is some other physician, Harry—" The words climbed to a pathetic eagerness.

"No!" cried Harry, lifting his abject face. "There isn't any other. I suppose he was the only one I could think of. I guess I told you a cursed lie—I was so hard up!"

"I don't know but I'd rather it *had* been true," groaned the father, "than—than *this*."

He rose and stood blindly, groping for his hat; he had got his arms into the sleeves of his overcoat before the lad's mind overtook the meaning of the act.

"But, Father! You're not *going?* Where will you go? Where are you staying? It's too cold for you to go anywhere—with that cough. Take my room, Father! Stay with me, Father, do! I can turn in on the lounge—I shall be all right. My chum's a good fellow. He won't mind. . . . *Father!*"

"Good-night, Harry. Good-by."

"Father, don't go! Stay here with me! *Father!*"

"Good-night, my son. Good-by, my son. Good-by."

"I will try to make you comfortable," entreated Harry.

The father lifted one hand in a singular, solemn gesture; it was not unlike that the lad had seen him use in the old church at Thistleton at the moment of the benediction. The college boy shrivelled before the gesture.

He stood stupidly, and then he ran. But his mind had not run, and Mr. Penrose had well the start of him, having reached the lower flight of stairs. There were no fellows about, and Harry called after him tremulously:

"Father! I wasn't quite such a brute as you think! When I wrote that cursed letter I was— Father, I'd been— Father, come back and stay with me! *Father!*"

Then Harry scrambled down and out

into the air, still calling. But the fleeing figure did not hear. It melted into the campus with its pathos and its dignity—a ghost of the old, vanished Harle; the religious Harle, whose sons lived sparsely, and studied laboriously, and honored their parents; and their days were long in the land of the intellect and of the spirit.

The minister had now begun to feel very ill. A stranger in his Alma Mater, he wandered for a little while, aimlessly. He had no money for hotel bills. No train left for Thistleton till morning. It seemed to him that, though he spent the night in the streets, he could not accept the hospitality of his own son. It had been upon his lips to say so to the boy, in a few leaping words—all human and all terrible. Now he was glad that he had not done so; and afterward he thanked God that he had never spoken them. The blazing red electric with the search-light had almost run him down while he was wondering what he should do. He took the car, and the car took him to the station. Then he remembered the night express. It did not stop at Thistleton; but there was a crossing where it had to slow up, four miles beyond. It was warm in the Harle station. He tried to eat one of his corned-beef sandwiches while he waited for the train. When it came, he took it without hesitation. He breathed upon the frost on the car window presently to look out. He saw that it was beginning to snow.

Everybody was abed and asleep but Enoch. The old dog could not rest, but wandered unaccountably here and there. From the kitchen to the wood-shed, from the shed to the front porch, he beat a monotonous, uneasy track. Fleecy Ann had called him in, till she got tired of it, and abandoned him to his whim. It snowed hard, and the wind rose, but Enoch minded neither circumstance. Often he went to the street and looked up and down. Then he returned to the porch and lay flat in the drifting snow. He did not sleep.

"He's expectin' of his marster," Fleecy Ann observed to Mrs. Penrose. "You'll have to leave him be. I *told* him there warn't no train. But he thinks he knows better."

He had a bed of his own in the wood-shed and another in the kitchen, but Enoch did not go to bed. It snowed viciously, and it snowed all night. Toward dawn, at half past four by the church clock, the dog's disturbance visibly increased. He ran to the street and lay down there, watching both ways. He could not see very well nor hear very well—he was so old—but that in him stronger than sight or hearing held him to his post. At quarter of five the dog began to whine and nose the snow, and toss it this side and that, and burrow in it. Now he waded over to the church—it was but a few rods—and whined and burrowed there. What was the mound against the steps—too dark to be a drift, too white to be a man? The dog with the blood of the snow and the mountains in him—he of the famous race whose passion it is to save the master race or perish in the effort—leaped and pushed and pounced, and kissed and clung, and warmed and kissed again. And while he kissed he cried like a human child.

The man was not unconscious, and he had wit enough left to rouse and move. He would have said that he had only stopped to rest; afterward he maintained that he had called for help. But if he had, only the half-deaf dog heard him. Even the wife slept through.

The village doctor—the wheels of his buggy clogged and thwarted by the heavy, unexpected snow—was driving slowly from a late case, when Enoch leaped out, and stood in the road before the tired horse, and barked hoarsely, with agonizing sound.

"What's the matter, Enoch?" said the doctor. But he saw what was the matter and sprang.

So the old St. Bernard—limping through the packed snow behind the buggy—brought his master home.

The minister turned and slept; when he had waked he turned and looked. It was his first unclouded look for now some weeks. He knew that he must have been very sick. But he had not troubled himself about that. It seemed that he had undergone acute hallucinations and dis-

tresses. In his delirium he called persistently for Harry. Sometimes he varied the word and cried, "My son, my son!"

They had made up a bed for him in his study, and therein he found himself, one burly March day, when the base-burner drew fast, and the comforter was hung between the rattling windows and the study chair. The Revised Version and the Concordance were closed. His *Bible Dictionary* and *Travels in the Holy Land* and the *Parabolic Teachings of Christ* had been shoved away into the bookcases. Medicines and a red geranium and a box of guava jelly had replaced his sermon paper and the International Lessons upon his desk. He felt that Enoch was on the floor beside him; but for the moment there seemed to be no one else in the room. He experienced a species of relief that the gaunt red oaks beyond the stark pasture could not be seen from this side of the house. He glanced at his church, and wondered who had supplied. He took a certain pleasure in hearing sleigh-bells call by; and he noticed that the hens were out enjoying themselves between the wood-pile and the back door. These matters appeared to be as much as his mind could carry, and he sighed and slept again. When he waked, his wife was in the room, and he said:

"Why, Sarah! Poor Sarah! What will this do to *you?*"

For he had been aware all along, although he could not say so, that the invalid—with the splendid power of chronic invalids to spring out of themselves on to the precipice of emergencies that reach deeper than their own physical miseries—had been often in the study, silently beside him. She had a divine quiet and comprehension. Sarah used to be wonderful when people were sick—before she herself was smitten.

"You're all right, Mr. Penrose," she said, serenely. "You are growing better every minute."

"Did you have Miss Whatcher here?" he asked, unexpectedly. Miss Whatcher was the village nurse; of the oldest and dreariest variety known to the hill-country towns. Thistleton had never evolved beyond Miss Whatcher. Mrs. Penrose nodded.

"Where has the old maid gone to?" demanded the sick man, irritably. This was as near profanity as the Reverend Mr. Penrose had ever been known to arrive. His wife's heavenly blue eyes scintillated with keen earthly appreciation of the moral lapse.

"She's off duty to-day."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the minister. "Wasn't there a man nurse, too?" he added, after some difficult thought. "Lately, I mean?"

"Yes," replied the wife, comfortably. "There's been one for a few days."

"Where is he?"

"I sent him up-stairs to get some sleep."

"*You* go rest, Sarah," pleaded the patient, with his old unresting thoughtfulness for her. A tenderer husband never lived.

"Very well," said Sarah. "Just as you say. I'll send Fleecy Ann in a while."

Beside the bed the dog lay like a statue of Barry, his ancestor—the great Barry, on whose monument are carved these words:

"*He saved forty persons; he was killed by the forty-first.*"

Only one member of the family could induce Enoch to leave the study. When the sick man's hand fell over the edge of the mattress, Enoch softly kissed it.

Fleecy Ann sat down by the base-burner importantly, as if she were playing a part in a charade or tableau at some church festival. Her hands were folded on her cooking-apron. She did not speak. The hens clucked drowsily by the wood-pile. The sleigh-bells did not disturb the patient, who seemed to take a pleasure in them. Like an animal who lives by continual naps, he turned and slept again.

The blue snow of the March hour before twilight had darkened into purple gray, when the man nurse came in. The doctor had come and gone, and the minister was lying peacefully. The man nurse brought in a cup of chicken broth. Except for the stovelight the room was dark. Mr. Penrose took the broth obediently. He had begun to tremble, but he spoke quietly enough; he perceived that he was too weak to agitate himself.

"How long have you been here, Harry? I did not expect to see *you*."

"I've sent that old hen off," replied Harry, irreverently. He strode over Enoch, and sat down by the bed as if nothing had happened. "I'm perfectly able to take care of you," the lad affirmed, with some emphasis. "I am very strong and well. I'm worth a dozen hens, anyhow. . . . *Let* me take care of you, Father! *Please!*"

He remained on duty all night. The boy's big hands, gnarled with baseball, toughened by football, supple from brassies and drivers, and steeled with steering automobiles, handled the wraith of the sick man with a wonderful velvet. He seemed to need neither sleep nor respite. He sat like a figure of a gladiator; he observed like an educated man; he touched like a woman. Once in the night his father thought he heard him sob like one.

There were no words between them on any matter, and morning found them together and silent—it was a beautiful morning. Harry went to his breakfast and his bed.

"You won't miss me, Father, will you," he asked, anxiously, "if I sleep a little?"

"I shall be glad to see you when you are rested, my son," replied Mr. Penrose, with reserve. But the boy saw a single tear upon the man's gray-white cheek. Impulsively he stooped and put his lips to his father's shrunken hand. Then the door closed quickly and quietly between them.

It went on in this way with them for some days and nights; but the patient obviously gained upon himself, and grew something stronger. One cloudy day he seemed to be oppressed and troubled, and when the lad had come on duty in the late afternoon, he spoke outright:

"Harry, you must be getting back. It won't do to stay away from Harle too long. You'll fall behind your rank. You'd better send for Miss Whatcher. I can get along."

Then Harry Penrose gathered himself —he used to say afterward that it took more grit than it did to hold a ball with a dozen fellows atop of you—he took his heart in his young mouth and distinctly said:

"Father, don't worry. I am not going back to college." A breath such as might answer the stab of an instrument that turned in a wound escaped the sick man.

"Suspended?" he gasped.

"No, sir."

"Are you expelled, Harry?"

"*No,* sir!"

"I don't understand, then. Explain yourself, my son."

"I have left college, sir. I am going into business. I have found an excellent situation. I am going to pay my own debts—every fool dollar of them, that's all. I've arranged the whole matter. I won't have you carry the load of me another month. I've done with it. I've made an ass of myself long enough."

"Business?" repeated the minister, vaguely. "What species of business?" He pictured his son in a retail dry-goods store measuring off cotton cloth with a yardstick; or possibly it might be blue ribbon.

"Automobiles," said Harry, promptly. "I'm going in with my chum's father. I'll begin at the bottom and pull up. You'll see, sir."

"But afterward?" eagerly cried Mr. Penrose. "It is very commendable in you, Harry; but after your debts are paid—you could return and take your Senior year?"

"I never was born for it, Father," replied the boy—gently for a boy. "I shall be better off working dog-hard at something I can handle. You and Mother have stood too much from me. I've been a wild fellow—cruel, too. I'm so ashamed of myself—I'm *sick* ashamed. I never would have come home at all. I'd have run away. But when Mother wrote me—she put a special delivery on it, Father. Think of that!"

The boy tried to laugh, and then he tried not to choke. The Reverend Mr. Penrose was perfectly silent. For a moment his heart battled within the old Harle graduate. His son! The spiritual heir of seven generations of ministers! *Automobiles!* For the first time in his life he reflected that there might be other values in a man's career than a college diploma. Call it what you will—soul—spirit—character—temperament—Harry had to be made or marred in his own way—or God's. Was it possible that an automobile-brake could be God's way?

"You must decide for yourself, my

son," he faltered. When he turned his agitated face he saw that the boy was kneeling beside the bed, and fighting back big sobs as he used to do when he was a little, manly fellow and had got thrashed in a fight.

"Father, you didn't hear me that night—I called after you to say—Father, I wasn't such an infernal scoundrel—I'd been drinking when I wrote that confounded letter. It's been bad enough, Lord knows. Forgive me, Father! My poor father! If the God you preach is the God you practise . . . if He's like *you* —Father! I'd believe—why, I'd believe in *anything!*"

But there the boy hid his face upon one of the minister's shaking hands. Slowly, in a sacred stillness, he felt the other creep up and rest upon his curly head.

Then, elastic, radiant, boy-like, he rebounded.

"Father! I've sold that automobile coat. I couldn't wear the blamed thing again—I'd freeze first. It's going into—it means something for you—you'll hear from it. Where's Enoch? Come on, Enoch! Let's go snowball by the woodpile where Father can see!"

It came on to be the last evening of the lad's at home, and the convalescent minister had begged to be allowed a certain privilege, for now many weeks denied him.

"I should like to hold family prayers, my son, in your mother's room, according to our custom, before you go."

So Harry gave him an iron arm, and had helped him across the dark entry and stooped him under the low door, when Enoch's bronchial bark, thundering upon a disturbance in the back yard, scattered the religious emotions of the family too thoroughly for immediate recall.

"I'll go and see," observed Harry, with some embarrassment.

"It's The Plumber!" said Fleecy Ann, with awe. History did not record when a plumber (in his professional capacity) had been seen at the Thistleton parsonage.

Whip in hand, rubber boots to his knees, fur cap on the back of his head, Deacon Ledd tramped muddily through the kitchen and stood before the too low door in the front entry by the woodbox. At that point he removed his cap and took the attitude which he assumed when he spoke in prayer-meeting on Friday evenings.

"Mr. Penrose," he said, not without signs of excitement, "when do you think, sir, you'd be able to let us put a furnace int' the parsonage?"

The pastor went ashen to the lips.

"Does the parish wish me to resign?" he panted. "Have you appointed a successor?—I know I've been ill a good while. But I thought I should be able to preach Sunday after next, Deacon Ledd."

Harry Penrose took three steps. One big, unregenerate word leaped to his lips before the very ears of the church officer.

"*Damn!*" said Harry. He went up and put his young arm around his father. "Oh, hurry up, Deacon!" he cried, irreverently.

"Pastor," complained the plumber-deacon, "I wouldn't have thought it of you, sir. *Me!—us*—your *people!* Why, pastor, there ain't a parson in North America we'd swop you for. . . . This—this dog-goned furnace is yours, sir, *yours!* Here, Harry, you'll have to finish this speech yourself. It's too much for me. I can't do it in a suitable manner. Won't, hey? Sho! Well, then. I've set you all of a tremble, sir— Sho! Mr. Penrose, if he won't, then here goes. It's *him* did it, not us. I wish'd we had. But we never thought on't. . . . Harry, he's put part down, pastor, and I've taken a mortgage on his wages till he's paid whole up. He was partikkelar on that point. There ain't goin' to be any liabilities on this furnace, Mr. Penrose. Nor we don't calculate to have any more pneumonias in this parsonage—not if good hot air and Lehigh Valley can pervent it, sir."

Hands in his pockets, Harry had stood whistling softly. Now he interrupted:

"Father, Deacon Ledd doesn't say that he is giving all the work. He sets it up without charge. He has been very generous."

"The Ladies' Aid contributed the registers," interposed the Deacon, happily. "The Sunday-school ordered a ton of coal. And the Widows' Mite—they give the dampers. Your father don't



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

Half-tone plate engraved by H Leinroth

THERE THE BOY HID HIS FACE

seem to understand, Harry," added the ecclesiastical plumber, "how much this parish sets by him. It's goin' on twenty-two years—a good while, pastor. You've married us an' you've baptized us an' you've buried us an' you've comforted us . . ."

"Deacon Ledd," said the Reverend Mr. Penrose, not very audibly, "we were about to meet for family prayers when you arrived upon your generous errand. Won't you stay and join us in our devotions? It is the first time since my recent illness, and the occasion is one of special interest to us, as you will perceive."

"I've got my rubber boots on," replied the Deacon. "And my mare ain't blanketed. If it's all the same to you, pastor, I guess I'll go out and unload. You pray and I'll work, pastor. See?"

The family, in the invalid's bedroom, sat quietly. Harry had turned the key. Mrs. Penrose cried some, as ministers' wives do when the parish has done a pleasant thing, and Fleecy Ann put her cooking-apron to her eyes. Enoch went behind the air-tight, coughing, and then he came over and crawled to his young master's feet. A minister may preach, but he cannot lie down on the floor and kiss a tan shoe a good while, and be very happy. Harry sat beside his mother's lounge with the comforter on it, and the old afghan. Through the window the oak trees looked in across the skylit pasture. The sun was dipping, and there was a joyous color everywhere.

The minister took his Bible and read a little from the vigorous great psalm which blesses the Lord in every verse, because His mercy endureth forever. Then he knelt and tried to pray. He had meant to pray quite a time; he felt as if he must remember the parish, and Deacon Ledd, and the Ladies' Aid, and the Sunday-school, and the Widows' Mite. Then he had thought that he should ask the blessing of God upon his son—as he had never asked before, as he never might again. But he was surprised to find that all his glad words and all his solemn ones went from him as if they had wings—angel's wings, perhaps; who knew?

For these were all that he could speak:

"Our Father who art in heaven! Like as a father pitieth his children . . . Thou hast pitied us . . . For the sake of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Saviour . . ."

"*Amen,*" said Harry Penrose. The lad had gone upon his knees.

Summer Shadow

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

LIFE is running fast away,
All the woods are yet to learn:
What did yonder squirrel say?
And I never shall return—

Not, like bud or building bird,
Come when April comes again;
Scarcely have I learned a word
Of the language of the rain.

Swift the summer glides away,
Not one lesson learned aright;
Soon comes round the longest day—
Ah! how soon the longest night!



Hong-Kong





William J. Aylward

SOMETHING was coming down the Road. Vaguely sifting through the open windows of the hotel into the gaps of an animated conversation floated a plaintive melody of strange instruments, the murmur of voices, and tread of many feet. The native servants slipped unostentatiously out on the balconies. The dark creature on the opposite side of the writing-table, tall and lithe in chin-coat and short skirt of dark material, dashed off one more post-card, and with a leap was out there too. The man with a telephone voice followed in short order, leaving the big room empty.

It was a band of Sikhs celebrating the birthday of Third Goddard Singh Jr. (with final of Rhodes, a man of some distinction in these parts, if we are to believe all that the press written for the occasion claimed, and one whom they declared they were about to honor with "magnificent debut."

With flaming turbans, coats of anything from orange plush, scarlet velvet, and gold to the blue of the King's service, they made a gay rabble as they salaamed and embraced one another, their unusually grave, bearded faces wreathed in happiness, showing many fine teeth.

True to their training, the soldiermen and police marched in formation before a pair of the scanty few horses on the island, now drawing an open carriage banked heavily with cut flowers, upon whose tender bed lay an open book. On either step a turbaned figure in white [illegible] while the rest followed in a shifting wake singing their quaint hill song of India. They passed through the pens of sleepy Tamil with staring Chinese, and were gone.

The room had filled during our absence, and there was much chatter and scrambling of pens. The telephonic voice had resumed its monologue: "Wire's in Yokohama."—"Say, honest, do you mean I was stung as badly as all that?"—"Colombo next—or, Singapore, that's nearer, isn't it, after Manila?"—"Say this is the finest in the East."—"Well, I'm sorry for the East—say, how would it look alongside of the Auditorium?"

However, the post-cards were duly inscribed and mailed—in hope—before the *Dakota* left next day, and Hong-Kong dropped back into its natural gait as quickly as it had been rudely shaken from it.

Drowsily smiling in the long-accustomed luxury of a soft, cool mattress on a real bed in a room of plastered walls and [illegible] with real glass in them, I lay awake that night. As I looked back, the morning seemed far away in the hazy long-ago.

It was still dark when, awakened by the cessation of the engine's throbbing beat, I had dressed and gone on deck, thinking we had slowed down for a pilot. The dim gray figure of the captain, huge in greatcoat and sea-boots, paced back and forth forward of the steering-house, and in curt tones acknowledged the course as it was given by the Lascar at the wheel, into whose intent face the binnacle cast an unholy light. "Steady!" and from the dark interior came, "Sood-oe—sar," followed by the muffled chug-chug of steering-gear.



Painting by W. J. Aylward

A STREET IN THE NATIVE QUARTER

The *Tee An* had swung round and was gently dipping her nose into the seas that had worried her for the past few days. They now came rolling in the broad swell of the northeast monsoon across the China Sea. "Waiting for daylight before going in," the captain said. Very near, somewhere in a cleft of the mountain coast whose shadowy outline could be dimly made out to port, lay the Southern Gateway into China.

On the breeze that wafted across the empty decks, from seaward stole the dawn. Its first gray light failed to reveal Lyee Moon Pass, shut in as it was by a heavy pall of fog that hung in an enveloping shroud about the feet of sombre mountains that raised their heads darkly among the fading stars.

Suddenly the topmost pinnacle flushed with the news that the sun was nigh. Gently down the mountain slope the delicate glow came stealing; softly empurpled shadows became plum, studded with gules of amethyst, melted into still softer tones, and touched to gold the gray blanket lying deep upon breathing Ocean. Out of the shifting radiance, glowing like a flock of ungainly birds, came a thousand junks and sampans, their sails of mat glorious in every shade of dusky red and dusty gold. One by one they swooped silently by to pluck on the far horizon a scant living from the deep.

The roar of thundering surf at the base of stubborn hills came to us as we passed in under the guns of the fort, perched warily on the cliffs at the narrow entrance of a broad, smooth harbor walled in by hooded peaks still wreathed in night-robes of mist. Into this stillness we seemed to intrude upon the privacy of ships making a sleepy toilet at their berths, past gray war-ships, whose crews were turning-to with swab and hose at the shrill call of the bo's'n's pipe.

Through crowded shipping and harbor craft that scurried from her path, the *Tee An* glided into a fleet of her kind off where, at the foot of a precipitous peak, there rose from a compact little group of creamy buildings the domes and spires of a great city. Was this really the strange pea-green country of our smeary geographies?

We slowed down for our moorings and dropped a boat-load of coolie sailors with a line. Before the bo's'n, or "Number One Man," in charge would get upon it he reached with his boat-hook and knocked something from the top of a great can—a basket. It floated away on the dark tide, bottom up, deserting its gruesome contents—the dead body of an infant, which drifted by the black side of the ship and was gone. Yes, this was the pea-green country—this was China.

Any harbor worthy the name seems cozy after the lonely sea, but the welcoming Orient has a charm of its own. Amphibious creatures instantly surround your ship, fill the air with staccato cries, and on long poles hold baskets of tempting fruits and sweets, with the gewgaws met everywhere to beguile a stray shilling from the newcomer. A sharp "toot-toot" scatters the swarm, who make way for a showy little launch, gay with polished brass and a sprightly native crew in the livery of a hotel that is famous in all the East.

On a throne-like seat atop the deck-house you ride as in a barge of state up the harbor, with its wondrous setting of mountain peaks as a background for a maze of ships and priceless cargoes, between which beetle-like sampans dart, and the lumbering junk pursues its cumbrous way.

Into another school of sampans and to the gangway of a P. and O. liner whose rail is lined with fresh sea-blown faces—"In from home—by way of Suez," one of the newcomers tells you as he inquires in broad Scotch about the hotel to which you as well as he are stranger.

The buildings along the stone-reveted bund grow tall as the towering peak sinks in perspective behind them, and, after one's long acquaintance with squat bungalow and nipa shack, seem lofty as sky-scrapers.

Through a break in the row of government buildings, hotels, and clubs, we entered a narrow lane of plate-glass fronts, on which in gilt were familiar names of shipping concerns, railroad and steamship lines, making it difficult to realize we were still in the Orient and not in lower Manhattan.

But these polished sheets of crystal reflect a street life far different from that



ALONG THE PRAYA

of the other crowded isle, with its rumbling trucks, clanging trolleys, and roaring "L." Here the soft-footed rickshaw-coolie skims before his fleet little craft, and with a single passenger brushes by the brawny burden-bearer, who grunts under his load slung from a bare brown shoulder. In shrill staccato the peddler calls his wares, the newsboy his papers. With the importance of high office, compradore's clerks, messengers, office-boys—almond-eyed all—pursue their dignified way, and only now and then there passes some flower of a mission school who has discarded his queue and the loose-flowing blue of his land for the ill-fitting garb of his master.

And over all, the native police, or *lukong*, in mushroom hat and hybrid uniform, keeps a vigilant eye; on him, in turn, is the eye of the wary Sikh, who in high-turbaned dignity is ever ready to come to a statuesque attention and grave salute before his superior British brother, as though in this far corner of transplanted civilization they were still trying to solve the old problem, "Who shall watch the watchman?" But there is another reason, and an etiquette must be strictly observed in making arrests. For though a Sikh may, on extreme occasion, take in hand a white man who has looked fondly and long on the flowing bowl—woe unto Leong should he undertake such a liberty.

Across the street, in a hole like a missing tooth among the closely packed buildings, another big structure is going up, and the polished escort who pilots you to the right hotel says it's the new post-office, and that they have been working on the foundation for years. Foothold is precious on this island of crags on which man has hung his city, and should he want more room he is forced to take it from the sea. Among the mess of steel wire and concrete of modern construction, coolies whipsaw great logs into timbers and drag them into place in the approved method of their ancestors. And every stick and stone, you are told, in the buildings on the peak was hauled up the mountainside by hand. The climate is notoriously bad for the lungs of steam-engines and other labor-saving devices, and the malady instantly reaches a chronic stage; for there are unions in these parts, albeit under the gentler name of "guilds."

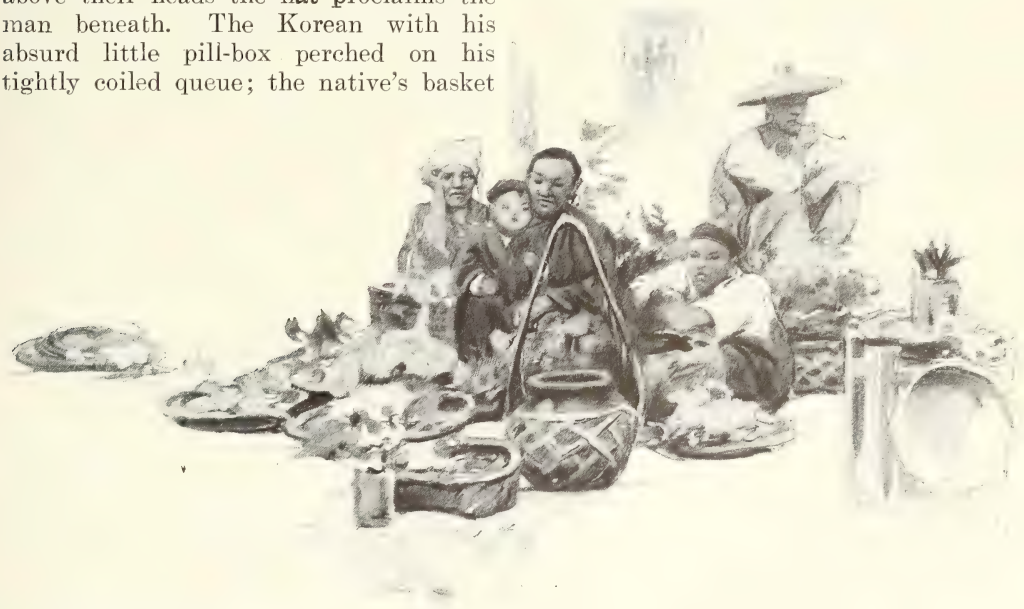
Among the gay-colored throng that crowds its streets the white man is scarce in Hong-Kong. Save perhaps when a ship-load of "round-the-world" tourists make an anxious call, or for an hour or so in the shopping district My Lady Peg from the Peak—a trifle anæmic, maybe—passes in her springy sedan-chair on the shoulders of liveried coolies.

Of course there is Jack, and what would Queen's Road be without his joyous self? Happy is he as he pilots his rickshaw down its winding channel, in a short truce, perhaps, with a despised marine, or an affectionate arm thrown about Tommy Atkin's neck, while the other he waves in courtly salute to Australian barmaids in "the open door of China."

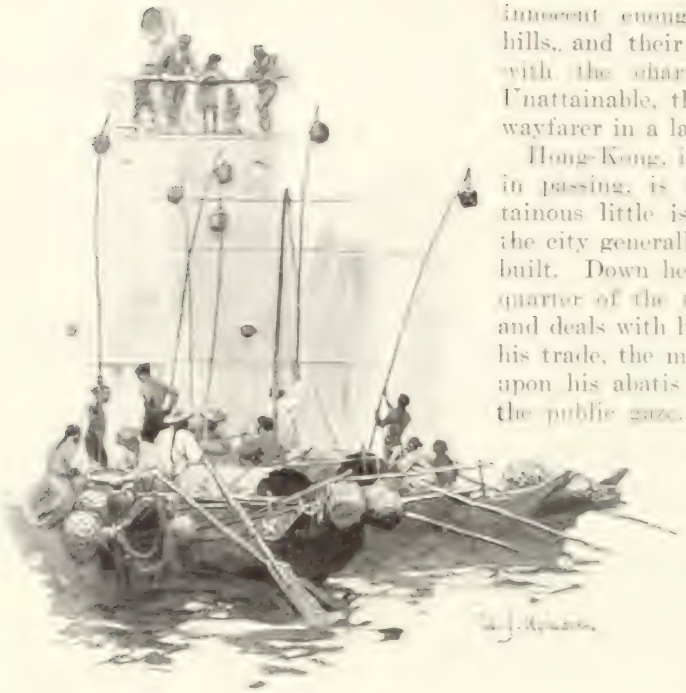
A wondrous lane he threads as he winds his way along between fascinating arcades alive with the barbaric costumes of Asia, loosely covering dark skins. Above, in staid black and white are writ the names of Scotch, French, Portuguese, and Indian firms, with a dash of color lent by the heavily gilded characters of the Chinese.

The rickshaw coolie with his "hi-yah!" glides through the crowd like an eel, easily outfooting the more dignified sedan-chair. From your vantage-point above their heads the hat proclaims the man beneath. The Korean with his absurd little pill-box perched on his tightly coiled queue; the native's basket creation flat and broad enough to shade his bare shoulders, or the silk skull-cap maybe of the prosperous merchant, its red pompon aglow in the sifted sunlight of his gaudy umbrella; the tall pot-hat of a Parsee money-changer; the black beaver and rolled-up brim heavy on a bearded friar's head; the turban of a Baluchi; the toppy of an English resident; the steamer cap of late arrival or "*Griffin*"—all flow along in an unending stream between native merchants and their *fokis* at the doors of their shops, who, from an older civilization, it would appear, have learned the art of making wealth at ease.

Presently Queen's Road Central becomes Queen's Road West. A sort of paradox it seems, for it becomes the more intensely East. Here the more modern arcade gives way to tier upon tier of flimsy balconies; hanging gardens, their porcelain jars overflowing with flowering plants, among which tiny women in blue tunics flit half concealed by the jessamine-covered fretwork of many-storied fronts. Birds of rare plumage in rattan cages mingle their melody with the murmur of the throng or mock the calls of peddlers in the street below.



A Flower-Market



BUMBOATS.

High above the heavily tiled roofs, where the road makes another twist; above the barbaric color-riot of streaming banners, balloon-like lanterns, the faded reds and washed-out greens in the maze of richly gilded sign-boards; above the noisy crowd in the narrow street hazy in the dust of its own feet—and dominating it all as tawdry, like a beautiful tapestry hangs the mountainside. Daintily villas peer from thickly wooded gardens that cling precariously to cliffs up which a road persistently crawls, losing itself now and then only to reappear higher up, till finally wrapped in the folds of a stray little cloudlet that impudently sits on the crest.

If it ever comes to a fight, this hillside shall show a sterner front and Hong-Kong disclose itself as a dozen Gibraltars rolled into one. For the clump of granite peaks that stand guard about the harbor have for years been burrowed into with a secrecy worthy of a heathen Chinee, and from the scores of jagged crags that serrate an uninhabited skyline a thousand guns shall announce themselves in devastating thunder to the hostile stranger at the gate. They seem innocent enough, these sleepy heathen hills, and their misty solitudes alluring with the charm of the unattainable. Unattainable, that is, to a time-fettered wayfarer in a land where time is naught.

Hong-Kong, it may be well to mention in passing, is the name of the mountainous little island on which Victoria, the city generally known by the name, is built. Down here in the crowded native quarter of the town Greek meets Greek and deals with his kind; the artisan plies his trade, the merchant with deft fingers upon his abatis counts his gains free to the public gaze. With patient industry, with neither haste nor waste, the jeweller cunningly works his gold and silver, his precious jade; the tinsmith fashions his crinkly tin, using as so much material empty oil-cans once filled in distant Bayonne; the furniture-maker carves his teak; the weaver rattles his loom much as his forefathers did before him, and his children will do, beyond a doubt, long after he has ascended to be "a guest on high."

Nor does his labor end with the day it begins with at dawn. When the shady mountainside throws the dusky street into twilight, lights begin to glimmer here and there in the cave-like gloom of the meaner shops, while the jewellers, each in the halo of a shaded lamp at tiny work-benches deep in rows, look for all the world like so many students at a manual-training school. Far into the night they keep up their machine-like tap-tap-tap, while the life in the street flows on unchecked and unheeded.

Stridently jarring on the smooth murmur of the passing throng comes the wild tumult in the public-houses farther on, where around a gushing bar lusty lungs are bellowing to their God to save their King. For this is Christmas Eve, and Russian, Dutchman, and Prussian can vie with the Lime-juicer, Frog-eater, and Yank in celebrating in riotous mêlée a common holiday.

But John, being used to navy crews on liberty, minds not at all Jack's boisterous ways, and, behind the wooden bars

he cautiously puts up at nightfall across the open front of his shop, ceases not for a moment his tap-tap-tap, nothing heeding nor allured. I wonder when he sleeps.

There followed a few days of drizzly wet punctuated with torrential showers that rebounded from the shining crags and tumbled with a roar down each gully and gorge over the stone walls meant to husband it. Through the running streets the flood finally leaped in a great, smooth waterfall off the Praya into the bay.

The heavy clouds were brushed away at last by a westerly that left the sky an intense blue, across which great white-winged argosies soared. After such a drenching bath the white man's town shone resplendent as himself in spotless white and pipe-clayed helmet.

In this strange little colony where, clinging to the tipped-up side of a tiny isle the alien has built his house, he has given his aged neighbor a lesson it is hoped not wholly lost. For in a land where a city means squalor and filth, where things public are left in a state of chronic unrepair to shift for themselves, Hong-Kong stands as a model municipality.

Hong-Kong with its luxurious hotels, its princely clubs, its rich and influential banks, housed in splendidly constructed and beautifully designed buildings; its shipyards and graving-docks able to care for the largest vessels; its miles of warehouses bursting with wealth; its yellow-sailed fleets laden with silks, tea, sugar, and precious porcelains; its commerce almost as great as that of New York; its Botanic Gardens hung amid delightful villas overlooking a harbor that is a city in itself, and that floats ten thousand sail; Hong-Kong with its wonderful temples of ornate teak roofs; its idols of a hundred sects, its French Cathedral, its forts, garrison and naval life; its Happy Valley race-course—all at the end of white man's civilization. Supreme from the peak on which it rests, in well-bred aloofness it looks askance at sordid Asia whence it sprung.

To walk up its mountainside is a delight! You do not realize that you are "up-town" till you see the ships in the harbor above the roofs. Up, up the smooth winding road ambles, forming terrace after terrace and winding amid groves of dense foliage in which the palm and pine commingle. Up, up into what seems a fairy city with broad stone steps for streets and balustrades carefully peeping out of shadowy nooks at ships from every sea. The hum of the living hive of roofs comes up with the soft sea-breeze,



THE SHOEMAKER

and about you new surprises spring up; over the intimate housetops fresh vistas open to view. Broad stairs lead up between massive potted plants, up into infinity, till you wonder where you are, and how you happened to be there off the road, and how to regain it above or below. A stray friendly Sikh is kind and interested, and his attempts at English are well meant but rather inadequate to the occasion.

From the crest the rough-edged coast of the mainland hangs like a long cloud suspended above the sea, so unnaturally high is the horizon. A slight haze softens the splendor of the afternoon sun, and in its sheen tiny islets like great crawfish float as in a polished copper bowl.

Below on the other side of the mountain, nestling amid its shadows, lies the town, and to the tiny specks of ships minute sampans creep. How puny they look, those big fighters! One cannot but smile at man's vanity, for let all his mighty fleets combine and hammer for a year their ten thousand tons of steel at the flinty face of this old heathen hill, they could at best but scratch its surface.

There are signal stations and things up here, also a neat little old-fashioned place with a formal garden planed down to a smooth terrace on the very edge of the precipice where, in the land of the potter, Lady Peg shows her uncompromising conservatism by bringing from "home" great stone urns done in the approved style of the early seventies.



THERE was to be a midnight mass on the mountain, and from their lofty height the bells sent down into the town "Merry Christmas," with a soft appeal to come up. The night was radiant and the moon-bathed peaks very near and intimate in an atmosphere exotic with the breath of a hundred gardens.

Up the steep mountain's side the winding road creeps. Smooth and white or splashed with inky shadows, it winds between cozy villas snugged in terraced gardens where opulent jars gleam in the moonlight or sleep in bosky shadow.

In the shadow of a giant banyan, stooping like a patriarch above a moon-flecked wall set with tile precious as jade in the sifted light, you pause, lean over the wall, and gaze; for magic turrets never had a more eerie site nor balcony a fairer view. Through the pillared foliage lie spread the thickly matted roofs of the native quarter, with its myriad glowworm lanterns and templed towers, fringed with hulls and tangled masts of herded junks, dark against the silvery shining waters of a harbor sprinkled with a thousand toy ships.

The sound of revelry comes from a club somewhere off the road. They are making merry down there on the water, too, on this night of nights for Christian exiles in a heathen land, and distantly comes the strain of bands, a prolonged "ray-ray-ray," or a chorus of a hundred throats from men-of-war become ships of peace.

Down the winding mountain path it comes swaying—swaying to the measured tread and rhythmic beat of coolies, who stamp bare feet like Filipino boys on parade and chant, "O-la-meo-lo"—or words to that effect—while with free hand on loosely clad thigh they beat time in unison with their springy little chair. Slap—slap—slap they go by, and are lost in the shadows farther down.

It is getting late and the festivities on the water are drawing to a close. With blinking signal lights, ships are calling their children home. Somehow a duel of bands has begun, and beautifully the *Marseillaise* floats out, *Die Wacht am Rhein*, and the sweetly plaintive air of Russia, each followed by a cheer twice repeated. Two nations acclaim a single air, the Yankee for his land and the Briton for his king.

Tiny specks are leaving ships' gangways, and a fragment of *Aïda* on a zephyr's breath steals up the mountain-side. It's all so dream-like and beautiful you almost fear you'll wake up, and only dimly do you wonder if, after all, you'd be—but then some beggar of a ship breaks out with *Home, sweet Home!* and that settles it.

There are pirates in Hong-Kong. Not the usual kind that greets the gentle stranger with expansive smile and takes what he has for worthless rubbish; nor yet the petty thieves that go by that name on our own water-fronts; but the real old-fashioned, murderous kind, who count not the victims as they reckon the spoils.

Of course they do not swagger in costume as all real pirates should, or ply their trade in Hong-Kong's immediate waters; but among the thousands of fishermen, stevedores, and coal-handlers that crowd the harbor's edge they mingle and gossip water-front news, knowing well when a particularly rich cargo is due from the interior.

And if in the purple twilight a junk darts out of one of the many estuaries far up the West or Pearl river and swoops with the suddenness of a hawk on the heavily laden prize, the struggle is short. Over the hills on the naked backs of a swarming crew the loot disappears forever from a smoking hulk in the rice-swamps. Or, as happened in the case of the *Sainam*, half a hundred take passage in the crowded hold of a river steamer, and when the handful of



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

AFTER A TYPHOON

unsuspecting whites gather at dinner—a heathenish yell on the startled air—and the ship is taken.

Rifles thrust through bolted doors subdue the pitiful fire that lasts a little while from behind the shot-torn table-cloth, but the ship is already headed for the bank by the quartermaster with a rifle barrel at his ear, and one more tragedy is added to the long list of crimes on the Shining.

They will fight back, too, when overtaken, and at times with modern rifles are more than a match for the Imperial gunboats that patrol the streams and feed them hot shot from a quick-firing gun. The antique stores—home-made powder, and boarding-pikes with which the cargo-junks arm themselves are, of course, trifles brushed aside.

They fight with a desperation heightened by a vision of surrender's certain fate. A vision of a limp wretch, bound hand and foot and kneeling before a sinister figure; a tautened queue stretching a bared neck; a single flash of the headsman's axe—a grizzly head stuck on a pole, and the oblivion of a quick-lime grave.

It all lends a pungent spice to the charming river trip to Canton, where you can follow in the steps of Marco Polo through six-feet-wide noisome streets. Marc, by the way, has attained the dignity of a pedestal in the temple of Five Hundred Gods, and sits in smiling, well-fed content in his smoke-dimmed tomb of gilt.



THE night boat of the French line backed out of its berth among swarming sampans that scattered right and left at the warning chop of the native quartermaster on the taffrail, swung around, and headed swiftly down the river on the outgoing tide. Once past the huddled squat buildings of Canton and clear of its watery host, the captain politely remarked that it was a fine evening, and it was; in a most entrancing way the sun went down on this river of delight and on this magnificent day. "*Rouge et grande*"—you say most truthfully.

As we watched the great orb descend and a many-storied pagoda march by its flaming front, a distant shot came dully from the reach of a branching stream. "Pirates!" smiled the nonchalant skipper, and dimly against the foliage of the bank we could make out a tiny gunboat overhauling a fleeing junk and spitting like a cat into its crowded poop, which was returning the fire.

The action was short—but a few minutes—hardly had the water ceased splashing with a crew going overboard, when the launch walked off triumphant with its abject prey in tow.

Ever since Marco Polo described to incredulous Venetians the river population of Canton, travellers' tales have been replete with this interesting phase of Chinese life. However, a word may be permitted here on the most obvious as well as the most picturesque feature of Hong-Kong harbor.

That the number of this population runs into thousands it needs no dry statistics to prove; that its people are born, bred, and die in sampans everybody knows, and what, think you, could be more delightful than to live in a boat amid such enchanting surroundings?

Ideal it would be if conditions were of one's choosing, but to have three generations cooped up in an open boat twenty feet long has its drawbacks, even under the best of conditions.

But the blinding glare and heat of tropic sun, the furious showers and night damp of summer, the cold rains and raw winds of winter have to be reckoned with, to say nothing of typhoons that with fierce suddenness swoop down from the mountains upon the frail harbor craft. What chance have they, when high-powered ships with every anchor down steam against their straining cables? Plucked from their moorings, they soar for a moment on the spoondrift of lashing waters, and are dashed to splinters on the rocks.

But others take their places, and plenty there are to man them; for though their lot is desperate, they are better off by far than thousands ashore, who have not even the small comfort afforded by a piece of mat stretched between the gunwales of a boat. You find them everywhere after nightfall crouched in dark



THE EDGE OF THE HARBOR

corners, with heads dropped heavy in slumber upon folded arms, or lying prone with a brick for a pillow. It shows the wonderful vitality in a race that can, in spite of much toil and exposure, on a scant diet of rice and fish, turn out such big brawny specimens as the stevedores and chair-coolies of Hong-Kong —men as far as possible from our conception of a Chinese usually associated with a laundry.

A foreigner cannot go near the water edge of the Praya without being importuned by a dozen sampans, each sculled by a little blue-pantalooned mother with a brood of tiny chinklets clustered about her feet. Stoics they are and have to be, every one. I have seen in Hong-Kong a youngster of two or three asleep in a cold drizzly rain that beat relentlessly on her round soiled little face and unattended nose flattened against the gunwale. I felt chilly even in heavy clothes and rain-coat, but the little beggar slept on. She awoke and began to whimper a little in her misery, but an insignificant *cumshaw* dispelled her tears, and as with the dirtiest little paw she received it, repeated after her mother, "*Ching Tu,*" and smiling timidly, was happy.

But in a sampan is the way to see the harbor, and one blue and white day shall never be forgotten.

It was a tiny rice-stuffed youngster who got the job for the family. Things must have been dull that day for Heavenly Delight, as he welcomed my coming with beaming face and madly waving paws from his little papoose on mother's back. She took up her oar and

shoved off. There was a pull or two left in the withered arms of the old hag forward, and perched on a little stool in the extreme bow she followed the stroke. From behind, in the gentler art of steering, the lord and master gave his commands, while a three-year-old, dragging her hand in the water, completed the ship's company.

What measureless patience looks out of the eyes of the little sampan mother! Such good humor, kindliness, and dumb tragedy are writ across her broad flat face, whose pervading note is one of extreme sadness. What story lies back of it all? A childhood short and shadowy, ending abruptly when bonded over body and soul to a husband she had never seen; years of endless work; of thankless serving; of bearing children: and through it all a pathetic attempt to wheedle and fool and get the better of mean, revengeful little gods, whose smoky presence casts a blight over her tiny, floating home.

How different is the round face of that luscious youngster peering over her shoulder! His eyes are solemn, too, and wise as babies' are wont to be, but his face is illumined with animation through its generous coat of dirt.

Poor little chap—the memory of his bright smile is still with me; his chubby arms, his sprouting queue sticking out straight from his Mandarin cap, his droll little face and big eyes filled with wonder and alarm at the fierce stare of the camera lens.

I could not but feel what a mercy it would be to hold his little head under water for two minutes. But under that tiny cap may be in embryo the general who some day shall settle—the only way it can be settled—the heavy score against the nations who have consistently bullied and browbeaten poor, patient China.

On the top of the swift tide came rushing, under sail and sweep, a sampan piled high with crates of live fowl. Heading obliquely across its course was another, bound for the opposite bank—all unmindful of impending danger. When the impact came, the bow oar of boat number one left his stool in a neat if somewhat hurried back somersault, clearing the other craft, and landing with a plump among a half-dozen crates that released their squawking contents.

A head with a trailing pigtail sputtered much water and many bad words in a scream scarcely less shrill than the startled cries of his feathered cargo. To the undisciplined delight of the water population, a sorry figure with a duck's neck in one hand dragged with the other its dripping self aboard a rumpled craft.



IN the days of canvas Hong-Kong harbor was dotted with the "Flowery Flag"—as the natives call the Stars and Stripes—and tall, well-groomed ships emptied the godowns on West Point of cargoes and regularly returned for more. There was just one in port, and like a last leaf she lay floating where thousands of her kind had floated before her.

How familiar her name seemed—I had seen her once—"*E. B. Sutton, New York*," on the ellipse of her handsome counter high above my head! The mate was at the gangway that climbed her side, and passed the word forward that brought a few hands to hoist my loot aboard. And their talk was the *patois* of South Street.

Beneath the little skylight of the dark-panelled cabin, the gray-bearded captain signed the quaint English bill of lading, and over a glass of ale I heard the story of many a fine passage she had made. He had been in her since she came off the stocks.

It was something of a ceremony to the last of an illustrious line, for the *Sutton* was on her final voyage. Already sold, she was doomed on her return to New York to be cut down into a barge and follow a tug for the rest of her days packing coal on the coast.

"She is a good ship, too," the skipper said, moodily, "but the trade is gone. The tramp steamers have taken it."

We parted—the *Sutton* and I—and next morning I left Hong-Kong. As we passed her solitary in the dawn, my mind harked back to the day of our first meeting at an East River wharf when she was in her prime some ten years before. Her fluttering bunting and newly bent canvas caught my eye among the tangle of yard-



Painting by W. J. Aylward

WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET

crossed spars, and I reached her berth just before she sailed.

A little knot of men were gathered about the pier-head—one of the owners, consignee, a clerk or two from the office, boarding-house crimps, some barroom friends of the sailors, and the usual hangers-on when anything is doing on the water-front. An outward-bounder astride the rail was delivering a maudlin diatribe on the mental qualifications of the man who goes to sea. The tide was running strong, and the waiting tug released in a roar a cloud of pent-up steam. Once more the anxious pilot and captain repeated their directions to men at the lines. An order flew along the deck, and came bellowing in answer the mate's "All ready forward, sir."

A man with an axe keen as a razor stood over the spring-line, his eye never leaving the master's. The word was passed, a hand waved to the tug, and gently she was backed into the stream. The drunken sailor's remarks were cut short, and for a few anxious moments in the grip of the tide she backed the resisting tug till we feared she would foul the bridge with her skysail poles. But slowly she yielded to the tug's persuasion, gathered way—and her voyage was begun.

The crowd melted away in empty South Street—for it was after hours—and left alone, leaning on a bollard, I watched her that quiet evening as one by one she shook out her sails and was lost to view in the Lower Bay. How I wished that I too were bound for China!



OVER the taffrail of the hurrying *Ching Tu* for the last time I gazed at the magnificent harbor, its ships of war and galleons of trade, the mountain, and the town still trying to scale the peak—all exquisite in the dawning light—and mentally compared them with the China of my boyhood.

There was nothing lacking, and nothing there but transcendent charm, and yet—and such is the penalty of travel—it was not—not quite the Hong-Kong of my dreams.



"The Little White Hin"

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IT was ten o'clock of an August morning. Somewhere near by a bee was buzzing, a locust shrilled not far away, and hot flecks of sunlight filtered through the elms and lay upon the grass.

The tall, clean-shaven, flannel-clad man standing on the Fletchers' veranda wiped the perspiration from his face, and rang again. When he had rung three times without eliciting any response, he returned to the touring-car in which he had come, and was about to step into it, when his attention was attracted by a flutter of white behind a hedge near the back of the house, and he strolled around to investigate it. Outwardly he was a very ordinary sort of conventional, well-dressed young man, with nothing to distinguish him from others of his class.

He found a maid hanging out some filmy blouses, which evidently she had just washed. She wore no collar, her waist was turned in at the neck, her sleeves were rolled up almost to the shoulder, and there were wet spots on her checked gingham apron. There was also a smooch on one side of her saucy nose, but she was nevertheless a very pretty girl, of which the man, after the manner of his kind, was instantly aware. He regarded her appreciatively a moment before he spoke. Then said he, tentatively:

"Good morning."

The young woman turned quickly, still holding in place the garment she was hanging, and stared at him with startled, black-lashed, blue-gray eyes. The man waited, but she did not speak, so he began again.

"I rang—three times, but no one came." She averted her glance, and he added quickly, almost apologetically, "Of course you couldn't be expected to hear a bell out here," although he knew that he had heard it distinctly from the front veranda.

"No," said the girl. "Of course not."

"Mrs. Fletcher is not at home?"

"No—sir." There was the slightest possible pause between the words, and as the man noticed this he looked at her a little more attentively.

"Oh—indeed?" he considered. "And—Miss Powell?"

"Miss Pow'll—sure she's gon' out, too." She thrust a final clothes-pin over the blouse she had been holding, and came toward him, speaking with a rich brogue. "The both av thim's gon' out."

"Oh—really?" remarked the man. She glanced keenly at him, but his smile, although encouraging, seemed wholly ingenuous. "I am unfortunate. Will they be out long, do you know?"

"Sure, that's as it may be, but I'm thinkin' they'll not be back before lunch, which is at wan. Will ye be waitin'?"

"No—no, certainly I can't wait that long."

"Faith, they'll not be comin' back soon, f'r Mrs. Fletcher wint off in the ottimobile, and Miss Pow'll's gon' f'r a long walk."

"For a walk!" marvelled the man, again wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Sure, 'tis hersilf's the great walker," she rather hastily explained. "Hot or cold, rain or shine, 'tis all wan to her. She must be walkin' some part o' the day. An' this mornin' says she to me, 'I'm off f'r a long walk, Molly,' says she. Thim was her very worrds. 'I'm off f'r a long walk,' says she. An' Mrs. Fletcher tuk Mary an' the baby wid her, an' Annie's away sick, an' 'tis Norah's day off, an' so I'm here by mesilf intirely. That's how ye didn't get in."

"I see."

"But av ye're a fri'nd o' theirs, sure they'll be that sorry to be missin' ye! 'Tis dull enough they are here!"

"Oh, I'm not a friend of theirs. I have never had the honor of meeting either of them, and I have never even seen Miss Powell—but once."

"But ye have seen her, thin?" demanded the young woman, her eyes widening a little.

"Yes," quietly; "she was pointed out to me once in New York. Miss Roberta Powell is getting to be rather a famous novelist, and many people whom she never heard of know her by sight."

"H'mph!" ejaculated his companion. "'Tis little she'd thank thim f'r the likes o' that! So ye niver saw her but the wance?"

"No; but I remember her quite distinctly." Just the right shade of indolent interest tinged his deliberate speech. "She's very large, and has a great deal of red—at least, auburn hair."

"She has not!" indignantly contended the girl. "She's a little wan, an' her hair's brown."

"Really? Then I must have looked at the wrong person. It was in a crowd. I quite thought she was a big woman, with red hair. However, though I have evidently never seen her, I hope to have that pleasure very soon. I have here a note for Mrs. Fletcher, from Mrs. Dinsmore, with whom I am staying."

"Oh! That's who ye are, is it?" she reflected, a queer little gleam creeping into her eye. "Ye're from Mrs. Dinsmore's."

"I was to take back the answer, because Mrs. Dinsmore's telephone is out of order; but since the ladies are not here—perhaps I can arrange to come back after lunch for the reply."

"Don't ye give yersilf that trouble, sor. Sure, William, the chaufurr, can take it over whin they do be comin' back."

"Oh, very well. You'll not forget to give the note to Mrs. Fletcher as soon as she comes in? It's very important."

"'Dade, I'll not forgit. But how did ye iver find out that Miss Pow'll was here at all, at all? Sure, 'tis the great secret!"

"A secret, is it? Why?"

"Ah, sure, she's that tired o' feastin' an' fêt'in', she can scarce abide the sight o' food or drink; an' as f'r min—" She flapped her hands and turned aside her head in a typically Irish gesture.

"You seem to be in Miss Powell's confidence," he suggested, with that same encouraging, ingenuous smile.

"In her confidince, is it? An' why not,



"I RANG—THREE TIMES, BUT NO ONE CAME"

I'd like to know? Sure, 'tis her own maid I am."

"Oh, are you a lady's-maid?"

"I am," said she, dimpling. "Wud ye be takin' me f'r the cook? Though, by the same token, 'tisn't as if I couldn't."

"Couldn't what?"

"Cook."

"Can you?"

"I can that! Whin there's no timptin' Miss Pow'll's appetite anny other way, 'tis mesilf can always do it; though 'tis sildom indade," tossing her head, "that I soil me fingers wid it."

"I see." The man's face was quite grave, but the corners of his eyes wrinkled with amusement. "And—have you been with Miss Powell long?"

"Always. I mane," quickly, "iver since I wint out to service at all, at all. An', by the same token, I'm the only maid she iver had. Sure, 'tis only mesilf can do annything to plaze her, even to the washin' of her blooses." She glanced back at the clothes-lines. "We soit wan another per-fect-ly."

"That's fortunate, isn't it?" He was smiling again now. "But Miss Powell is tired, you say? Particularly of men?"

"Ah!" Again the gesture. "An' most particularly o' thim that writes." She stole a mischievous, upward glance at him. "'Molly,' says she to me—'Molly, do ye niver marry a scribblin' man,' says she. 'There's plinty o' rale min in the worrld,' says she, 'an' av there's not, ye'd far better die single,' says she."

At this he laughed outright, and then, regarding her quizzically, continued:

"But she writes herself."

"To be sure she does. By the same token, she trims her own hats an' wears bracelets, but she'd not be carin' greatly f'r the man that did."

"Ah? Then she considers literature properly a purely feminine pursuit, does she?"

"Not literature—popular fiction. She has the greatest rispict—manny's the time I've heard her say it—the greatest rispict f'r min that writes rale books. 'But Hivin defind me,' says she, 'from the male persons that goes about to afternoon teas and preens thimsilves in the light of a bist-siller,' says she."

"O-oh, I *see!*" said the man, as if a light had suddenly been granted him. "I see!" For a moment his eyes narrowed as he turned his glance inward, his face twitching with amusement the while. Then he looked at her and laughed. "I see!" he reflected.

"Well, what is it ye see?" she asked, a shade more sharply.

"I see—your point. But there are degrees, even among men who—write best-sellers." His lips twisted whimsically. "For example, there are Tracey Coates and Earl Bryant. Surely nobody could see any similarity between them. And Robert King, and George Dean Shearer, and Sheldon Wells—"

"An' all as like as canned Frinch peas, Miss Pow'll says. 'Wan may be a bit smaller or softer than another,' says she, 'but they're all preserved by the same process,' says she, 'an' they're all the same unhealthy shade o' green.'"

"Then there's—Forbes Myrick." He seemed to hesitate a little at the name, and a new, inscrutable quality came into his smile as he watched her.

"Oh, Mr. Forbes Myrick! *Him!*"

"But Miss Powell doesn't know Mr. Myrick."

"How do ye know that?" she instantly demanded.

"Because"—slowly—"Mr. Myrick happens to be staying at Mrs. Dinsmore's now, and I heard him say this morning that he had never met Miss Powell."

"Aha! So that's the milk in the cocoanut!" she cried. "Mrs. Dinsmore's got a bist-siller stayin' wid her, an' Mrs. Fletcher, not to be outdone, betrays the fact that she's got wan too. An' the nixt move is a dinner-party to get the two o' thim together!" She flipped scornful fingers against the note she held.

"Well? Does Miss Powell object to dinner-parties, too?"

"Oh, not to say objict—whin she's ast f'r hersilf alone, as ye might say. 'But whin a pullet is possissed of a divil that makes it lay eggs in the market-place an' cackle in public,' says she, 'tis small r'ason f'r pokin' it up on a pidestal and pertindin' 'tis an inspired seraphim,' says she. 'Particularly whin itself knows all the time 'tis nothin' but a little white hin,' says she."

The man laughed again, and she joined him merrily, the while they covertly watched each other.

"Well, I must be going," said he. "Your Miss Powell must be a very remarkable woman, from all you tell me. I hope she'll come to that dinner. I should like to meet her."

"Wud ye so?" she asked, with another upflung, humorous glance.

"I would, indeed," gravely.

"An' are ye to be there?"

"I hope to be."

"Thin ye'll meet her—av she's there."

"So I will." Once more they laughed together. "Well, good morning, Molly."

"Ah, sure, they'll be askin' me who called wid the message, sor," she coaxed.

"Oh, will they? Tell them"—he paused a moment, smiling down at her, and continued very deliberately—"tell them it was brought by—Mr. Trowbridge."

If surprise swept across her face, it was instantly replaced by a roguish gleam, which was still in her eye as she asked, grave of lip and innocently inquiring:

"Trowbridge?"

"Trowbridge. You'll not forget to give Mrs. Fletcher the note as soon as she comes in?"

"No, Mr. Tro-owbridge," with an indescribable little drawl, "I'll not be forgittin'—annything."

"Thank you, Molly. Good morning."

"Ah, sure, 'tis a pity," she sighed, still with a lurking twinkle in her eye, "but ye'll not be meetin' her at all, at all. I'm just after remimberin', Mr. Tro-owbridge, that we do be goin' away come Thursday."

"Which is undoubtedly the reason that Mrs. Dinsmore has arranged her dinner for to-morrow night—Wednesday," he serenely returned. "Good morning, Molly."

"Good-by, Mr. Tro-owbridge," she drawled, returning immediately to her clothes-lines.

He looked back after he had stepped into his waiting car, but the hedge hid her from sight, and he drove away, still wearing that inscrutable smile.

About four o'clock the next afternoon the same man, in the same car, was whizzing along a shady stretch of road a mile or so from the Fletchers', but he was no longer smiling. He frowned instead, and sat hunched in his seat behind the wheel, staring moodily ahead, absorbed and unseeing. Because of this preoccupation he nearly passed without noticing a young woman who walked by the side of the road, but he caught a glimpse of her profile just in time to recognize it, and a moment later he had checked and turned the big machine, and was slowly and much more cheerfully trundling back to meet her.

"An' av it ain't Mr. Tro-owbridge!" she exclaimed, as he sprang from the car. "Sure, I'd niver 've knowed ye, sor, in thim goggles. Ye must have been breakin' the speed limits to nade thim things on a day like this."

"I have," said he. "I've been chasing wild geese all over the countryside."

"An' did ye catch anny, sor?"

"I did not."

She laughed and drew nearer him, lowering her voice confidentially.

"Faith, ye shud put salt on their tails. Thin they'll ate out o' yer hand."

"H'mph! Is there anything that will have that effect on a woman, Molly?"

"An' is it a woman ye're after? Ah, that's another pair o' shoes intirely! Sure, 'tis not f'r the likes o' me to be tellin' a fine gintleman how to do that!"

"Probably you know a lot more about it than I do, Molly. How's Miss Powell?"

"That ye'll soon be seein' f'r yersilf, Mr. Tro-owbridge." Her slight drawl always subtly emphasized his name. "She do be goin' to the dinner-party."

"H'mph! I wonder if she is? You don't happen to know of an available and competent cook, do you, Molly?"

"Cook?"

"Mrs. Dinsmore's woman received a telegram at noon saying her father had been hurt and was dying, and she's gone, and unless we can find somebody to take her place, there won't *be* any dinner. That's what I've been chasing—a cook."

"An' y' ain't got anny?" she half whispered, wide-eyed.

"I neglected to supply myself with salt," he dryly returned.

"Faith, 'tis little salt wud avail ye wid a cook, they're that familiar wid it! Have ye tried the village?"

"There's nobody to be had there."

"An' ye can't borrow? Sure, Mrs. Dinsmore must have fri'nds wud lind her the loan of a cook the night, wid the dinner-party an' all."

"I've tried all she cared to ask, except Mrs. Fletcher. I'm on my way there now."

"Ah, 'tis another wild goose! Sure, Annie wud be that proud to go, but the poor soul's away, sick."

"The deuce! Well," he drew a long breath, "I guess that settles it. Mrs. Fletcher was the last hope."

"Wudn't anny o' thim let a girrl go the night?" she indignantly queried.

"Oh, they were willing enough. But Mrs. Briggs has a dinner on herself, and Mrs. Ford has a house-party, and Mrs. Dover's woman is out for the day—and so on."

"Did ye try Mrs. Howard? Sure, she's gon' away f'r the week, an' the girrls has nothin' to do at all, at all."

"I don't think Mrs. Dinsmore knows Mrs. Howard. She gave me a list of all she cared to ask help from, and there's nothing doing."

"How manny has she comin' the night?"

"I don't know. About ten, I think."

"Ah, the poor soul!" She meditatively poked the dust with her toe for a moment, and then looked up at him with a daring glint. "'Tis a pity min has no invintion nowadays."

"Invention?"

"Av ye was wan o' thim knights yer fri'nd Mr. Forbes Myrick writes so much about, ye wudn't be wastin' time like this, Mr. Tro-owbridge. Ye'd go forth an' raid a castle, an' bear away the cook ye want on yer prancin' steed. Sure, no gintleman o' thim times wud disapp'int a lady f'r a mere matter of assault an' batthery."

"Right you re!" he granted, laughing. "But the days of chivalry—as some one has said before, I think—are dead."

"'Twas Miss Pow'll said it," she instantly returned, with a droll twinkle. "'Time was whin min made their own romance,' says she, 'an' life was interestin'. But now we have romance ready-to-wear, manufactured by wholesale an' kipt in nate piles on a shilf,' says she, 'along wid canned music an' hand-me-down opinions,' says she." Her sparkling upward glance encountered a steady gaze that should have warned her, despite the amusement in it, that she was pressing a dangerous point and must be on her guard. Nevertheless, with a little, defiant toss of her head, she went on. "'Iverything that cud pos-si-bly happen—along wid most o' thim that cudn't,' says she, 'has been done up in a book, at a dollar eight,' says she, 'so what's the use o' botherin' wid it in rale life at all, at all?'"

"I'm afraid Miss Powell is a pessimist," he suggested.

"A pessi— What's that?"

"A pessimist, Molly, is a person who sits in a flood of bright moonlight and insists that it emanates from a chunk of green cheese."

"Ah, sure, 'tis a pity ye're not a writer yersilf, Mr. Tro-owbridge. That sounds like a book."

"Which brings us back to cooks—and to you," he continued, ignoring her interruption, and holding her in an intent, amused, but none the less purposeful gaze.

"How to me?" she demanded, stiffening slightly.

"Because you told me yesterday that you could cook. Now's your time to prove it. You will, won't you?"

"Will what?"

"Prove it. Come over to Mrs. Dinsmore's with me now and cook that dinner."

"'Dade, I will *not!*" said she.

"Oh, I think you will," he returned, very quietly. "Think of her predicament—ten guests and no dinner. Unless, of course," with a little flickering smile, "you are afraid to try anything so important."

"I'm afraid o' nothin'," came the quick retort, "but ye know quite well I have me young lady to driss."

"Can't she dress herself—once?"

"Sure, av she was goin' as a fri'nd, she cud do f'r hersilf, but since she doesn't even know Mrs. Dinsmore an' 'tis as a bist-siller she's ast, she'll be wantin' expert attintion. An', by the same token, I'd better be gettin' on, Mr. Tro-owbridge. She'll be nadin' me."

"But unless you cook it there won't be any dinner. Don't forget that, Molly."

"An' av I don't driss me young lady there'll be no guest of honor. Don't be forgittin' that, Mr. Tro-owbridge."

"Then you won't?"

"Sure, I will *not!*"

"All right. Just as you say, of course. I'm sorry." He turned half away, and



"YOU ARE BEING KIDNAPPED, MOLLY—FOR CULINARY PURPOSES"

then added, as if by an afterthought: "Get in. I'll take you home."

"Ah, sure, ye're very kind, sor, but 'tis not f'r the likes o' me to be ridin' in ottimobiles."

"Except sometimes with the chauffeur, eh, Molly?"

"Faith," tossing her head again, "I lave him to Norah, the sicond-girrl. 'Tis not William Hogan n'r the like of him I'd be wastin' me time wid! But ye must be havin' yer jo-oke, Mr. Tro-owbridge!"

"Well, this is no joke. I mean it. I have detained you here talking about this affair of the cook. Now I'll atone for it by making up the lost time for you. Otherwise you'll have to hurry, and it's a hot day. Come, hop in."

"But what 'd Miss Pow'll an' Mrs. Fletcher be thinkin' o' me?" she parleyed, obviously hesitating. "Sure, 'tis out o' me place I'd be intirely, ridin' wid a gintleman!"

"I'll make that all right. Get in, please. You see, if there is to be no dinner, the guests must be notified, and since I'm so near, I might as well begin with Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Powell."

"Well—so be ye're goin' there anyway." She allowed herself to be helped into the front seat, twinkling again as she added, "Thin ye'll be meetin' Miss Pow'll, Mr. Tro-owbridge, party or no party."

"I hope so," he replied, going to crank the machine. "I should like nothing better." As he slipped into his place beside her he glanced at her embroidered linen gown, asking casually: "Dressed up a bit, aren't you, Molly? There *is* a young man somewhere, then?"

"Ah, sure, there's no lack o' lads, Mr. Tro-owbridge, av I chose to notice thim."

"But you don't?"

"Sure, I do *not!* As f'r the driss, 'twas Miss Pow'll's last summer."

"Oh, she gives you her old dresses, does she?"

"Sure, 'tis wan o' the pur*quis*ites o' me position," she loftily replied.

"I see," said he, putting on more speed. The car gained steadily in velocity, and neither spoke again until they reached a fork in the road, when he swerved sharply and suddenly to the left.

"No, no!" she cried. "'Tis the wrong turn ye tuk!" Apparently he did not hear her, for he bent slightly over the

wheel, peering through his goggles at the way ahead, without noticing her protest. She touched his arm, calling again, "'Tis the wrong road we're on intirely!"

"What's that, Molly?" he asked, slowing up a little to make talking easier.

"Sure, ye tuk the wrong turn back there! 'Tis not the road to the Fletchers' we're on!"

"No," he composedly admitted, "it is not. This is the road to the Dinsmores'." Then he looked at her and smiled.

"But I'm not goin' to Dinsmores'!" she declared.

"Oh yes, you are, Molly! You are going to cook that dinner."

"'Dade, an' I'm not! What manner o' man are ye, annyhow? Stop the car! Let me out o' this!"

"Not at all. Now, don't be frightened, Molly, or foolish. Nobody's going to hurt you. Nothing's going to happen—except that you *are* going to cook that dinner."

"Stop the car, I say!" For answer he merely smiled at her, meeting her indignant gaze with steady eyes, full of amused but unwavering purpose. "Sure, I can scream—an' I will!" she threatened.

"To be sure you can," was the pleasant response, "but you won't. If you do, I shall yell and wave my arms, and people will think we're the chauffeur and the second-girl, somewhat intoxicated and out for a joy-ride. They might arrest us, though—and I don't think you'd like that, Molly."

"Av they did, 'twould be a fine pickle you'd be findin' yersilf in, Mr.—" she hesitated, and their glances clashed before she drawled "—Tro-owbridge!"

"Maybe. But I'm a man, and—you're not. Remember that before you scream."

"Ye're a brute!" she snapped.

"Oh, undoubtedly. But one must risk something in every adventure, and—*I* sha'n't scream if I'm caught, Molly."

"I suppose 'tis yer idea of a jo-oke, Mr. Tro-owbridge! Sure, 'tis yersilf's the great humorist!"

"If it's a joke, it's yours, not mine," he retorted, unmoved.

"What do ye mane by that?"

"It was a bright suggestion of yours, young woman, that I should raid a castle and carry off a cook. This isn't exactly the 'prancing steed' you recommended, but still—it will serve very well."

"O-oh! So that's yer little game, is it?"

"That's my little game," cheerfully. "In plain words, Molly, you are being kidnapped—for culinary purposes."

"Kidnapped, indade!" she scoffed. "Faith, 'tis a large order ye've taken, Mr. Tro-owbridge!"

"Perhaps. But I rather think that, between us, we'll convince even Miss Roberta Powell that the days of chivalry have not entirely passed, and that there *is* something new under the sun."

"Chivalry, ye call it! This?"

"Certainly. To be sure, I stopped short of the assault and battery you suggested, but I'm a merciful man, and the occasion hardly seemed to warrant it. Besides, finesse is always superior to force, Molly, in the long run. But no man—no real man," with a pointed glance, "would hesitate at kidnapping, if disappointing a lady were the alternative."

"An' ye're thinkin' to plaze Miss Pow'll wid this?" she mocked, instantly catching her breath as if to recall the words.

"I was thinking," gently, "of my friend Mrs. Dinsmore."

She bit her lip, and a gleam that might have been anger, or inspiration, or suppressed mirth danced in her eye. Presently she spoke again, but cajolingly.

"Ah, sure, Mr. Tro-owbridge, 'tis not f'r a gintleman like yersilf to be gettin' a poor girrl into trouble, an' losin' her a good place. Ye've had yer joke—an' I'm not denyin' 'tis a good wan. Let me go now, sor, back to me young lady. Sure, ye said ye'd take me home."

"Mrs. Dinsmore's is home to me, at present."

"An' is that what ye mint! An' yersilf a gintleman! Faith, 'tis little better than a lie!"

"You suggested this yourself, Molly," he challenged. "Now be a sport and play the game."

"No, sor, av ye plaze," roguishly again. "I may have mintioned that ye might kidnap a cook, but I said nothin' at all, at all, about a lady's-maid."

"A technicality, Molly, a mere technicality. The point is that you *can* cook and you *will* cook."

"That I'll not! Ye may lock me in

the kitchen, an' chain me to the range, but I'll not cook!"

"Oh, now, now, Molly! Think! Here is a lady with ten guests coming to dinner—"

"An' two bist-sillers!"

"And two best-sellers."

"Only wan o' thim 'll not be there!"

"Neither of them will be there—nobody will be there—there won't be any dinner unless you help us out."

"Ah, 'tis hilp ye're talkin' now, is it? Hilp ye, indade! An' me picked out o' the road like a fish out o' the river, widout so much as 'By yer lave!' Hilp ye, is it? Huh!"

"But you will, Molly. You're far too nice a girl to let a lot of people be disappointed just for lack of a little consideration from you. And it isn't as if there were anybody else. There's only you."

"Sure, ye must have Irish blood in yer veins, yer tongue's that smooth! But I'll have ye know ye—can't—fool—me, Mr. Tro-owbridge!"

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that." He was watching her again with that same intent, humorous look. "But—you're no quitter, are you? Be a sport and play the game."

For a moment she met his gaze squarely, each measuring the other's strength. Then she gave her head a decisive little toss, and said:

"Very good, sor. I'll do that same."

"You'll—what?" He seemed rather taken aback by his victory.

"I'll 'play the game,' Mr. Tro-owbridge. An' on yer own hid be all that comes av it!"

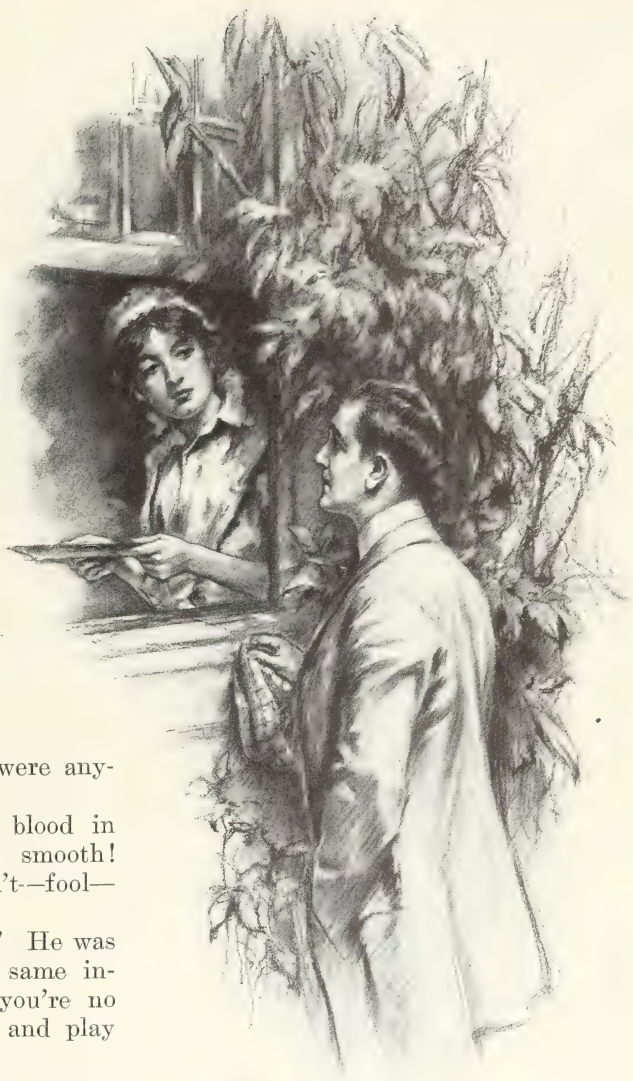
"You mean—"

"Sure, I mane just what I say. I'll 'play the game.' I'll hilp ye out." No word can convey the scorn of her manner. "An' I'll wash me hands of annything that comes after."

"You—you don't think anything very serious is likely to result?"

"I cudn't say, sor."

"Well, of course—" He seemed to be



"I'VE NO TIME TO PALAVER. GO 'WAY WID YE!"

floundering in rather deep water. "I don't want to—I don't want *you* to do anything you really don't want to, Molly. I thought I might persuade you—"

"Ah? 'Tis persuasion now, is it? A little back 'twas chivalry, an' before that 'twas kidnappin'! By the same token, before we're there, ye'll be riddy to swear I pursued ye!"

"No, I won't. And to prove it, I'll turn around now, if you say the word, and take you—"

"'Tis too late f'r all that, sor. I've given me worrd," her eyes narrowed and she spoke with deliberate emphasis, "an' I'll kape it in spite o' the divil! I'll

hilp ye out—and thin 'tis yersilf will rickon, Mr. Trowbridge, wid Miss Roberta Pow'll."

A mile or two more slipped beneath them, he turning once or twice meanwhile to glance at her quizzically and a little curiously. Finally he broke the silence, saying:

"We're very near the Dinsmore place now."

"Are we so?" in ominous calm from his companion.

"There is still time—"

"Oh, play the game, Mr. Trowbridge! Be a sport an' play the game!"

"Oh, very well," said he.

"Wan thing, an' wan only, I have to ask o' ye."

"Anything, of course," he murmured, turning in at a gateway.

"I'll ask ye to remimber that, as long as I'm stayin' here, I'm a cook, not a lady's-maid."

"Certainly. I found you in the village. But won't your—won't the family be anxious about you, if you don't return?"

"Sure, that's part o' the 'game' wid which I have nothin' to do at all, at all. 'Wan must risk something in ivery adventure,' Mr. Trowbridge," she taunted, and smiled to see him wince.

A moment later he stopped the car near the back of a pleasant country residence, and she sprang out without waiting for his help.

"I'll find Mrs. Dinsmore and tell her you're here," he suggested.

"Spare yersilf that trouble, Mr. Trowbridge. I prefer to meet the madam alone."

"Oh, very well," he said again, but he sat looking after her until she had disappeared within the house. Then he arched his brows and whistled softly.

Half an hour later, young Mrs. Dinsmore sought him, where he sat smoking on the veranda.

"Wizard!" she cried. "Where did you get that woman?"

"Is she all right?" he ventured, eying her somewhat apprehensively.

"All right? She's more than that! She's so preternaturally bright and good that I'm perfectly sure this is black magic, and that she'll presently disintegrate before my very eyes and disappear in a little whiff of vapor. *Where* did you find her?"

"Oh," carelessly, "I picked her up down near the village. Did she—tell you her name?"

"Molly McManus." He took a long, furtive breath and frowned slightly. "But there's certainly some mystery about her. You know, that's altogether too handsome a gown for a girl of her position to be wearing."

"Did you tell her so?" he asked, very quickly.

"She didn't give me the chance. She explained that it was given to her by a woman she worked for in town last year—she's only here for a few days, visiting her sister—and that she had it on to-day because she'd been out with her 'young man' and didn't want to keep us waiting while she changed, knowing I'd have maid's dresses here."

"And have you?" He was beginning to look decidedly troubled.

"Of course. But that's not the point. There's something queer about that woman."

"Aren't you looking a gift horse in the mouth?"

"Not I!" merrily. "I'm merely savoring the situation to the full. Far be it from me to question anything she wears or does or says, as long as she cooks that dinner! And she can do it! She's an adept! I could see that before she'd been in the kitchen ten minutes. All she asked of me was to keep away and leave her a clear field—not 'flooster' her mind, she said—and I'm going to do it."

"I would, if I were you. Let her alone," he moodily recommended.

"I shall. And what greater proof could I give of my entire confidence, considering the importance of the occasion? But why so gloomy now, when you've saved the day for me?"

"Am I gloomy?"

"As a November rain! Cheer up! Cheer up!" She laid both hands on his arm and squeezed it affectionately. "The dinner can't help being a success now, with that cook and Roberta Powell!"

"Oh, can't it, though!" he muttered, as she whirled away. "Damn!" Presently he strolled around to the kitchen window, and called softly: "Molly."



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"YOU NEED NO INTRODUCTION—OR DO YOU?"

There was no response until he had called again, when a flushed and frowning face, surmounted by a white cap, appeared behind the screen.

"Well, what is it, now?" demanded a hushed but exasperated voice.

"Come out here. I want to talk to you a moment."

"Sure, I've no time to palaver, I'm that busy! Go 'way wid ye!"

"Yes, but—see here!" he begged, as she turned away. "You mustn't do this! You *mustn't* cook—"

"A-ah? Scairt, are ye?" jeered his captive softly. "Oh, be a sport, Mr. Troowbridge! Play the game! Play the game!" With this she disappeared, and he meandered back to the front veranda, kicking the gravel as he went.

The Fletcher party arrived late, and most of the other guests were assembled when they descended to the drawing-room. Some one spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher in the hall, detaining them a moment, but Miss Powell, apparently not noticing the interruption, kept on alone. She was a slender, erect little person, with dark hair, black-lashed, blue-gray eyes, and a saucy nose, and she wore white chiffon.

Mrs. Dinsmore, espying her, gasped audibly, and stood as near agape as a gentlewoman can, staring at her approaching guest of honor, who contracted her brows a hair's breadth and shook her head ever so slightly at the hostess.

"It's all this wretched girl's fault that we're late," cried Grace Fletcher, overtaking her friend. "She went for a walk and got lost—but of course you know all about that."

"Yes, she knows all about it," calmly echoed Miss Powell.

Dinsmore hurried up to greet the new arrivals, and fell into conversation with the Fletchers, leaving the two women practically alone for the moment.

"Am I asleep or crazy?" whispered one.

"Neither. Be careful!" warned the other, while her seeking glance touched one after another of the company and then hastily sought again.

"Then you *are*—! But how—? Why—? Oh, I don't understand!"

"'Sh! Not here!"

"But who, in the name of Heaven, is in my kitchen now?"

"Mrs. Howard's cook. A treasure. Don't worry."

"But—I don't know Mrs. Howard!"

"'Sh! Grace does—intimately. It's all right. Grace—doesn't know anything else, however," she finished, lightly, as a man approached.

"Witch!" whispered Mrs. Dinsmore. "Ask and it shall be given thee, to the half of my kingdom! I said it was black magic! Meanwhile, here's Forbes Myrick waiting to meet you."

"I shall be very glad indeed to meet Mr. Forbes Myrick," responded Miss Powell, with a queer little intonation that caused the hostess to glance quickly at her before prompting:

"But *this* is Mr. Myrick."

He was a very ordinary sort of conventional, well-dressed, well-mannered young man, tall and clean-shaven, with nothing to distinguish him, outwardly, from a hundred others of his class; but as she glanced up at him the gleam in Roberta Powell's eyes faded to bewilderment, every shade of expression was wiped from her face, and she presented a blank mask to the politely smiling gaze of a man she had never seen before.

"Oh—really?" she faltered, to break the silence that fell upon them. "Are you really Forbes Myrick?"

"You are evidently surprised." The man seemed uncertain whether to be offended or flattered.

"I am. At least—I'm not. That is—oh, I *am* so glad to meet you, Mr. Myrick! Do please forgive me," the phrases came quickly now, between little gusts of gleeful laughter, "but this is too good to be true! It simply couldn't happen! You see, I thought you were somebody else. At least I thought somebody else was—well, at any rate, I had no idea that you were yourself, and I'm so glad—so very glad that you are!"

Myrick still looked a little bewildered, but here was obviously cause for complacence, so he smiled down upon her and constructed something subtly complimentary in reply. Other people were brought to her and introduced, and through it all she talked and laughed—and watched the doors. The women in the room outnumbered the men by one.

Dinner was announced, and at the same time there entered from the hall a de-



"She'll be at Bar Harbor next Week"

jected young man. He stopped short in the doorway, seeing her, and a curious expression, compounded of many complex emotions, strengthened in his face as he crossed to where she stood.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dinsmore, looking about the room, had exclaimed:

"Why, where's Peter? He seems to have disappeared. Is it possible he doesn't know—Peter! Oh, here you are!" discovering him at her elbow. "Miss Powell, my brother, Mr. Trowbridge. Oh, I forget! You need no introduction—or do you?" Her laughter gave place to perplexity as she glanced from one to the other. Her brother was regarding the girl with an intent, humorous look, behind which glowed something deeper and warmer, and he seemed to be holding himself in check, as if waiting for his cue, while in Roberta's manner, sparkling and triumphant though it was, lurked a quality as far removed from indifference as it was from welcoming warmth.

"I think I've never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trowbridge before," said she, smoothly. "And nobody told me you had a brother, Mrs. Dinsmore."

"Oh, really?" dryly returned the hostess, whose quick glance at Peter had been met with a reassuring twinkle. "He's a sort of jack-in-the-box, given to sudden appearances, and he chose to make one here, most unexpectedly, yesterday morning."

"Which was fortunate for me, as I should have been loath to miss this opportunity," said Trowbridge, watching the girl.

At that moment Dinsmore came up, offering his arm to Miss Powell, and they led the way to the dining-room. Trowbridge was seated midway down the long table, on the same side as Roberta, and making conversation between them impossible, and so successfully did she evade him after they returned to the drawing-room that it was only when the party was about to break up that he succeeded in cornering her where she could not escape.

"Miss Powell," he began, "skill in untying Gordian knots is part of the necessary equipment of a novelist, and though, as we've never met before, I feel some hesitation in approaching you in this matter, I should like to present a hypothetical problem for your solving."

"Why hypothetical?" she asked.

"John Stuart Mill says there are 'no other limits to hypotheses than those of the human imagination,' and as this case

lies clear outside all ordinary boundaries perhaps it can best be presented in hypothesis."

"Oh," with a shrug, "if you're going to be academic!"

"Very well, then," he retorted. "I was trying to be literary, but if you don't like that, let's get right down to brass tacks. How did you do it?"

"Quite simply," was the cold reply. "I asked Mrs. Dinsmore to allow me to telephone to my sister, to allay her natural anxiety when I did not return, and as the telephone was out of order, she very kindly offered to send a note by the chauffeur. I then wrote to Mrs. Fletcher, telling her that I had taken the wrong turn and arrived here, finding Mrs. Dinsmore suddenly bereft of her cook. I asked her to send her own car for Mrs. Howard's cook, who would leave it at the gate here, where it would wait for me. The woman slipped in, I gave her the instructions I had received from Mrs. Dinsmore, slipped out, and drove home. You see, it was very simple."

"When did this woman arrive?"

"About an hour after I did."

"And all this time I have been grilling in torment," he protested, "imagining you out there in that stifling kitchen this sweltering day, just because you wouldn't give in!"

"Imagining *me!* Then you knew? You *didn't* know!"

"Know? Of course I knew, from the very first minute yesterday morning. Did you think I really meant to coerce a cook? Do you think I normally go about kidnapping Irish girls and chaining them to the wheel? What do you take me for?"

"I took you—for Mr. Forbes Myrick," she admitted, and laughed a little.

"Then—I'm forgiven?" He bent forward to see into her eyes, whereupon she gave him a full view of them alight and defiant, the while she demanded:

"Does it seem to you so much less a thing to kidnap *me* and chain me to a wheel?"

"Ah, but you had it in your own hands. Who began this game?"

"Oh, son of Adam!" she scoffed.

"Apparently Adam had a few daughters, too," he intimated. "By the way, does mechanical engineering impress you as being a man's work? A real man's work?"

"Why?" she parried, but her eyes began to dance.

"Because it happens to be my work and I want to know."

"Do you always talk shop, Mr. Trowbridge—first mine and then yours?"

"It doesn't seem anything like embroidery or knitting-work, does it?" he anxiously persisted.

"Might one suggest that it sounds a little—what shall I say? Heavy?"

"Brutal, eh? That's all right!" He took a long breath of exaggerated relief, and she made a little movement as if to step past him. "No, not yet," he said. She looked up, to meet the intent, humorous, purposeful gaze she had encountered before, but now it had in it certain lights, before which her own glance fell. "Tell me first when I may come to see you?"

"Sure, we do be goin' away come Thursday, Mr. Tro-owbridge," was the laughing but slightly unsteady reply. "That's to-morro'."

"Yes, I know. But you remember my jack-in-the-box proclivities. Won't you let me come?"

"That depends—on which of me you would come to see," she lightly evaded, her color a little heightened by the earnestness in his tone. "Choose."

"The novelist is very brilliant," he told her, slowly, "and Molly is utterly bewitching, but of the trinity that is you, neither of these is the one that attracts me most. What would you say if I should ask you to show me—the 'little white hin'?" He was smiling, but he finished very softly indeed, and there was a palpitant pause.

"'She'll be at Bar Harbor next week," she breathed, all in one laughing gasp, and fled.

First Sight at the Age of Forty

BY EDWARD A. AYERS, M.D.

Emeritus Professor at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital

THIS is the simple story of J. H. P., whom we will call Farmer John, blind from birth, who had all the machinery of vision, except for a pair of cataract lenses which curtained the world from his healthy retinas like ground-glass pebbles. These were removed by Dr. James L. Minor when the man was forty years old, and he then first learned to see. It will be a question which half of Farmer John's life drama—his years in darkness or in light—is the more interesting. For before his eyes were opened he had acquired a marvellous skill with his other senses; he could almost rival the homing pigeon in direction sense, follow a spoor like a hound, trade horses with the best of David Harums, tell the color of horse or mule, and that of hosiery, worsteds, and scarfs.

This man was well developed, healthy, quick-witted, shrewd, and, we may say, observant though uneducated. He acquired a moderate competence as a farm laborer; could cut wood, mall rails, split shingles, and pick cotton, often eighty-five pounds a day. He wove baskets, gathered rush from the Louisiana swamps, and meshed new bottoms in chairs which had been worn through by lazier fellows. He learned to pick, shuck, and assort corn and pull fodder. He felled trees and split two hundred rails a day. He built rail fences after the "worm" was laid—his eyeless senses could not line a surveyor's plot without running a string from one corner-stone to another. Farmer John did what many a man with five senses and little sense had failed to do—he earned and bought a forty-acre farm, clearing half, which he cultivated with the hearty aid of his wife and five children. What family would not work under the influence of such noble industry! He could not use the plough or hoe, for the ploughman must look ahead and the man with the hoe must know "pussly" from cabbage. He "specialized" with his neighbors, picking their cotton while they ploughed and hoed his fields. He was a rare sportsman, following the hounds afoot after opossums, coons, and even foxes. He was usually at the finish, often got the brush, and *always knew the way home.*

We wonder that the sparrow-hawk, flitting with great speed through the thicket, does not bump its head and fall senseless to the ground. But bird's eyes make very quick change in focus. Farmer John ran after the hounds through thicket and brush and woods without bumping, and he had no eyes to guide him. When he walked down the hospital hall they placed obstructing chattels in his path, but he turned aside and touched none of them. After many turns through the streets of the unfamiliar city of Memphis, and the halls and offices of the hospital, when asked which way lay home he correctly pointed to the south.

It seems rational to state that Farmer John's sense of direction was occult. The sun by day; the stars and moon and drift of clouds by night; the green moss on the sunless side of trees; the bend of trees before prevailing winds; the trend of streams; the "lay of the land," paths, broken twigs; the cipher language of the winds that tells much of the ozone of the hills; the moisture of seas, earth scent of the lowlands, and chill of the upper air; the bearing of birds and animals, and many unlisted signs that Leatherstocking would have understood, aid normal men of the woods. And I wish I could complete the list by naming which of these and whatever else are sensed by the homing pigeon when it rises in the air, circles about a moment, and then darts away with unerring aim for the cote that may be hundreds of miles afar. Often, when hunt-

ing coons, opossums, or foxes at night, the companions of Farmer John "tried to lose him," but could not succeed. In fact, he occasionally heaped coals of fire on their obfuscated heads by leading them home when they were lost. On one occasion, after spending half the night chasing a fox, he and his companions, having lost direction, disagreed about it. They went their way and he went his. He went straight home, arriving at noon. They wandered away from home until reaching a railroad, which set them right, they returned only at evening.

If anything in this world seems wholly for the service of eyes it is colors. Whether they flash iridescently from bubble or dewdrop or opal, or glow in the living coals, or stain green the knees of stumbling youngsters, or hold true to the bottom of a pot of paint, they are all intangible reflections—vibratory waves of light, sensations only in the brain's centres of sight. Yet Farmer John learned to recognize colors in worsteds, hosiery, and scarfs with more accuracy than most men are capable of who are color-blind, and he could not use his eyes. He could not recognize the color of eyes nor the blue of streams and lakes, for they were not to be touched. He started a country store—which differs from a department store mainly in size; and with the aid of his wife sold stockings, woollen skeins, bandannas, and occasionally neckties; and as the most brilliant and elemental colors sold best, he had touch-color lessons of the most kindergarten form. Through constant practice under his faithful wife's guidance, he learned that certain sensations (which he could not name) when handling goods meant red, green, yellow, blue, as the color might be.

This acquired skill brought a double reward, as many people "shopped" just to see the miracle. His success as a clerk of colors was not due to his wife's arrangement of the goods on the shelves, as he would correctly replace the well-shuffled goods after a shopper had done her worst.

Farmer John ranked among his neighbors as shrewd and successful at swapping horses. He could pick out a black, white, bay, roan, or sorrel horse or mule, and tell the age by feeling the relative hardness of the animal's eyelids as well as some others do by looking at the teeth. Scent and sound aided him in this work. Dark animals emanate stronger odors than light ones. Lameness or peculiarity in gait was detected with the animal in motion. Health, spirits, energy, blindness, balkiness, kicking, all came to the knowledge of this blind Sherlock. He would have scorned the use of a clinical thermometer.

When first told he might gain his sight by an operation he replied, "I do not care to see." Was this the retort of habit, contentment, fear of pain, or contempt of sight which had allowed a blind man to lead seeing men home?

After repeated urging, with a germinating curiosity, he promised a friend that he would visit a doctor. He "wanted to see his wife," who he believed was most beautiful. Finally consulting Dr. James L. Minor, professor of diseases of the eye, at Memphis, Tennessee, he repeatedly "balked" before permitting the surgeon to remove the cataract lens from the left eye. He "couldn't stand pain," he was unwilling to lie in bed, to have his eyes bandaged, and, as a last stand, "Can I smoke?" "No!"

"That settles it; give me my hat, I am going home. Why did I come here, anyway? I never heard of so much trouble in my life just about getting to see."

Through cocaine and without pain his lenses were safely removed, and for the first time in forty years the retinas that, through a slight transmission of light, had been kept from absolute starvation and loss of function, were flooded with a moving picture—the kindly face of the surgeon privileged to open these blind eyes.

"I see!" exclaimed the patient. "What?" "Your face, doctor. I know it is your face because that's where your voice comes from."

"And I see your hand and arm," he said, swinging his own arm, and explaining that he knew this because they were attached to the body.

Dr. Minor further describes the case as follows: "Some of my confrères at the hospital and the Sister Superior were invited in to see him, and to allow him to get impressions of other people through his new sense of sight. He looked at each intently and with great interest, but made few comments further

than to ask if all women were like the Sister. (He told me later that he wished to get some idea of how women looked, and that if his wife looked like the Sister he would leave her.) Asked if he would like to see himself, 'I sure would,' was his eager reply. 'I ain't as pretty as I thought I was,' he said, and there was visible disappointment in his face. He was shown, but not allowed to touch, an apple; and when pressed to say what he thought it was, said, 'It might be an apple, because it's round like an apple and *it's striped red and green like an apple.*' This was the first time colors were seen, and they were correctly recognized and named.

"When given opportunity to see horses and cows and farm implements, he seemed grateful that they appeared as he had known them, except that they were only one-third their natural size. He had learned nothing of perspective. Seeing a pug-dog, he said: 'It's a mighty strange-looking dog, with its tail curled up in a bow-knot over its back. All the dogs I ever knew kept their tails between their legs'—a habit of the hound when petted. Sitting in the park he beheld a peacock, which began strutting toward him. 'I was scared,' he afterward told me. 'The thing looked like it was making for me, and I got up and cut for new quarters, and only came back after John [his guide] finished his laugh and told me what the thing was.'

"While in my office a patient was announced who had a very pretty little girl, gaudily dressed with colored plaids and ribbon, really a beauty. P—— was asked if he wanted to see something pretty. He assented, and I had the child brought in while his attention was directed elsewhere. 'What is this?' I asked. 'I don't know; but it sure is pretty. It is the prettiest thing I ever saw. What is it, anyway?'

"He could not be made to say what 'it' was until allowed to touch the child, when, with keen disappointment in his voice and countenance, he said, 'Shucks, it's only a girl!'

"From the time when his eyes were unbandaged and he had exclaimed, 'I can see!' he became a changed man. His one object in life was 'to see.' There was a complete reversal in his behavior from the former one of indifference and objection to operation to a readiness to follow my suggestions as the laws of his life."

When the eyes of Farmer John had sufficiently recovered from the removal of their lenses, having been kept in their accustomed darkness by bandages, Dr. Minor initiated his untrained eyes and the visual centres of his brain in the exercise of vision by various careful tests.

Here was a shrewd adult brain, with all the manifold bits of knowledge that forty years must bring to it, which perhaps had learned to think, to imagine, in measures of sound, touch, taste, and scent only, about to play with a toy as strange to it as is an aeroplane to a baby. All that you and I have subconsciously acquired—found in our possession before we realized it—of perspective, of dimension, of bas-relief, of reflection and illumination, of luminosity and color, of opacity, translucency, and transparency, of yielding and unyielding qualities, of smoothness and roughness, friction, iridescence, and motion, he now acquired consciously and in constant comparison with knowledge which his other senses had brought him.

He was shown a round ball and a square box. What were their shapes? He "could not tell without getting his hands on them." Yet his third effort was successful. He "took a good look," closed his eyes, and, after a few moments, said he thought it (the box) was square and the other object round. He had to fit these strange contour sensations of sight to familiar forms of touch. He had to imagine his fingers moving over these objects—all on curves with the ball; and on flat surfaces, straight lines, angles, and points on the box. The first lesson over, his eyes were put to bed until the next day.

The second lesson was on size. "How long is one foot?" He showed this correctly with his hands on his walking-stick; but when a stick twelve inches long and one inch thick was shown him at a distance of a few feet, he said it was four inches long and the size of his little finger. Handed the stick, he quickly corrected his mistake. At another time, as previously mentioned, he un-

derestimated the size of men and animals. But the visional trick of perspective soon ceased to trip him. To state the number of objects held before him was a great puzzle. It took four or five trials to learn to count one, then two, and finally five, but he could not count beyond five.

Shown the variously colored skeins of worsteds used by eye specialists in testing color vision, Farmer John named the reds, yellows, greens, and blues correctly, though with some hesitation; and designated intermediate shades as "light" or "dark." To have named colors correctly the first time his eyes beheld them —and Dr. Minor and others with him were in a position to know positively that he did—it would seem that he must have experienced the individualized sensations of colors when blind. This question will be considered. Says Dr. Minor: "As soon as I had finished testing his color perception, he told me he had supposed there were only two kinds of people — the whites and the negroes, the former white and the latter black; that he knew me to be a white man, and yet my face was not white when compared with my shirt front. When he saw a negro the contrast between the black skin and the whites of his eyes and his white teeth appealed to him strangely. He said 'the negro looked as if he was frightened.'"

Shown a glass tumbler, on close scrutiny he hesitatingly named it a drinking-glass, because "the shape was that of a tumbler, outlining it by movements of the hand; and he knew it was glass because he could see through it." In all his observations he had to close his eyes and handle the objects in his touch-founded imagination before naming them. He had to translate visual sensations, with which he had not learned to think, into tactile sensations, in which "language" he was accustomed to think — to make mental pictures. Many people educated in the English system of weights and measures, when learning the metric system in afterlife, must mentally compare a litre with a quart, a metre with a yard, etc., to "get away from the book" and master the system.

Having thus briefly described the salient features in the remarkable sense-organ biography of Farmer John, a complete pen picture of whom by a close observer would have been of great scientific interest, let us indulge in a little speculation over this man's peculiar abilities.

Dr. Minor says: "As to his perception of colors, he (the patient) had no explanation to offer nor have I. It is simply a fact that pronounced colors were correctly recognized the first time they were seen, without previous visual knowledge or cultivation, by an eye forty years old."

Doubtless not only the explanation of how this man recognized colors at first sight, but how he recognized them when blind, are the pivotal points of interest to every reader of this article.

Medical literature records a few cases of one sense doing the work of another, more especially that of "sight audition" or experiencing the sensations of colors when hearing music. Recorded cases of "touch vision" have not been found, although we occasionally hear vague rumors of such cases. "Touch audition" — hearing through contact and through bodily vibration — is more or less common to all of us. At our great asylums the deaf and dumb are called from the fields by a steam-whistle, which they feel and which the incompletely deaf may hear.

The deaf and dumb are taught to speak by having them watch the teacher's play of muscles in phonation, by holding the finger tips on the speaker's throat, and by feeling the sequence of breath-waves of the speaker. Their speech is seldom musical, as they cannot hear and regulate their utterances. The dumb are usually dumb because they are deaf, their organs of speech — beyond making inarticulate cries — lying dormant until, like a team driven in darkness, their brains can learn to handle breath, vocal cords, tongue, and lips in co-ordinate sequence and without knowing the results. Their best achievements in elocution are not as good as those of most ordinary actors. Many of them, graduates in artificial speech, can repeat by speech or finger language what they see but do not hear, simply by watching the teacher's facial movements. Their ef-

forts at singing range over many keys in a single tune. Probably little of this deaf-and-dumb vocalization employs the hearing centres of the brain, except to the extent these centres experience vibrations felt through finger tips and skull. But in seeing colors when hearing music, "sight audition," all the sensations of color experienced seem necessarily to originate in the visual centres, which necessitates the view that vibrations through the ear may overrun the brain centres of hearing and excite vibrations in the visual centres, which would produce the only sensations they could excite in these centres—sight sensations. Or we must adopt the views of some ear specialists, that these musically awakened color sensations are born in the imagination. Investigators—we cannot call them experts where there is so much to learn—subdivide the visual centre, one such being solely a receiving set of brain cells which can only see when actual pictures are seen by the eyes; another a visual memory centre which is, like a photographic shop, at the call of the will ready to hold up any picture "image" called for. If this imagination centre only is chromatically bestirred by music, then we would attribute the color harmonies to suggestion by association of ideas and to nothing out of the ordinary.

The entire brain does not take part in an act of seeing, or hearing, or speaking, or walking, or any other work. As a general proposition we may state that each individualized function has some portion of the gray matter for its more or less exclusive use. In each half of the brain each of the special senses has its centres, and so have respiration, locomotion, circulation, etc. There are various kinds of brain cells, and each centre has largely a certain variety, and such centre is assumedly able to do only its special work. The cells of the visual centres can sense light and color and only such matters as pertain to vision, and no other centres can do this work. These centres are directly "wired" by nerves to the parts of the body from which they receive outer impressions, as retina and optic nerve to the visual centre; or to those parts upon which they may act, as the motor centres which control the actions of certain groups of muscles. The "sense" centres are all "receiving stations," the motor (muscle-moving) centres "sending stations." Some forms of brain cells resemble an octopus with their central body, or head, and numerous branching arms; and these arms of the brain cells join hands with those of their neighbors, and probably unite all parts of the double brain into one vast system. Like a great manufactory, each brain office is more or less wired to the others, as well as to the main centre, to the office of the manager. In the factory knowledge of all departments is presumably held only by the management. Now if one office used a telephone, another a telegraph, another a telegraphone, another a Marconigraph, another a telautoscope, another a ticker, and another a telautogust, if there were such an instrument, could each office clerk, after wiring all machines to one another, possess himself of each specialized clerk's information? All the machines are run by the same force, electricity, but each has its own cipher system. Yet the telegraph and Marconigraph clerks might eavesdrop on one another, and the telephone and telegraphone clerks likewise—and if the latter two are readers of the Morse code, they could steal the messages of the telegraph and Marconigraph clerks and understand them. Electricity is the fetch-dog of all these machines, and likewise nerve-waves are the messenger-boys of each brain centre; and how seemingly unlimited are the variations and complexities possible in the former! The quadruplex system carries four messages simultaneously over the same wire.

The telelectric can make a Brush light play a tune. A half-dozen people can talk over a family telephone wire at the same time, and do, and a trained phone eavesdropper can learn something of everything—all from one wire. The telegraphone can make every variation of a speaker's voice so magnetically charge a steel wire that when the wire is re-run through the charging-point it will reproduce the original voice with wonderful accuracy and tell the story again to-morrow and next day — vocal vibrations in storage. There is no known limit to the possibilities of transmission or storing of complex vibrations or their

reproduction as affecting our sense organs. In the calm after a storm a cockle-shell bobs up and down on a choppy sea and gets nowhere; but the waves of ether, electricity, sound, and light in choppy seas manage to pass one another. Dr. Cattell made electricity reproduce the characteristic qualities of the violin, clarionette, and horn by first learning the exact main and overtone vibrations that produce these instruments' individual qualities of tone and then constructing a most elaborate series of dynamo vibrators with which he could duplicate each—a marvellous example of mathematical and electrical mastering of sound. All these instruments juggle with the vibrations of sound, which range from a few thousand to twoscore waves per second. What are the possibilities in handling the vibrations of light, which range through the half-trillion rates per second?

Light mechanism differs from that of sound not only in being much less mechanical, more immaterial, but enormously more speedy and unthinkable. Three thousand waves per second (in sound) are difficult to picture in the mind, but when we hearken to a steamship's sluggish whistle, first hearing a mere rushing sound of steam, then the beginning tonal vibrations, we can almost picture the gathering speed of successional waves, much as we can see a great locomotive's drivers start in their mile-a-minute flight. But light-waves! Fire a sixteen-inch projectile and snap a shutter at the same instant, and the rays of the uncaged search-light will illumine the far-distant target before the iron mass has flown a hundred feet. Face the moon with closed eyes, and before you can open, shut, open again, and close the lids silvery light-waves will have started from the moon, rushed past your lids during their second opening, and dashed millions of them against the rods and cones of your retinas and set them vibrating at the known mathematical series which we sense as a whitish orange-yellow silvery moonlight.

To my mind, the most wonderful achievement with animal machinery, aside from abstruse thinking, is the ability to handle the rays of light; and though our eyes can only sense a small percentage of the myriad rays which speed about us, this only emphasizes the marvellous accomplishment. The speed of the snail is far nearer the rush of the whirlwind than the speed of the wind to that of light. Ere we can sweep the dew from the rose, a ray of light can come from one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles away, could circle the earth seven times if it could "take the curve."

How can our eyes sense anything so without weight or substance and grasp as they do the thousand hues, shades, scintillations, and iridescences that flood the earth? And yet every puppy-dog, every ephemeral insect, can work this magical performance without taking thought.

Not an instrument has been invented that pretends to handle light as several handle sound—by direct transmission of sound-waves translated into electric waves. The "three-color process" of printing abstracts the red from a landscape with one photograph, the yellow with another, and the blue with a third; makes three plates, inks them with these "primary" colors, and prints them in turn on a sheet—mixes the colors on the paper, producing intermediate shades, then finds that pigments distinct from spectral colors need body and adds black.

The Ives chromascope employs the same method largely, but mixes the colors in the eyes when they look at a photograph through red, yellow, and blue plates of glass. The colored rice granules method photographs nature in color by use of imperceptibly minute and variously colored rice granules distributed over a negative film, the percentage of exposure of various colors depending upon the degrees of transparency of the gelatine film caused by its development. Decomposition of silver as in ordinary photography grades the color exposures in the lantern slide. With microscopic eyes the picture would appear like a layer of colored marbles. The silenium cell invention, which aims to utilize the ability of this substance to make and break an electric current on exposure to light, may yet prove able to carry a living mobile countenance vibratorially over an electric wire and reproduce it in a distant city by causing a duplicate set of silenium cells in a

"receiver" to reproduce the lights and shades of the sender. When accomplished, this invention in handling light will rank with that of the telephone in handling sound.

Not one of the inventions which reproduce sound effects imprisons the original waves and sends them thither as mail is shot through a pneumatic tube; they all work through some foreign medium, and more or less employ codes which must be translated. Not one of the inventions for reproducing scenes approaches direct handling of light rays, either. But in the case of Farmer John, we seem forced to the view that his recognitions of colors when blind must have been through nerve sensations which reached and acted upon his visual centres, or he would not have recognized the red and green of the first apple his eyes beheld.

All animals are specialists in the use of the five senses, both as to dependence upon one sense more than another and, in some cases, as to substituting, contrary to the rule, one organ for another, as touch for handling sounds and light. In the rabbit's brain exposition something like ten per cent. of the entire floor space is allotted to the organ of smell, nearly a hundred times that in man's. When we consider that scent is secured by impact of microscopic volatile particles against the membrane lining of the nose, we marvel at the speed of the hound led as by a thread by the invisible cloud hanging over a spoor, even though we laugh at his specialism gone mad when we see him fail to use his eyes and see the game watching him from an overhanging rock. Habit runs while judgment slumbers. When the hot sun glides beneath the horizon the male mosquito, with whirring wings which he does not hear, poises aloft, and if there is a singing female hidden in the grass the sound-waves set in motion by her singing wings will make his bewhiskered antennæ vibrate — the one nearer the singer more than the other. Pivoting about, when they vibrate equally he has learned whence comes the song and knows what to do. Antennæ — touch levers — have taken the place of ears. This is not "touch audition," but substitution. The snail has eyes at the ends of his flexible horns and can explore a cavern before venturing in. This is sight substitution for hands. The worm has spots of pigment which sense the heat that pertains to light. The catfish in his cloudy waters has taste-buds at the ends of his barbels—water antennæ—and can taste when he can neither see nor hear nor smell. The catfish is a tongue specialist, as the rabbit is a nose specialist; but the relative size of the rabbit's brain centre of smell does not grant him keener scent than man because he (the rabbit) gets ten per cent. brain space for smell. He simply puts a larger per cent. of a very small capital into one investment; and man, but for civilized interferences of neglect, enlarged turbinates, adenoids, and constant nasal irritations, could rival the rabbit, as Farmer John did. Nor could any animal, under equal evolutionary training, surpass man in expertness with any sense organ save one—the homing instinct.

Dr. Javal, the celebrated blind eye specialist, claims that the blind are not given any extra keenness in their other organs or even as much as those who see, but gain it wholly by unending practice.

These animal variations in the use of their sense organs do not help to explain Farmer John's recognition of colors through his fingers. They only show that knowledge of certain things is not obtained alike by different animals—by use of the same organs of sense. We human beings can all feel music, but only experience it when we can hear it. The sense of touch limits us to its quivers, jars, and rattling of loose furniture. So this hiatus has not been bridged: Can one sense centre be set in action through vibrations coming "over the wires" of another sense? Can color vibrations travel over touch nerves and act upon the sight centres? Apparently not, unless there is something besides light-waves pertaining to colors, and that something appreciable by touch.

It is the present view of physicists that most effects of matter, as expressed by heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and X-rays, are founded in the conduct of vibratory waves of varying lengths; and that most knowledge gained through our senses comes through the varying im-

pressions produced on the organs by such wave lengths and speed vibrations.

The vibratory waves of the ether—Hertz waves—are over six hundred feet from crest to crest and are handled by "wireless" machinery.

When shortened to lengths of a few inches (70,000 micro-microns), the medium producing such vibratory waves is called heat and can be detected by sensitive thermometers. When 36,000 such waves can be spanned by one inch (810 micro-microns), they can be sensed by our eyes as red; and as they progressively shorten, we sense them as orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet—the last 61,000 to the inch; and our eyes can follow them that far only. When they are shorter, they become invisible (except through the fluoroscope) and are classed as X-rays, N-rays, alpha, beta, gamma, and out into the beyond of knowledge.

Red is almost doubly warmer than violet. Is it possible that the heat-difference in colors can be sensed by some human beings? It does not seem possible, yet Langley's bolometer can measure with "nerves" of metal the equivalent in heat of a candle a mile and a half away.

When Farmer John named the red and green stripes of the first apple his eyes had seen, he either guessed that an apple that was not all of one color would be red and green — and he named too many other colors at first sight to make this view reasonable—or he had been using his visual centres through touch when blind, so that his sensations of red and green were just what he had experienced in handling them when blind. He was getting the old messages, but over a different wire.

No limit has been found for the degree of sensitiveness of our special senses. The following case of remarkable visual sensitiveness is cited at the risk of awakening general incredulity:

Several years ago a half-dozen members of two well-known New York families were somewhat playfully experimenting in "mind-reading" by blindfolding "A," who placed his fingers on the forehead of "B," who looked intently at an object held by "C" under a bright light, the purpose being to learn if "A" could name the object seen by "B."

Each individual completely failed, until a girl of sixteen surprised and thrilled all present by correctly naming one and another object seen by "B." While the circumstances under which this performance developed would suffice as to possible collusion for any ordinary event, they cannot suffice for this one. Nor that a physician of high standing was present, for such can be fooled by prestidigitation or collusion rather easily. Some days later the writer made the following tests: Acting as the observer "B," I had a cardboard, which had a piece the shape of a "red cross" cut out secretly, held against a red lamp-shade. I looked closely at the object, and in a few seconds she—"A"—said, "I see a red cross." Out of a collection of photographs which I held in my hands I held one and another, at random, under the light. Those of people she knew were correctly named. Her father's face she named when he sat under the light, likewise others; but when I tried to look at the faces of her father and uncle as they sat side by side as one object she failed, but named each as I looked at each singly. Her severest test was in spelling out the name "Hatton," printed in three-quarter-inch letters on the cover of a magazine, she spelling it "Hetton." *I could regulate the time when she would name the object by varying my own time of looking at it, and she invariably named the object only then—that is, at the time when my eyes were most vividly beholding the object.* The girl could give no other explanation of her sensations than that out of darkness, like one sitting in a dark lecture-hall, an image appears when the lantern throws one on the screen. She declared she could not succeed unless all light was excluded from her eyes. A number of physicians had opportunity to witness and take part in tests, but, owing to her father's fear of having his daughter known as a "freak," all further trials were soon denied, and whether she still possesses this unique power is not known.

It would seem that this girl possessed two unique capacities: First, when blindfolded she held her visual centres in a state of complete rest, sustained no visual images; and, second, she was extraordinarily sensitive to nerve vibrations.

As the most plausible theory of explanation, we must assume that, like the electric radiations from a charged wire, there are nerve-wave radiations from our optic organs when in action; that when we look at anything, while the main nerve currents run from our retinas over the optic nerves to the visual centres in the posterior parts of our brains, there to excite our known sensations of sight, a portion of the nerve currents radiate through the entire head. And we must further assume that, as appears in the case cited, these waste currents can be further carried through fingers, arms, and head with sufficient power to cause faint vibrations in the visual centres of another, vibrations identical to those first started and which reproduce identical pictures in the brain of the one blindfolded.

That such a theory demands the possession of a remarkable degree of sensitivity is true, but equal degrees of sensitivity are frequently demonstrated in other ways and especially in mechanical tests.

Many people experience as delicate a sensibility as the above appears to represent in sensing weather changes more quickly than the barometer, though their sensations are probably excited by chemical bodily changes affecting the nerves. With the galvanometer's electrodes attached to the human body, the excitation of emotions will cause the needle to deflect, as was described by the writer in *Harper's Weekly,* 1907, under the caption "Measuring Thought with a Machine."

Farmer John's avoidance of obstacles when blind was probably due to keen, fully developed sensitiveness to temperature variations in the air and to air resistance. Concentration carries one far in sense-organ superiority, blind or not, and exclusion of interfering impression, carries one farther. We cannot read a page when holding it with the sun glaring in our faces. We cannot scent the rose with garlic under the nose; nor will we *notice,* having our eyes open, that the temperature of every piece of furniture in a room is less than the trend of that of the air; colder than the air when the temperature is rising and warmer than the air when the room is growing colder. Knowledge ever moves the marvellous into the commonplace, though we never tire admiring the skill involved.

But Farmer John's homing instinct! Alas! in the quiet darkness of the night woods, with no sound but from scrambling chipmunks' feet or hoot of owl and soughing of the wind, too far from home for the millionth particle of a familiar scent to sweep the nostrils, the zigzag of the trail a crisscross of compass points beyond the power of memory to back-track, in a thicket of trees too broken for "wireless" waves to penetrate, with all the known senses marooned in the black forest, what occult guide led the blind farmer home again? Farmer John could not tell.

When the farmer's eyes were opened and he learned to see, he lost his extraordinary homing instinct and his "touch vision." But he continued to be a successful horse-trader.



Soaring Spirits

BY R. E. VERNÈDE

SOARING spirits are often hampered not only by the opposition of duller and more philistine souls, but also by their own delicate perception of the offence which, while soaring with the best intentions in the world, they are, alas! likely to give.

This difficulty confronted the Dramatic Subcommittee of the Port Allington Literary and Philosophic Society almost from the start. The D. S.—as it grew to be called familiarly by the other members—had come into being as the result of a paper read to the society by Mr. Jernyngham Mills. At least, except for that paper, it would not have been thought of, as Mr. Mills repentantly realized later on. But it is only fair to say—with Miss Tindal Atkey—that the real cause was "Our determination not to shrink from the logical position in which we found ourselves."

The logical position was this: Mr. Jernyngham Mills had taken as his thesis "That the Stage is Second only to the Pulpit as a Moral Factor," and had, as every one agreed, proved his contention to the hilt. It was usual to prove your contention to the hilt when you read a paper to the Literary and Philosophic Society. Mr. Mills had not gone into disagreeable details, but members felt, as they listened, that Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, to whose works he referred with tactful vagueness, must indeed be accounted reformers. Their plays—said Mr. Mills—were very terrible, but at times we needed such reminders. Nobody really supposed that in giving this support to the higher drama Mr. Mills meant that Port Allington needed these terrible reminders or that he personally hankered after the theatre.

Most unfairly, however, half-way through discussion-time, an inference to that effect was drawn by Mr. Johnstone, one of the younger members of the society. Up till then things had taken their usual course. Mr. Mills had been thanked for his very able and powerful paper, which—said the Rev. Upton James—gave one to think. Mrs. Watherstone had deplored the levity of the metropolitan stage. She agreed with Mr. Mills that it was a pity that our actor-managers should so evade their crying responsibilities. Miss Atkey said that we must bow our heads in shame before the Scandinavians. Where were the playwrights to compare with Ibsen? And what drama could we show to equal *Ghosts*—a play of which Mr. Mills had spoken with high, but not too high, appreciation. Miss Atkey herself had no hesitation in describing *Ghosts* as one of the noblest attempts to remove a moral ulcer threatening society that the playhouse had ever witnessed.

It was during the applause following this speech that young Mr. Johnstone rose and asked why—if the stage was second only in importance to the pulpit, as Mr. Mills had shown that it was—Port-Allingtonians should possess no opportunities of benefiting by it.

Mr. Watherstone, husband of the Society's president and usually a silent member, suddenly said, "Hear, hear!" and was echoed by several of the younger members.

"Perhaps Mr. Jernyngham Mills could explain to us," said Mr. Johnstone, thus encouraged, and sat down.

Mr. Mills rose. He was a quiet man, a banker, with a forehead that suggested thinking power, and a smile that was sarcastic if you noticed it. Commonplace people would hardly be aware that Mr. Mills was smiling sarcastically.

"I can only point out that there is no theatre in Port Allington," he said.

Unaware that he had been gently crushed, Mr. Johnstone rose again.

"The Institute has a very fair stage," he said. "Why should that not be used?"

"The difficulties are less great," said Mr. Mills.

"In what way?" asked Mr. Johnstone, inopportunately.

Mr. Mills fenced. The chief difficulty was that the Town Council did not particularly favor the idea of dramatic companies invading Port Allington, and had on one or two occasions opposed applications. Mr. Mills did not mention this, because, as a philosopher, he had just been advocating what as a Councillor he had condemned; and philosophers do not care to show themselves narrow-minded at the moment when they are—so to speak—glowing with philosophy.

"The first difficulty that strikes me," he therefore said, "is that no company—no good company—would care to play before such a small audience as Port Allington would be likely to provide."

"Hear, hear!" said Mrs. Watherstone, Miss Tindal Atkey, and Mrs. Bossington together, and Mr. Mills thought the danger was past.

Most unfortunately, Mr. Johnstone, who was in any case a persistent young man, had just been visiting Deeds, and he rose to explain how this affected the subject.

"Deeds," he said, "is no bigger than Port Allington, yet excellent companies welcome there. Deeds manages it very simply. They have a society very like our own, which invites companies to come and guarantees them against loss by undertaking that members shall each buy so many tickets."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Watherstone, again stupidly, and Mr. Mills looked about him, slightly alarmed.

"It sounds simple," he said. "but—but—"

"Companies jump at the offer," interrupted Mr. Johnstone. "They'd come here like a shot if we wanted them. Perhaps we don't. I may be mistaken, but in Port Allington, though we are enormously progressive in theory, we seem to stick when it comes to practice. I don't say that is the attitude of this Society, but it looks very like it."

Here was a bit at the elder members, and an unpleasant hit. In a moment they found themselves in the painful predicament of either having to act upon the suggested enthusiasm for the drama which Mr. Mills's paper had drawn from them, or to seem mere talkers.

This is what Miss Atkey meant by "the logic of our position."

She did not shrink from it. Seeing Mr. Mills unready, she rose, and speaking on behalf of those who had taken part in the discussion, she declared that nothing would give them greater pleasure than to see the higher drama performed at Port Allington. Perhaps she spoke too warmly. Perhaps Mr. Johnstone was clever at seeing his opportunity. It remains to state that, before the meeting broke up—amid a fervor for the drama which no one could have prognosticated—the Dramatic Subcommittee had come into being and was pledged to produce a play in Port Allington upon the earliest possible date. Mr. Jerningham Mills found himself its chairman, Mr. Johnstone was its secretary, and Mrs. Watherstone and Miss Tindal Atkey had been appointed to the committee.

It was not until he was driving back in his carriage that Mr. Mills, who had been giving—somewhat at random—authoritative accounts of how a theatre should be managed, remembered with sudden discomfort what a number of people there were in Port Allington who regarded the stage as an abominable thing. It was a narrow view to take of the stage, of course, very narrow. But there it was. The Town Council, for instance, had undoubtedly been discouraging. It had no rights over the Institute stage, provided payment was guaranteed, but it would not help. Perhaps its attitude was due to the levity of the plays that had been suggested. Mr. Mills could not recall the particular plays, but he felt sure that this accounted for his own attitude as a Councillor. How differently one felt toward plays of real moral purpose! Scraps from the paper he had just read, which in its turn had been derived largely from articles in some of the highest-class magazines, rose to Mr. Mills's mind and supported him. As an educational factor the power of the stage ought to be enormous. That was not merely what he thought, but what the magazines had said. Look at Ibsen. Mr. Mills had not had time to read Ibsen as thoroughly as he could have wished, but there could be no possible doubt that Ibsen was a re-

former. It was a pity, perhaps, that reformers are so outspoken. But anything rather than frivolity. And it was frivolity that prejudiced people against the stage. Mrs. Mills, for example, had that sort of prejudice. At least it was scarcely prejudice. Her parents had not approved of it, and though she herself was eminently fair-minded, she had not felt the need of theatre-going. "One can get on without it; for I have done so myself," she had once said to him. "So has Agatha." But they would surely both enjoy the higher drama—capably and reverently acted in Port Allington.

The sense of being in a way a conspirator, which worried Mr. Mills on his drive home, was present also in the cab which Mrs. Bossington shared, as was her habit, with Miss Tindal Atkey. Only Mrs. Bossington was perhaps more excited than worried by the prospect of what Port Allington would think of it all. She wished that Miss Atkey would talk about it, but the thinner and maiden lady was wrapped in profound thought. Mrs. Bossington could not see her face clearly —owing to the inadequate lighting of the cab—except when they passed lamp-posts. Then it wore a look of high if gloomy resolve. She seemed, indeed, so abstracted that Mrs. Bossington hardly liked to disturb her. But in the end her own feeling of awed curiosity, to which might be added the least touch of envy, impelled her to say: "I suppose as a committee member you will be able to go behind the scenes. The Greenroom! I have always wanted to see a Greenroom."

Mrs. Bossington pictured it as a romantically scandalous place, at once flaring and shadowy, in which magnificent Bohemians lounged in velveteen jackets, and superb serpentine young ladies sat on the edge of tables in pink tights and had champagne drunk out of their slippers. A lurid but tempting scene, into which Miss Atkey did not somehow seem to fit. Mrs. Bossington felt that without in any way yielding to the temptations of such a place or giving the least countenance to anything improper, she would herself have got more enjoyment from it.

"The Greenroom," she repeated, as Miss Atkey remained wrapped in thought. "I suppose when they are not on the stage they must put something round their legs. Tights must be so very—"

"Really," said Miss Atkey, coming sharply out of her brown study, "if people of your standing are going to indulge in mere vulgar curiosity with regard to what goes on behind the scenes, our dramatic ventures are hardly likely to improve the mind as much as we hope."

"I was only wondering," said Mrs. Bossington, abashed, "if being dressed in tights didn't—"

"There will not, I am glad to say, be any question of inviting the actresses whom we employ to adopt any of the degrading garments to which you refer. I, at any rate, shall stand for full-dress plays."

"But surely," began Mrs. Bossington again, a little hurt—"surely even Shakespeare's heroines—"

"Shakespeare, as often played," said Miss Atkey, "is not as educational as he should be. Indeed, except for the Hensons' company, I know of none who gives reverent performances of the master. I wish we could get them. In any case, plays in which men and women, seriously minded and adequately clothed, play natural and improving parts will be insisted upon by the committee."

"Oh, I hope so, I'm sure," said Mrs. Bossington, a little disappointed, nevertheless.

"We shall make it very clear," said Miss Atkey. "Managers who undertake to work for us will understand that in coming to Port Allington they are coming to a place where cultured drama is wanted. We do not want pantomime."

"Of course not," Mrs. Bossington agreed. "But it will be very exciting seeing all these actors and people. All right, Pratts. I am getting out, thank you." This last was to the driver, who had drawn up in front of Mrs. Bossington's residence and signified that it was time Mrs. Bossington alighted. It was always a lengthy process, Mrs. Bossington being a stout lady. But it was accomplished at last, and Pratts was at liberty to drive Miss Atkey on to her rooms, where, after paying him and advising him to make himself a cup of warm soup if he felt thirsty when he got home, her first action was to go to the bookshelf

and take down a volume of Ibsen. She had borrowed it from the Town Library a few days before with a view to delivering expert criticisms of Mr. Mills's paper should they be necessary. She looked at it with even more interest now. The volume contained *Ghosts*, two other plays, and an introduction highly praising the works of the dramatist. Miss Atkey had read the introduction first—as being in slightly the larger print—and it had given her such a grasp of the author's meaning that she had not actually gone through the plays themselves. Now she sat down and read *Ghosts*. *Ghosts* was one of the plays which the committee before breaking up had already decided to try for—owing to Mr. Mills's warm appreciation of it in his paper; owing in part, too, to her own statement that it was one of the noblest efforts to remove an ulcer threatening society that the playhouse had ever witnessed. *Ghosts* is not a cheerful play to read at midnight, but Miss Atkey went through it self-controlled and dry-lipped. When she had come to the end, she turned to the introduction to see why she had said that it was such a noble effort. Apparently the introducer thought so. He had, in fact, used almost those very words. Miss Atkey did not retract them—far from it—but she went at the other two plays with lips even more tightly set. The introducer had not passed a verdict upon them, and Miss Atkey did not do so now. She could be a Brutus to her own emotions. But as she closed the book to go to bed, she had for a moment a vision of the stage of the Institute about to be stalked by these nightmares and all Port Allington seated in front of it in cheerful curiosity and ignorance. And she murmured aloud:

"Poor Mr. Jernyngham Mills!"

It was Miss Atkey's habit to polish daily with her own hands the silver toast-rack in which the more substantial portion of her breakfast was served, and she did not neglect that duty next morning. The moment it was finished, however, she set out with her volume of Ibsen to the Town Library. The thought in her mind was: "There are other volumes of Ibsen, containing further plays. This great reformer cannot have been equally appalling throughout his career. Something there must be of his which will uplift without shocking." If not, Miss Atkey remembered that there were other moral dramatists. The names of Hauptmann and Shaw occurred to her. She would examine them. Determined and brisk in spite of her overnight's reading, Miss Atkey tramped to the library, and just as she got there she met Mr. Jernyngham Mills.

Mr. Mills was less brisk outwardly, less determined in his soul. He too had come to the library to get up the higher drama, but he had not slept as well as Miss Atkey. Doubts as to the practical presentability of the higher dramatists had oppressed him during the night. Also, on his way to the town, he had met two men—business acquaintances whom he did not particularly care about—and they had stopped him to say:

"What's all this about your bringing over a theatrical company?"

Mr. Mills had attempted his sarcastic smile as he replied:

"I don't fancy the plays will be in your line."

"Here, you aren't going to keep it all to yourself, are you?" said one of them, and had winked at his companion. Mr. Mills was annoyed. For one thing, he had not supposed that any one outside the Society had as yet heard of the scheme. Mrs. Mills had not. He had thought of telling her, but had postponed it. For another thing, why should he be considered responsible for the idea? The Society was responsible—or rather young Johnstone. In the middle of these thoughts he was greeted by another person, namely, Mr. Webstone. Mr. Webstone was the most privileged man in Port Allington. Indeed, he was the only man who could have lived down so many rumors of a wild and misspent youth—rumors to which he himself used to refer with mysterious chuckles and no sense of shame—and become so popular. Every one was glad to know Mr. Webstone. Perhaps it was because his youth was far off, and he was such a charitable and hearty old man. Mr. Mills had no chance of avoiding him, though he wished that it was not Main Street in which they had met, and inwardly resented the way Mr. Webstone dug him in the ribs as he said: "Hullo, Mills! I've heard



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

about you. Goin' to bring a troupe of actors here—hey?"

He had a voice like a bull's, and Mr. Mills glanced uneasily about him as he murmured disjointedly:

"A long-felt want in Port Allington. Only the finest drama, of course. We hope for the Hensons. As an educational factor—"

Mr. Webstone was slightly deaf, and rarely listened to other people in any case.

"Pretty chorus-girls?" he bellowed, pursuing his own, too free thoughts.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Mills.

"Ha!" roared Mr. Webstone. "I shall have to pop in if the gout will let me. When I was a young chap—by Jove!—there was nothing like a pretty actress. What does Mrs. Mills think about it, though, hey?"

It was useless to prolong such a conversation, and Mr. Mills escaped at the earliest possible opportunity. He was relieved to find no one but a fellow thinker like Miss Atkey at the library, and he picked up a little at sight of her.

"I have just come to get out some of the dramatists to read them through again."

"A clash of ideas," said Miss Atkey, and held up her volume. "I am just returning this to the library. I do not know if you would care to have it. It contains three of Ibsen's plays."

"Ah—er—oh yes—*Ghosts!*" Mr. Mills's face fell at sight of the title. "We spoke of playing *Ghosts,* didn't we?"

"We did," said Miss Atkey, tersely.

"Er—a powerful play," suggested Mr. Mills. "You know it, of course."

"Yes," said Miss Atkey.

Her tone made Mr. Mills nervous.

"Do you find it too—too gloomy?"

Miss Atkey seldom minced words.

"It is unspeakably horrible," she said, "but we have to face that. What other audiences can listen to, Port Allington can."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Mr. Mills. "I was only thinking that there are others which perhaps . . . there is one about ducks, isn't there—wild ducks?"

"The *Wild Duck*," said Miss Atkey; "yes—it is extremely painful. All the plays in this volume are painful. I think I should advise you to look through them before we have the next committee meeting. I think myself of getting up Bernard Shaw."

"He has been censored," said Mr. Mills, miserably. "It seems to be the fate of reformers . . . with the exception of Shakespeare. I rather hope myself that we shall get the Hensons to act some of his plays."

"Yes," said Miss Atkey. "But we must not be deterred from staging things merely because they are painful," and she went in search of Shaw, leaving Ibsen to Mr. Mills, who took that tremendous writer to the bank with him.

Luckily, or unluckily, there was little work to be done, and he had time to plunge deeply into that morose and tragic life which Ibsen has depicted. His soul revolted at it. Ibsen was right, of course, in showing up these hideous immoralities, but why should he who was not hideously immoral—still more, why should Mrs. Mills, who was entirely virtuous, and Agatha, their innocent daughter—have to face this monstrous knowledge? Moreover—would Mrs. Mills face it? That question, perhaps more than the other, pressed itself upon Mr. Mills as he sat in his room revolving life's responsibilities. Willy-nilly he had become chairman of the Dramatic Subcommittee and had undertaken to purchase ten tickets for the first play. The money was nothing. But when the tickets were purchased, suppose Mrs. Mills declined to use them? Could the servants be sent instead? No. They would, if possible, be more shocked than Mrs. Mills. They were remarkably good servants, but just because of that they would walk out from *Ghosts* horrified. Mr. Mills could almost see Sarah, the parlor-maid, handing the potatoes with shrinking hands to an employer whom she could no longer respect. For the first time in his life the virtue that pervaded his home threatened Mr. Mills's happiness, and it was with a heavy heart that he decided that he must, before the play was actually fixed upon, get Mrs. Mills to have some idea of what it meant. If only she could be persuaded that Ibsen was a moralist, all would be well. Could she be? She was not literary, and Mr. Mills knew only too well what a difference culture makes to one's insight into that higher

"I can give you a *Ghosts* that you'll like," said Mr. Foote. "It's not cheering, of course. I've known ladies so haunted by it that they've had a breakdown afterward. It's a strong thing."

"It's so strong," said Mr. Mills, who was by this time in the state of a martyr who, having got himself tied to the stake, must cry out, though he will not recant—"it's so strong—that I—I— Ought we to begin with it?"

"Hullo!" said young Johnstone, involuntarily.

"Is it not our duty," went on Mr. Mills, "to—to consider our weaker members?" He was aware that all eyes were turned upon him, but he was too desperate to mind. "I think it is."

"Query?" said Miss Atkey, and all seemed lost. But unexpectedly Mr. Watherstone, who had been admitted to the séance as host, came to the rescue.

"I rather agree with Mr. Mills," he said. "*Ghosts* is a very unpleasant play. It's full of merits. But I fancy people here would simply walk out of the theatre if we had it."

Mr. Watherstone was in no sense of the Heights, and ordinarily Mr. Mills would have scorned his assistance. But he could not help feeling grateful now, especially as Miss Atkey intransigeantly remarked, "Let them walk out," and Mrs. Watherstone, who had not read *Ghosts*, but was sure that Mr. Watherstone had taken the vulgar view, added:

"Besides, is it fair to ask an artist like Mr. Foote to defer to the lower tastes among us? I think not."

Mr. Foote bowed gallantly.

"Ah, madam, if all were like you," he said. "They are not. I know it to my cost. They are not ready for us. Ibsen frightens them. It is the same with Shaw. His finest things have been censored."

"Why not have *You Never Can Tell?*" asked Mr. Watherstone, again interfering. "I'm no judge, but I should call that a capital farce. Why shouldn't we have a farce? What say you, Johnstone?"

That young man took a glance at the disapproving faces of Miss Atkey and Mrs. Watherstone, and at the faltering lineaments of Mr. Jernyngham Mills.

"Well, Mr. Watherstone," he said, "if you ask me, I think the ladies are right. Ibsen's great, as Mr. Mills showed us in his paper."

Mr. Mills half rose, but sat down again.

"And I doubt if a farce is quite up to the Society's ideas. At the same time —as Mr. Mills says—we mustn't consider ourselves alone. That's why I should favor starting with a compromise. There was a good comedy"—Johnstone turned to Mr. Foote as he spoke—"that you played at Deeds—"

"The *Bush Girl*," said Mr. Foote.

"A serious comedy, I presume," demanded Miss Atkey, "not one of those musical vulgarities?"

"Not a bit—not a bit," said Johnstone. 'There is some music, incidentally, but —high class, and the whole thing is serious from—from the Imperial standpoint."

"Quite. It's a good popular thing," said Mr. Foote. "And there are no second meanings in it even if you try." He met the glare of Miss Atkey's eyeglasses as he spoke, and hastily added, "Some people always do, you know."

"I regret to hear it," said Miss Atkey. "I have always disliked puns, if that is what you mean."

"My God!" said Mr. Foote, as he was taken away later by young Johnstone, after a prolonged discussion in which the *Bush Girl* had been agreed to and a date had been fixed for the inauguration in Port Allington of the drama—"my God, what a Lady Macbeth she would make if only Lady Macbeth had been a thin spinster! Give me a drink, old man, and tell me just which spot round about the Ark landed on."

"Don't you laugh at Port Allington," said Johnstone. "If you play up for all you're worth next week, you'll find we are jolly good supporters of the drama. Better than Deeds."

This looked not unlike a true prophecy on the evening, a week later, when the Institute was filled, every seat of it, at least twenty minutes before the curtain was timed to rise on the *Bush Girl*. The Literary and Philosophic Society was there in force, and, as Miss Atkey remarked, not without bitterness, you could hardly have told them from the rest, so childishly expectant did they look.

"Scarcely," she said, "the spirit in which one would have pictured our intellectuals awaiting a criticism of life."



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"SHE DOES IT QUITE AS NATURALLY AS MISS WHAT'S-HER-NAME"

"But I'm told," said Mrs. Bossington, who was far too excited to listen, "that it's very amusing."

"Amusing!" Miss Atkey's scorn was so concentrated that Mrs. Bossington came to attention and suggested soothingly that there would be a lesson behind it all, no doubt.

"I believe you are as vacuous as any of them," said Miss Atkey, and glanced contemptuously at Agatha Mills, who sat just in front of her, with Mr. Webstone on one side and Mrs. Mills on the other. Mr. Mills sat on the outside, feeling and looking anxious. He was wondering what his wife would think of it. When he had confessed to her that Ibsen had been given up and a modern comedy was to be played which he feared would be commonplace and vulgar, he had hoped that she would not come to it. But it seemed that she would, woman-like.

"I feel, Jernyngham," she had said, "that as you have given up your first idea and realized your responsibility toward Agatha—I wish to show that I can trust you."

Would she be shocked? Mr. Mills sat in cold terror, expecting it for at least half an hour. The rise of the curtain found his heart in his mouth. For five minutes Port Allington preserved toward the drama a suspicious silence. Then a comic detective appeared. After that Mr. Mills had no cause to be solicitous. Port Allington surrendered itself wholeheartedly. There were things that shocked Mr. Mills himself at intervals—a brevity of skirt here, a levity of motive there; but they did not shock Port Allington or Mrs. and Miss Mills. They laughed as Mr. Mills had never heard them laugh before, and they brought out their handkerchiefs, too, at the pathetic parts. Immediately behind Mr. Mills, Mrs. Bossington's sniffs were almost trying. Only Miss Atkey sat erect, immobile—she alone of all the audience there assembled. For even Mr. Mills himself laughed once by accident, though he sobered down at once, and was silent on the drive home while Mrs. Mills and Agatha chatted.

"If that is the drama," said Mrs. Mills, "I think it is a great deal less harmful than people say. What did you think of it, Agatha?"

"Oh, it was lovely," said Miss Mills. "How splendid Mr. Foote was!"

"And the Bush Girl was very nice too, I thought," said Mrs. Mills.

"Oh, sweet," said Agatha. "And what a lovely voice she had!"

"Yes; but I'm not at all sure," said Mrs. Mills, with maternal pride, "that you couldn't sing some of her songs almost as prettily yourself, Agatha. What was that one about Mairi?"

They had just arrived and Mr. Mills was unlocking the front door for them. As he turned on the light, and they entered the hall, Agatha began to sing that beautiful song that had brought down the house. She had a clear high soprano voice, and it rang artlessly to Mr. Mills's rafters:

"I'm Mair-i!
I've got a rare eye
For Spotting where the Paint's worn Thin!"

Instinctively as she sang she pulled up her skirts a little and tripped about the hall.

"That's it," said Mrs. Mills. "How clever the child is, Jernyngham! She does it quite as naturally as Miss What's-her-name."

Mr. Jernyngham Mills groaned.

"The Mississippi Eden"

BY DESHLER WELCH

IN 1837 Darius B. Holbrook, of Boston, a man of daring, misguided perspicacity, an Alnaschar in kind, determined that on the point of land where the rushing waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers met would be located the future metropolis of the Western world. He organized the Cairo City and Canal Company—an undertaking that amazed his friends, because it seemed to them an utterly absurd idea that the locality, one of the most unattractive in the vicinity, would appeal in any way to the hardiest settler. Farther up the Ohio there were rugged cliffs and a picturesque mountainous region; below on the Mississippi there were more possibilities than with the malarious lowland that Holbrook selected. But he had his own view and believed it could be better fortified, was more commanding, and would have an unrivalled water frontage. The whole condition of the outlying country seemed too desolate to impress Holbrook's friends with his scheme, which, in common with many others of his schemes, appeared to be chimerical. Undaunted by this discouragement, he went to London and actually succeeded in hypothecating Cairo City bonds to the amount of $2,000,000, through the banking-house of Wright & Co. His return to Cairo with the first instalment of this money created sensation enough to warrant the "stupendous work on a stupendous scale." In a short time a population consisting of a weird element in the struggle for existence, numbering some two thousand souls, was gathered, a town government formed, a post-office opened, and a Catholic church was tentatively built. In 1839 the town had a big hotel, brick warehouses, machine-shops, and pretentious residences.

In 1841 Wright & Co. failed, and six months afterward, when the news reached Cairo, after many delays that were more or less suspected to have been intentional, further progress was suspended.

At this time there were any number of unwarrantable American schemes afloat in London. Every ship carried more than one Colonel Sellers, and more than one Micawber. Every market-place of finance was plastered by glowing literature concerning future fortunes in land speculation. A block of stock of any size compatible with the purchaser's purse could be had for a few pounds that promised fortunes. Maps were spread in hotels and exchanges indicating the plans of cities then forming, with every conceivable appliance and adjunctive convenience necessary to produce a metropolis. In reality the land that had been secured, principally on wind and option, was at that moment a scene of desolation, with no life whatever upon it beyond that of the crow and turkey-buzzard.

Among the surprisingly gullible English public, drawn into American land speculation at that time, was Charles Dickens, the author; and simultaneously with the suspension of Wright & Co. he announced his intention to visit America and see for himself—and incidentally write his impressions of the country. This much I have gleaned from various sources—in the United States and among descendants of some of Dickens's closest friends. Still, the information may be accepted with a grain of salt by those so disposed. The novelist was not at that time distinguished for his prodigality in cash.

The departure of Dickens for America, at a period when going down to sea in ships was more or less a dreadful undertaking, was signalized by a remarkable newspaper demonstration. No author that ever lived was receiving the personal attention and wondering interest that now centred around this young man of thirty years, who was described,

compositely, as a round-smooth-faced, full-eyed, long-haired, boyish-looking person, with a youthful display of flashy dress and jewelry, and "the free-and-easy manners of a too conscious man." It was considered a literary expedition; his countrymen believed now they would hear the plain unvarnished truth about America. He had already shown his almost childish likes and dislikes in his *Italian Notes.* I have in a previous paper, published in *Harper's,* in connection with Dickens's Continental life, shown by his private letters in my possession his intensity on occasions. He was singularly a creature of temperament—but thank God he was, else he would not have been the author of *David Copperfield.* He believed in America; believed in the Revolution; believed in its democracy; but he did not believe in what he considered a certain imbecility of democracy. He insisted upon dignity and politeness under all conditions, and, thus insisting, it is not strange that he saw certain things as he did see them in America, and was aghast at what seemed to him the almost total lack of social ethics.

People in "the States" were now beginning to recover from the effects of the great bubble of speculation, misplaced energy, and false "booming." In this year (1842) there were about two thousand miles of railway, and steamship tonnage had increased about sixtyfold since 1836. The cotton crop had doubled, and increased from ten to twenty cents a pound. The West and Southwest, however, were having a false boom. Mobile, for instance, was valued at some $27,000,000 at the time of Holbrook's Cairo scheme, and shrunk to $9,000,000 in 1846.

From Dickens's point of view his visit to America was merely a festive experiment—incidentally a hunt for character and coloring, and still more incidentally to smooth out, if possible, a quarrel with the United States on the subject of international copyright. His itinerary included a visit to a strangely obscure place called "Cairo, Illinois."

The result of his entire journey was the publication of *American Notes;* and subsequently his remarkable novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit,* in which Cairo figures as the town of "Eden," was wholly the outcome of his visit to that place. Of course Dickens gave mortal offence in publishing his impressions—the storm of indignation reached into something like a typhoon. But it was a good-natured chaff that, while it goaded to madness our ancestors, only makes us laugh to-day, for we know too well how true it all was, and we are wise enough to know that much of it is true even now. He was friendly to Americans in spite of his banter. He drew no greater caricature of a certain class of Americans in his novel than he did of a certain class of his own countrymen then and afterward.

In England *American Notes* brought about much complex and interesting criticism. *Frazer's Magazine* said: "We solemnly declare that any litterateur who had read Halliburton, Hamilton, Marryat, Trollope, Martineau, Stuart, Silk, Buckingham, Tyrone Power, Robert Seeley, and Fanny Kemble might have written the whole of this portion of the work Mr. Dickens calls his own without ever passing out of earshot of the sound of 'Bow bells.' Captains Hamilton and Marryat, men of the largest and loftiest powers of intellect—men of vast and various information in public affairs, political institutions, and public service—have written at ample length in the fulness of ability, knowledge, and experience. What do we learn from *American Notes* that has not been told in pretty nearly every form? Nothing, positively nothing!"

Individuals in America Dickens liked —Irving, Doctor Channing, Halleck, Washington Allston, Longfellow. Among men in legislature—John Quincy Adams, Clay, Preston, Calhoun; of them he wrote to Forster: "Adams is a fine old fellow . . . Clay perfectly enchanting and irresistible—splendid men, too, from the West to look at . . . it would be difficult to exaggerate the nobility of some of these glorious fellows!"

Then why did he make Hon. Elijah Pogram in *Martin Chuzzlewit* a type of American statesmen?

I have recently had the peculiar and gratifying experience of travelling in the footsteps of Dickens over a vast stretch of sea and land described in the

Italian Notes and *American Notes*. I need make no comment on his delightfully sensible and appreciative Italian estimate, but my American journey was so filled by complex trials and contrasts that I am not sure but I think that Dickens must have drawn a very kindly veil in many instances. Much that I saw remains to this day very little improved in general character. He formed his most marked impressions of American life not as he saw it in the Eastern cities, but by his contact with the travelling public—the Yankee, the Hoosier, and the Western man in the rough and unkempt.

His sea voyage was so appallingly venturesome that one wonders in these days how he stood it at all. Being unable to follow him in the *Britannia* (the captain of which was John Hewett, to whom Dickens was forever grateful), I selected one of our best modern steamships. One was 1,200 tons burden—the other 24,000. One was a paddle-wheel; the other is a double screw that can drive a floating city. "Now every plank and timber creaked as if the ship was made of wickerwork; and now crackled like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs," wrote Dickens about the then advertised "noble ship, the *Britannia*"! That he arrived safely in Boston is a wonder, judging by his unpublished private letters that I have read. The crossing occupied some eighteen days. No one can say who reads his description of the conflicting emotions that surged in his breast as Dickens gazed at the "first patches of American soil peeping like mole-hills from the green sea," that he did not feel an uplifting joy in beholding this strange land about which Englishmen knew so little and felt so contemptuous. And I doubt if to-day there is any more deep-seated appreciation than his was then. No one can possibly find fault with his "first impressions" of Boston. They could not have been kindlier, and if they had been more flattering they would have lost themselves by their very untruth. He was taken to first shelter in the Tremont House. "It is a very excellent one. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember or the people would believe," he wrote. Boston was a very small city then, and we who know it now must believe that what Dickens did not write of it was only that which had best be left out. We who realize our own shortcomings even now, compared to the long-established social conventions and solidity of English cities, cannot take umbrage at this paragraph: "The air was so clear, the houses were so bright and gay; the sign-boards were painted in such gaudy colors; the gilded letters were so golden; the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvellously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance—that every thoroughfare in the city looked like a scene in a pantomime."

Remember that this man had been a European traveller, had left behind him Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa, Marseilles, Paris, and Geneva—all looking then as they rapture us now. He spoke frequently of the "Italian skies" in America—and in that he was more honest than is any American who visits Italy. He noticed them everywhere. One of the first to greet him was James T. Fields, who thus described him: "How well I recall when I first saw the young man who was even then famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes." A dinner of welcome was given him in Papanti's Hall (Boston), on a Monday night in February. "I saw him take a pinch of snuff out of Washington Allston's box and heard him joke with President Quincy."

I do not know whether the trip to Lowell, Worcester, Hartford, and Springfield that Dickens made would show to-day any abundant improvement in men and manners, railroads and customs. It seemed to me, when I went over it, excepting that the community itself is larger, *American Notes* would still be a sufficient guide. The railway cars on that line have become better in many respects, but the annoyances of smoke, dust, and impertinence—also unpleasant contact with unpleasant people—are about the same.

Dickens went on from Springfield to Hartford by a small steamboat up the Connecticut River—"a fine stream," he said; but it was full of cakes of ice then, and he knew what it would be in summer-time, because a young girl, "a more beautiful creature I never looked upon," told him.

The elm-tree cities—Hartford and New Haven—impressed Dickens as "lovely places" which he left with much regret, the houses and the groups of "grand old trees" making an attractive compromise between town and country. All these New England towns stirred him with satisfaction, only lacking time and attention to make them quite as charming as "our own." No one who knows New York City as it was in 1842 could honestly describe it better than did Dickens. Broadway was the sunniest of streets to him then, and it was so to every one else up to the era of sky-scrapers. The institutions of charity—schools, libraries—called forth his admiration; the theatres—the Park, Bowery, Olympic, and Niblo's—interested him, but he deplored their lack of patronage. The surroundings of the city he thought "surpassingly and exquisitely picturesque." The tone of the best society he likened unto that of Boston—polished, refined, and always most hospitable. "I never thought the name of any place," he said, long afterward in speaking of New York, "would ever associate itself in my mind with the crowd of affectionate remembrances that now cluster about it. There are those in this city who would brighten, to me, the darkest winter day that ever glimmered and went out of Lapland."

He greatly liked Philadelphia. He thought it in general characteristics more provincial than New York or Boston. Of Washington, all his criticisms and satire must have been actually true. He travelled there by steamboat from Philadelphia. In speaking of fellow passengers, listen to what he said of his own countrymen: "Of all grades and kinds of men that jostle one in the public conveyances of the States, these are often the most insufferable and intolerable companions. United to every disagreeable characteristic that the worst kind of American traveller possesses, these countrymen of ours display an amount of insolent conceit and cool assumption of authority quite monstrous to behold." Washington, he said, was the headquarters of the tobacco-tinctured saliva. The spittoon in America was his *bête noire,* and it is now to most people who have travelled in civilized countries. In Europe there is no need to put up signs forbidding the practice—people there do not have it. Washington was then straggling and unkempt, exactly what he said of it—"a city of magnificent intentions, spacious avenues that began at nothing and lead nowhere." Since then it has undergone a theatrical transformation. In being asked his impressions of the legislative body, he replied: "I have borne the House of Commons like a man, and have yielded to no weakness but slumber in the House of Lords!"

I do not see that many of Dickens's pen sketches of character as he saw it on his steamboat night ride and stage travel from Washington, on the Potomac, to Fredericksburg, are one whit less true now than they were then, although the method of doing things is different. His description of the Southern negro car is exact to this day as he saw it on the way to Richmond, and so is all the district that lies between. What he wrote of Baltimore was sufficient. He stopped at "Barnum's," and said it was the most comfortable of all the hotels of which he had then any experience. From there he went by rail to York, and then on a four-horse coach to Harrisburg. Train and trolley have modernized this district; but the "pleasant valley" of the Susquehanna remains the same—there were "feeble lights" in Harrisburg then, and there is no such hotel man there now as the landlord whom he found to be "the most obliging, considerate, and gentlemanly person I ever had to deal with." I tried to trace this person in order to immortalize him by a record here. I was unable to take a canal-boat ride as Dickens did, but I saw the country as he did where it was uninteresting, and then saw the exact picture where he crossed the Susquehanna, the "wild and grand" outposts of the Alleghany Mountains. He spent three days in Pittsburg, and beyond its present largeness I can hardly see that he did it any injustice. From there to Cincinnati on board the *Messenger* was a study of people. I found

my later boat affording me the same amusement. I found my meals not much improved upon—"a great many small dishes and plates on the table with very little in them"—and is this very different in the Western "American plan" hotel to-day? Cincinnati impressed him—cheerful, thriving, and animated—"nor does it become less prepossessing on a closer acquaintance." He was charmed with it and the suburb of Mount Auburn. In the town he made the acquaintance of Judge Timothy Walker, who especially entertained him in his house, which is still standing. Judge Walker with characteristic briefness recorded the fact himself in his diary, from which I am here permitted to quote:

April 4th 1842 had a visit from Charles Dickens and Lady. Rode with them about the city, and gave them a party in the evening. Liked them much. Have read all his works, and with great interest. Felt intimate with him before I saw him. Like him still better now.

Subsequently, on his return from the South, Dickens visited other Ohio cities. He rode by stage-coach to Columbus—"through a beautiful country, richly cultivated and luxuriant in abundant harvest." It is all that now—the macadamized road the whole length was wonderfully good to him that yesterday, as the road is for our motor-car to-day. His coachman was taciturnity itself; "saw nothing but his horses, and the coach went along because it had to." Our chauffeur was also taciturnity itself; saw nothing but the distance, and we went along because we were on wheels, just as Dickens said he did! At Columbus he stopped at the "Neil House," and so did I—this sixty-eight years afterward. He said "the town is clean and pretty, and is going to be much larger"—a sentence both wise and true. The *Ohio State Journal*, now over a hundred years old, he here read with interest. Tom Corwin was then its head-line nomination for Governor. It was the month (April) that Mr. Clay made his farewell address to the Senate. "I am no longer a public man," he said. As he left the Senate chamber he met Calhoun face to face. They had not spoken for five years; they extended hands simultaneously, and rushing into each other's arms—wept!

Although I had endeavored all along this route of Dickens's to obtain some interesting reminiscence from some one who had met him at the time, I had not succeeded until one afternoon as I sat in the parlor of the historic Neil House looking out on the stately Ohio Capitol building. Then I had a talk with the venerable and much-beloved citizen, Doctor Starling Loving, now over fourscore, still "practising"—and going around in a 40-horse-power machine. He told me of an incident that has not been in print, and is worth recording here, connected with three other well-known citizens of that day—Joseph Sullivant, Elijah Backus, and Matthew Gilbert. It happened in the Neil House. Dickens had been swallowing all sorts of Indian tales and wild border adventures that had been told with a long bow, and seemed peculiarly susceptible in accepting any statement, however ridiculous. He was also fond of mulled wine, and that and other "fixings" being brought into his private parlor opened the way for the aforesaid committee of citizens to be sociable, and also put the author in good nature and in a receptive mood. "Joe" Sullivant was describing the wild life back in the grizzly woods of the Scioto; Gilbert got out a stick and began whittling, with his chair tilted against the wall. "It was very evident," said the doctor, "that Dickens looked upon it all as customary manners, and did not seem especially surprised when 'Lige Backus drew a knife from the back of his neck and began cleaning his nails with it."

"Elijah," said Sullivant, "is that the knife you used on old Wheeler?"

"Nope; left that sticking in him, and Hank Henshaw, the coroner, is holding it agin' me—says something about circumstantial evidence, and you bet I'm keeping still!"

"Dickens believed the whole business," said the doctor, "until the boys saw him off the next day. Sullivant told him, and the great author gave a shriek of merriment. I'm the only living man, in this part of the State at least, who shook hands with him on that famous visit."

Dickens travelled in a four-horse coach to Tiffin and Upper Sandusky, and thence



CAIRO, ILLINOIS, IN 1830
From an old print

by rail to Sandusky. It was mostly a corduroy road that provided a different experience from any he ever had. Still, he enjoyed it, and on the noon of that warm spring day picnicked "in a pleasant wood on a fallen tree." While on my ride over that very road on a modern trolley it was not difficult to select many lovely places where that pleasant wood might have been. But in those days the stumps of trees disfigured the landscape—"a curious feature of American travelling" that has only died away north of Dixie in comparatively recent years. This was a part of the old Indian trail from the Ohio River at Portsmouth to Port Clinton on Lake Erie. Dickens's route was on the west side of the Scioto, crossing the river at Worthington, thence to Marion, Upper Sandusky, and Tiffin, now reached by the Sandusky branch of the Pennsylvania and Hocking Valley railways. General William Harrison went over this trail in 1812, making it a military road, and joining Perry's fleet after the battle of Lake Erie. Sandusky struck the author as "like the back of an English watering-place out of season." The little old "comfortable hotel on the brink of Lake Erie" is not there now, but as I sat in an unromantic substitute and beheld a red sun sinking in a splash like molten iron, I wished it might be of the olden time when Dickens's landlord's "only desire was to treat his guests hospitably and well," and I could fancy him in that twilight glow walking in and out the room in a constant hope to do something for his guest's delectation.

But I have led you off on Dickens's Ohio trip somewhat in advance of time. From Cincinnati he first went to Louisville, in *The Pike*, a superior packet-boat, in which I am told Abraham Lincoln had previously, in 1841, made a "tedious low-water trip" down the Ohio and Mississippi to St. Louis, and it was at the very time of Dickens's arrival that Lincoln was courting his future wife in Springfield, Illinois—at an important crisis in his life. "In Louisville," Dickens said, "we slept in the Galt House, a splendid hotel, and were as handsomely lodged as though we had been in Paris."

The Galt House was then a famous resort for planters, and the manager was Major Aris Throckmorton, a veteran of the war of 1812, a gentleman of high social standing, of chivalrous character, full of personal dignity, and always solicitous for the comfort of his guests. It is also said that through him Dickens must have formed his best impressions of the American type of the old school. The major was a great friend of Henry Clay and many noted Kentuckians. The

arrival and departure of Dickens at the Galt House were attended by much more interest than would be imagined by the short chronicle of Dickens's *Notes*, because he deals chiefly with his impressions of Jim Porter, the "Kentucky giant," and the pigs that ran about the principal thoroughfares. Dickens was always more or less a friend of the innkeeper wherever he travelled. If he had not been, he might never have succeeded in spreading such an atmosphere of happy conviviality through his books. Judging by his journals and letters, Dickens seemed to take more interest in hotels, jails, and theatres than he did in the political conditions of the country. It is strange that he wrote at such length concerning the creatures confined in varying institutions, when his own country could have fed his curiosity with parallel conditions. Still, it was circumstance and peculiar environment that suggested ideas for his great brain storehouse—"quiet victories and struggles, and noble acts of heroism done every day in nooks and corners."

In St. Louis, Dickens was particularly pleased with the old "Planters" Hotel, and wrote of the pleasant proprietor with his bountiful supply of "fourteen dishes on the table at once." He also visited "Monk's Mound," a prehistoric monument in the Mississippi valley, supposed to mark an Indian burying-place. He had expressed much curiosity concerning it, which he gratified at no little trouble. Its location is generally determined as being between fifty and sixty miles below the mouth of the Missouri River, on the east bank of the Mississippi, six miles from it, and south of Cahokia Creek. Cahokia, or "Monk's," mound is the largest artificial earthwork in the United States. It is a truncated rectangular pyramid, one hundred feet high. The area of the base covers sixteen acres. In the year 1810 a colony of fanatics, of the Order of La Trappe, settled in the vicinity of this mound, and it is believed occupied a building on its summit. According to local historic record, these monks were recalled to France in 1813, but Dickens wrote home that they "were all swept away by the pernicious climate."

In his little jaunt to Lebanon beyond St. Louis, on his way to obtain a glimpse of the American prairie, he refers espe-



WHERE MARK TAPLEY WALKED—A VIEW ALONG SMITH'S DRIVEWAY



THE CITY OF CAIRO TO-DAY

cially to a small inn at which he halted: "In point of cleanliness and comfort it would have suffered by no comparison with any English ale-house."

For three days he sailed the Ohio in company with an assemblage of leaden and depressing people, "a mass of animated indigestion; sitting down with so many fellow animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business"—a funeral feast that he said would be a waking nightmare to him all his life. This is more or less the experience in such Western steamboating to this day, and these people are such as you and I have seen.

But if his fellow travellers depressed him, the scenery as he approached Cairo on the morning of the third day was even more dispiriting. The flat banks, the wan and scattered inhabitants, here and there a dismal swamp, presented a picture of desolation and despair. Such was "The Mine of Golden Hope" flaunted in England by Darius B. Holbrook, who thought only in millions when he talked to the English financiers without a dollar in his pocket, and afterward addressed a letter "to all the world" with Napoleonic egotism of the most unblushing kind. But he was not seeking further sale of town property by his public addresses, for he really now had nothing to sell; it was all in vainglory. He had a theory that with money enough he could build a great city and consider it private property, as a factory would be. He would sell no land in the town; he would sell only bonds and stocks. Therefore you could not buy a lot and live on it. Previous to this scheme there had been others of a wildcat nature that had attracted Holbrook and led him into the belief that Cairo was to have a wonderful future if the right man to handle it could be found. Its commencement has had no parallel in the construction of a paper city. Its inception and completion up to this moment is a history of romance and tragedy. It is not difficult to conceive the amazement of Dickens when he landed on the levee of Cairo and first looked upon this mushroom place of frailty and deception that Wright & Company of London were advertising all over Europe in seductive declarations of the most extravagant kind—a circus financiering that made the whole world hunt for a map. Every public resort seemed to be pasted by colored lithographs and the most expensive kind of advertising.

But this is what Dickens found, in his own words:

> We arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld, that the forlornest places we had passed were, in comparison with it, full of interest. At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat and low and marshy that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the housetops,

lies a breeding place of fever, ague, and death; vaunted in England as a mine of Golden Hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A dismal swamp, on which the half-built houses rot away; cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming, then, with rank unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither droop, and die, and lay their bones; the hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality, in earth or air or water, to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo.

Beyond the levee that Holbrook had sensibly built to keep out the water and where now were arriving all kinds of craft with building material Dickens first encountered the sign of Doctor Cummings asking the sick to call on him for quinine and calomel, and just beyond, on a "shanty" door, was the sign of "Mr. Gass, Lawyer."

The writing of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was a natural sequence of the author's visit to Cairo. We owe it that. The Mississippi Eden of that remarkable book is no exaggeration, and if Cairo afterward suffered by his satire and through the machinations of the Jeremy Diddlers who founded it, there is no reason to blame the author's pen as guilty of any misdoing. His criticisms were undoubtedly justified, and his picture was in no way overdrawn—except to the people of that time who could not see themselves as an enlightened Englishman could.

But what of this Mississippi Eden today? Arriving, the spectacle is presented from the railway carriage of the tin-can slums — the goats and pigs and shanties without the picturesqueness of the Irish village, where these characteristics prevail in the front, back, or middle of the village and enter into the domestic life of the people through their split front door.

The whole shore line of the Mississippi and Ohio generally is littered and crowded to the water's edge, until the flood comes along and cleans—swirling everything there is to swirl—logs, cabins, cows, household utensils, trees, bushes, all dancing into a common rift-like destruction bent on getting somewhere else, and all in a mass of liquid mud.

But back on the bluff where Cairo stands the Dickensian conditions do not obtain. Neat buildings, neat lawns, and shady elms. It is a city of homes. It is wonderfully cosmopolitan, and the climate that its name might suggest is Oriental. But this Cairo is distinctly modern, although it may be said that its ancient namesake is now running a race with it in progressive ideas. But the new Cairo is prejudiced against antiquation. I read somewhere that the West contains neither nobs nor snobs—lords or crawlers. There is no pretension among the Cairoites: they represent a broad platform of health, an honest and golden-rule observation. The effect of *American Notes* clung on to Cairo's reputation with singular pertinacity. Probably in all literature there has never occurred so strange a case. *Martin Chuzzlewit* immortalized the locality, "and it is an astounding fact," said the public librarian to me; "we are exasperatingly confronted east and west, and north and south, regarding what Dickens said about Cairo."

But now the town is rid of its Zephaniah Scadders and Cyrus Chokes, to a great degree, and of its Jefferson Bricks, Colonel Divers, and Kettles to a lesser; it has some 20,000 other souls who will tell you it is the head of deep-water navigation and an ideal place to locate any industry in which men are willing to work. The firm of Chuzzlewit & Co. should have stayed on. Perhaps it did. Sometimes I have thought the Mark Tapley part of it only went home in the book.

But Hannibal Challop is there and everywhere at any rate. He has been an American fixture for an uncommonly long time with a family that spread and is trying still to found new Edens: "We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked up or they rises, and we snarls!"

And as I moved away from the teeming levees of this present busy Cairo there was a red sun shining dimly through a morning mist just as it did when Martin and Mark watched the receding shores and set their faces sadly homeward.

The Twelve Green Russian Garnets

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

IT was called the *Hôtel d'Italie et d'Angleterre.* Why? Neither Italians nor Englishmen frequented it. Nor had M. Achille, its proprietor, ever visited these countries except in imagination. Why not *Peking and Timbuctoo?*

It possessed a terrace extending to the river, where it was a delight to dine on summer evenings, especially if one selected a table by the railing, from which one could see the reflections of the lights on the bridge and hear the lapping of little waves against the wall. Its front was overwhelmed by vines, which almost entirely obscured the letters of its Anglo-Italian appellation, and dropped their leaves and blossoms on the awning sheltering the tables on either side of the entrance.

Seated at one of these tables behind the protecting row of box trees, his hands clasped over his white waistcoat, Inspector Joly could observe people walking in the shade of the *allée* or gossiping on the stone seats. M. Joly preferred society to solitude. He loved movement and the sun. Under ordinary circumstances he would certainly have been amused at the little army of schoolchildren, their knapsacks bulging with books, gathered in awe about the yellow omnibus, which, after so many fruitless journeys to the station beyond the bridge, had returned groaning under such a load of baggage that its passage beneath the low arch of the clock tower had been accomplished only by a miracle of skill. M. Achille was beside himself with importance. His entire first floor had been taken. When not adding to the confusion by the multiplicity of his orders, he stood in an attitude of silent contemplation which reminded one of the colored print in the *salle à manger*—Napoleon watching the preparations for the embarkation of the army at Boulogne.

All this tumult, however, failed to interest M. Joly. He was reflecting. He had come to Freyr to make an important arrest, and as his hand closed upon the criminal an order from Paris had set this criminal free. M. Joly respected authority, but he was annoyed. He did not approve of pardons. Society was of more importance than the individual. According to his theory, when one has once definitely entered the criminal class one remains there. To open the cage door is to let loose the hawk. For the woman who had set the machinery of mercy in motion, however, he had conceived a profound respect, having fallen in twenty-four hours under the spell of that public sentiment of Freyr which took it for granted that whatever the Countess Anne did was right. Sitting alone behind the box trees, M. Joly shrugged his shoulders with the air of Pilate washing his hands of all responsibility.

Meanwhile a valet de chambre in a green apron, having dismantled the pyramid of baggage of the lesser objects which decorated its sides, assisted by the driver of the yellow omnibus, was attacking the enormous trunks which formed its core.

"Yes," M. Achille was saying in answer to a question from the *sergent de ville,* "an American family—Monsieur, his secretary, Madame, Mademoiselle, the valet of Monsieur, and two maids."

"Sapristi! it is a caravan," commented the *sergent.* "From America! from Brazil probably, or Chile!"

"No, from North America, from New York."

"Ah, what a people! to incommode themselves, to cross the sea—"

"Nowadays it is nothing," interrupted M. Achille, loftily.

"There is always the danger of shipwreck, to say nothing of seasickness. I prefer travel by land," persisted the *sergent,* whose journeyings to and fro, un-



MONSIEUR JOLY PREFERRED SOCIETY TO SOLITUDE

der the lindens of the *allée*, resembled those of the pendulum.

If M. Joly observed and heard all this, it was from force of habit, for he gave no sign. Mechanically he looked at his watch—two o'clock; there was still an hour before the train. Rising, he took a few turns back and forth under the awning, still preoccupied, his hands crossed behind him. On the terrace a young officer was reading the feuilleton of the *Echo de Paris*. At his feet a little girl with a wooden shovel was excavating for hidden treasure, regardless of the consequences to her white frock. Leaning against his chair was a red parasol, whose owner was crumbling M. Achille's bread to the minnows at the foot of the wall, her pointed shoes projecting through the railing. The picture was a pretty one and M. Joly adored the picturesque. When off duty, as it were, he found infinite relief in idealizing. Seeing him contemplating this scene, one expected to hear him exclaim, "*Que c'est beau, l'amour et la paix!*" But he only shrugged his shoulders again, crossed the terrace to the Bureau, and demanded his bill.

"Monsieur does not wait for the omnibus?"

"No, I prefer to walk."

Just beyond the box trees, leaning amicably against the side wall of M. Achille's establishment, was a little shop of one story bearing the sign "Perrin—Antiquaire." M. Joly stopped before its one dingy window, not because he was interested in antiquities, but because he had time to spare, when suddenly his round eyes, wandering over the motley collection of bric-à-brac, became fixed, riveted, upon an object suspended by a string from one of the shelves. It was a Japanese gold coin, rectangular in shape, surrounded by twelve green Russian garnets.

M. Joly had an astonishing memory,

which stored up automatically impressions of no apparent importance. This lumber-house of unforgotten things, so invaluable to one of his profession, had not infrequently afforded him precious assistance. At this moment he had precisely the air of a man searching for something in a heap of rubbish. Yes! now he remembered. The recollections evoked by this object dangling from its string had arranged themselves in their proper places. Mme. Raymonde, living in the Impasse Bertrand—one of those pieces of wreckage, the press had said, which storms leave stranded in obscure places—found dead one morning in her room. The medical examiner had reported death from natural causes, the autopsy having revealed a weak heart. The dead woman had no known enemies, no visitors, no acquaintances even. Robbery was impossible, for she possessed nothing. So the affair was forgotten.

But M. Joly had not forgotten. Standing before this window, his eyes half closed, he had succeeded in dragging out from his storehouse a fact to which these green garnets gave a new significance. Contrary to all the evidence, a neighbor occupying an adjoining room had insisted that Mme. Raymonde's death was not a natural one. Why? Had she seen any one? No. Had she heard anything? No. But Mme. Raymonde possessed a jewel and this jewel had disappeared. She had seen it once only, by accident, when Madame was dressing, concealed in her bosom beneath her dress, and could therefore give but the vaguest description of it; but on one point she was persistent—it was of gold, with a border of stones like green flames. This theory, contributed by an outsider, the police treated with scant courtesy. The story was pronounced incredible and the jewel a myth. Jewels were invented for display, not concealment. There was nothing to prove that Madame possessed any such ornament at the time of her death. No one else had seen it, and it was impossible to possess what never had been seen.

M. Joly smiled as he recalled this conclusion. Professional pride did not prevent him from smiling in secret at the mistakes of his colleagues. Was it indeed a mistake? One circumstance certainly had given body to suspicion. According to the version in the press, just before her death Mme. Raymonde had engaged a *bonne* and this *bonne* had disappeared as completely as the jewel. It was not possible to pronounce the *bonne* also a myth, yet every effort to discover



MONSIEUR JOLY STOPPED BEFORE ITS ONE DINGY WINDOW

her had proved fruitless, and M. Joly knew from experience that when the police do not succeed they forget. He admitted that to connect this bit of jewelry with the events of the Impasse Bertrand was a pure speculation; but, methodical as he was, he believed in irresistible impulses—and opened M. Perrin's door.

For a quarter of an hour he examined in turn a Zaghwan embroidery, a Louis XV. snuff-box, a decanter of La Granja glass, learning in the mean while that M. Perrin had an establishment in Paris, 117 Rue Lafayette. About to take his leave, he paused a moment at the window.

"It is curious, this," he said, detaching the garnet pin from its string.

"It is nothing, it is modern," remarked the shopkeeper, reaching for a chain of seed-pearls spaced with Indian amethysts.

"But it amuses me. At what do you value it?"

"Two hundred francs."

"Come now, these are garnets, not emeralds." M. Joly was an expert in precious stones.

"That is true," admitted M. Perrin, with increased respect, "but—"

"You have a record of your purchases," interrupted M. Joly, curtly.

"Certainly."

"That is prudent. Let us see it. Here is my card."

Having adjusted his spectacles and examined the card, the hesitation of M. Perrin disappeared.

No. 1798. Bought of Jean Dufresnes, concierge, 5 Impasse Bertrand.

Then followed the date and a character in cipher indicating the price.

"Good," said M. Joly, taking a hundred-franc note from the folds of his pocketbook and putting in its place the garnet pin. "You have your professional secrets and I have mine. Good day, Monsieur Perrin."

"Good day, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

Alone in the compartment of a second-class carriage M. Joly smiled again. He stood for a while at the window watching the receding meadows of Freyr, then ensconcing himself in a corner opened his pocketbook. It was most certainly a curious thing—this Japanese coin, with its strange characters and green garnets ranged along its sides. No jeweller would invent a combination so unconventional, so meaningless. And precisely because so unconventional, it must have a meaning—a meaning due to some exceptional circumstance, some personal experience, which it was perhaps designed as a gift to commemorate and keep in perpetual remembrance. Why else should this



"COME NOW, THESE ARE GARNETS, NOT EMERALDS"



"One always has Relations," smiled Monsieur Joly

strange ornament lie concealed in a woman's bosom? M. Joly did not share with some of his colleagues their scorn for speculation. For the very reason that certain facts were missing he found speculation a necessity. He maintained that the rôle of the imagination was as important for him as for the scientist, whose hypothesis is a fire-ball thrown out into the outlying dark—to illuminate that darkness, not to attract attention to itself by its own brilliancy. His preliminary inspection completed, he took out his microscope. Ah! by turning slightly one of the garnets a spring was released and the back slid gently in its grooves. Inside? Nothing. His curiosity satisfied, he composed himself in his corner, folded his hands, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

When M. Joly inquired for the concierge at No. 5 Impasse Bertrand an old man sitting before the doorway in the sun rose and took off his hat.

"You are Monsieur Dufresnes?"

"At your service, Monsieur."

The man leaned heavily upon a stick, his hat trembling in his hand. Beneath his thin white hair a pair of faded blue eyes produced in M. Joly a kind of shock, for this benevolent face assuredly did not conform to the criminal type. In abandoning one theory M. Joly said to himself, "Come, come, now you are forming another." Then aloud, "You have been here a long time?"

"A long time, Monsieur."

"Perhaps, then, you can tell me something about one of your former lodgers."

"It is possible."

"Madame Raymonde."

"Ah."

"Why do you say 'ah'?"

"Your pardon, but—you knew Madame Raymonde?"

"Let us say I am a relation," said M. Joly.

M. Dufresnes made no reply. He seemed dazed, looking toward the door of the lodge as if appealing for help.

"Shall we go in?" said M. Joly, leading the way.

A woman was standing before the charcoal fire, a spoon in her hand. "My wife," said M. Dufresnes. She was much younger than he. Her face retained a certain freshness. It was a pleasant face, even a happy one. "Marie, Monsieur is a relation of Madame Raymonde. He has come to make some inquiries."

"Ah." The woman laid down her spoon, wiping her hand on her apron.

"Why do you say 'ah'?" repeated M. Joly.

"I did not know that Madame Raymonde had any relations."

"One always has relations," smiled M. Joly.

"That is true," observed M. Dufresnes.

His wife gave him a quick glance of impatience. In the pause which followed, a clock ticking conscientiously on the mantel seemed to be saying, What next! what next!

"She died very suddenly," remarked M. Joly, taking a chair.

"What is it you wish to know?" exclaimed the woman, almost fiercely, approaching her visitor, her hands on her hips.

"It is so dark here. Shall we have a little light?" M. Joly spoke in his most affable manner. There was but one small window and he abhorred shadows. The woman obeyed sullenly, placing the lamp on the table among the vegetables laid out for the evening soup.

"What do I wish to know?" repeated M. Joly, taking from his pocketbook the green garnet pin and laying it softly beside the lamp on the table. "I wish to know what price Monsieur Perrin paid you for this."

M. Dufresnes's eyes were glued upon the garnets, shining in the dull light of the lamp; his wife's, fixed upon M. Joly, asked, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"I am Inspector Joly," he said.

The woman's eyes filled with anxiety. Even to the innocent the presence of the police is disturbing. One begins to imagine vaguely some unsuspected danger, some forgotten incident, some terrible mistake. Suspicion affrights innocence as accusation terrifies guilt.

"Your husband is ill."

The woman turned quickly, leading the trembling man to the recess, where he sank into a chair. "It is nothing," she said, reassuringly; "I will talk with Monsieur."

M. Joly was perplexed by the collapse of the man, by the calmness of the woman, standing between him and the alcove in the attitude of an animal defending its young.

"Sit down," he said, politely.

She took the chair indicated, waiting, her hands folded in her lap, as if to say: Interrogate *me*.

"Well, proceed," said M. Joly. There was in his tone none of the authority with which he had addressed the shopman. "Tell me all that you know about Madame Raymonde. You have nothing to fear."

She began without reserve, in a low voice and an accent of sincerity. The first shock of alarm gone, the words came freely, as from one who, long troubled by some secret burden, had expected the hour of deliverance.

"Madame came alone, in May. She lived very quietly, doing her own work, going out always at nightfall to make her purchases."

"The evening is not a favorable time to visit the markets," observed M. Joly.

"That is true. I also remarked that. But Madame was not communicative. If I questioned her she became silent. Regularly every week she paid the rent. At other times, in passing, she would say, 'Good evening, Madame Dufresnes,' and I, 'Good evening, Madame Raymonde,' that was all. The only person in whom she showed interest was my little Rosalie, whom she would send for whenever possible. Often I asked, 'What does Madame Raymonde say to you up there, Rosalie?' 'She sews, and kisses me and tells me stories.' 'What stories?' 'Of great plains and forests where are wolves and much snow.'"

"She was a Russian?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. She spoke



HE INVARIABLY FELL ASLEEP BEFORE REACHING THE HOUSE

French as I do. At first she was not cheerful. She had always the same anxious expression. Afterward she became more tranquil and smiled at me in passing. 'Madame is better,' I said to her one day. 'I shall leave you this week; I am going home,' she replied, gayly. That evening when she returned she was much agitated. It was the eleventh of June. I remember the day well because on Sunday of that week my Rosalie went to her first communion. It was not her habit to come into the lodge. I thought she had received some bad news. 'What has happened?' I said to her, seeing her look about like an animal that is hunted. She took my hands in hers, which were cold. 'Dear Madame,' she said, 'I beg of you to listen to me,' then she took this"—Mme. Dufresnes touched the garnet pin—"from beneath her dress, opened it, and showed me a paper within. 'If anything should happen to me—' 'What should happen to you, Madame?' I said. Her manner terrified me. 'No one can tell what may happen. Is it so uncommon a thing to die? See, this is how it opens,' showing me and pressing the pin into my hand; 'promise me, if anything should happen, to deliver this paper to-morrow to the person whose address is written on the back.' What could I do! At such moments one promises everything. I thought her mad. Well, I promised; she embraced me and was gone. Afterward I regretted. I said to myself: if indeed something should happen, something terrible! It is better not to be mixed up in such matters. Scarcely had she gone when a woman came asking for Madame Raymonde. 'The fourth floor, the door to the right,' I said. It was so sudden, so unexpected, I answered from habit. The jewel was still in my hand. But I collected myself. 'I think she is ill,' I said; 'I will go and see.' 'Certainly she is ill,' replied the woman; 'I am the

bonne she has sent for.' and she went up the stairs. I told my husband it was strange Madame had not informed me that this *bonne* should come. 'Why do you always worry about the affairs of other people?' he said. Nevertheless, all the night I reproached myself for allowing that woman to enter. But you know how it is, Monsieur, when one is concierge. Some one comes, asks for some one, and one answers. Early in the morning I said to Rosalie, 'Go and see if anything is wrong with Madame Raymonde; there is a *bonne* there; ask if Madame is ill.' When the child came back she said she had knocked, that there was no sound within. Ah, then I was truly alarmed. I called my husband. It was quite true, as Rosalie had said, there was no sound. The door was not locked; we went in together. The *bonne* was not there. Madame was alone in bed. I touched her; she was dead. My husband ran into the street. I called for help. Then the police came, the doctor—the whole house was in an uproar."

The woman paused, as though she expected to be questioned.

"Go on," said M. Joly.

"The next day I went, as I had promised, to the Rue St.-Denis, No. 219—the address on the paper. It was the twelfth of June. I asked for Monsieur Meller. 'Yes,' said the concierge, 'he arrived last night.' His room was under the roof. 'Monsieur,' I said, 'I have come from Madame Raymonde.' 'Madame Raymonde?' he replied; 'I do not know her.' 'But I have a message from her,' I said, opening my hand in which was the pin. On seeing it, instantly his manner changed. 'It is well,' he said. Then I took out the paper, as Madame had shown me, and gave it to him—but he did not look at it. 'Go,' he said; 'it is not good for you to be seen here.' I was so agitated I could not speak, even to say Madame Raymonde was dead. I was astonished also that he did not take the jewel."

She stopped abruptly.

"And you did not see what was written on this paper?"

"No, Monsieur."

"That is all?"

"That is all, Monsieur."

"And you said nothing to any one?"

"Why should I say anything? Did I know anything? All these events terrified me."

"You were not afraid to dispose of this?" asked M. Joly, replacing the garnet pin in his pocketbook.

"My husband said: 'Why not? No one knows of it. We will add the money to the dot of Rosalie.' It is the truth, Monsieur."

M. Joly was buttoning up his coat. "I believe you," he said, simply.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, on the way home, "I forgot to ask how much Monsieur Perrin contributed to the dot of Rosalie."

Mme. Joly generally shared her husband's professional perplexities. In this instance he had kept silent, all because of the hundred francs paid M. Perrin. It would, he knew, be impossible to explain how the green garnets came to occupy a place in his pocketbook without mentioning that sum. It must not be supposed that these two were not of one mind. On the contrary, the same ambition animated them both, this ambition being a sort of castle in Spain to be realized when, at a certain indefinite age, M. Joly should retire from active work. Having no children, all their economies had this castle in Spain in view—a little villa, in a garden, enclosed by a high wall. Every night, after pulling his nightcap well over his ears and closing his eyes, M. Joly took a key from his pocket, and having paused just long enough to read the word "Monrepos" in white letters on a blue ground beside the gate, opened the latter cautiously and closed it proudly behind him. Straight before him was a gravel path, with a basin midway between the gate and the house. Other paths meandered between parterres—to each one of which he had assigned its particular arrangement of flowers—on one side to an arbor where he would pause again to sip an imaginary syrup or smoke an imaginary cigar; on the other to a well, destined to furnish the water necessary for the plants. Having finished his cigar and listened to the music of the fountain, M. Joly began his duties as gardener, and all this required so much time that he invariably fell asleep before reaching



HIS FACE ASSUMED A DEADLY PALLOR—THE PAPER WAS A BLANK

the perron of the house—which thus remained a veritable castle in Spain. But, on the night of his return from the Impasse Bertrand, he was not thinking of Monrepos. Who was this woman without resources who paid her rent regularly and whose death, originally the sole object of his inquiries, opened the door to a greater mystery? What was the message, so jealously guarded, delivered to the lodger of the Rue St.-Denis? Long after Mme. Joly had fallen asleep he groped alone in the obscurity of conjectures. He knew that he was not dealing with the amateur who blunders into the clutches of the police as a young partridge flutters into the jaws of the fox; nor with the ordinary criminal who, destitute of originality, commits over and over the same crimes from the same motives by the same methods, and whose capture is only an incident of professional routine.

M. Joly sometimes obeyed impulses, but he did not wait for them; nor did he trust to chance. He began, therefore, a careful investigation of No. 219 Rue St.-Denis. Within a week the name, age, occupation, associates, habits of its every occupant were in his possession. Among these names was that of M. Meller. The information concerning the latter was incomplete. Was he a commercial traveller? For he was to be seen only for a few days, usually about the middle of the month, and in the interim disappeared completely from sight. M. Joly contended that his best thoughts came, not logically from established facts, but from God knows where—motherless and fatherless offspring. It was thus that the idea came to him to call upon M. Meller on the twelfth of the month. He treated this idea at first with contempt, then with incredulity, and finally, seeing that it refused to depart, he adopted and justified it. Mme. Dufresnes had delivered the message on that date—M.

Meller was in the habit of returning the middle of the month—and about the Japanese coin were twelve Russian garnets. His ordinary procedure would have been to examine M. Meller's room in his absence. One often obtains interesting information from a room whose tenant is absent. But he resisted this temptation, and on the morning of the 12th descended the slope of the Boulevard and turned into the Rue St.-Denis. Believing with Napoleon that Providence is on the side of the stronger battalions, he took with him two agents of the Secret Service.

Yes, M. Meller occupied a room on the court, the fourth floor. Yes, M. Meller was in. "Shall I accompany Monsieur?" added the concierge.

"I don't need you," said M. Joly.

"Very well—the second door from the landing, on the left."

At the head of the stairs, M. Joly said to the agents: "You will remain in the corridor. Should I need you, I will call."

At the door he knocked gently.

"Come in," said a voice.

He turned the knob, went in, and closed the door behind him. A man was sitting at a table, reading. M. Joly observed him attentively—a slight figure, narrow-chested, with stooping shoulders, reassuringly insignificant. On the pale face, however, was written tenacity and resolution.

"Monsieur Meller?"

"That is my name."

M. Joly took out his pocketbook. He had quite the manner of a lawyer announcing to some poor devil an unexpected legacy.

"Permit me to sit down," he said, drawing a chair to the opposite side of the table. "I have a message for you." At the sight of the garnet pin the man started, but said nothing. "Here it is." M. Joly released the spring carefully and took out a small roll of paper.

"Very well," said the man, without moving.

"But, Monsieur, I beg you to examine it. Such were my instructions."

The man hesitated, then opened the roll. As he proceeded his face assumed a deadly pallor—the paper was a blank. He sprang trembling to his feet.

"Sit down, Monsieur," said M. Joly, taking a pistol from his pocket and laying it on the table before him. The man uttered a groan that was terrible. He was not looking at M. Joly. He appeared to be invoking an invisible presence.

"Sit down," thundered M. Joly. "Do you wish me to put a hole through you?"

"If you wish, fire." The voice was that of a man indifferent to consequences, because hopelessly trapped. At the same instant he carried his hand quickly to his waistcoat pocket.

"Ah, wretch!" shouted M. Joly, dashing aside the table and seizing the man's wrist. "Help! help!"

At his cry the agents burst open the door. To their amazement they saw a man, his arms pinioned to his sides, in the strong grasp of their chief. The next moment this man lay panting on the floor, helpless, handcuffed, his feet bound. Beside him was a broken vial from which exhaled the bitter odor of almonds.

"Dame!" muttered M. Joly, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "here is another who came near having a weak heart."

"You are hurt, Monsieur l'Inspecteur?"

He shook them off roughly. "Ah, rascal!" apostrophizing the figure on the floor, "we nearly made a mess of it." He examined the room feverishly—the closet, in which hung only an overcoat, a wooden box studded with nails, containing a few insignificant articles of wearing apparel. The drawer of the table was empty. The book, a second-hand copy of *Monte Cristo*. Watching these proceedings, the man on the floor smiled. In his pockets—nothing. Beside the broken vial lay the garnet pin and near by the pistol. M. Joly replaced these in the deep pocket of his overcoat. Then he sat down, in his customary attitude, his hands clasped over his waistcoat. His little plan had miscarried. He had expected to discover something, and he had discovered nothing. Often perplexed, for the first time in his career he was bewildered. But he understood now the sudden death of Madame Raymonde. What people! to bar with their own bodies, like desperate defenders of



"But if any one should inquire for you?"

a fortress, the approach of the enemy. And this fortress which they defended, what did it contain?

The man's eyes were closed now. M. Joly, who had put on his hat, took it off, gazing at the pale face with involuntary respect.

A timid knock interrupted his reflections. Opening the door, he saw his own servant.

"Monsieur, Madame wishes me to tell you that Monsieur le Préfet has sent for you, and that it is urgent."

"Good," replied M. Joly, gruffly, shutting the door in the girl's face.

Although her husband had never received that thrust of the knife in the back, the fear of which often kept Mme. Joly awake while her consort was watering the flowers of Monrepos, yet she had never permitted him to leave his apartment without extracting from him the secret of his destination. While she was brushing his coat and straightening his cravat, there invariably occurred the following colloquy: "At what time will you return?" "Really, now, how should I know?" "You are going—?" "How can I tell! you know very well—" "But if any one should inquire for you." "True," and here M. Joly would confess his destination; after which Madame would say, "Be prudent," and he would answer, "Assuredly." It was thus that the message from the Prefect came to be delivered in the Rue St.-Denis.

"Remain here, touch nothing," he said to the agents, "and"—pointing to the body on the floor—"pay attention; he is capable of something. I will go for the authorities."

On the way to the Prefecture he was alternately elated and depressed. He held the end of a thread, that was certain; but he did not know where it led. What did M. Levigne want of him? Usually a summons of this kind meant some delicate mission. It was impossible that it should have any connection with the events which had just transpired, and to be interrupted in this manner, at a critical moment, annoyed him. He knew that the Prefect thought well of him. He was not surprised, then, when his name was announced, to hear the familiar words: "Ah, it is Monsieur Joly. Let him enter."

M. Levigne was writing. He did not look up, nor did he cease writing. In the far corner of the room sat a woman, to whom, as etiquette required, M. Joly paid no attention. The silence, broken only by the scratching of the quill pen, was disconcerting. It was a reception to which he was not accustomed.

"It seems," said M. Levigne, at length, "that you are interested in the affair of the Impasse Bertrand."

"The devil!" thought M. Joly, "the place was watched."

"That in your leisure moments"—M. Joly winced at the fine note of irony in the Prefect's voice—"you are making inquiries for a woman who disappeared there. Well"—with a wave of the pen to the figure behind him—"here she is."

M. Joly began to understand why the disappearance of this woman had failed to excite the zeal of the police. He began also to realize the excess of his own. It was an excellent opportunity, however, to display his mastery of surprise, therefore he remained immobile and silent.

"We are not so stupid here." For the first time M. Levigne laid down his pen and, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes upon the Inspector. "I repeat, we are not so stupid here as some appear to believe. We do not run after our own agents. Furthermore, we have better employment for your leisure." He paused, as if to allow these words to sink the deeper in M. Joly's consciousness. A vision of Monrepos receding into the distance passed before the latter's eyes. "These preliminaries being settled," resumed M. Levigne, taking up a memorandum from his desk, "let us pass to certain facts of which you are ignorant. On the 2d of May it came to our knowledge that the Paris representative of the Russian police was selected for assassination; that a member of the Central Committee in St. Petersburg, with instructions for its agent here, would arrive by the express of the 5th. Unfortunately this person—"

"Madame Raymonde!" muttered M. Joly, under his breath.

"What do you say?"

"I said 'I understand,' Monsieur le Préfet."

"Unfortunately this person left the train beyond the frontier and for a time eluded us. Madame will explain to you in what manner. We had counselled our Russian colleague to go and amuse himself elsewhere for a time. But he has returned, and it seems the farce is about to recommence. It would be mortifying to invite this gentleman to take so soon another vacation. What you have to do is to discover and apprehend this agent. I say apprehend, for these people have an inconvenient way of eluding the interrogations of justice. Madame, here, has given us a body—what we want is a man."

"I have both," said M. Joly.

"You have both! What do you mean?"

"I mean, Monsieur le Préfet, that the agent you seek is called Meller; that at this moment he lies on the floor of a room in the Rue St.-Denis, No. 219, bound hand and foot and is at your service."

"Not possible!" exclaimed the Prefect, less skilful than his subordinate in mastering surprise. "Explain yourself."

Concisely, modestly, as if making a commonplace report, M. Joly related the story of the green garnets from the hour when he first saw them dangling from the shelf in M. Perrin's window till, having finished his recital, he laid them respectfully on the Prefect's desk.

M. Levigne examined them attentively, released the spring, and closed it again, with a deep sigh of mingled relief and astonishment.

"You have done a good piece of work, Monsieur Joly. For the present this belongs to the state. But we shall not forget you."

"Monsieur le Préfet," said M. Joly, twisting his hat in his hand, "if I might repeat a remark you have just deigned to make—"

"Make it."

"That we are not so stupid here as some would appear to believe."



Courtesy of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

WANDERING MINSTRELS
By C. H. Halford

Idealism in Modern English Art

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

IT would be singular if that delicate fancy and lofty imaginative fervor which have so long characterized English verse and prose should not find some equivalent in the field of pictorial expression. In general, however, it must be confessed that British art has lacked sustained nobility of utterance. Its accent has been democratic rather than aristocratic, contemporary rather than academic or classic. Severed from Continental traditions, it has developed spontaneously along natural, untrammelled lines. The triumphs of Hogarth were achieved amid every-day, middle-class surroundings. To the gracious elegance of Gainsborough clings the fragrance of the countryside; George Morland loved the pot-house and the stable, and the gaze of Constable was serene and unclouded by personal subjectivity. These names are among the very greatest in the annals of British painting, and to them may be added a goodly number of lesser talents. By their side have nevertheless lived and struggled certain restless spirits who have not been satisfied with the simple aspect of the outward and visible universe. They have, as a rule, led that independent existence which is the portion of all dreamers, and have used nature merely as a background upon which to picture their own more insistent fancies. The list is by no means a long one, the chief figures being Blake, Wilson, Etty, Turner, Watts, and in a sense the patient and brooding Pre-Raphaelites. Unlike the rest of their countrymen, these men have not gone frankly to that life which teems about them in such colorful variety. They prefer, in its place, myth and legend. They deal in ideas and forms which are more or less creative. Against the sturdy actuality of their colleagues they array the vague and appealing symbols of an abstract world. Contending of necessity against adverse conditions, they have not

been so successful as their less ambitious brethren. Through lack of adequate technical equipment they have often failed to make their message lucid and consistent, yet it has seldom been wanting



THE PARK GATES
BY W. DENDY SADLER

in native charm or emotional conviction. It is a significant fact that despite the encroaching materialism of modern existence the ranks of these painters of the ideal are by no means empty. Instead of growing less, they are, in point of fact, increasing in number, and of this the art of no country offers a better instance than does that of Great Britain. With the passing of the late George Frederick Watts it was generally assumed that, as far as England was concerned, imaginative painting was substantially at an end. That mellow afterglow of antiquity and the Renaissance which he breathed upon his thought-freighted canvases was conceded to have vanished beyond recall. And yet, though for a time the fresh vision and sun-tipped brushes of the outdoor painters of the day swept all before them, the dignity, austerity, and tender aspiration which have always characterized a certain portion of the British consciousness remained intact. The movement away from the shimmering brightness of impressionism or the specific observation of the realists shows itself in various channels of activity. In common with most modern British art it is decorative in feeling, its exponents touching their every theme with a beauty and balance unknown to those who take their compositions direct from nature. As a rule, these new idealists rely chiefly upon the past for their material, though no congenial subject is foreign to their taste. Their motives are as various as human invention itself. The stately symmetry of Hellas, the deep humanity of sacred story, or the gay nonchalance of a park scene, all fall within their province. Unlike the painters of daily life, they do not form a compact body. No particular society binds together their disparate efforts. They exhibit here,



THE SILVER SHIP

By J. J. Shannon



The Red Fez
By William Strang

there, and everywhere, and their activities are as scattered as their several sources of inspiration.

At the head of this ardent group of young Britons, whose aim is to maintain the broad tradition of beauty throughout the ages rather than devise newer, more complex forms of expression, stands Charles H. Shannon. Possessing a singularly eclectic taste, a discriminating collector, as well as draughtsman and painter, Mr. Shannon is at home in the art of all places and all periods. Like Watts, however, he looks with most favor upon the great Venetians, and it is their legacy which he re-phrases for us in his own pictorial language. The art of Charles Shannon is a species of æsthetic transmutation. Rich, yet sober in tone, rhythmic in line, and imaginative in theme, it recalls the idyllic days of the golden age of painting, the age of Giorgione and Titian. It is to the *Fête Champêtre* in the Louvre and the *Venus* of the Prado that this art can be traced. The central motive of Mr. Shannon's inspiration is Greek, Greek plus the mellow caress of Renaissance color and fancy. His placid spirit moves at will amid that fabled kingdom where one meets the laughing Dionysus, a group of sleeping Hamadryads, or an Amazon wounded in the fever of the chase. Now he leads us to the shores of a turquoise sea by the side of which gather strange, primeval folk, and now we follow him into the palace where Delia is seated by the board or Aphrodite rises from her bath. It is

this eternal continuity of plastic and pictorial inspiration, pagan, classic, or Renaissance, which the art of Mr. Shannon preserves for us with unfailing propriety of color and design. So steeped is he in this atmosphere that when he approaches current subjects his work loses little of its dignified mastery of tone and arrangement. Charles Shannon makes no compromises with the emphatic and instantaneous tendencies of latter-day art. He is restrained and deliberate. He pursues his particular ideal because he believes in its enduring power and potency. And such is the spell he weaves about us that we gladly follow him into this far-off realm where all is beauty and tranquillity.

With the name of Charles Shannon must inevitably be linked that of his life-long friend and fellow worker, Charles Ricketts, painter, sculptor, connoisseur, and critic. Like the serene and static art of Mr. Shannon, that of Mr. Ricketts, too, is based upon tradition, yet the tradition in each case differs widely. The magic little panels and tense bits of sculpture in which the restless spirit of Charles Ricketts seeks relief seem, as it were, fragments broken from the master creations of the world of form and color. His vision is austere and tragic,



TIBULLUS IN THE HOUSE OF DELIA
By Charles H. Shannon

and his sympathies range all the way from the mighty, troubled modeller of *Night* and *Dawn* to the feverish draughtsmanship of Honoré Daumier. He is now a Michelangelo in miniature, now an El Greco or a Delacroix on a smaller scale. And yet, despite its pronounced affiliations with that of certain of his august predecessors, the art of Charles Ricketts is vividly personal in accent. He has found his own individual language. He represents the further workings of that great art process which spreads its beauty and mystery across the face of human aspiration. The London studio of these two apostles of the past is filled with fastidious treasures—antique statuary, Renaissance paintings, drawings by Degas, water-colors by Sargent, bronzes by Rodin, and the finest flowers of Oriental invention. Their lives are spent in consonance with their surroundings, and their art is but the visible reflex of their daily thoughts and associations.

It is a vastly different world into which the vigorous brush of Augustus E. John summons us. There is no vague and soothing æstheticism in the attitude of this British primitive. A draughtsman of magnificent power and surety, a bold and sometimes dissonant colorist, he seems to have been born for the express purpose of shocking his countrymen into a recognition of those essential qualities upon which certain forms of artistic expression are based. The spirit of Mr. John's work is abstract, and, if you will, philosophical. He deals with primal motives and clothes them with a rigorous frankness which compels attention. Amid the stormy complexity of modern endeavor Mr. John has but one parallel, and that is to be found in the art of the Swiss, Ferdinand Hodler. Each has the same fierce independence, and to each has been granted the same gift of monumental utterance, the same knowledge of what is emotionally as well as æsthetical-



A Winter Evening
By F. Cayley Robinson

ly fundamental. Once the Titan of the Slade, Mr. John is to-day a tower of strength in the ranks of the New English Art Club. He is greatly esteemed on the Continent, notably in Germany, and everything he exhibits is vehemently discussed at home and abroad. It is impossible to ignore Augustus John. The rigid austerity of his drawing and the audacious simplicity of his coloring cannot be overlooked even by those who fail to recognize the structural grandeur and intellectual significance of his art as a whole. Another sturdy personality in the annals of current British painting is William Strang, whose native energy favors now one medium, now another. As an etcher Mr. Strang's place is high; as a painter he has accomplished important things in the realistic, the imaginative, and the decorative veins. A pupil of Alphonse Legros, Mr. Strang possesses not a little of his professor's dramatic power and insight. He produces admirable likenesses, certain of which reveal the linear severity of Holbein; he has wandered not without success into that fabled realm where we have just left Charles Shannon, and on occasion he pauses beside a peasant cottage and depicts a humble indoor scene with truth and conviction. Sometimes lacking in æsthetic sensibility, and in emotional as well as pictorial unity, his canvases form, however, a definite addition to the treasury of latter-day British art.

It may readily be inferred that these men are all individualists, that they do not follow any main line of development, and such is indeed the case. The Hellenic quietude of Charles Shannon, the poignant intensity of Mr. Ricketts, and the abstract power of Augustus John are isolated manifestations, though not more so than is that gracious enchantment which illumines the art of Charles Conder. The work of Conder is delicate, almost impalpable in substance. It consists in a series of decorative fancies floated as it were upon the silken surface of fan or panel. Within these limitations, restricted and conventional if you will, linger a buoyancy, a charm, and a tenderness of sentiment which, while recalling, often surpass the kindred achievements of certain eighteenth-century French masters. Conder's taste was always exquisite, and it would be



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES SHANNON AND CHARLES RICKETTS
By Jacques-Emile Blanche



HERMES AND THE INFANT BACCHUS
By Charles H. Shannon

difficult to conceive of anything more lovely than the subdued blues, rose-pinks, and faded golds of these little figures who stroll about park or garden, who dance under the protecting trees or pause by the fountain side. The last brief years of Conder's life were devoted to oil-painting, and had he been spared he would certainly have attained that breadth and beauty of style and tonality of which his fans and panels breathe the faint though imperishable promise. That taste for the Comédie italienne which is typical of Conder, as it was of Watteau and Pater before him, is not lost, but merely transformed in the hands of such men as James Pryde, Gordon Craig, Aubrey Beardsley, and to a certain extent Miss Constance H. Halford. One and all they love the theatre, and seek in player and playhouse that romance which ordinary life seems to deny them. Mr. Pryde has carried this particular inspiration further than the others, and has done some absorbing work along these lines. His feeling for decorative effect is fresh and delightful, and his vision full of quaint charm and grace of movement. More draughtsman as yet than painter, Mr. Craig may some day make the change to oils, and it is certain that had Beardsley lived he would have renounced black and white for the subtler gradations and more sensuous appeal of full color.

Nothing could be in sharper contrast with the careless nonchalance of this mimic world than the archaic severity of manner which marks the work of F. Cayley Robinson. The diverting gestures of these latter-day mimes find scant parallel in the art of this cloistral spirit who seems haunted by the naïveté of Giotto and the serene impersonality of Puvis de Chavannes. Mr. Robinson's message is austere and avowedly moral. He does not live amid the throb of London. He inhabits a bare, wind-swept studio at St. Ives on the Cornish coast

overlooking the wide reach of the Atlantic, and here he resigns himself to a species of modern mysticism which takes form in a series of little panels painted chiefly in tempera and charged with ideas ethical and symbolic. He is one of the most interesting phenomena in the entire range of contemporary British art. Wrought in cool, neutral tones, these minute but monumental pictures are the meeting-ground of many scattered influences, primitive, Pre-Raphaelite, and composite. A strain of persistent childhood distinguishes this work as a whole. It not only attempts but attains a simplicity of utterance which is indeed rare in these days of self-analysis and sophistication. Although in a sense an aftermath of Pre-Raphaelism, Mr. Robinson does not follow the canons of the Brotherhood any more than does W. Dacres Adams, who began along similar lines, but who has since attained welcome independence.

The spirit of creative invention which characterizes so much current British art makes itself felt in widely separated places, and at times reveals its presence in the work of men whose talents have been devoted to vastly different themes. Midway between the suave paganism of Charles Shannon and the fluent pictorialism of such an artist as George Lambert, for instance, stands the work of R. E. C. Bunny, who at present lives and paints in Paris. Nearly every season Mr. Bunny sends to the Salon a group of canvases ambitious in scale and eloquent in arrangement. One of his best subjects has recently been purchased for the Luxembourg, where it holds its own with scant difficulty amid the mixed contents of the Salle Etrangère. Mr. Bunny's gifts are perhaps more assimilative than individual, but his composition is effective and his coloring sonorous and decorative. There is a certain tendency on the part of such painters to submerge the inner significance of a scene with the opulent beauty of its setting. Although not a particular offender in this respect, Mr. Bunny should remember that mere sumptuousness can never take the place of psychological interest. Like Mr. Lambert, who also exhibits in Paris with more or less frequency, Mr. Bunny seems bent upon reviving the traditions of the grand style, the one going to Velasquez, the other to the Venetians, for inspiration and guidance. It is an interesting task which these men have undertaken, and the outcome will be watched with more than ordinary appreciation. There is no reason why the so-called grand style should not thrive, but in order to do so it must become thoroughly vitalized and must take a specific place in the evolution of contemporary taste. Huge dimensions and pictorial distinction alone will not suffice in these days of keen sensibilities and tense, ready response.

There is, as has already been seen, no definite physiognomy to the varied sum of æsthetic activity which has here been under consideration. The work as a whole is marked by sobriety of tone and a conscious effort to attain dignified, balanced composition, but beyond this it displays little uniformity. Certain men are unflinching in their devotion to ideal themes, others are intermittent, yet the result is by no means insignificant, and forms, indeed, a substantial portion of current production. Here and there are isolated examples which show how widespread is the appeal of fancy, how eager is the desire to escape from the channels of routine effort, and no canvases offer better instances of this than do J. J. Shannon's *Infant Bacchus* and *The Silver Ship*. Conceived in true abandonment of spirit, revealing nought save that joyous zest which should be the underlying motive of all such art, the *Infant Bacchus* affords unalloyed delight to eye and mind. The coloring is rich, yet clear, and the entire scene is suffused by a discreetly sensuous enchantment as rare as it is welcome. It is in a kindred vein that creative art in general must survive if such is to be its fate. The flowers of imagination and sentiment must spring spontaneously along the pathway of modern painting or they will surely be crushed by the heavy heel of matter-of-fact realism. They must, through inherent grace and magic, justify their existence. And on no soil are they better fitted to do so than that of Britain, particularly in the north and west, where the call of the spirit has seldom gone unheeded.

"Sitting at a Play"

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

THE orchestra had just begun, and the whole house buzzed with the excitement of a first night. In those days anything might be expected at the Crown Theatre in Stanley Square, and every one of intellectual distinction came. The writers, journalists, novelists, dramatists, painters and art critics, together with all the more prosperous kinds of freak and crank, were there assembled. Scattered about the stalls sat the dramatic critics of the London papers, on whose favor the success of a play was thought to depend. The front row of the pit knew them all by name, and, with the pride of people habituated to the Town, pointed them out to the crowded rows behind them. They also pointed out other well-known figures, such as Mr. Cranbrook, whose agreeable looks and brightly grizzled hair always made him conspicuous.

"Yes," cried one of that front row, in the eagerness of special knowledge, "there's Cranbrook M.P., him as they say is going to be made a Minister or something. You should hear him guy a witness in court! Fair turn him inside out he does—cross-examine him till he don't know where he's standing, or what he's done, or who he is! There's no such man as Cranbrook M.P. for gettin' at the truth."

"And that 'll be his daughter along of him, I make no doubt," said a stoutish woman behind.

"Don't you think it, mother!" said the man of information, scornfully; "that's his wife, that is. He knows a thing or two, does Cranbrook M.P."

"Poor young thing!" said the woman, with a sigh of far-off memories.

With greetings and smiles to acquaintances as they passed, Mr. and Mrs. Cranbrook made their way to their seats in the middle of the stalls.

"First-rate places!" she said, looking round at her husband as he helped to take off her cloak, so that their eyes met with just a gleam of something more than affection. "And we're in time, after all. Now we can enjoy the whole play from start to finish. I'm so glad we didn't hurry over dinner."

"It wasn't dinner that kept you so long dressing," he murmured, gazing with tender admiration on her beauty; and with a happy little laugh between them they sat down.

"What's the play called, again?" she asked, simply to bring herself back from intimacies into the public atmosphere.

"*The Heart of a Man*," he answered. "I've only seen a puff preliminary, but it is said to be a kind of Worm's Progress—the development of the common scoundrel—the sort of man that most men are, said the *Westminster*, in an unusual fit of decisiveness and cynicism."

"What stuff those newspapers talk!" she said, looking up at him proudly. "Who is the author?"

"That seems to be a dead secret," he replied. "The *Westminster* said it only hoped for his sake the play was not autobiographical. If it is, I suppose it will begin, like a Chinese drama, with the birth of the hero on the stage. An author never tires of talking about himself. No one tires of that; it's only the listener who tires."

"I love to hear you talk about yourself," she answered. "But here's the curtain going up."

"Well," he said, speaking low, "I'm glad there are only three short acts, and then we shall go home—home together!"

Again their eyes met for a moment, and they smiled fondly.

The curtain rose, and Mrs. Cranbrook nestled down into her almost bridal dress of silvery white. Pale, dark, and very slight she was, and her bare arm lay along her husband's sleeve, so that he could feel its warmth.

At first she did not take much interest

in the acting, for she was thinking of things far more interesting to herself. She was thinking how happy she felt now, and how secure her happiness was. All through her girlhood she had longed to meet just such a man as her husband—so open-hearted and courageous. She had never thought much of cleverness, though he was clever too. Every one said he would be next Under Secretary at all events; that was natural, and she was proud of it. But she knew that people really liked him for a certain frankness of manner—an impulsive friendliness that won even his opponents; it was so unsuspicious, so ready to accept others at their own valuation, or even at a higher valuation than their own, if that were possible. The law courts had given him the barrister's clear-cut and decisive look, but his face was still amiable as a sunlit country, and his amenity and courteous compliance opened for him the gateways of opportunity. By his political friends and opponents alike she knew he was regarded as a man certain to "run straight" on every question of principle, without rushing off into side issues or impossibly Quixotic positions. His marriage into one of the leading families of his party had seemed only a natural step in a career of promise assured.

But to herself how much more that marriage had meant! She was proud of her husband—yes, proud, but a little jealous too, perhaps, that every one should think so well of him. She would have liked to defend him against some dangerous imputation—for something inwardly honorable, of course! But no one brought a single charge against him, and there was nothing for her to do but join the chorus of praise. Never mind! She alone knew his inmost heart. There she was safe, for a nature like his could never disappoint her. In reliance on that, her happiness was secure and could not be taken away. Through the last two or three years of her girlhood she had suffered a good deal from uncertainty, for she had attracted many, and two or three of them had much attracted her. After all, one liked different people for different reasons, and it was so difficult to choose! But when the man came whom she could love for every reason or for none, she had not hesitated, and she was calmly certain now. Yes! her husband had everything she had most desired, and this confidence added a profound tranquillity to her joy.

Realizing the comfort of that tranquillity, she turned to him confidently again, but saw that he was following the play far more intently than herself, and wore a troubled look, as though something in it was difficult to understand. She also tried to fix her attention on the stage. The first scene, hinting at a possible intrigue with a married woman of high political position, had passed, and now she only perceived a rather squalid representation of a ruined household, a half-drunken gambler, a despairing wife, and unhealthy, underfed children. Among them sat the hero, a correct and well-dressed gentleman, who evidently regarded the situation as most unpleasant. He was excusing himself on the plea of business for not having been to call for such a long time.

"You see," he was saying, "in my profession a rising man has to work like a demon."

"I'm not a rising man," said the decayed gentleman, trying with a shaky hand to make a cigarette out of dry tobacco-dust.

"And then," the other continued, "I've been elected to my club committee, and I'm legal adviser to a hospital in a poor quarter. The post is purely honorary, but the hospital does a lot of good, so I don't grudge it. But it takes time doing all these things."

"I take time dying," said the other.

At the words, Mrs. Cranbrook felt her husband's arm move as though with sudden pain. She looked up at him, but his eyes were still fixed intently on the stage.

"Well acted, isn't it, dear?" she said, leaning toward him so that her hair touched his shoulder. "That model prig is good. So is the poor drunkard."

But he made no answer. He seemed to be following every word uttered on the stage, and she was astonished to see his lips moving in the semi-darkness, as though he were repeating the very sounds.

The scene went on. The unhappy wife on the stage offered the visitor tea, which he rather impressively refused; she manipulated her dress so as to conceal the

holes in her boots; she fondled the gaunt-eyed children, calling attention to such good points as she thought they possessed. Meantime her husband maundered confusedly about old days when his brother and he had been at school together, and what jolly times they used to have at the sea in the holidays. When at last the well-dressed visitor rose to go, his politeness increased as the chance of escape approached.

"I am so very sorry, but I am already late for a most important business engagement in my chambers," he said, and he shook hands with his sister-in-law, who almost cried at being spoken to so gently; he gave half-a-crown to each of the two children, saying it was an uncle's privilege and he was delighted to take it; and finally he slapped his brother on the shoulder and wished them all a very merry Christmas.

"I'll lay you five to one in anything you like it's my last merry Christmas here on earth," said his brother, with a tremulous laugh, and again Mrs. Cranbrook felt her husband start as though he had been struck.

The act ended in a struggle between the father and the two children for the half-crowns; and as the curtain fell, Mr. Cranbrook sank heavily back in his stall.

"Do you find it specially interesting?" his wife asked him, brightly, although in the brilliant light she saw that his face was yellow, and his eyes were still fixed on the curtain as though watching something that might be going on behind it.

"Interesting? No, not at all," he answered, almost roughly, and stood up suddenly, so that she could not see his face.

"Any one would suppose you were enthralled," she said, with a touch of offence. But just then one of the dramatic critics came and sat in the stall left vacant beside her.

"Rather commonplace stuff, isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh no!" she said, laughing. "At least I hope that hero isn't commonplace."

"Yes, he is," said the critic. "I think that must be the author's object."

"Who *is* the author, really?" asked Mr. Cranbrook, looking down on them almost savagely.

"That's the queer thing about it—no one knows," said the critic. "The manager swears he doesn't know himself. But he likes a bit of mystery. As I was saying, the author's object apparently was to describe the tragedy of the average bounder."

Mr. Cranbrook turned quickly away.

"The average bounder you may call him, perhaps," said his wife, "but he's not the average man, thank Heaven!"

"My dear Mrs. Cranbrook," said the critic, languidly, "the two are one."

"Mr. Scott says that creature is only the average man!" she cried, to her husband. "Isn't that a libel on mankind! Did you ever see any one more contemptible?"

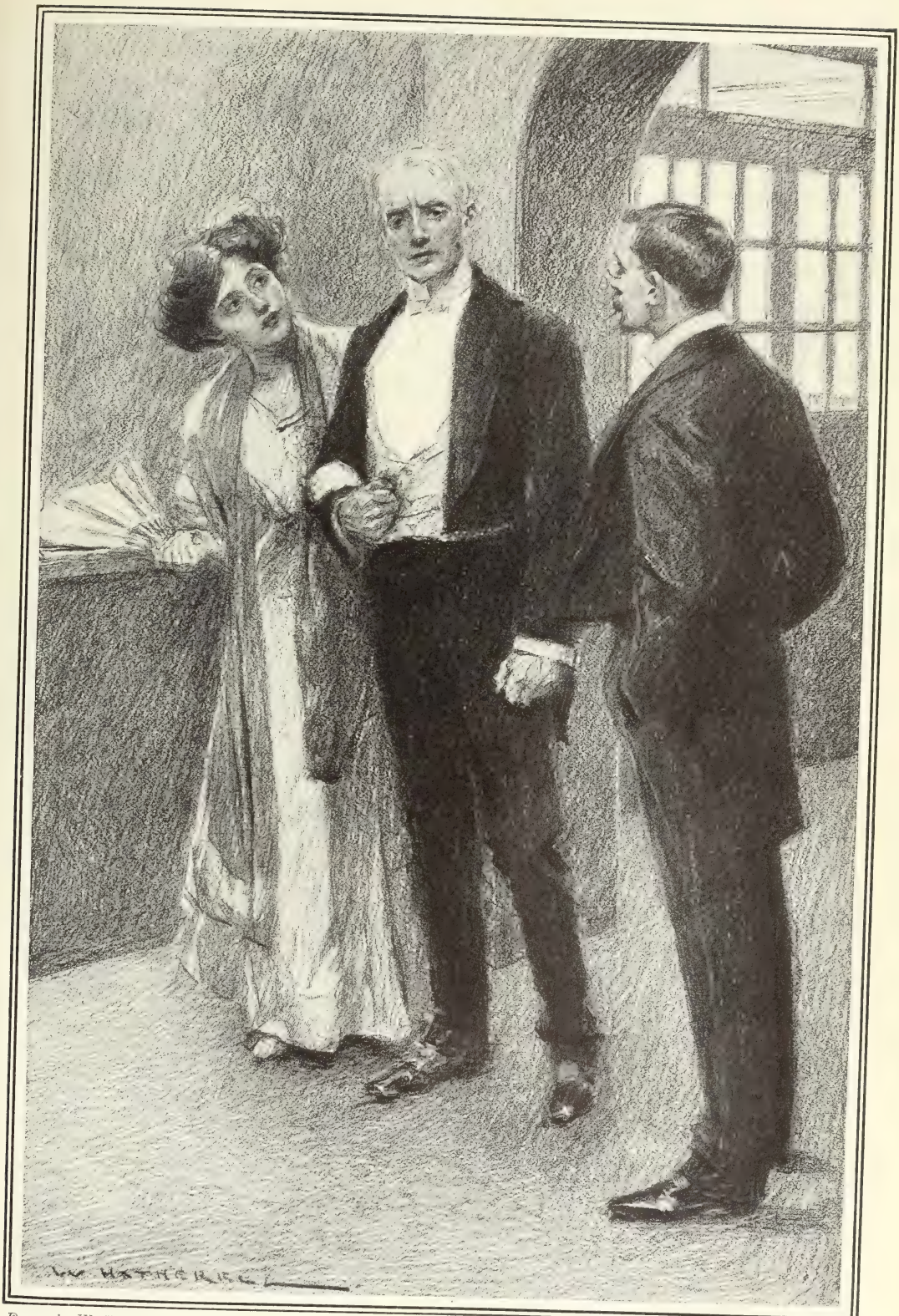
"Don't say that," he said, sitting down again, but leaning far back. "Perhaps he wasn't really a bad sort of fellow. He wasn't unkindly—only very much occupied. If some members of a family won't work, the rest have to work for them. Don't be hard on the man; you've only heard one side."

"Oh, if you play the barrister, there's no more to be said," she answered, a little hurt. "But whatever you clever people say, to me such a creature would be intolerable! Yes, intolerable!" she repeated, with an indignant little shudder.

But as the lights went down for the second act, she turned gently to her husband, and putting her lips close to his ear in the momentary darkness, she whispered, "Be nice to me, dearest; do be nice!"

Leaning forward against the back of the stall in front of him, he made no sign, but again became absorbed in the play. She fixed her eyes on him, in such distress that she hardly understood what the acting was all about. It was only in spite of herself that she caught the general drift.

The act opened on the evening of the same day, and the scene represented a political reception at a Cabinet Minister's house. The hero was moving about from one group of people to another, and everywhere he was received with smiles and congratulations, for it was known that in all probability he would be chosen to stand as the party's nominee at a coming by-election. Then music was heard in the distance, and the room began to empty gradually, till at last the hero remained almost alone, leaning over a



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

MRS. CRANBROOK FELT HER HUSBAND'S ARM SUDDENLY TIGHTEN UPON HERS

chair in which the beautiful woman who had appeared at the beginning of the first act was sitting. They conversed as casual acquaintances, but their looks and occasional words would have betrayed them to any observer who knew love. They began by discussing a political cause that both had very much at heart.

"Do you know," she then said, after the other guests had left them isolated for a time—"do you know I passed quite close to you this afternoon and you never saw me? I was so hurt. I thought I had enough magnetic attraction to make you look, but your mind was fixed on something far away. I was in Notting Hill."

"I'm so sorry," said the hero, uneasily; "yes, I was down that way this afternoon—on business simply. It's a wretched district."

"Oh, I know that," she answered. "When I have a moment's leisure I do a little visiting there for the Charity Organization Society. That sort of thing rather pleases our constituents, don't you know! It's queer that, only an hour or two before, I had visited a miserable family of the same name as yours, and it isn't a common name. When I mentioned the coincidence to the unfortunate woman, she looked embarrassed and claimed some sort of absurd relationship."

"That's a very strange thing!" said the hero. "I know the people you mean. The poor woman was quite right. They are a kind of poor relation. It ought to be rather pleasant to have poor relations. It ought to make one feel quite prosperous and successful by contrast, you know," he added, with a smile. "But it doesn't. I suppose I shall have to go and look them up again."

"Oh, I'm afraid you'll find them far from deserving," she answered, lightly. "The man seems to drink, and gamble besides. The C. O. S. would never dream of helping them. But still, people are always telling us that blood is thicker than water."

"Only when they want our help," replied the hero, laughing, "and then blood becomes uncommonly thick!"

"Don't be bitter, dear," the woman said, in a lower voice; "you know what you are to me, and I love you most because you are never hard on other people, no matter what they do. But I am going now. Say good-night to me prettily. Here are the politicians coming for you. They are incapable of happiness themselves, poor things! and so a whisper of scandal would ruin your career—even more certainly than a poor relation. Oh, hush! You mustn't look like that!" And, with a lingering glance, she went.

As long as she was on the stage, Mr. Cranbrook remained absolutely still, leaning on the back of the stall in front, with his head between his hands. He hardly seemed to breathe, he was so motionless. He was listening with an almost terrified intentness—so absorbed that his wife felt a touch of relief when the politicians entered, and, as though a chain had snapped, her husband sat back in his chair and passed his handkerchief hurriedly over his face.

The politicians had come to offer the constituency to the hero, as was expected. They expressed the admiration and confidence of the party. They said all manner of flattering things, which the hero deprecated with smiling gratification. Then, quite unexpectedly, they attached one condition to their offer. They must ask him to make no mention at all of one particular cause which he was known to favor. It was a cause that the party leaders still considered of dubious popularity. If his constituents questioned him about it, he must say that he had not fully made up his mind on the subject, or that it was not yet before the country, or that on a matter of such importance he would trust implicitly to the wisdom of his great leader. The hero hesitated. It was a cause for which he felt some enthusiasm, and he had just promised the woman he loved to support it. The discussion lasted long. He put forward his best arguments, but the politicians were firm. They assured him the whole question was in the idealist stage. Would he join the impatient idealists, who not only wrecked parties, but ruined their own future? He reminded them that a reputation for consistency and unselfishness was sometimes useful, too. They replied they could not offer him the seat without the condition, and a footing in politics was almost essential to his career, to say nothing of the extraordinary value of his services to the country.

During this dialogue Mr. Cranbrook, instead of sitting motionless as before, became more and more restive, and his wife again heard him muttering the words almost before they were spoken on the stage. When the hero maintained the uses of a reputation for consistency and unselfishness, and the audience laughed with scorn, Mr. Cranbrook clenched his fists together and said, "What's there to laugh at?" so loud that the people in front turned round and said, "Hush!"

"Is anything the matter, dearest?" whispered his wife, in great anxiety, when at last the curtain fell on the hero demanding time for consideration. "Is anything the matter? Aren't you well?"

"I suppose I'm not," he answered, looking at her sideways, with haunted eyes. "I feel very strange."

"Then we'll go straight home," she said, rising.

"No, we'll stay to the end," he answered. "I must see the author, if he appears."

"Don't talk as if you were going to torture him to death," she said, laughing uneasily. "It's not much of a play, but it's not so bad as all that."

They went for air into the corridor, where they found the critics discussing the act, but guardedly, lest they should give away points from their own "copy." One of them, however, ventured to say to the Cranbrooks: "The scale of tone is kept very low and quiet. There is nothing unusual. Nearly all of us would have done just what that man did. We are all made in water-tight compartments, shut off by iron doors, and we look all right as long as the doors keep shut. Everybody does that sort of thing at some time or other, and yet what a terror the man is made to appear!"

"Not only to appear," retorted Mrs. Cranbrook, quickly. "He *is* a terror."

"No!" cried her husband, with sudden violence. "I absolutely deny it."

"To disown his very brother—to sell his soul for a seat in Parliament—to make love, love of that kind—all within an hour!" she expostulated, indignantly.

"One could forgive the love-making easily enough," said the critic, anxious to conciliate. "One forgives a genuine and overwhelming passion."

"Yes," Mr. Cranbrook repeated, eagerly, "we forgive everything to a genuine and overwhelming passion. What right have we to judge the man? We know nothing of his real motives."

"My dear Cranbrook, you are the only true Christian," said the critic, with an almost imperceptible sigh of boredom. "I can't think how you keep up the higher morality in the law courts. But you must allow a mere pagan to call the fellow a reptile—not an exceptionally bad one, but always a reptile."

Mrs. Cranbrook felt her husband's arm suddenly tighten upon hers. They walked on, and she saw his eyes were closed and his lips pressed tight together.

"Do let us go home, dearest," she urged. "You are not at all yourself to-night."

"What self?" he cried, with an almost insane laugh. "I tell you I must see it out."

The call-bell rang and they returned to their places.

The third act opened with the hero's triumph some months later. He was seated at his writing-table reading telegrams and letters of congratulation for his victory at the by-election. One telegram from his party leader expressed high satisfaction with his tact and good sense. An autograph letter from another Cabinet Minister foretold a great career for a man who could thus sacrifice his private prejudices for the public good, and it went on to hint congratulations on yet another hopeful avenue to success—a possible alliance with a most influential family of which he had heard rumors.

The hero frowned a little, as though a secret had been detected too soon, and Mrs. Cranbrook felt her husband start as though he were going to spring up.

But the hero's poverty-stricken sister-in-law was immediately shown into the room, dressed with obvious efforts at tidiness, and she tearfully explained that her girl had died, not seeming to care about living any longer, and the doctor said her husband must be put under restraint, and she couldn't bear to think of sending him to a common asylum.

The hero was quite sympathetic. An involuntary sense of relief made him distinctly benign, and with generous alacrity he offered to contribute enough to



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"KEEP THAT DOOR SHUT!" SHOUTED MR. CRANBROOK

keep his brother in some inebriate Home, at all events for a year or two. After a pause, during which his sister-in-law pitifully sobbed her gratitude, he added only two small conditions: that the Home should be either in the country or abroad, and that the family should take a new name.

"You see, my poor brother was always fond of foreign travel and country life," he urged, "and it will be so much better for your boy to have a fresh start without any possibly unpleasant associations clinging to his name. Not, of course, that there is anything really to be ashamed of," he added, while the audience laughed in derision, and with hands tightly clasped together Mr. Cranbrook sat still as death.

While the sister-in-law was tearfully accepting any conditions offered her, the woman so passionately loved in the first two acts entered, as though by right. Steeling himself for the worst, the hero introduced his poor relation as one already known to the lady, hoped her husband would go on better now, and led her to the door with polite assurances. Then he stood silent in the middle of the room and waited. Certainly the woman looked very beautiful.

"I'm not at all surprised that you have been deceiving me about those people," she began, very quietly. "A man like you is capable of any meanness, any deceit, especially where women are concerned."

"It's not true! I tell you it's not true!" Mrs. Cranbrook heard her husband mutter, and again the people in front cried, "Hush!" and laughed among themselves.

"So you are going to marry a pretty child!" the woman on the stage went on, and, putting her hands over her face, she uttered one low cry of despair and anger that kept the house very still. Then followed reproaches, appeals to memories, and to the passion that was so recent, after all. In the end came violent outpourings of grief and shame—the grief of a woman who had staked all on one throw and lost—the shame of living on unloved while the man for whom she had risked everything was happy with a girl—an ignorant, inexperienced girl!

"What faith I had in you!" cried the woman. "I worshipped you, I gave you all I had to give, and this is the thing you were!"

One or two women in the pit began to cry quietly behind their handkerchiefs. Mr. Cranbrook sat motionless, his face turned away both from his wife and from the stage.

The hero attempted explanations. He loved her still; he was deeply grateful to her; she had inspired him; she had renewed his existence, and was the true cause of all his success; he could never forget all she had done. But the position was becoming impossible. Such relationships could not last forever; they seldom lasted long.

He tried to approach her, but with a cry of horror she flung him away, while the gallery gave one shout of approval.

"Well," said the hero, still holding out both hands as though in a last appeal, "you may do and say what you like, I have never loved any one as I have loved you. You have been far more to me than my truest friend, and the very memory of you will be more to me than the love of any other woman."

"No, no! I never said that!" Mrs. Cranbrook heard her husband mutter almost aloud.

There was a knock at the door on the stage, and a footman announced: "Mrs. and Miss Jameson would be glad to congratulate you in person, sir, when you are disengaged."

"Show them into the drawing-room for a moment," said the hero; "I'll ring."

"Oh, please let them come up at once," said the woman, coldly. "Our business is finished, and I should be so glad to see the beautiful Miss Jameson, whom you find so attractive."

When the footman was gone, she continued: "You needn't have been afraid. I sha'n't betray you to your lovely bride. I thought you so brave once, and now you see, dear, you have almost become a coward."

For a moment all was still. Then voices were heard approaching from outside in bright conversation. The footman was heard saying, "This way, madam!"

"Keep that door shut!" shouted Mr. Cranbrook, springing to his feet and stretching out an arm to the stage. "Keep that door shut! Let no one come

in, or I'll break up the piece! The play is a libel, a foul libel! I tell you the whole thing is a libel on me."

Instantly the whole theatre was in a turmoil of curiosity and excitement. All stood up and began shouting and laughing and asking questions at once. A few made for the exits in panic. The play stopped. The actors stood silent in the middle of the stage. The manager came to the footlights. He implored the audience to be calm. He called on the orchestra to play the national anthem.

Mrs. Cranbrook stood with her arms flung round her husband, either to protect or restrain him. But he continued to gesticulate and shout incoherent words of defiance. Two attendants hurriedly made their way toward him along the stalls. Seizing him firmly by the shoulders, they began to conduct him out, amid the angry shouting and laughter of the pit and gallery. The lights were turned up, and his wife was seen following him, still with one hand on his arm.

A taxi was called. Mr. Cranbrook sat forward in the cab, his eyes staring at the window in front of him as though he still saw what was being acted on the stage. At last, without moving, he said, "If they had opened that door, it would have been you that came in!"

But she lay huddled up in a corner, shaken with deep and quivering sobs. At the sound of his voice she sought his hand and cherished it in hers, but neither of them spoke any more.

When they reached home, she led him to their room and set him down before the fire. Kneeling at his feet, she laid her arms round him and put her face against his, though he shrank from her. "What is it, dearest?" she said. "Oh, what is it? What terrible thing has happened?"

But he was silent. At last, in a weak and far-off voice, he said: "They don't understand! Oh, they don't understand! I'm not in the least like that."

"Of course you're not, dearest!" she cried. "Like that detestable creature! You are so brave and honorable! What on earth made you think of such a thing?"

Again he was silent. Then he said: "I have done everything that man did, I have said everything that man said. Every word of that play was literally true of me. Some devil must have written it. But I'm not like that! They don't understand. I'm not in the least like that!"

"Of course you're not, dear love!" she repeated. "No matter what you may have done, you're not in the least like that."

"I have done everything exactly the same," he cried, aloud, "but I'm not a bad man really! I'm not an average scoundrel! I'm not a reptile or anything of the sort! I'm not in the least like that, and yet I've done all these things."

"Dearest," she answered, "I am here with you, I love you. Feel where my heart is beating!"

"Oh, tell me I'm not like that!" he repeated, leaning to her at last.

"Never, dearest, never could you be," she said, fondling him like a sick child. "Do you think I should ever have let a man like that touch me? Never, never could I have loved you if you had been like that!"

Next morning the papers cut their criticisms of the play very short. All agreed that the extraordinary incident, as they called it, had caused them to forget any dramatic interest the play might have possessed. One said that probably nothing so absurd had happened in a theatre since a man screamed because he was quite as terrified of the Ghost as Hamlet was.

"After all," another sneered, "if Heaven gave us the power to see ourselves as others see us, it would be a very dubious gift. The incident," it went on, "speaks much for the verisimilitude of the play and the acting; nothing could have been a better adv . . . t. The mystery of the authorship remains unsolved. But may we hint with all possible delicacy that perhaps the distinguished barrister and politician himself knows a good deal more about that mystery than would appear?"

Another paper refused to touch upon the personal question, but added: "To sit in a theatre and watch one's own life enacted on the stage has always seemed to us a fitting torment for the lowest circle in hell. Who could endure it?"

Editor's Easy Chair

AS yet there is no test for determining the force in a new writer which promises work of the measure and make of mastery. We do not know cleverness from power, or sleight from skill, by any infallible signs in a thing that newly pleases. There may be a trick of manner that will avail for the moment as effectively as charm of mind. We know, if we have been living through a generation or two of literature, that there are beginners whose end is far, and beginners who go a little way, and beginners who end with their beginning. If observation has taught us caution we shall be slow to put on the prophet and predict greatness for any beginner. It is a matter of feeling; we apply a finer sort of nerves to the fact accomplished, but almost in the measure that a novel achievement has thrilled and moved us we hesitate. How often we have been thrilled and moved by some fresh talent which has staled so soon as not to thrill or move us a third or fourth time, if even a second!

We have had it on our conscience to offer this sort of warning to the reader in owning our very great liking for a book by a writer who had shown uncommon quality in the short story, but has now given the first proof of the larger grasp and lasting hold of the novelist. It is a woman who has written this book and who chooses to hide herself behind the man's name of Georg Schock, already memorable in these pages with lovers of good work in minor fiction. She is a Pennsylvanian, and her fiction has always related to the simpler life among those strange people, the Pennsylvania Dutch, who, after well two hundred years, have kept themselves alien amidst the other Americans, still known to them as English in the twentieth as in the eighteenth century. They are the descendants of Protestant emigrants from the Palatinate and exiles from the Catholic parts of Germany in the sad days when men oppressed one another for God's sake; and they came to the Pennsylvania woods fixed in a Puritanism severer even than that of the first-comers at Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay. Their Puritanism was not darkened by so awful a demonology as that of their northern brethren; their forests were not haunted by such devils, their homes were not the prey of witches so formalized and malignant, their skies not troubled by portents so dire, their dimmer minds were not stirred in such a continual torment of self-question; but their lives were ordered with as rigid an ideal of conduct, and their ways were involved in a minuter and more constant sense of the mystery of the world. Signs and prophecies from on high attended them through their days of toil, and their dreams by night were full of warnings and leadings. Their church-membership was as infallible and exigent a token of right behavior, and their worship was as pervasive as the worship of the New-Englanders. But they abode in a warmer creed, they were Lutherans rather than Calvinists, and their lives, bent upon an earthly comfort which often became a somewhat sordid prosperity, were nigh to the life beyond in the intimations and forebodings which hold the material and the spiritual world in weird communion. As they changed through the modernizing influences they changed less than the New-Englanders, and they failed to evolve the quaint and mocking humor which became the relief of the Puritans from the grimness of their faith and the austerity of their life.

It is with this interesting people that the fiction of Georg Schock deals, and deals in their generality, rather in those specialized phases of Mennonite and Moravian which have lent their charm to the work of other novelists. The evolution of a Pennsylvania Dutch fiction has not followed the order of the New England fiction. There has been

nothing like the romance of Sylvester Judd and of Hawthorne, but now in the poetic realism of Georg Schock we have something of the simple truthfulness, the deep feeling, the strong firm touch, the winning grace of Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, and Miss Alice Brown, not to recur to such earlier diviners of character and painters of manners as Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mrs. Prescott Spofford. In quantity there is of course no comparison between this single Pennsylvania writer and those several New England writers, and we suggest rather than declare their likeness in everything but their subjective drama. Her work has been preceded by that of the author of *Tillie, a Mennonite Maid*, and we have seen at least one story by Mr. Reginald Kauffman, in which the Pennsylvania Dutch have been excellently studied as to their bolder and more objective phases. All these writers have interestingly reported the Dutch diction and accent in English, which has a peculiar quaint charm in recalling the forms of its ancestral German. But it seems to us that it is Georg Schock who has the most penetratingly felt the nature of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and has the most artistically rendered its mystical quality and tragical potentialities in the six or eight short stories printed in these pages.

Hearts Contending is a novel of sufficient measure to embrace the fortunes of an entire family, and of sufficient scope to present in the vision of a patriarchal condition the play of rebellious modern motives. Historically we do not know how the Pennsylvania Dutch ideal of rural life was evolved, whether it was the effect of a Fatherland tradition, or the result of prosperity following unsparing toil under a mild sky from a fruitful soil. But it is certain that farming in Pennsylvania early took on something of a patriarchal character. The land accumulated itself in large holdings, and in the midst of the vast acreage the head of the family dwelt, with his children and his tenants settled about him and forming a sort of self-contained community. This social type has apparently prevailed from an early to a later time, and it is as an actual condition that we know it in the story of the Heiligs of Heiligthal. We wish that had been its name instead of *Hearts Contending*, but we could hardly wish the book more faithfully, more epically done.

The central motive is not the character or the experience of the paterfamilias who rules his domain so unquestionedly up to the time when it begins to disintegrate in his very grasp, but it is the strong family quality imbuing every son and daughter of it, and strengthening each to the resistance in his or her way which forms the texture of the story. Job Heilig was no tyrant of his kin or kind, but a just and good man, religious, upright, watchful of his will and deed, and of a life so virtuously ordered that it could not bend itself from the course he had conscientiously given it without a sense of sin. His piety, his very charity, went to form a will of iron which sought to break what it could not bend in others and became to himself an inflexible doom, which he could escape only through the wreck of all his plans and hopes. He had appointed for each of his sons his use in life, and of his daughter he expected a conformity which ignored preference and propensity. Yet he did not exact compliance harshly or even consciously; he only looked for it implicitly, as in the natural order of things. He was a good and tender father, as he was a good and tender husband, and he was bewildered even more than he was offended when his children in turn defied him, and his wife, whose whole being had worshipped him, renounced her love. He is a great and primitive figure which the author is too faithful an artist to allow an absolute dominance in her scheme. Rather he remains a sort of potent passivity, a vast obstruction against which the slighter personalities are projected and defined.

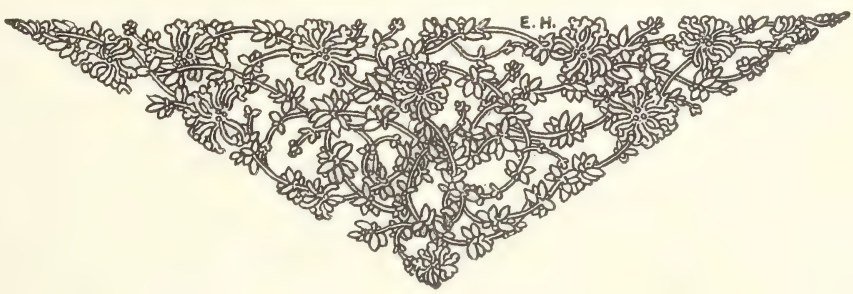
The author is also too skilful and too wise to offer Bertha Lieb, through whom largely Job Heilig's design falls to pieces, as his antithesis. From the beginning the reader may assure himself that in spite of every coincidence, nothing will be coincidently, nothing cheaply done. The same instinct which forbids convention in the contrast of the characters creates them of a freshness almost unexampled in our recent fiction. It is

possible that the earthen simplicity of these vessels would tend to monotony in further production, and under a less inspired touch they might well lack the wonderful convincingness they have here. But as it is, the reader goes among them as among the people of a new world, new, yet somehow not strange, so deeply are they ascertained in the potentialities of one's own experience. It is like going for the first time among the people of George Eliot, or Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Phillpotts, they are so veritable, so substantial to every perception. One must not liken them to the characters of any less novelists than these, neither of whom, nevertheless, the book recalls in atmosphere.

This is absolutely our own Middle State air, as sensibly different from our New England air, or Far Western air, or Southern air as it is from the air of England. It is even more definitely yet the air of Pennsylvania, that great material commonwealth, which superficially seems to respond so little to the high moral and spiritual motives of its origin, and yet amidst its gross comforts and swollen prosperities and sordid interests, has in the heart of its most prosaic expression a mystical poetry, whose muted strain the author of this book has caught. It is beautiful to see with what sobered reticence its intentions are caught and reported, and how its facts, so intensely dramatic, are held from a fall-of-the-curtain close. This is managed with that rare skill which leaves the action still proceeding on the hidden stage (as perhaps life is left going on in the unseen after the last great close of all), and keeps the reader, the silent partner of the author, still imagining the story.

It seems like declining to lower praise to note the subtler and remoter implications of the story in the nature and the character of its persons and events; yet it is in these that much of its power lies; possibly most of its power. It is not at once apparent that the will of Job Heilig breeds final disobedience in each of its subjects, but more and more this becomes a permanent meaning from the tale. So far as it may be counted a moral it teaches the forbearance of will, the consent of liberty to the will of others which is the genius of the universal frame. "It is love which holds the stars in the sky," as Valdés says in his beautiful story of Maximina, and not force; and love is the lesson of Job Heilig's sorrow and defeat. Dimly we feel the analogy between his case and the case of that other Job, but we are not suffered to trace any parallel, and the history throughout is held above the level of allegory.

It is one of the consoling suggestions of the book that there is no such thing as utter tragedy. Ruin itself is structural, and out of the wreck of all happiness the fabric of hope arises. Here it rises not merely for those whom Job Heilig's will thwarted, or who thwarted it, but even for him who was its real prey, though he was never its sole victim. A kind of peace as from the sky falls upon the scene, and a serenity which is not mere resignation rests upon it. Its dimensions are the dimensions of life. There are passions enough in it, storms of them; there is abundant love passion; but these are held in the vaster compass of the human feeling, which is indeed made up of them, but is yet greater than all, and other than each.



Editor's Study

WE were just saying that the new era in fiction, as its modernest note, shows a new kind of knowledge of Man, Woman, and Nature, very different from that displayed formerly by writers who made much of their sagacity and, after the manner of professional phrenologists, confidently attempted definite charts of human character, and positively asserted their "views" of life and nature generally.

This was mainly the inveterate habit of masculine writers. Woman's culture, however much it has widened of late, was closer and more continuous, while man's larger range carried him so far beyond the content of his living experience that he entered a purely notional field, which he occupied and maintained with that obstinacy which always most fiercely defended arbitrary opinion, because there was no natural justification of these outlying positions. This vague territory was moreover peculiarly his own through his vagrant occupancy, which woman was loath to contest with him, and which was alien and inaccessible to every other creature. Woman as well as man might become sophisticated, but not with such looseness or aloofness from natural boundaries. Within her close circle such artifices as she abounded in, traditional or extemporized, were more obviously apparent than the devices fabricated by man's free-roving mind and fancy. They belonged to no hypothesis and could gain nothing from argument: they were allied to sentiment, and so far they partook of reality.

The very habit of writing, the facile use of words, is an insidious temptation to sophistry, to which men yield more readily than women. In the creation of a language the word was a living, flaming thing, as if articulation were the breaking of an electric current; it was immediate realization, the direct embodiment of a natural feeling. But, yielding to mental enticement, words slip from their native moorings and are lost in shadows, stronger in this second estate, if really apprehended, than in their first, yet lending themselves to loose notional juggling. This is the peril of literature, especially in the work of masculine writers. Those arts which appeal directly to the senses, whatever purpose they may serve besides the purely æsthetic, do not yield, in the very elements of their technique, any misleading suggestion or association such as inheres in language, particularly in those languages which are derived from various and remote sources, so that words have been divorced from the sensible images vividly conveyed in their original use, becoming therefore more unreal in themselves and bewildering in their leadings. Thus a reader finds tonic refreshment in the direct speech of the Bible, of Homer, and of all the poets who belonged to unsophisticated eras.

The more the writer is an artist, in the simple and natural sense, the more real and immediate is the impression he makes upon the imagination of the reader. He may create illusions—in the finest art he must; but these are like those our senses make, like those which Nature imparts through the senses; the word is held within the bonds of a natural service.

We have in the Gospel the singular example of a communication which, though we count it a part of the Scriptures, we can hardly think of as having been written; it seems rather to have been lived. We trace the lineaments of a living organism, in a kind of transfigured physiology. The Word becomes flesh, in such sort that we are not amazed should we be asked to feed upon it. It is all real, all like a new Nature; the functioning of a new Humanity has begun; and it goes on for a generation before there is this flaming rescript of it, in written lines following the lines of life. Its terms are those of Nature,

though the meanings are those of a heavenly kingdom. Renewal is rebirth, still it is birth. The parable is not a mental explication, but an embodiment of living truth. We see men and things in the fields—shepherds and sowers and reapers, and the glory of the lilies' vesture. How everywhere we touch the human body, in its ailments and needs, its joys and pains! But for the deeper implications, of which that of kinship—divine sonship and human brotherhood—is the most vital, Reality would seem here to reach its *acharnement*. These implications are the ground of a creative expansion, and so the Gospel becomes the prophecy of a new naturalism.

It was only when science ceased to depend upon mental inferences and gave the deliverances of the senses the respect due to them, as springing from a living and natural source, that its disclosures came to have any real value. We have come to confess a like dependence, for any real knowledge of ourselves, upon something in our consciousness which corresponds to external sensation—something living, organic, and natural. There is a living reason in us which is something quite different from what we call reasoning. It is one with the living, and therefore creative, Logos, which is the immanent intelligence in the universal life. Because of it our sense of life, without us and in our conscious experience, has development along the lines of reality —that is, of creative realization—freeing itself more and more from those mental interferences which refract its light in the soul, engendering ghostly terrors and phantom hopes.

To respect the senses and this living reason—to wait upon these—is to recover natural sanity, though it is the peculiar destiny of the human soul that it must traverse the wilderness before it can reach sane dwelling. It is easy for us to see monstrous distortions in the retrospect of human thought and action, to regard them as if we were studying pathology, all the possibilities of insanity and futility being illustrated in man's vanities and fears, his monstrous conceits, his arbitrary and headlong assumptions and pretences, his stalking arrogances and abject humilities. But other possibilities existed—just those which we now see being realized, and which were in course of realization from the beginning. Nor have there been wanting positive indications in former periods of these bright possibilities. Aristocracy and authority, whatever their abuses, have illustrated their relative necessity, and have, in the main, been exercised with a sense of their responsibility. The creative principle of a real Christianity has not only wrought in the hearts of women and of simple-minded men, but has inspired eminent leaders and teachers in every generation. Reason and Imagination, also creative, and yet also, in every age, hindered and obscured and made the servants of necessity, have, within these limitations, projected their mighty and shining metaphors, speculative, indeed, but in living lines, prophetic of the fuller illumination to come. The progressive culture of the many has broken up the rigid lines of classification in the social and political order, reducing conventional and official eminences, and divesting aristocracy of its burdens and privileges, leaving it without prestige or a reason for its existence, save as it may still earn a natural justification. The procession is unmasked. Thus Wisdom is justified of all her children and becomes the embodiment of a real knowledge.

The sense of reality in literature comes with the sense of reality in life. Nothing is real or living except creatively, becoming thus part of a harmony and not of a fabricated and reasoned-out scheme. We revert to physiology, not as a collocation of physical members, but as a living organism whose implication is a living soul; and in this implication lie all the wonderful possibilities of a living human experience in the individual and in the race. Whatever may be the limitations, we accept them, content if the possibilities be realized. On any plane, however exalted, the procedure can be only in natural lines. We await nativities and the natural increase, or growth, wherein is lodged all real authority.

Enter, always, mother and child. But almost it would seem that the woman of to-day—the woman most in evidence, at least—entertains the inveterate masculine fallacy that human nature can be re-

formed by legislative enactment. This may be due to the fond dream that, if she participated in political functions, the whole situation would somehow be transformed. Such a dream would naturally occur to a sex excluded from these functions. We note that where woman does vote, she soon recovers from this delusion. But on the other hand it is worth noting that, during the last decade, legislative action and the whole working of representative government have, in our man-made civilization, reached a stage of unprecedented efficiency, recognizing their limitations, and meeting real conditions with effort wisely directed toward clearly practicable betterment, thus really preparing the way for woman's participation in this direction. Thus comes to woman the happy critical moment in world-affairs, just as it came to her in literature in the eighteenth century—a moment prepared for her by man and held out to her invitingly, even provocatively.

It may be said that there is little of the mother in the political functioning of woman—that the expansion of motherhood could hardly be thought of as including that field of activity. We may hope for a new kind of politics, national and international, a part of the new Naturalism, or of the transfigured physiology of the Gospel—a politics hardly recognizable under its old name, embodying living truths, spiritual children, with the implication of motherhood as well as of paternity. Such a transformation could not be effected by voting it at the polls or in legislative roll-calls; it must be organically operative in the hearts of the people, perhaps not in the numerical majority, but with such compelling power, through the living reason in it, that it commands, or dissolves, parties, before it can be registered in any form of political activity. Woman is a negligible factor in politics, and so is man, but for her, or his, reinforcement of that organic spiritual life of the people which gives representative government its real significance.

We use the word "spiritual" here in no special religious sense. We might as well use the word "natural," if we regard the profound implications of nature. Religion itself has to be purged by the living reason in us of vain ritual and scholasticism before it can have the sanity of a "natural piety." Science has had its purgation, in a negative sense, by the exclusion of notional speculation; also, in a positive sense, by its disclosure of evolution, needing only to see that evolution is creative. Philanthropy is being purged of self-righteousness and of insane altruism. Spiritual ethics is disclosing a new perspective of positive values, displacing merely negative virtues, and finding an inexplicable ideal—seeing that in a creative life there are grace, beauty, and goodness, as there are flowers in the fields, for which no reason can be given, but with all divine reason in their spontaneous embodiments. This is what we mean by a transfigured physiology.

Fiction is, in our time, especially significant because it is becoming more and more the very organ of a creative interpretation and realization of human life. It is true that nine-tenths of our novels, as a like proportion of our plays, are fashioned merely for entertainment—some of these, it must be allowed, for intellectual entertainment, and most of them, following an old fashion, as old as fiction itself, attempting something more by way of easy moralities, didactically or muck-rakingly. Our diversions are legitimate, but they are for the most part reversions. Our life itself is nine-tenths reversionary, seriously and innocently. But it is the other tenth which shows advance in vital movement and real values, and which engages creative faculty and vision.

We shall not call the fiction of this creative order the "best," or give it any other label. It does not concern itself with comparative or superlative degrees any more than Nature does. It does not classify human phenomena; it tends to break up all, and especially social, classification. It is creative in that it is natural, and its art is the art which Nature makes, instinctively selective, for organic embodiment, hence also for form. We should expect women to be creators here, with intuitive selection; for here surely more than anywhere else is the proper field for the expansion of motherhood. Yet, without virile fertilization, it is a sterile field.

Science and the Cook

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

ONCE a fortnight, with punctilious regularity, Mr. T. Humiston Jones forsook his domestic fireside to look in upon his cousin, Dr. Sylvester Schamm. There was nothing particularly inviting about the cluttered, ill-smelling laboratory to lure Mr. Jones away from his comfortable home, nor was the unresponsive personality of Dr. Schamm—grown ivory-colored and morose after sixty years of solitude devoted to scientific research—calculated to mellow, on such occasions, into good fellowship. Nevertheless, Mr. Humiston Jones's visits were regularly made. It was laudable preservation of intimacy between branches of a family-tree where the angle of divergence was already reckoned in terms of third-cousinship.

One evening, Mr. Jones, after depositing his hat among the test-tubes on the table, and having carefully looked for traces of acid upon the chair before seating himself, ventured the information—

"We have got a new cook."

"So? Good."

"Oh, well, we won't have her long," with a sigh Jones resignedly forestalled felicitations. "They never stay."

"Ach! You people with families and houses!" Dr. Schamm spread his hands in disgust. "And what you put up with! Science might have solved all your domestic problems long ago, but you—you care nothing for Science."

Jones smiled pityingly at the old recluse. "I should like to see your Science cope with—well, with suburban cooks, for instance."

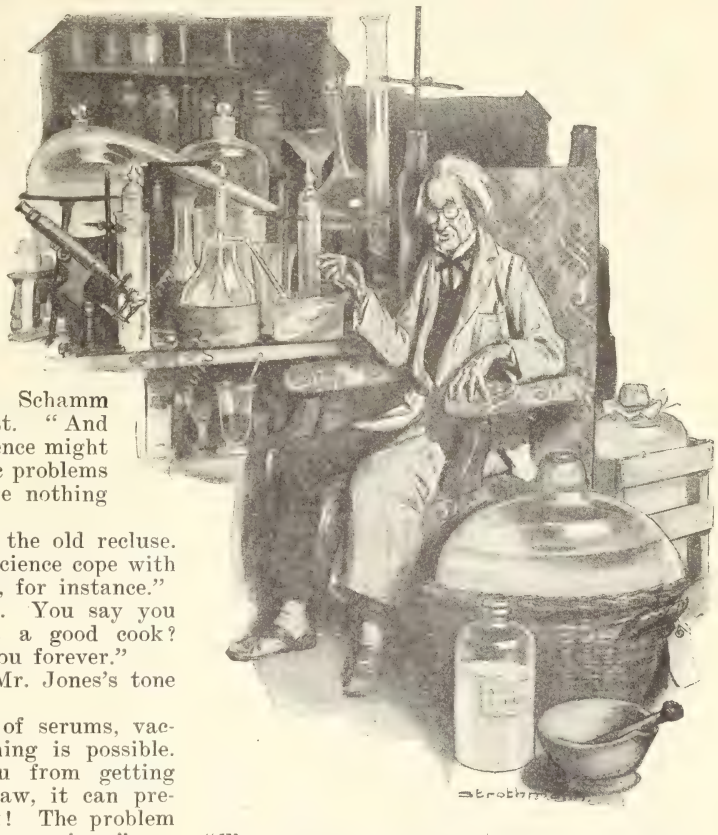
"Why not? It is simple. You say you have a cook now. Is she a good cook? Then make her stay with you forever."

"By scientific means?" Mr. Jones's tone was politely jeering.

"Precisely. In this day of serums, vaccines, and antitoxins, anything is possible. If Science can prevent you from getting smallpox, or dying of lockjaw, it can prevent you from losing a cook! The problem is simple and ridiculous by comparison."

"I should be much indebted to Science—" began Jones, humbly.

"Then you shall be." Dr. Schamm's tone became dry and formal. "What I shall propound is theory, but we can easily demonstrate it as fact. Cooks, you tell me, do not like to stay long in one place. There is a psychological reason for that, and under it a physiological basis. I maintain that, inoculated with the proper serum, any cook can be made to develop a willingness to remain in one household—nay, to cling to it indefinitely, in fact. We must derive our serum from the animal that most markedly has developed the instinct of home-clinging. Now what animal is pre-eminently attached to its place of domicile and can hardly be



"WE WILL PRODUCE THE DESIRED SERUM FROM THE CAT"

driven from it! Of course, the common housecat. Very well, then, we will produce the desired serum from the cat. I will not go into the scientific details—they would be unintelligible to you. However, when we have our serum prepared, consider what it will mean. In it is concentrated all the homeclinging tendencies of the cat; it embodies the very quintessence of feline yearning for the hearthstone; it is the spirit of homesickness liquefied and raised to the *n*th power. I do not speak with scientific exactness, for you might not get the point."

"Yes, yes, I see," assented Jones, hopelessly fumbling into enthusiasm. "Go on!"

"Now we apply a hypodermic of the serum to the forearm of the cook. She experiences no unusual physical reaction. She need not even understand the purpose of the application. But within forty-eight hours by her own free will she is bound to you forever!"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the bewildered but enraptured Jones.

"When you come again, in two weeks' time, I will try to have the serum ready for you. There are several cats in the rear of this place, which disturb my work at nights, and I shall be glad to miss them. However, this is scientific trifling, and I can hardly afford to waste my time over it."

A fortnight later the serum arrived, and by taking advantage of a passing ailment of Bridget's, the inoculation was successfully effected, and Bridget none the wiser as to its purpose. Then the Jones household awaited breathlessly the result. Two days passed serenely by. On the third the tension of suspense was broken, and Mrs. Jones telephoned the news to her husband:

"Humiston, she has unpacked her trunk and put the trunk up in the garret!"

Evidently the serum was taking effect. A day or two later there were other corroborative symptoms.

"A box of Bridget's things came from somewhere to-day. And what do you think, Humiston, she is actually nailing up pictures and decorating her room."

Mr. Jones beamed beatifically at his enraptured wife.

"And, oh, Humiston, Mrs. Brown's cook left to-day!"

"Sorry for Brown. Say, Matilda, there's plenty of serum left in that bottle. Why shouldn't we pass it over the fence—"

"Humiston Jones, not one drop out of that bottle ever gets into Mrs. Brown's hands!" The emphasis of this remark led Jones to drop the suggestion once for all.

In the months that followed, the efficacy of Dr. Schamm's serum upheld the most extreme predictions of its inventor. Bridget continued to cook to the complete satisfaction of the Jones household, and apparently had determined upon nothing short of life-tenure in office. The lengthening term of Bridget's services became a matter of wonder and comment among the neighbors, especially to Mrs. Brown next door. Her fourth cook had taken a somewhat violent departure the week before.

"And Bridget is going with you to the shore?" Mrs. Brown queried sweetly of Mrs. Jones when the winter and spring months had given place to June. "What a treasure she must be!"

"Yes, Bridget is greatly attached to us. She declares that she has found a real home at last." Mrs. Jones's satisfaction in the fact was augmented by the satisfaction that the fact was being impressed on Mrs. Brown.

"I am *so* glad! How fortunate you are!" And with this exchange of amenities, the breach widened.

On the 15th of June Mr. Jones saw his family with Bridget and the *impedimenta* of the summer sojourn safely on board the train for Bayside Beach. Two days later the policeman on duty in Jones's neighborhood telephoned Jones.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jones, somebody has forced the back door of your house and is inside now."

Jones abruptly dropped business, and rushing home, found Bridget defending the kitchen door from the entrance of the officer of the law. A loud altercation was in progress.

"Bridget, what does this mean?" demanded Jones.

"Sure, Mr. Jones, and I should loike to know mesilf. If a dayecent, law-abidin' woman can't set futt in her own house—the only rale home I ever had in me loife—without this blackguard a-tr-ryin' to inter feever—"

"But, Bridget, where is Mrs. Jones?"

"At the shore, sir—foine and well I left the missus—I was just that homesick for a soight of me own kitchen—"

"Did Mrs. Jones consent to your coming back this way?"

"Begorra, an' if it didn't clane slip me moind to tell the missus—I was just that homesick fer th' ould place."

Jones dismissed the policeman, and confronted the problem of getting Bridget headed toward Bayside Beach again. For an hour entreaties and threats alternated in confusing succession, and slowly Bridget yielded. Jones called a cab, and in spite of Bridget's laments at this new breaking of home ties she was got aboard the 6.10 train.

Two nights later, Jones returning found Bridget again, this time entrenched in her room.

"If the missus loikes me cookin', 'tis here she can come fer it." The ultimatum gained emphasis coming through the barred door. "I'll not be traipsin' all over the counthry, puttin' up wid infarior comforts, lavin' me home — the only rale home I ever . . ."

In despair Jones sought the laboratory of Dr. Schamm. The latter's ivory countenance crinkled into strange, scientific delight at Jones's story.

"You have made a real contribution to Science—"

"Science be hanged!" cut in the lay-minded Jones. "I want a cook that will stay put."

"But what can you expect?" retorted the

scientist. "Bridget is naturally exemplifying the exact traits of the cat. The cat does not care for the family, she clings to the house. And if carried away by force, she is irresistibly drawn back to her original place of domicile. Now the serum has developed precisely this instinct of the cat in your cook. She has returned twice—a beautiful example of the immutable workings of scientific law. We should try a more difficult experiment—such as we know has successfully been attempted many times with cats. You can hardly carry Bridget off in a basket, but you can blindfold her and drop her off the train at some wayside station. She will undoubtedly find her way back to the house by the shortest route. I will prepare a scientific report of this—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" angrily interjected Jones. "A cook is intended to cook, and if Bridget can't be made to return to the family, the family will have to come back to the cook."

Dr. Schamm shrugged his shoulders, and the Jones family made an unseasonable return from Bayside Beach.

"At any rate," Mrs. Jones comforted herself, "Mrs. Brown is without a cook again, and that makes the sixth."



SLOWLY SHE YIELDED

In the months that followed, Mrs. Jones lost exact count of Mrs. Brown's cooks. The Jones household pursued the smooth tenor of its way, with Bridget established like a rock in the midst of domestic tranquillity. It was not until March that a tardy Nemesis cast eyes upon the Jones household. The blow fell one evening after dinner, which Jones had eaten in silence.

"I have bad news, Matilda." Jones tried to put the worst forward in a sort of edgewise fashion. "I can't renew the lease on this house."

"Then we can move out to Woodside," replied Mrs. Jones, complacently. "I have always wanted to get away from this dusty, noisy—"

She stopped with a gasp, and husband and wife eyed each other in dread comprehension. Bridget!

"Humiston Jones, you've *got* to renew the lease on this house. If you can't renew the lease, you've got to *buy* the house!"

"That's exactly the trouble, my dear. That's why I can't lease again. The house has been sold."

"Sold!"

Mr. Jones hesitated, then bravely came out with the worst. "Brown has bought it."

When Mrs. Jones had been reduced to a state of comparative quiet, Jones was speedily despatched to Dr. Schamm's to make a final appeal to Science such as the desperate situation demanded. He found the laboratory dismantled, and the doctor in the midst of hasty preparations for a return to Germany. Dr. Schamm was on the eve of a great discovery, which could be given to the world only from Heidelberg. He waved aside the matter of the cook with true scientific disgust over domestic trivialities. But when Jones pleaded and insisted, he briefly pointed out that it was over a year since Bridget had been inoculated, and it was probable that the effect of the serum was now almost exhausted. Bridget would in all likelihood make no objection to the change to Woodside, and her abnormally long association with the Jones family ought surely to count in their favor.

On May first the Joneses and Bridget moved to Woodside—and the bottle of serum was broken and spilled in the moving. The situation was now acute.

"You are to have one of the very best rooms," Mrs. Jones explained to Bridget in her sweetest tones as they faced the clean emptiness of the new house. "It's going to be ever so much nicer living out here with fresh air and green trees than in the hot, dusty city. Don't you think so?"

"Indeed an' I do, mum," agreed Bridget, and following Mrs. Jones she made an inspection of her new quarters on the third floor.

"A front room, you see, Bridget," said Mrs. Jones, impressively—"large, airy, sunshiny, and a beautiful view of the river."



THE ONLY REAL HOME SHE EVER HAD

"Indeed, mum, I never dreamt of havin' the loikes of this for me poor bones to rest in," Bridget purred.

The routine of domestic life was nervously re-established in the new abode, and the dramatic suspense lengthened from hours to days. When a week had passed, Mrs. Jones began to take heart. The second week followed, and it seemed that Dr. Schamm must be right in his conjecture that the serum had spent its potency. After the third week Mrs. Jones felt that she could safely remit her vigilance for the day and do some long-deferred shopping in town. On Friday she went, making a round of the shops, and winding up in the afternoon at Jones's office in a state of depleted funds. Just then the telephone rang; at the other end of the wire was Brown.

"Jones, is that you? . . . Can you hear me above this noise? . . . For Heaven's sake, come up here and call off your cook . . . Yes, she has landed here with two trunks and I don't know how many packing-boxes out on the sidewalk, and is trying to put our cook out of the kitchen. . . . They're at each other now and making an awful racket—can't you hear it? . . . What am I to do? Mrs. Brown is away. . . . Can't you come up and help straighten out the mess? . . . Your cook must be crazy! . . . I'm afraid to go out in the kitchen. . . . Good Lord! that sounds like the crockery."

Jones was abruptly cut off, but he did not wait for further details. With Mrs. Jones, he fled up-town. Whatever the tumult had been a few minutes before, the house now presented a silent and dignified exterior. Jones rang the bell, and to his surprise it was Mrs. Brown, still wearing her hat and gloves, who ushered them cordially into what had once been their own parlor, now strangely transformed.

"Mr. Jones, and dear Mrs. Jones, I am so sorry Mr. Brown troubled you. Luckily I returned just after he telephoned, and I soon smoothed things over in the kitchen. There was no getting Bridget out of the house. What a strange attachment she seems to have for the house!—*the house*, Mrs. Jones. Of course, my cook left out of sheer fright. I gave her the full month's wages, so she seemed satisfied, poor thing. Bridget insists on staying—"

"The idea!" snorted Mrs. Jones. "Bridget is my cook—"

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Jones," Mrs. Brown resumed sweetly, "that is exactly what I have been trying to impress upon Bridget myself, and what she wholly fails to grasp."

"I'll talk to her myself—"

"I do wish you would, Mrs. Jones," chimed in Mrs. Brown, quickly. This readiness made Mrs. Jones pause and consider.

"No use. It's the serum still working," Jones whispered in his wife's ear. Mrs. Jones mentally debated the chances of victory and defeat and then discreetly yielded.

From the parlor to the hall, and from the hall to the door, the women vied with each other in a profusion of politeness and regrets. It was a most amiable parting.

Mrs. Jones maintained a grim silence for three blocks, then broke it.

"And to think, Humiston, I taught Bridget my secret recipe for green-tomato compote!"

Grandpa and the Fog-Horn

IS a fog-horn on th' shore
Where we live, an' it just make
Sometimes such a nawful roar
Till your ears inside they ache.
But it only roars just when
They's a fog—'cause ships they might
Try to sail right in, an' then
They be wrecked all up some night!

Grampa come to visit us,
An' las' night th' fog-horn start
Settin' up a nawful fuss—
Roarin' awful close apart.
Course we go right on an' sleep,
'Cause we're used to it, you know,
An' don't hear it while it keep
"*Waw*-in'" an' a "*Waw*-in'" so.

But poor grampa he ain't been
Visitin' us since we come
To this house an' moved 'way in
From th' house we moved out from.
So he just don't sleep at all
An' at breakfast he just gap',
An' he let his boiled egg fall
Purt' near right into his lap.

An' he ast us if some one
Ain't got cows some place that's near,
An' pa say he guess there's none—
If there is, w'y he ain't hear.
Grampa say, "I heard a cow
Beller all night fer her calf.
My, but she kicked up a row!"—
An' my goodness! How we laugh!

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Only Job Left

THE Governor of a Western State tells of the time when he was so annoyed by office-seekers that he was compelled to make public announcement in the press that in view of the multitudinous applications for office, he would be unable to give consideration to them all.

Shortly after this announcement, the Governor received the following letter:

"HONORABLE MR. GOVERNOR,—I see by the papers where it says that you are going to take a month off to destroy the thousands of applications for jobs. Mr. Governor, if everything else is gone, may I ask that I get the job of helping you tear up the letters?"

Had a Bad Reputation

A CERTAIN Boston woman recently passed the house of a friend and found Harry, the small boy of the family, sitting on the front steps, weeping bitterly. She stopped and asked what was the matter.

"We—we've got a new baby in the house and he is making an awful lot of noise, an' papa's on the road, an' he don't know anything about it!"

"But," protested the woman, bewilderedly, "that is nothing to cry about, Harry."

Harry stopped crying long enough to fix an indignant glare on the woman. "You don't know," he said, bitterly. "Papa always blames me for everything that happens while he is away."



MRS. NEWLYRICHE. "*Oh, Silas, isn't that coiffure wonderful?*"
MR. NEWLYRICHE. "*It is pretty good. Is it Java or Mocha?*"

True Sense of Proportion

WITH keen appreciation of Boston as the "hub of the universe," and from his home in one of its suburbs, a seven-year-old boy recently wrote to an aunt in the Middle West:

"I am learning to write with ink. Mother is teaching me. I am writing the history of the world. The first one (volume) is about New England. The second one is to be about Greece."

Family Pride

MRS. F—— was doing her best to amuse and entertain her strenuous five-year-old grandson and namesake, Ford, being in turn every animal which his fancy dictated. Finally, after unusual exertion, she asked, "Does your Grandma M—— play with you this way?"

Drawing himself up proudly, Ford replied, "I'd have you know my Gran'ma M—— is a perfect lady!"

On Books

THE books we think we ought to read are
poky, dull, and dry;
The books that we would like to read we are
ashamed to buy:
The books that people talk about we never
can recall:
And the books that people give us—oh,
they're the worst of all!

CAROLYN WELLS.

Food for Fun

"MARY," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply, "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of how you tried to make a cake one day."

Advance Information

DR. J. M. BUCKLEY, the well-known editor and divine, addressing a New York City Sunday-school, related an incident that greatly interested the children. He told of meeting a ragged, hungry-looking little girl in the street on a wintry day, and when he questioned her she recited a pitiful tale of a sick mother and younger brothers and sisters without food. After giving her a silver dollar the good doctor followed at a safe distance to see what she would do with the money.

"Now, children, what do you suppose was the first thing she bought with that dollar?" said Dr. Buckley. "Hands up."

Up went the hands, and one child after another ventured a guess, but none proved correct. Finally a little boy whose upraised hand alone remained was asked for his answer to the question.

"A basket," he sang out.

"Correct," said the doctor; "there's a boy who thinks. Now, son, come up here on the platform and tell us why you think it was a basket."

After considerable coaxing the boy reached the platform, but seemed unwilling to talk. "Go on," urged the doctor, "I want these boys and girls to learn to think, too."

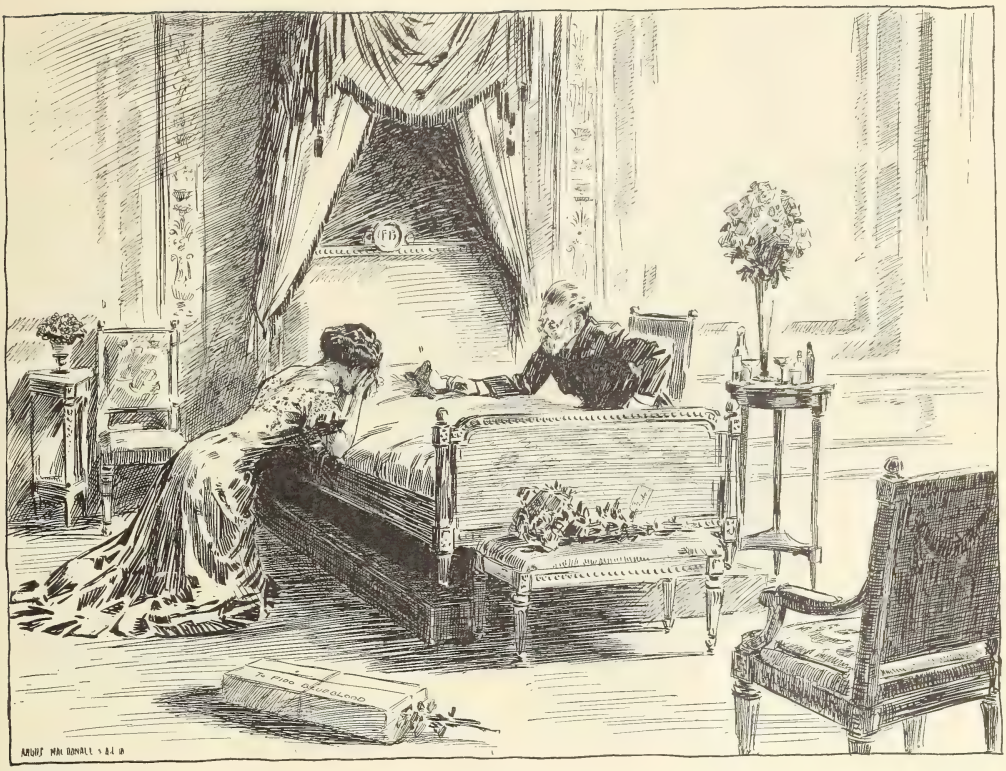
The boy still hesitated and Dr. Buckley took from his pocket a silver quarter. "I'll give you this," he said, "if you'll tell us what makes you think the little girl bought a basket first."

"Be-be-cause," stammered the youngster, at last moved by the sight of the money, "I was over in Hoboken last Sunday and heard you tell the story there."



Resourceful

"You's broke you' banjo string;
Now what you gwan to do?"
"Ki! dat ain't anything.
I'll git one out my shoe!"



MRS. BLUEBLOOD. "*Oh, Doctor, I'm so worried about him. He hasn't barked above a whisper since Thursday.*"

Homely Hints for Happy Boys

TACT

WHEN your father has a headache you
should always bang the door;
If your mother's feeling giddy you should
stamp upon the floor;
Yell and whistle as you run—it is really
ripping fun,
And discourages your elders when they
tend to be a bore.

ON GETTING UP

When the matutinal knock
Comes to rouse you from repose,
Quite regardless of the clock
Turn and take another doze.
Should your relatives complain
Do not let it give you pain;
Never mind if breakfast's late,
It will do them good to wait.

DEPORTMENT

How provoking is the mat
Lying by the entrance door!
Mud abounds, but what of that?
Carpets cover every floor.
Walk exactly where you please
(Manners should have perfect ease),
Asking, when your parents tease,
"What are rags and carpets for?"

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

Why She Returned

MRS. JOHNSON had gone away from home, leaving Mr. Johnson disconsolate. On arriving at her destination, she missed her gold lace pin, and wrote her servant, asking the girl to let her know if she had found anything on the dining-room floor.

The servant wrote as follows: "When sweeping the dining-room floor this morning, I found thirty matches, four corks, and a pack of cards."

Not Prepared

A CHICAGO Board of Trade man, who was not in the habit of attending church, was taking a walk one Sunday morning, and on coming to a church at the regular hour of service, he decided to go in. As he entered the auditorium, in which the pews were adjusted upon a sloping floor, an usher stepped forward, and wishing to consult him as to location before conducting him to a sitting, politely inquired:

"Would you like to come down pretty well?"

Mistaking the inquiry to be an appeal for money, the Board of Trade man began to fumble through his pockets, as he drawled:

"I'd like to; but I'm not prepared to come down very heavy, as fifteen cents is all I have with me."



MR. RHINO *(looking in the mirror)*, "*I am afraid these horns give me a 'cross' expression.*"

Not a Boston Girl

THE girl was a dainty thing in pink, evidently a stranger in Boston; the fellow had Harvard written all over him. They were standing in the delivery-room of the Public Library, and he was explaining to her the decorations by Edwin Abbey, which illustrate the legend of the Holy Grail. As he talked he glanced occasionally at his fair listener and seemed pleased to find her apparently lost in rapture. Finally, when his stock of knowledge was exhausted, he exclaimed:

"Why, I never before knew that you were so interested in art."

For a moment longer she continued to gaze at the painting, then with a tremulous little sigh she turned to him with:

"I have been wondering how many pieces it would make if cut up into one of those picture puzzles."

Father's Little Joke

A BALTIMORE man recently called at a friend's house where the stork had lately arrived.

"Hello, Tom!" was the effusive greeting of the caller. "What is it? Boy or girl?"

"Guess," said the father.

"Boy," ventured the caller.

With a sad smile, the new parent added, "Old man, you're only half right."

Time Enough Then

A SOMERSETSHIRE laborer, going to work in the morning, called for his mate and found him hanging to a beam in his barn. He went on to his work, and on arrival said to the other men:

"What do 'ee think I've a-zeed? Bill Smith strung up in the barn. 'Anged 'usself!"

"'Anged 'usself, 'ave 'ee?" they said. "And what's do? Cut 'en down?"

"Cut 'en down?" he replied. "No; 'un warn't dead yet!"

Where There's a Will

A LITTLE boy of five years approached the druggist to ask for a pasteboard box similar to those some friends of his had secured from the druggist.

"I haven't got one left," said the druggist.

"I know where one is," offered the youngster.

"Where?" asked the pharmacist.

The little fellow led him to one of the show-cases and pointed.

"Why, that box has got candy in it," said the druggist.

"But I could eat it out," said the little fellow, seriously.

He got the box, and part of the candy, too.



Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick. Illustration for "The Perfect Hour"

IT WAS WITH RELIEF THAT HE FOUND HER WITH THE OTHERS ON THE PIAZZA

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXI SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. DCCXXIV

Naples and the Lotto

BY MARIE VAN VORST

IF the provinces and environing shores are honeycombed by American emigration, Naples—warm, golden, passionate, wonderful—her fair brows set to the sea, bound by the sea as though by a turquoise band, is as brimming with folk as a cup is full of wine—as deep with sound and murmurs as a hive. The city is in the grip of life: not as the West understands living, but in the Oriental sense of the term.

The place pays the price of its charm and is both loved and hated. As for the Neapolitans, they snap their fingers at all Italy. The tortuous, redolent, foul old town is content with itself, and its divinity, the sea. The people's gods, their loves and fears, their delights and superstitions, are happily and noisily contained in this southern metropolis, circled by azure waves, bound again by shores of pearl, the bay studded by islands that lie like blue roses on a lapis-lazuli table. Thus the eyes of the Neapolitans are feasted with beauty.

"*We of Napoli,*" they shrug, and cut off all Italy with a sweep, and are still like a kingdom of their own and temperamentally isolated. In revenge the north hates Naples heartily. "Earthquakes!" the Romans exclaim; "but of course! and eruptions of Vesuvius of *course*—what do you expect? Naples is a very wicked city. It is the scum of the kingdom. It will be with them as it was in Sicily, and small loss."

Opposite Naples lie the entombed cities whose fate followed their vices, and Italy says she will not be surprised when Naples follows the same fate.

Extremely Oriental and in many ways untouched by civilization, Naples is nearly as barbarous as the East. The city basks in the ardor of the sun, and with the lungs of its alleys and streets breathes deeply the ineffable air of the bay, and, if close to its destruction by fire or wave or volcano, the Sea Nymph has counted already many sunny days and star-bathed nights in her tempestuous history. Old Parthenope tempted the Greek, Oscan, Roman, Goth, Byzantine, Norman, German, French, and Spaniard. But her beauty appears to have proved fatal to the making of history and to have weakened her conquerors, for in literature, art, or war Naples has done nothing tremendous. Like a woman content to be perfectly lovely, the seaport has simply existed. Surrounded by legend and by greatness, she, herself her only excuse for being, has gone down into proverb nevertheless. "See Naples and die." Of Grecian origin, cut in upon, scarred over, by the vandalism of the twentieth century, the old charm remains, and the peninsula is as jealous of her as in the early times, when Parthenope-Cumæ fetched the Emperor and his suite from Rome to these blue coasts. Villa, garden, park, and terrace drew lovely lines along these shores from Naples to the islands. The galleys of Nero and the barges of Lucullus rocked

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on these bays, surrounded by naked youths, and nakkons in the form of mermaids; and the feasts made detestable to history embittered the region with fantastic orgies. Laurel-browed Virgil came here to sing; emperors lived and died here; Nero murdered his mother at Baiæ; and of Rome and Greece nothing but the brown earth ruins remain.

Formed by irregularities and upheavals of the earth's unrest created by the fires of the centre, yellow soil, soft rock, and lava compose these cypress-grown tufa hills. The coast is an emanation of the most violent phenomena, and these characteristics of the soil—ardor, fire, passion, and, one might say, unrest—mark the people of the populous seaport.

Naples should be approached from the sea. There the brown Castello Nuovo rises, washed by the constant waves. Along the Vesuvian shore, like the sparse petals of a rose, shaped against the mountainside, are the scattered houses of stucco. Cries of the port—the singing of a liquid voice—welcome the traveller, and far away swim Ischia and Capri in the inimitable blue. Vessels of all kinds from all countries—torpedo-boats, transatlantic liners, East India merchantmen—manned by tarpaulin, fez, and bluejackets, sail in and away to the ringing of the harbor bells and the sound of the gun from the fort on the Rock. . . . This is Naples from the sea, Naples of bar and harbor, the Mecca of tourist and sailor.

Over the bar there is a speck to be seen, a hulk, a mast, a funnel, a flag, as the ships come in from that America which has cast its spell even over this happy port. And yet nothing could be more indifferent in attitude to the sea, as a port of departure, than those great streets along the quays; when not bustling and alive in the cooler parts of the day, they are bewitched by the genii of sleep. In the shadows of the walls, almost down to the very ships themselves, the Neapolitans take their siestas curled up in Oriental fashion, and the quarters and streets of Santa Lucia are just as full of beggars and out-of-door livers, as emotional, as droll, as complete, amusing, terrible, and beautiful, as Santa Lucia when public opinion considered it a lazar-house of disease and modern hygiene swept its broom through it. Along the docks and the streets to the piers are piled the cargoes for the incoming and outgoing ships, and straight up from the port climbs Naples and raises its line of stucco houses marking the first wide avenue. These buildings are pink and violet and blue, snow white and chrome yellow, brave with balconies at every window—balconies on which the Neapolitans drape themselves, display themselves from dawn to dawn again. The balconies are also draped with the drying linen of the populace, as if for some national festival: garments of every type and color, rags, miles upon miles of them, dry in the breeze, flutter in the ardent sun, dried by the warmth and the penetrating sea air; and now and again comes this odor of drying linen to mingle with the medley of smells. There are pungent, acrid whiffs from food unknown to Western palates; there is the insinuating odor of the incense from the churches, of burning wax and wick of funeral candle; the odor of the poor themselves, and of garlic and onions sweet and clean in comparison. There



The Cart of a Neapolitan Dandy



HIGHWAYS OF STONE STAIRCASES REACHING TO HILLY INCLINES

are the odors of tomatoes, macaroni, and potatoes frying in grease in the open; of soups and broths; of old leather dyed outdoors; of raw hides tanned in the streets: the gamut of odors blends and mingles into something unique and original in the category of smells—the whole swept through and vivified by the breath of the sea. Redolent this atmosphere and strong if you like, but to the lover of Italy not unpleasant; and when in some place—let us say, like Pittsburg—an unexpected whiff brings remembrance, there is a pull at the heart-strings of each traveller upon whom the charm of the sea-browed Cumæ has fallen.

The people live out-of-doors along the port streets, carrying on their occupations, selling, buying, idling, fighting, kissing, weeping, and even dying in the open. From the holes in the wall, gloomy caves where they sleep, the Neapolitans swarm at dawn, and in startling shamelessness or in charming innocence, whichever you like, the paraphernalia of life are exposed to the public eye. Complete toilets are made *al fresco*. Why not? It is more agreeable. Unconcernedly fronting the tram line and the little country stage line, his face to the traffic of the streets, a man sits serenely on a chair, a towel under his chin, while a barber shaves him. Quite as serenely, seated on the edge of the gutter, the mother of

a family, whose members swarm half naked around her, gives herself into the hands of an amiable neighbor engaged in extracting vermin from her friend's head. In order to lose no time, the prudent mother clutches one of her curly-headed offspring and begins the same absorbing task. This bit is truly Neapolitan. Farther on, a beauty in a plum-colored petticoat, short to her ankles, red stockings, heelless slippers, stands bare-armed, her shoulders covered by a little red shawl, while the hairdresser of the quarter builds the dark hair up in a fashion peculiarly dear to the Neapolitan girl. When it is properly dressed and oiled, a rose is thrust in the dark coils. The sidewalks are lined by the wares of the street merchants, piles of nuts and fruits, crouched over by the dark, eager salesman, whose cries are sharp on the air. All this faces the sea where ships wait to take the folk, if they will go, where their brothers have gone; but the majority are people of the soil, beautiful and as indifferent to everything but Naples as though Columbus from a neighboring port had never discovered America.

From the sailor-boy who comes rolling into his native harbor under stars big as fruits, who comes home to this city lying like a lily on the shore—home to the tune of bells from the towers and salutes from the fort—up to the prince in the palace on the tufa hills, everybody plays the Lotto from week end to week end, until Sabato (Saturday), on which day the drawing takes place. Saturday is the day of interest on the calendar, and the other six run around it. It is a day of intense excitement, lived for, prayed for, blessed and cursed. The Lotto is popular in Italy, but Naples is its mother, its heart, soul, and home. Here in Naples is the spirit of the Black Hand, the core of the Camorra, and here, bigger than any church, more powerful than any authority, is the Lotto—*Giuoco Popolare*, as it is called—and this expresses the game under which the people are condemned to a ban of eternal poverty and eternal hope; curious companions, in good truth.

Fronting the bay the Riviera di Chiaia extends its broad avenue, flanked by the sea-wall, the spray of the ocean dashing up bright and salt on the air. There is a cluster of streets indicating the Parco Nazionale, and back of this stretches the line of imposing eighteenth-century houses. This is the elegant quarter of Naples: more recherché in the time of Lady Hamilton and Nelson than now. The façades of these adorable houses are pink and yellow; there are green iron balconies; there are pale-green shuttered windows. The Riviera di Chiaia is still the fashionable promenade of an afternoon, and Naples's modish existence defiles and rolls and clatters and dashes past along the avenue between the old city and the sea. And from the highway crawl the narrow cobbled streets, wind and twist the narrow alleys to old Naples. There are Banchi di Lotto along the Riviera, and the dandy whose miniature cart drawn by a miniature donkey waits at the curb jostles the barber and the hotel porter at the ticket-seller's window; for these are the types of the purchasers down here in more worldly Naples.

Sheer up from the blue, the gateway of the sea at one end, the big square of the Via Tolodo at the other, runs a principal artery of the city, the Via di Chiaia, so narrow that when two tiny carriages find themselves abreast they are embarrassed. The street is built up so high that the balconied houses appear to form an apex over it. This thoroughfare is never liberated from its throng, and the tangle of human network winds and unwinds and forms again — all Naples, every profession, character, and type jostle, throng, and exist here in the Via di Chiaia. The big shops line it on either side, busy with traffic of coral and shell, and the middle of the street is as good to the pedestrian as the ribbon-like sidewalk; and the dashing cabs, swung high on impossible springs, drawn by the gayly harnessed, valiant stallions, tear like mad, when they can move at all, through hilly streets, their progress obstructed by beggars and foot passengers, by flower merchants whose arms are full of violets, camellias, and roses. Little horse tram-cars not meant for rails blunder over the cobbles, laden down with a gay load of passengers, beautiful private carriages drawn by horses of Moorish strain, and the procession forms, under the bluest of skies, the most brilliant of pictures of street life imaginable. A



NEAPOLITAN FISHERMEN

medieval gateway cuts across the middle of the street, forming an arch under which the bright procession passes, and every now and then on either side the famous stairways of Naples climb into the hilly city.

From the Via di Chiaia run the famous gradini of Naples, highways of steep stone staircases, reaching to hilly inclines, forming picturesque passages crowded with life, flanked by narrow-windowed high houses, and literally ablaze with camellias, roses, violets, heliotrope. These passages pour into the boulevard their oceans of color and light. The streets themselves are so highly built that they affect to meet above in the sunlight, whose brilliance comes flickering down, its way broken and scattered by flags of drying clothes fluttering in the misty light. The Chinese quarter in old San Francisco, the precincts of Peking, have something in common with this crowding of Naples. Here in these obscurer alleys the Black Hand is fostered, and every now and then a fever stalks here and cleans out a few of the herded citizens, and there is always the mad fever of the Lotto to eat the inhabitants like a live creature whose pursuit is fascination and whom nobody wishes to escape. Over the turmoil hangs a sky of supernal azure, and now and again at the end of the street one catches sight of the sea, framed by the houses, and now and again through the close atmosphere comes the breath of the sea, blowing divinely, in purification, an appeal from the cleansing force that washes around these shores.

At the end of the Via Chiaia, on the fine old Piazza, is the big golden-brown, reddish palace with its green blinds, and its terraces fronting the sea. Its appearance is regal, and its most vivid and interesting life was in the eighteenth century during the Bourbon reign, when the strong-minded Queen Caroline left an unquestionable influence over Naples, and when in her villa at Posilipo Lady Hamilton danced her ravishing dances and from her window waved her white hand to Nelson.

There are many treasures in the Casa Reale, and, one after another, festival and ball and banquet rooms stretch their line —their windows seaward, giving on orange-grown terraces—and here in the gallery there is a picture, too, of the bewildering Emma, the adorable Lady

Hamilton. She danced many a ball here with Nelson, here proudly watched her hero receive the homage of the court. Here Lady Hamilton herself was a queen, surrounded by her admirers, the great men of the time. Here, dressed in her "clear white gown," a simple blue ribbon falling to her feet, her flowy scarf around her shoulders, she leaned on the arm of Nelson. We see her pass under these crystal chandeliers, ablaze with candlelight. We see her leave the ballroom through a long window to the terrace, where the outlook under the brilliant moonshine is on Nelson's kingdom, the sea. Vesuvius was at its most violent period. The great sides streamed with lava, "that in the night," Lady Hamilton says, "glowed so fiercely that it put me out of charity with the moon." Standing by her, Nelson could see the lights on his ships as they rocked at anchor, and could see in the reddened moonshine the figure of the woman Romney has passed for us down into history. Calling to Nelson from across those magic and moonlit waves was the voice of Trafalgar, but in Naples the voice of Emma, Lady Hamilton, drowned every other in the world.

The treasures of Naples, from the archæological point of view, are those of old cloisters, churches, the façades of old palaces, lifting dark walls, massive stone frontals, heavily ironed windows, out from the noise and clamor of the streets. On the outjutting stones, worn to a polish like glass, on the lower ledge of one of these palaces, an enterprising merchant has arranged his wares for sale—old books, old pamphlets. The stones are white as marble from the touch and contact of the people for centuries—worn bright as the Virgin's foot from the kisses of the faithful. Conspicuous among the bookseller's wares are the booklets treating of the Lotto, books of dreams, of tokens and of signs, of superstitions, indications, and combinations. Every incident in daily life, from the first waking in the morning to the last dream at night, has a lucky meaning to the Neapolitan, who exists simply to work out these symbols of sleep, of life, to catch on the wing elusive



A Vegetable Stall



THE BANCO DI LOTTO

fate. From the hair of your head to the sole of your foot, if you did but know it, you are a mass of lucky numbers.

Maddelena is a fruit-seller on one of the sky-reaching staircases. She is as beautiful as she is poor. Pretty Maddelena chances to comb out a bit too much of her dark locks Friday morning, and she is ecstatic over the event. She instantly consults her dream-book and writes down number "50" (mysterious number for the hair). "Bene!" So far so good. On the way to her position, high on the gradini, with her flower-basket full of violets on her head, she sees a dead donkey lying in the Via di Chiaia. Ah, Maddelena, the saints are with you to-day! A dead donkey is the pearl of good fortune. She jots down number "44." The day which has begun so well will end well, for Maddelena is a good girl, and would support her family if she did not need every soldo for the Lotto! On her way home the very best luck of all transpires. She comes upon two young chaps of the quarter engaged in a Neapolitan quarrel. Before Maddelena's eyes one man is stabbed, and the girl, excited and grateful, notes her third number—"72." Maddelena is transported with joy. The Banco di Lotto is open still (thank God!). There are crowds about the door; but the radiant Maddelena pushes in and, eager to share her good fortune, tells every one that *numeri* "50"—"44"—"72" will surely win the *terno*. "Qui lo sa?" On the way home Maddelena stops in the dear old church of San Gregorio. Maddelena is a Neapolitan, otherwise she would probably not have known San Gregorio; for, though the most beautiful and the rarest church in Naples, it is not mentioned in either guide-books or books on travel! Maddelena buys a candle from a beggar at the door, carries it reverently in, and burns it before the Virgin's shrine, praying for success at the Lotto. You may be sure that Maddelena will be present at the drawing in the Piazza di Santa Chiaia.

San Gregorio has seen many Maddelenas register vows for the Lotto. Nothing has disturbed the peace of this old place, surrounded by the noisy cries of the crowd, by the jostling of hand-carts, donkey-carts, beggars, and merchants. The church is a jewel, but like a mine of gold there are no directions to find it. It is very suggestive of a mine of gold indeed, covered as its walls are with leaf and gems and rare old pictures overgrown with the moss of hundreds of years, the brilliant work still shining through . . .

old reds and blues and mellow colors, too obscure and delicate to have been seized upon by the collectors for museums. Without, a pink tower belonging to one of the small houses rises close against the brown stone of the church. In a wall, hollowed out like a cave, is a carpenter shop about four feet square, full of young fellows with their tools, apprentices learning their trade, crowded in like so many peaches in a basket. They are red-cheeked, gay young chaps. *They* know where the sacristan is! Find them—then find the old fellow who a bit farther on, next to the Banco di Lotto, just without his shop (for the shop is small and the street is accommodating and friendly), carves a giant Christ from wood, and the crucified form is stood up against the house of the pink tower. Find him—and you will then find San Gregorio.

Just a bit beyond, in another hole in the wall, without window or background save the solid wall itself, where the only air and light come in by the doorway, sits a little family pursuing their occupations in the full view of the world. The mother is mending a fishing-net; the father is consulting a volume of the Morfia, the dream-book, "where one can find out the meaning of things." Singular to relate, although it is broad day, this family sits in candlelight. Between the man and the woman the centre of the room is occupied by a long object, covered by a single white sheet, and at the four corners of this unmistakable bed burn four candles. The face of the dead woman is placid and serene; every line of her long figure is distinct under the sheet. She is exposed to the eyes of all the world, as she lies there waiting for the carriers to bear her into the noisy street that cries about her doors. Her going out of life on the noon of Friday is to be registered by a number of the Lotto—"86." Poor Elena!

The shop next hangs out its cheeses, great round white globes, sewn up in bladders; heads and entrails of animals, the offal too mean to feed any but the very poor. The cheese-vender is a round-faced Neapolitan. Do you play the Lotto? He shrugged. "But why not? Who can know? It may be that luck will change. For my part I should know better how to take fortune than did Gaetano, the shoemaker!" He points across the street, where, over a hole in the wall above the green door, hangs an old faded sign—"Gaetano Fallieri, Shoemaker." "Gaetano was horribly poor. He never had any luck. He worked hard enough for it, Heaven knows. Every penny he could get he would spend for lottery tickets!" The cheese-vender grows tragic and his voice falls. "Ecco! One Saturday we all of us went to the drawing of the Lotto, Gaetano as well, when *per Dio* the numbers came out—(I remember them as yesterday)—90, 60, and 10. *And Gaetano the shoemaker had won the terno, sixty thousand dollars.* I shall never forget it. He struck his head, laughed out like a girl in love, and went away mad. There was no one to inherit, he had no relatives, and he died this week in the asylum. Wasn't he stupid? *Sixty thousand dollars!*" The cheese-maker lifts his eyes devoutly, as if over the roofs from the blue, blue sky, and down past the pink tower, a shower of gold might come to him. "Let it come my way once," he mutters. "I will know how to keep my head."

High above, caught in by the stews, San Gregorio lifts its cross. Opposite is the Banco di Lotto, where all the numbers are displayed to the public, numbers that will be sure to win, and the wood-carver, bending over his Christ, changes the position of the statue and leans it against the doors of the closed shop of Gaetano Fallieri.

Up above the town—Posilipo-wards, let us say—is the quaint restaurant of Promessi Sposi (The Promised Lovers)—a glass pavilion for out-of-door eating and much in repute with the people of the country; happily neither strangers nor tourists know it. Here one best sees Naples and the environs. Away to the right spreads the vast plain of the Italian Campagna, strewn with tiny little fruit trees in bloom and dotted by the ugly houses of the Camorra settlements. Many white roads lead down to the sea from here, where Black Hand fugitives can take ship under cover of the night. Off there slow vessels come in from charmed ports, peacefully, like white birds, taking advantage of the quiet sea



THE STREETS ARE CHOKED WITH MARKETS

to make the harbor. There is always the ineffable beauty of the shore lines, stretching away from Pompeii past Sorrento and Amalfi down to Pæstum and toward the unfortunate south. To the right the beautiful islands of Ischia and Capri lift their forms in the blue. Within the restaurant of the "Promised Lovers" the walls are white and gleaming, the little buffet offers raw artichokes for food, and a big dish piled high with figs and mandarins: bottles of golden and red wine in wicker flasks. The lunchers devote themselves to their peculiar food, above all to that dish picturesquely called the "fruit of the sea" (frutta della mare), which a sad-eyed waiter fetches heaped high upon a plate. It is well not to look too closely at this fruit of the sea! The Neapolitan gentleman so served, however, looks admiringly at it and pitches in. Oysters, well and good! these are devoured. Clams, mussels, eaten frantically and with much delight from the shells, unseasoned except for their native salt. Little live crabs (ye gods!), torn alive from the shells. Are these Neapolitans of the twentieth century?

When from a long tube-like shell a species of young eel is exuded, much as one would force out a fillet of cold cream, and devoured *alive*, the unsophisticated Westerner begs off. . . . And at the sight a Roman, to whom the Neapolitans are barbarians, shrugs his shoulders and exclaims: "What will you? The Neapolitans are beasts." And this is the custom of the country.

Through the gay crowd a dreary waiter, pitiful in his ill-fitting clothes, responds to the calls of "Chianti," "Capri," and fruit of the sea. There is the usual little orchestra, a man with a good voice, who sings *Santa Lucia* so well indeed that the dreary waiter himself breaks into an appreciative chorus. He then approaches the tenor, and between songs the two consult certain flimsy scraps of paper from their respective pockets—nothing less than the biglietti di lotto—lottery tickets. Oh, the Lotto even in the high little nest swung out over the city, brings its fascination!

"Have you ever been fortunate?" one asks the slipshod waiter, whose heels are sore, whose feet are sore, and who can with comfort neither walk nor stand. "Ah," he shrugs, "not yet, *but next Saturday* it will surely come."

Fatuous and yet inspired hope! Every cent of his wage, every cent of his fees, everything he can hope to gain or make goes to buy the flimsy yellow ticket for the Lotto . . . the Lotto, day dream, night dream of the people: the Aladdin's Lamp hanging above the town and which every hand is stretched up to rub; the lie of the government; the lie each man tries to make true, "numeri fortunati!" Impressionable, ardent, beauty-loving people, in whom the gaming temperament is strong . . . in a city under the very ban of destruction, to be some day, they all believe, wiped out by *The Mountain*, beautiful giant, whose silence is ominous; eaters of strange foods, livers in the open; the poetry of the ports at their doors, the excitement of constant arrivals and departures, they play with fate as they breathe . . . they are under the charm of their beautiful city, under the seduction of the sun and the air, under the hope and stimulus of that sea-breeze whose very touch is inspiration. Their weddings are like fêtes, their funerals like festivals, and all live for the chance of gain at the moment, as though fate were at their heels and they must take the hour as they may.

Death in most countries wears a solemn face, but in Naples it is like some festival from the Middle Ages. The hearses are of gold and curiously wrought with nodding plumes. Before the funeral chariot the procession is of the most brilliant acolytes in white robes, with huge candles, and troops of eager, interested people swell the procession; but more singular than all are the mummers, the hired mourners, dressed either in snow-white robes from head to foot, hooded dresses from which their eyes peer forth, or all in crimson, gazing out through their masks. The candles flare and smoke upon the air, the horses are trapped in scarlet or white harness, and in and out the narrow street at the foot of the stairway, with their flowers, to the gray damp church of St. Francis the procession files through the town. At one sharp corner there is a block, and the file pauses. The majordomo, driving the hearse, on his high box in his gorgeous livery, looks up, for it is Saturday, and his hearse has stopped just in front of a Banco di Lotto. Mechanically, as if from habit, the driver touches his breast, where in his wallet are his lottery tickets. *Oh, if to-day he were only "fortunato"!* Perhaps. Who knows? And the obstruction removed, he gathers up his reins and drives his burden on, and the dead man, no doubt, for the first time is not interested in the winning number.

Jutting out on the point, the sea-dogs lapping around the stones, the Castello dell' Oro lifts a brown bastion rock-like on its inky reef. It has all the fascination of hoary age, and contains Naples's ancient mysteries. Here old conquerors before the Middle Ages held high carnival, and there were dreadful doings in those dungeons below the sea. Modern barracks crowd up against the Castel, but nothing except the sea shocks its rest. Like a great falcon, its brows to the ocean, the Castello dell' Oro broods on its brown rock.

Back from the Santa Lucia quarters, all around the Porta Capuana, is herded

the lowest, the poorest part of the city. At the sight of the beautiful old gateway of the Porta Capuana, its stones and carving black and deep-lined with years, crowd and herd the merchants of every kind of trade. Here is the celebrated fish-market, where the "fruit of the sea" is displayed on tables and benches, on the ground, and the display is very great of flounders, lily-like carp, coral-like carp, coral-like slender fish and azure-blue fish. But the *eels* and the *octopi* are the most appreciated food of the Neapolitan! The devil and jelly fish are sold in squares, and the agitated feelers of the octopus and squirming parts of the eels, *cut up but still alive,* make a curious picture. Over all is the odor of the *frittura*—fried bits of fish which a street cook offers to the epicure from his brilliantly polished brazier of brilliant grease.

The Porta Capuana is a living hive of crying, calling, noisy Italy, engrossed in every sort of small trade and nourished by every kind of food. Hides are tanned before the very holes in the wall, dreadful damp caves even in the brightest day of sun—horrible to contemplate. Vegetables are cried and sold there, the clang is loud of steel in the shops of the iron-workers, where bits of red and rusty metal are piled out into the street. There are brown, red, and green and yellow and pink leathers in process of dyeing, for slippers worn by the belles of Naples. There are slippers being made in the streets fresh from the newly dyed hides. This quarter closely touches the sea, and now and then over the hot, thick stench comes the pure salt breath. There is bamboo-picking here, mending of nets, fortune-telling, the passing of beautiful women, their heads decorated by flowers and ribbons, bright shawls across their shoulders. Not one of these slatterns but has a lottery ticket in her blouse. There are the street games which baffle the comprehension of any one other than an Italian. No sooner do the street boys meet than they begin, "1, 2, 3"—"uno, due, tre"—and no one but an Italian born can grasp at the turning, twisting, and folding up of the fingers and their signification. Now through this commotion drives an antiquated diligence from the country, crowded with peasants, with fresh young fellows seeking work in the ports, pretty girls seeking adventure. The driver—a superannuated Italian—puts his hand on the passenger who has kept him company for the last five hours.

"Look," he indicates, "*there* is the Banco di Lotto! Ecco!" And the young man's brown eyes find the sign over one of the holes in the wall where the tickets are sold for this "inspiration" (let us call it) of the poor.

"Why, the Lotto is an excellent thing for the people," an intelligent Roman told me. "These people are so miserably poor, what would you! For six days in the week they dream; when Saturday comes then they are deceived! *They only have one day of despair and six days of hope.* Not many people can say that. As soon as the Lotto is drawn at five on Saturday, they all begin to hope again. Ecco! It is a real inspiration."

This Roman, a man of family and distinction, played the Lotto himself faithfully, and he surely should know its power of uplift.

In the midst of the filth of Porta Capuana arises the church of Santa Maria del Carmine. A little square is its outlook; tumbledown, filthy old houses are its surroundings. Before its doors the amazingly simple little passengers on the country diligence arrive and depart. In front of the church is the ceaseless defile of the people of the quarter; and on every side one looks at the vistas and isles of crowded steaming streets hung with the banner of the wash, multicolored with the drying, fluttering clothes. Crime and birth and death, desire and life and the taking of it, all go on here in a violent, ardent fashion, and above the tumult, just a little apart from it, Santa Maria del Carmine mothers it all. The slippered feet, pattering along the streets, turn in here to confession. The sailors blow in from a hundred different ports fresh from the sea, eager to find a priest.

On this day, covered by the most filthy rags, a girl of about eighteen years of age crouched on the stones. Indifferent alike to the compatriot and to the stranger, she sings in a crooning voice. Her head is wrapped in an old scarf. Once comfortably settled in her corner, she spreads her treasures out upon her knees. Untying an old handkerchief in which



EACH HAS A LOTTERY TICKET IN HER BLOUSE

her jewels are kept, she finds a bit of tinselled rag and a string of blue beads and a *lottery ticket*. She kisses her treasures one by one, crooning over them under the shade of Mary of the Carmine.

As the chimes of five o'clock ring out, a crowd of sailors roll in to find the confessor, a crowd of women in strident voices fight over some bagatelle on the square. It is Saturday and just five o'clock. At this moment is the drawing of the Lotto, but the foolish-minded girl kisses her treasures and does not mark the hour. The drawing of the Lotto has at last become indifferent to her. Lunatics, therefore, and the dead are immune.

The Santa Maria del Carmine is very ancient. It dates back to the eleventh century. It is charming, plain and old and quiet and sombre. About it is the charm of those churches sought and loved by the poor. Great miracles have been wrought at those shrines. There is a Virgin there painted by St. Luke and celebrated for her healing powers. There is also the Christ on His cross—the miracle cross—to whom the people lift their poor bleeding hands. This Christ hung here during the siege of the Prince of Aragon, and just as the cannon-ball sped through the church, making the head of the crucified Saviour its mark, they say that the meek head bent forward upon the breast, and, short of the mark, the cannon-ball dropped at the holy altar. Rich with legend and colored pictures, Santa Maria del Carmine has its peculiar beauty. Here bending in candlelight the women pray to win at the Lotto, and there is no way of telling what the Christ or the Virgin of St. Luke thinks of these prayers.

King Humbert the First made the rules for the public lottery of Italy.

1. The public lottery is temporarily maintained by the favor of the state under the following laws.

2. It is administered by the Minister of Finance, under whom the chiefs are chosen for their respective functions.

3. The Lotto is formed by ninety, numbered from 1 to 90 inclusive, five of which drawn by chance determine the successful.

4. One can "play the Lotto" in the following manner:

On one number (very rarely played).

On all five numbers (very rarely played).

On two numbers—the "ambo."

On three numbers—which is known as the "terno."

On four numbers—which is known as the "quaterno."

5. When one number is played, the winner is paid ten times and a half his output; when two numbers are played, the winner is paid 350 times his output; when three numbers are played, the winner is paid 5,250 times his output; when four numbers are played, the winner is paid 60,000 times his output. Therefore, if one has by any chance bought a number 1 ticket and wins the four numbers (quaterno), he wins $60,000.

At five o'clock on every Saturday afternoon throughout all Italy the drawing of the Lotto takes place. In Naples the ceremony is held at the end of a foul, filthy alley known as the "Impresa," back in a great courtyard in full view of the people on the balcony of an old palace. From early in the afternoon until the fatal hour the streets of Santa Chiara and the alley fill up with the crowd whose hope on this day is to be deceived. The streets are always so full of life that for this extra crowd, jostling, pushing, and eager, there would seem to be no place. It is comprised of the very poor. The better classes watch for the telephone or the showing of the numbers in the various banks in the city to discover their fate, but in the Impresa the crowd of people is as dense as a shadow. Over it all, however, there is the odor of tomatoes, onions, garlic, and other wares sold in the little shops along the side, and the eager, compressed mass seethes and sways, talking, crying, explaining, telling of their systems and their fortunate combinations as their eyes are fixed on the balcony of the palace whose green blinds are not yet drawn. There are many here who have played their last cent for a ticket. . . . There are many here who are in debt for the shoes they wear and will never be able to pay for them. But at the stroke of the church clock the blinds of the balcony open and the paraphernalia of the Lotto are brought out. A long green table, on which is placed a crystal ball bound with silver, and an iron box containing ninety other little boxes, in which the ninety numbers are locked by the state.



"UNO, DUE, TRE"

The officers of this performance are coolly indifferent, and the only figure deserving of note is that of the little orphan child, dressed in snowy white, chosen by law from the orphan asylum to draw up from the crystal ball the five magic numbers.

At the sight of these familiar, looked-for objects the crowd begin to cry and chant, to beseech and evoke. They beg the little orphan child to draw well. They bless him: they call him "little Jesus" and "little saint." And the child in his white robe, his innocent eyes on the mass of people, looks down on the beggars with their yellow locks and on the appealing mass. One by one the balls are taken out from their sealed boxes, displayed to the people, and dropped into the big bowl. When they have all been shaken about and number 90 has fallen in, the enthusiasm breaks forth and the popular signification of the different numbers is cried out. Number 71 means the sea; 82 the passion of Christ. These are fortunate numbers. A silence falls on the crowd when the numbers are all within, and the officers turn the big bowl around and around until the white globes with their numbers dance like the mad dance of fate. The orphan child is blindfolded and led up to the great bowl. The cries are so impetuous now that some one says: "Hush! You will frighten the little angel. Let him decide our fortunes in peace."

There is not a filthy beggar in the company but expects that he will be a rich man when the child draws the numbers. Some of them have paid five francs for their tickets, though the majority cost but a few pence. There are shoemakers in this crowd, second Gaetanos, who will go mad if they draw the big prize. There is the gardener from the Bertolini Palace, who is hated by the people. This fellow was fortunate last week. He saw a stabbing and a fire, and his child died, and he played the numbers 24, 30, and 70, and won $5,000. He is wondered at by the people and hated as well for his success. Already since the last drawing he has paid out $300 for Lotto tickets. His gains will soon go back to the government.

Crouched against the wall of the opposite house is a dishevelled woman with a cage under her arm. She is one of the white-rat sellers down at the Santa Chiara, and she cannot leave her merchandise behind her even for the drawing of the Lotto. She murmurs that she has mortgaged her little animals to buy her last Lotto ticket. Her eyes are as red as the rats' eyes. "Qui lo sa?" she whispered. "I *may* win; then I will go and live in the country with my people."

They have blindfolded the little bambino and he stands on a chair, for he is only eight years of age and is small, in full sight of the people. The balls having been shaken around for the last time, the child puts his hand in and draws. The first number that he pulls out is called forth—"number 5." Now every Italian who has bought number 5 for place has either won or lost. No one holds this number in this crowd, however, and there is a murmur and a fresh adjuration for the child to draw well. The people who have drawn for the *terno* and the *quaterno* still have their chance. The child draws again. This time number 47, and the holders of the *terno* are now the interested ones, for the next will be their last chance. The enthusiasm breaks forth again with murmurs and cries and prayers, and the quiet child before the urn in his white dress hears them and trembles, for he knows that he is menaced. Before the people there is a blackboard, and a man posts up the numbers as they are drawn: 5, 47, 11, 10, and 80. And this series of five is discussed, yelled at, challenged, cursed, for not one in the crowd has drawn a fortunate number. The child's eyes are unbound and he is put down and set free. The balls are returned into their boxes, sealed up, and carried away under the eyes of the crowd, which, after waiting for a moment, unable to believe its ill fortune, breaks up and disrupts. Apathy is thrown upon the majority as much as such a state of mind is possible to a Neapolitan mass, as they begin in groups to discuss the failure of their schemes and their combinations.

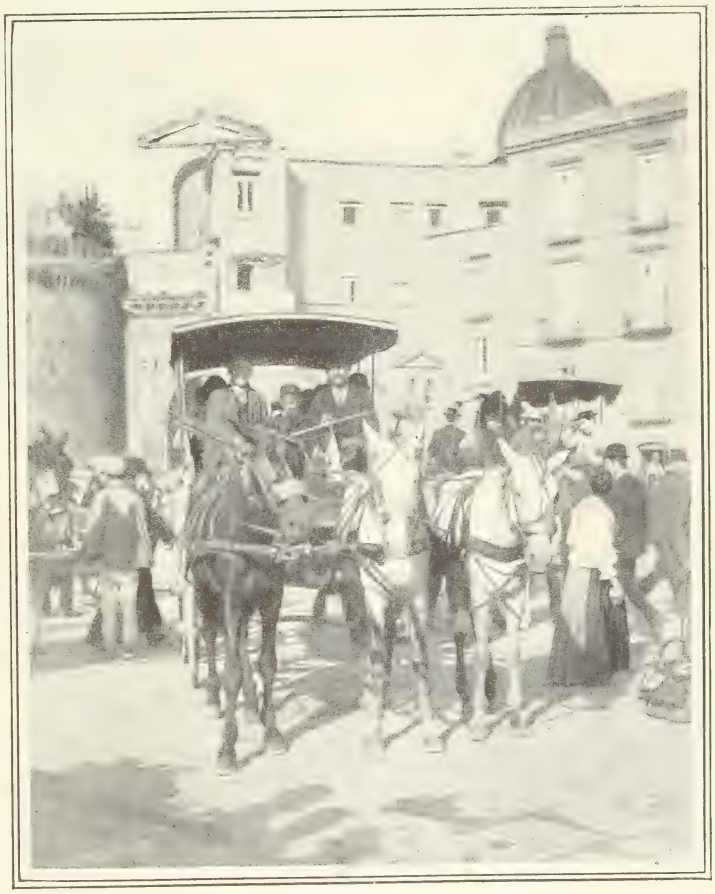
Glancing at the numbers on the board, which are now telephoned and telegraphed throughout all Italy, the face of the gardener of the Bertolini Palace is a study. He stands close to the wall next to the woman with her white rats. "If I had only listened to my wife," he murmurs; "she told me to play the child's

birth, which was the 5th of May, and not her death." Showing his tickets, he goes on to say: "Think! If I had played the 5th of May, I should have won again, for see *I hold the other numbers.*"

The woman with the white rats bends her head down and kisses the little animals through the bars. It is a kiss of farewell, for she will have to give them up to the woman who lent her the money down by the Santa Maria del Carmine to buy her ticket.

A fruit-dealer, driving his ass, calls out to make room for him as he pushes through the narrow street. There are lots of carts behind this, laden with wine, drawn by donkeys—donkeys in red harness, in bells. Little goats with heavy-hanging udders waiting to be milked in the streets. There is a whole hardware shop on wheels drawn by a Spanish mule driven by a vociferous boy in tatters. The street returns to its warfare with trade, its occupations, and its life. From the crowded houses the householders let down little baskets on strings to the tradesmen, who fill them with fruit or bread, and milk drawn from the waiting goats, who are milked direct into the pails. Tradesmen and beggars, merchantmen and apprentices, drive away from the Impresa and its court, where hope has been deceived and where the government is again victorious.

From the woman with her white rats, all through the crowd, down to the gardener who has lost by one number, there is not one gambler there not absorbed in thinking of the game, for the Neapolitan is a child of fortune, a being of chance, a believer in ultimate good fortune, and this Saturday ceases to exist, and their eyes and their hopes are turned toward next Saturday. "Qui lo sa?"



NEAR SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE

Up here on the tufa hills, in the ilex and cypress gardens of the park of the Villa Floridiana, under the trees where the Bourbons held their feasts, where close by the lions and tigers of the Prince roared in their cages, up here in these cypress gardens, Naples, looked down upon, is like a picture from a medieval story, and, with the memory of its rustle and clamor in one's ears, is like a dream of battle or a wild festival from which escape is welcome, and the falling evening does well to find the traveller upon this height. Below, the circle of lights curves out around Posilipo,



THE PLUMES OF VESUVIUS HANG LOW

where in the eighteenth century Lord Hamilton's villa carried its orange and mandarin terraces down to the sea. There Emma struck her classic attitudes and danced her tarantella. Here in her room, described by Goethe, she sat in her moments of reverie, her slender, graceful figure a beautiful outline against her casement and the farther blue . . . below her this stretch of peerless water with the ships at anchor and Capri in the distance. In the palace the Prince dreamed of Lady Hamilton, while she dreamed of Nelson, and passed through Naples at this period the most brilliant star of all. Thus, as the glimmer from the eighteenth century fades like a light extinguished, other lights one by one shine forth in house and home, and the color of Naples, the color of the water and the distant shores, fade into night. Vesuvius, pink and ethereal, keeps his secrets hid in his mysterious breast; his plumes are low, and over the giant crest rides the full moon, casting a path of blood-red glory on the sea, as though reflecting the mountain's old vivid scars. Down in the silent port the ships like herded flocks are gathered in, and there is the tinkling of bells from the harbor; there is the tinkling of bells out from the hilly streets as the goats are driven home; there is the sound of church bells from green-towered domes, from yellow domes with golden crowns, from velvet cupolas as black as night. The city spreads itself delicately out, and the trail of its tapestries—crimson and brown, pink, green, violet, and yellow—is sewn through with the stars of its lamps. The lanterns on boats at sea shine out, and the long harbor and the sea-wall have their coronal of stars. Taking advantage of the peaceful night to start on their charmed journeys to Alexandria, Palermo, Bombay, and the Occident, one by one like thieves in the night the liners put out to sea. They cut across the path of crimson moonlight and, themselves ablaze with their lights, skirt the shaded coasts of Sorrento down toward Messina Strait, and tranquil, sufficient unto themselves, ardent, beauty-loving, inheriting for a time their country, slaves of the great mountain, the people of Naples play, believe in the future, and are sure that one day or another a lucky Saturday will fall into each man's hands. *Qui lo sa?*

The Perfect Hour

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

JIMSIE lay, full length, on the soft grass of the promontory that overlooked the Sound. Louise sat beside him.

Being but newly married they had refused to go sailing, and had seen the others go off grumbling among themselves at the lamentable change wrought by marriage in a jolly fellow like Jimsie Bate and in a corking girl like Louise. When Louise had announced that she didn't feel like sailing and had prophesied that they would get becalmed, anyway, her brother Brick had whistled rudely, *No Wedding Bells for Me,* at which one of the girls snickered, and caused Jimsie, who disliked to behave as a Mr. Newlywed before all the world, to remark in a tone that he strove to make casual:

"I guess there'll be a breeze, Louise; let's go," thereby shifting the burden of the whole thing on his wife.

But Louise replied promptly:

"I don't want to go sailing," being, like all women, less sensitive in these matters than a man; for a man will do any number of things that he doesn't want to do, to keep his life from reading like the comic supplement of a Sunday paper; while a woman is touchingly ready to accept ridicule if she can only have what she wants.

Here Brick remarked impishly:

"Aw, come ahead, Jimsie; we got a new spinnaker—and a new balloon-jib," he added, insinuatingly, playing on Jimsie's love for piling on all the canvas there was. Jimsie ached to see that spinnaker and that balloon-jib, but he was under the grip of a passion greater than that of sailing a boat, powerful as that was. He didn't want to miss one minute of Louise; and though he flushed at thus being "caught with the goods," under cover of lighting a cigarette he muttered that he guessed he wouldn't go. As he said this he felt like an awful ass, and yet supremely happy.

During her brother's speech Louise had sat waiting, every nerve tense. It seemed to her as though her whole life was being swung in the balance. If Jimsie decided to go without her, she couldn't live through the afternoon; indeed, she must have followed him.

With a curious little tightening of her heart she realized that whatever he did she would follow him, as, for her, life and Jimsie were one and the same thing.

So the young people had gone their way sailing, with the superior feeling that the heart-free have in the presence of wedded love. All the world may love a lover and look with indulgence upon young people so absorbed in one another that they see nothing else, but there is something in a spectacle of too obvious devotion of young married people that is exasperating alike to those who are unmarried and to married people who have gotten over this first acute stage of complete absorption in the beloved. These latter shrug a shoulder at that page of love forever closed to them, and the unmarried look upon it with blank amazement and mutter, "Another good fellow spoiled."

Jimsie knew how his friends felt. He was near enough to the old life to know exactly what sort of a figure he was cutting in their eyes, and he was glad when their voices had ceased to echo in his ears and he and Louise were left alone in the company of an aunt and uncle of Louise's, and Louise's father and mother. The eyes of the older men rested upon him with humorous tolerance, but in the eyes of Louise's mother were tenderness and understanding, and also a certain wistfulness, as though she said mutely:

"Hold fast to these hours of deep and complete understanding. Like the first golden hours of summer these days are short. For you, spring has passed with its white blossoms, and the roses

are now in bloom; but the time of the full bloom of the roses is short. The summer's heat withers them. So enjoy every one of these perfect days while you have them, that you may remember them in time of drought and in the fall, when things become green again, and through the long days of winter."

Moved by a common impulse Louise and Jimsie drifted from the piazza, into the garden, and then without talking of taking a walk they had gone on and on until they found themselves in this field overhanging the water, borne there by their common need of getting away.

It was not only that they wanted to be out of ear-shot of other people; they wanted to be quite by themselves where no casual relative would break in upon the magic circle around them. It was as though solitude enclosed them in some shimmering, radiant atmosphere—an atmosphere impossible to retain in the presence of another person. It was because of this radiant understanding that Jimsie was willing to leave all the life he knew for the sake of Louise; and Louise, her own dear and familiar world for the sake of a man she had met only, so to speak, the day before.

At first they talked but little, and watched the little fleet of pleasure-boats which dotted the Sound like a flock of white birds; then, little by little, the fountains of speech became unloosed. Jimsie told stories of his adventures, of his boyhood and youth. He handed out to Louise these small adventures with the air of a man making startling disclosures, so sure was he that the slightest detail concerning him was of value to her. She responded by telling the stories of her own life. They had a great many such stories to tell, for they knew little about each other. This, to them, was a subject of congratulation. They felt very wise that they had been clever enough to get engaged, as Jimsie put it, "off the bat," instead of waiting around for years and years; for it is a noteworthy fact that whichever way people take for getting engaged, they have the same sublime conviction that their road is the only one which leads to true happiness.

So Jimsie walked happily through the hours of his past, calling forth the face of a friend, an escapade, or the story of a dog, and presented them to Louise as a child brings pebbles from the shore to show its mother, sure that the things which he brings are wonderful and rare.

Under this reminiscence Louise felt a little restless. She liked to hear all these things, she loved everything Jimsie had to say to her, but she liked too to talk about the present. She didn't ever want him to go far from her, not even back into her own past; so she asked:

"What was the happiest hour of your life, Jimsie? I mean the really happiest hour of all?" And she waited to hear something concerning herself with the confidence that a child holds up its face to be kissed; but Jimsie repeated, with a little half-puzzled frown:

"My very happiest hour! That's an awfully queer thing, Louise. I've often thought about it, but there's hardly anything to tell. Don't you know how little things mean so much more sometimes than big ones? I remember once when I was a kid there was a wreck on a railway train I was in. There was a lot of glass smashed and women screeched and a man got his leg jammed, and I was thrown down and got my head cut—right here, see," and he pointed to a small white scar hidden by his hair. "And all the time I was thinking, 'This is an adventure.' I'd always wanted one, but this was awfully stupid and flat. We waited for hours on a siding, and it was hot and tiresome, and I didn't get a bit excited; and yet if anybody had told me when I started out that I was going to be in a collision, I would have thought it was great. That's the way it is—when things get exciting you are too busy to notice that they are interesting, or else they don't seem to amount to anything, and some little thing will happen and you can't forget it."

He spoke a little jerkily and hesitatingly, for Jimsie Bate was no hand for analysis, and had the young Anglo-Saxon's aversion to baring the secret places of his soul, for fear perhaps of not being understood, and also from a deep-seated modesty which makes a sound-hearted youth delicate about the personal experiences which have meant something to him, and which is like no other feeling so much as it is like the modesty of a girl.



Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

QUITE BY THEMSELVES WHERE NO CASUAL RELATIVE WOULD BREAK IN

Jimsie paused a moment, lost in happy reverie. At his words Louise had shrunk back. So his happiest hour had nothing to do with her, it seemed. Still perhaps it might, after all. It couldn't be that Jimsie would have any happy hour that he would remember in preference to those that they had spent together—the hours they had spent before they were married, for instance, or the recent times when they had been perfectly happy in arranging their own home. Louise counted over these hours to herself with such tenderness, afraid lest the passing of time should blur the outline of one of them, for it had seemed to her that each succeeding day as it went was the very happiest of her life. Now she brought Jimsie back from his reverie, saying softly:

"What was the time you liked the best, Jimsie?"

He lifted his head with a boyish gesture and smiled at her a boyish grin that showed his even, white teeth, a little puzzled look still on his forehead.

"I was trying how to say it," he told her, "because there isn't anything to tell. It happened quite a while ago—two or three summers, I think—when I was boarding up on the Sound, and one Saturday afternoon the fellows were going somewhere that I didn't want to go, and I came back to the boarding-place, and there was a woman sitting upon the piazza. She was just there for two or three days, and I had talked to her after dinner the night before. She seemed to me like an awful white sort, and I saw her sitting there, and I said:

"'Don't you want to go swimming?' And she said, 'Yes, I would like to go.' She was one of those women, don't you know, who always say 'Yes,' as if that was the thing they had been wanting to do awfully, and make you feel that you were pretty smart to have guessed so well what it was they wanted to do."

Louise glanced up swiftly at Jimsie as she made a mental comparison between herself and this woman. Jimsie's idea of exactly the most amusing thing to do and Louise's did not always keep step. Curiously enough it had never occurred to Louise before that this was any one's fault but Jimsie's. A quick stab of suspicion pierced her. So he was trying to read her a lesson! But Jimsie, launched in his story, was sublimely unconscious of the look Louise had thrown him. He now took up his artless tale.

"Then I said:

"'Don't let's go in swimming right here; let's go down to the beach.'

"It was about two miles away, and she said:

"'Come on,' in just the way she had spoken before.

"So we started off, and I don't know how it was, but I felt right off as if I had known her all my life, and she acted as if she had known me. She had been sort of reserved and quiet in the boarding-house without being stiff, and you know that I don't talk much in a strange bunch, but just as soon as we got out of sight of the village and on to the country road, we began to act like a couple of kids. We did all sorts of silly things."

"What kind of silly things?" Louise asked. A curious numbness was stealing over her. She felt like a queen who finds that her crown jewels are made of paste.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jimsie, vaguely, "kid things. We chased a wild rabbit, and her hair came down, and she looked like twelve years old. I told her so, and she said she thought I must be about eight. She said," went on Jimsie, dreamily, "that it's the happiest thing in the world to forget for a few hours that you're grown up, and just be kids again. I suppose that's what made it so nice. Of course you know, as I said, there isn't anything to tell."

"Did you go swimming?" asked Louise. She spoke naturally, not to disturb the unconscious Jimsie.

"Sure," said Jimsie. "We swam and swam; she could swim like anything. Then I threw water on her and she ducked me, and I would have ducked her, but I remembered just in time that girls don't like to get their hair wet. Then we lay for a long time on the hot sand, and there wasn't anybody there at all. The beach was too unhandy. Just a couple of ramshackle bath-houses and a sandy lane away from everything; the woods on one side, and the sea on the other, and a queer shut-up house on a point. She made up stories about it. She had lots of imagination. And, some-

way, we grew happier and happier every minute, and before we knew it the sun got quite low, and we knew it must be getting awfully late, but she said:

"'Oh, let's stay. We're so late now we might as well be later.'

"I never would have thought of going home.

"'Let's stay,' she said, 'until the sea eats up our castle.'

"We had built a castle in the sand and pretended we lived in it. Say," he broke out, "you must think I am a fierce kid."

He took Louise's hand in his. She let it stay there, as inert as a stone. She was far from thinking him a kid. All the jealousy of a wounded woman very much in love was alive in her. The pure gold of Jimsie's happiest afternoon had passed her by, for with wide and startled eyes she saw in Jimsie's heart the reflection of another woman's face where she had thought to see her own. Jimsie took Louise's silence for understanding of his mood, and went on:

"She said that when our castle was gone we would have to go back and be grown up."

"Then what did you do?" Louise asked. The blood was humming in her ears, but her cool and tranquil tone surprised herself.

"Oh, we got dressed and went home."

"What did you talk about?" Louise asked.

"I don't remember," Jimsie answered. "We didn't talk much. We just fooled. We didn't need to talk, any more than kids do when they're having a good time. We just felt as if we knew each other too well to talk, I suppose. Just before we got to the gate she said:

"'We'll not forget this afternoon.'

"And I said, 'No.' Though I didn't think I would remember it the way I always have.

"Everybody was through supper, and her husband was awfully worried, because nobody had seen us go, you see. He didn't know what had happened."

"Her husband!" gasped Louise.

"Sure," Jimsie responded. "I told you she was married, didn't I? They went away a couple of days afterward."

"It's queer you never told me about her before. You have told me about all your other friends."

"Why, there wasn't anything to tell," Jimsie answered, still sunk in his dream of that perfect afternoon—a moment that comes to people only once or twice in a lifetime, when the hands of time turn back to the golden moments of childhood, where everything is innocence and peace, and where one has added to the joy of child's play and the rollicking, heart-stirring laughter the knowledge of how happy one is—the moment when two people fare forth to the Elysian fields, leaving behind them at the gate all the conventions with which, as a rule, we are so sadly cloaked from all our fellow creatures. Such moments come like the gift of the gods, handed out without rhyme or reason, it would seem, and Jimsie had treasured his moment always, and now for the first time had spoken of it, giving it to Louise to look at as one would some precious thing, wishing, as he did, to share with her everything in his life that seemed worthy of her.

"Was she pretty?" Louise asked Jimsie.

He frowned, trying to evoke from his memory the face of his companion.

"I don't remember. She had light hair. She looked like a kid when it came down."

"What was her name?"

"Her name?" Jimsie wondered. "I don't know. I don't think I ever caught her name. Why, Louise—why, Louise, what's the matter?" for Louise had wrenched her hand from Jimsie's and sat staring at him, angry tears in her eyes.

"You're keeping something from me, Jimsie," she cried. "You *do* know her name. How can you say that you don't know the name of the woman who gave you the happiest moment of your life?"

Had she struck him he couldn't have been more dazed. A little flicker of anger answered hers. Jimsie Bate wasn't used to being told he lied.

"I tell you," he said, with a touch of sternness, "I *don't* know her name. I never did know it. I never saw her again."

The long tension of self-control had worn upon Louise, and she hid her face in the grass and wept. She sobbed like an angry and disappointed child. Jimsie

looked at her dumfounded. What was the matter? What on earth was she crying about? He had told her lots worse things. He had confessed to her things that really mattered that he had done and she hadn't seemed to mind it one bit; and here he had told her this innocent, sweet experience, and she was crying angrily. She couldn't be jealous! How could a woman be such a fool as to be jealous? But the unmanning spectacle of her tears washed away his anger. He had never seen Louise cry before. The whole thing was inexplicable to him. The end of the world apparently had come, and he didn't know how or why. She must be jealous—that must be it. At this his nature rose in revolt. If he had been analytical enough to put words to it, he would have said that he was shocked to the core of his being. In his matter-of-fact man's life, moments of pure poetry were rare enough, and this little bit of pure gold had shone to him always in the rather dull alloy of his days. Now Louise treated it as if it were a piece of stolen gold. He felt smirched and hurt.

Louise was a delicate and sweet-minded woman, and he a man no better than any other man, and yet it is true in a world where good and bad are so mingled that your ordinary man may have finer strains in him than a sweet-minded woman, and that the woman may fall into spiritual grossness through lack of understanding and imagination, and, above all, through her devouring egotism which demands graspingly that her man shall be hers, all of him.

And here Jimsie in his blindness did exactly the wrong thing. He tried to reason with Louise; but when one has been hurt in the heart one can only be healed through the heart. He stooped to justify himself with:

"See here, Louise, there wasn't anything in it. I tell you I never saw her again. I don't know what her name was; I don't even remember how she looked."

But at that moment Louise was far from jealousy. She was sobbing over her fallen empire, crying because she had not been able to give Jimsie the happiest moment of his life. Falteringly, with deep sobs, she told him this.

"Oh, but you have; you do! Of course I am happier with you than with anybody else; but don't you see, this was just sort of a little piece of different. I never thought of it in the same moment with you, Louise."

"I see," she answered, dully; "I understand."

She dried her eyes, and after a time they walked home together in silence, finding they had come a distance insupportably long. Louise felt hot all over, ashamed as a boy might who has cried before another boy. Tears had been rare in her life always, and when they had come she had hidden them. She longed for her own room with the door locked and silence. The dim meaning of what Jimsie's experience had meant came to her, and she realized also that by showing that she had not understood it she had lost some empire over Jimsie—an empire that she might perhaps never regain; and at this the tears welled up again and fell down her cheeks, and Jimsie said:

"Don't you think you have cried about enough, Louise?" at which she sat down by the side of the road and sobbed in broken fashion, to his utter dismay and her own, both having the cold fear in their hearts of some one passing by who would know them. At last Louise said:

"Let me go home alone, Jimsie. I know you will say something and I shall cry; I know I shall." She made this confession, burning alive with shame, and with anger at him for having witnessed her degradation, with anger at herself for not having been able to control herself—as dismayed as Jimsie concerning the scene they had passed through.

So they went their separate ways, both feeling as if some catastrophe had overtaken them, each of them looking down for the first time into the immeasurable gulf that separates all men and women, driven asunder by what had made them one. Because Jimsie was a man and Louise a woman, they had loved each other, and now for the same reason they were being driven apart, neither understanding what had happened, nor comprehending the deep hurt that each had given the other.

It is so much harder to meet the small,

meaningless tempests of life that come upon one when the air is tranquil and the sky blue than to stand up manfully to the deeper tragedies.

As she had done when she was a little girl when she was going home too late, beyond the hour fixed by her mother, Louise went in guiltily by a side gate and up the back stairs to her room, where she locked the door and breathed a sigh of relief at being alone. She had thirsted for this solitude, but here in her own room Jimsie pursued her. All around were signs of his occupation. Neckties hung over the mirror; brushes were scattered about; his sweater hung over a chair. Here in her own blue-and-white room where she had lived her life as a girl—not even here could she escape him. She sat down to think what had happened. Nothing had happened, and everything.

The story of Jimsie's perfect afternoon seemed now to her a far-off and shadowy thing. It seemed unimportant to her that he should have been happier for a moment with somebody else; the thing that mattered was that they had been as one, and now their sky was changed and darkened. She suffered intolerably. There was no one in the world who could help her—no one she could go to, for there was nothing to tell—no one whose advice she could ask, for there was nothing to ask advice about.

Yes, the sky was changed. Why, she didn't know any more than Jimsie knew as he walked slowly along the dusty road, wondering blindly what had struck Louise.

He had watched her retreating figure, staring as though he could not believe what was happening before his eyes. What had happened? That is what he would have liked to know. As he asked himself this question, anger at the injustice of things arose in him. Men are less patient about such matters than women, perhaps because they are less accustomed to them. Injustice troubles the average woman very little, but it is a thing that a man simply cannot bear.

What, Jimsie asked himself, had he done to bring this upon his head? Their life together, which had been so sweet only a few minutes before, seemed to lie in pieces about him. He knew that women had moods, he had seen that for himself. He had heard they were unreasonable — rumors of the unaccountable performances of the female were constantly getting to Jimsie from his married friends. So this was it, then? This sort of tantrum which came from no cause that one could name and turned the sweet things of life dark and ugly and for which one could do nothing (that was the thing that chafed him), absolutely nothing! He had done all that a man could do, he told himself, not realizing that he had left out the one thing that could have helped matters; for Jimsie Bate had not lived long enough in the world of the emotions to realize that it is affection that a woman wants when she cries, and not reason.

Some men never realize this all their lives, and look upon the tears of their partner with anger, or with mute dismay, according to their temperaments, and go on through the years trying to better matters by explanation. In such matters most of us, both men and women, remain children forever. There are wives who make their husbands angry in precisely the same way two hundred days in the year, and men who hurt their wives in precisely the same manner after ten years of marriage that they did when they first made them cry.

But for the life of him, even if this way of comforting Louise had occurred to him, he could not have done it. He was sorry for her, but he was sorry for her with a certain raging despair. He was still sorrier for himself—Jimsie Bate —Jimsie, who had given up sailing only to have a scene because he had told his wife a story as harmless as a fairy-tale.

Nothing had happened; no great quarrel had come, for he could not say that they really had quarrelled; but everything was changed. For the world of the emotions knows no logical reason. A most trivial occurrence may be more blighting than some great catastrophe. A man may leave his well-known world and follow a woman for no better reason that you could put into words than a trick she has of lifting her eyebrows, but later on, her manner of asking a question may make her almost unbearable. None of us knows a thing about

it; no man can give a reasonable reason why one woman indifferently good-looking, of no more intelligence than her neighbors, makes up the world for him for a while, or knows why, after a while, she ceases to do this.

There seems to be one general rule to govern what men and women will not forgive each other—we can't bear for long that which takes away our peace of mind; and this is what Jimsie and Louise had done for each other.

Jimsie lagged along the road; for the first time in his life he didn't want to see Louise. It was with relief that he found her with the others on the piazza; for all the way home he had been confronted by the necessity of saying something to her, and he realized that he had nothing to say—nothing whatever. All he wanted was peace. He was emotionally bankrupt. He was glad of the insignificant chatter of a crowd. They soon went in to supper, and as he watched Louise across the table he realized that never before had she seemed to him so much a stranger. Why, she had seemed nearer to him the first day he had seen her—standing before the mast of the sailboat, when the wind blew her hat into the Sound. A strange and alien woman she seemed to him now, filled with violent emotions whose depths he could not fathom; and he—he must seem to her equally far off, since she could so misunderstand the things he had to tell her.

A sense of loneliness grew upon him overwhelmingly. It is a very bitter thing to realize how alone one really is in the world. There are some sensitive and morbid people who have gone mad with nothing more than this knowledge of their own isolation; and Jimsie, normal and happy-hearted, didn't know how to wrestle with the sadness that poured over him; and mingled with his sadness was a strain of definite irritation—irritation of the average married man which voices itself in the words:

"Darn women, anyway! What ails 'em?"

After supper the chatter of the people became intolerable to Jimsie, and he strolled off with a cigarette in his hand to the soothing darkness of the garden, oppressed by his loneliness, angry with himself, with Louise, and with the injustice of things, and, above all, dismayed at the change in his own world that seemed so impregnably secure. Now that world had changed. It could never be the simple matter that it had been. Doubts there would be and misunderstandings. It amounted to as much as that, although there was nothing one could tell anybody. Besides, what had happened? A quarrel was a human, understandable thing, for one could make it up. Some one might say he was in the wrong. But this, this struck at the very foundation of things; slight as it was and made of nothing greater than a few tears and a difference in point of view, it yet marked the limits of the Garden of Eden for Louise and Jimsie, since it marked the limits of where they could go together hand in hand with complete understanding.

As Jimsie strolled mournfully about the garden, he saw on a bench beneath one of the trees a dejected white figure in a pose that looked just as he felt, and before he knew it Louise was in his arms; for since his own heart was sore and needed comforting, he knew all at once how to comfort her, and how to be comforted by her. Together they clung to each other before the door that they might never again enter; for love has its perfect moment—a perfect moment that is very perishable, and that the first adverse wind must wither. And so clinging together they realized that the perfect moment for them was over—that they could no longer think themselves wiser and more fortunate in their love than any other of the people they knew; but they realized too that nothing mattered very much so long as they still cared. The deep misunderstandings of sex might be always there and yet could not really hurt them, nor could anything, so long as they should love each other.

My Memories of Mark Twain

BY W. D. HOWELLS

PART III

WHEN Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin became owner of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Houghton fancied having some breakfasts and dinners, which should bring the publisher and the editor face to face with the contributors, who were bidden from far and near. Of course, the subtle fiend of advertising, who has now grown so unblushing bold, lurked under the covers at these banquets, and the junior partner and the young editor had their joint and separate fine anguishes of misgiving as to the taste and the principle of them; but they were really very simple-hearted and honestly meant hospitalities, and they prospered as they ought, and gave great pleasure and no pain. I forget some of the "emergent occasions," but I am sure of a birthday dinner most unexpectedly accepted by Whittier, and a birthday luncheon to Mrs. Stowe, and I think a birthday dinner to Longfellow; but the passing years have left me in the dark as to the pretext of that supper at which Clemens made his awful speech, and came so near being the death of us all. At the breakfasts and luncheons, we had the pleasure of our lady-contributors' company, but that night there were only men, and because of our great strength we survived.

I suppose the year was about 1879, but here the almanac is unimportant, and I can only say that it was after Clemens had become a most valued contributor of the magazine, where he found himself to his own great explicit satisfaction. He had jubilantly accepted our invitation, and had promised a speech, which it appeared afterward he had prepared with unusual care and confidence. It was his custom always to think out his speeches, mentally wording them, and then memorizing them by a peculiar system of mnemonics which he had invented. On the dinner table a certain succession of knife, spoon, saltcellar, and butter-plate symbolized a train of ideas, and on the billiard-table a ball, a cue, and a piece of chalk served the same purpose. With a diagram of these printed on the brain he had full command of the phrases which his excogitation had attached to them, and which embodied the ideas in perfect form. He believed he had been particularly fortunate in his notion for the speech of that evening, and he had worked it out in joyous self-reliance. It was the notion of three tramps, three deadbeats, visiting a California mining-camp, and imposing themselves upon the innocent miners as respectively Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The humor of the conception must prosper or must fail according to the mood of the hearer, but Clemens felt sure of compelling this to sympathy, and he looked forward to an unparalleled triumph.

But there were two things that he had not taken into account. One was the species of religious veneration in which these men were held by those nearest them, a thing that I should not be able to realize to people remote from them in time and place. They were men of extraordinary dignity, of the thing called *presence*, for want of some clearer word, so that no one could well approach them in a personally light or trifling spirit. I do not suppose that anybody more truly valued them, or more piously loved them, than Clemens himself, but the intoxication of his fancy carried him beyond the bounds of that regard, and emboldened him to the other thing which he had not taken into account, namely, the immense hazard of working his fancy out before their faces, and expecting them to enter into the delight of it. If neither Emerson, nor Longfellow, nor Holmes had been there, the scheme might possibly

have carried, but even this is doubtful, for those who so devoutly honored them would have overcome their horror with difficulty, and perhaps would not have overcome it at all.

The publisher, with a modesty very ungrateful to me, had abdicated his office of host, and I was the hapless president, fulfilling the abhorred function of calling people to their feet and making them speak. When I came to Clemens I introduced him with the cordial admiring I had for him as one of my greatest contributors and dearest friends. Here, I said, in sum, was a humorist who never left you hanging your head for having enjoyed his joke; and then the amazing mistake, the bewildering blunder, the cruel catastrophe was upon us. I believe that after the scope of the burlesque made itself clear, there was no one there, including the burlesquer himself, who was not smitten with a desolating dismay. There fell a silence, weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment, and was broken only by the hysterical and blood-curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy. Nobody knew whether to look at the speaker, or down at his plate. I chose my plate as the least affliction, and so I do not know how Clemens looked, except when I stole a glance at him, and saw him standing solitary amid his appalled and appalling listeners, with his joke dead on his hands. From a first glance at the great three whom his jest had made its theme, I was aware of Longfellow sitting upright, and regarding the humorist with an air of pensive puzzle, of Holmes busily writing on his menu, with a well-feigned effect of preoccupation, and of Emerson, holding his elbows, and listening with a sort of Jovian oblivion of this nether world in that lapse of memory which saved him in those later years from so much bother. Clemens must have dragged his joke to the climax, and left it there, but I cannot say this from any sense of the fact. Of what happened afterward at the table where the immense, the wholly innocent, the truly unimagined affront was offered, I have no longer the least remembrance. I next remember being in a room of the hotel, where Clemens was not to sleep, but to toss in despair, and Charles Dudley Warner's saying, in the gloom, "Well, Mark! *You're* a funny fellow." It was as well as anything else he could have said, but Clemens seemed unable to accept the tribute.

I stayed the night with him, and the next morning, after a haggard breakfast, we drove about and he made some purchases of bric-à-brac for his house in Hartford, with a soul as far away from bric-à-brac as ever the soul of man was. He went home by an early train, and he lost no time in writing back to the three divine personalities which he had so involuntarily seemed to flout. They all wrote back to him, making it as light for him as they could. I have heard that Emerson was a good deal mystified, and in his sublime forgetfulness asked, Who was this gentleman who appeared to think he had offered him some sort of annoyance? But I am not sure that this is accurate. What I am sure of is that Longfellow, a few days after, in my study, stopped before a photograph of Clemens, and said, "Ah! He is a *wag*," and nothing more. Holmes told me, with deep emotion, such as a brother humorist might well feel, that he had not lost an instant in replying to Clemens's letter, and assuring him that there had not been the least offence, and entreating him never to think of the matter again. "He said that he was a fool, but he was God's fool." Holmes quoted from the letter with a true sense of the pathos and humor of the self-abasement.

To me, Clemens wrote a week later, "It doesn't get any better; it burns like fire." But now I understand that it was not shame that burnt, but rage for a blunder which he had so incredibly committed. That to have conceived of those men, the most dignified in our literature, our civilization, as impersonable by three hoboes, and then to have imagined that he could ask them personally to enjoy the monstrous travesty, was a break, he saw too late, for which there was no repair. Yet the time came, and not so very long afterward, when some mention was made of the incident as a mistake, and he said, with all his fierceness, "But I don't admit that it *was* a mistake," and it was not so in the minds of all witnesses

at second hand. The morning after the dreadful dinner, there came a glowing note from Professor Child, who had read the newspaper report of it, praising Clemens's burlesque as the richest piece of humor in the world, and betraying no sense of incongruity in its perpetration in the presence of its victims. I think it must always have ground Clemens's soul, that he was the victim of circumstances, and that if he had some more favoring occasion he could retrieve his loss in it, by giving the thing the right setting. Not more than two or three years ago, he came to try me as to trying it again at a meeting of newspaper men in Washington. I had to own my fears, while I alleged Child's note on the other hand, but in the end he did not try it with the newspaper men. I do not know whether he has ever printed it or not, but since the thing happened, I have often wondered how much offence there really was in it.* I am not sure but the horror of the spectators read more indignation into the subjects of the hapless drolling than they felt. But it must have been difficult for them to bear it with equanimity. To be sure they were not themselves mocked; nevertheless their personality was trifled with, and I could only end by reflecting that if I had been in their place I should not have liked it myself. Clemens would have liked it himself, for he had the heart for that sort of wild play, and he so loved a joke that even if it took the form of a liberty, and was yet a good joke, he would have loved it.



MARK TWAIN, 1878

He was oftenest at my house in Cambridge, but he was also sometimes at my house in Belmont; when, after a year in Europe, we went to live in Boston he was more rarely with us. We could never be long together without something out of the common happening, and one day something far out of the common happened, which fortunately refused the nature of absolute tragedy, while remaining rather the saddest sort of comedy. We were looking out of my library window on that view of the Charles which I was so proud of sharing with my all-but-next-door neighbor, Doctor Holmes, when another friend who was with us called out with curiously impersonal interest, "Oh, see that woman getting into the water!" This would have excited curiosity and alarmed anxiety far less lively than ours, and Clemens and I rushed down-stairs and out through my basement and back gate. At the same time a coachman came out of a stable next door, and grappled by the shoulders a woman who was somewhat deliberately getting down the steps to the water over the face of the embankment. Before we could reach them he had pulled her up to the driveway, and stood holding her there while she crazily grieved at her rescue. As soon as he saw us he went back into his stable, and left us with the poor, wild creature on our hands. She was not very young and not very pretty, and we could not have flattered ourselves with the notion of anything romantic in her suicidal mania, but we could take her on the broad human level, and on this we pro-

* See "Mark Twain's Speeches."

posed to escort her up Beacon Street till we could give her into the keeping of one of those kindly policemen whom our neighborhood knew. Naturally there was no policeman, known to us or unknown, the whole way to the Public Garden. We had to circumvent our charge in her present design of drowning herself, and walk her past the streets crossing Beacon to the river. At these points it needed considerable reasoning to overcome her wish and some active manœuvring in both of us to enforce our arguments. Nobody else appeared to be interested, and though we did not court publicity in the performance of the duty so strangely laid upon us, still it was rather disappointing to be so entirely ignored.

There are some four or five crossings to the river between 302 Beacon Street and the Public Garden, and the suggestions at our command were pretty well exhausted by the time we reached it. Still the expected policeman was nowhere in sight; but a brilliant thought occurred to Clemens. He asked me where the nearest police station was, and when I told him, he started off at his highest speed, leaving me in sole charge of our hapless ward. All my powers of suasion were now taxed to the utmost, and I began attracting attention as a short, stout gentleman in early middle life endeavoring to distrain a respectable female of her personal liberty, when his accomplice had abandoned him to his wicked design. After a much long time than I thought *I* should have taken to get a policeman from the station Clemens reappeared in easy conversation with an officer, who had probably realized that he was in the company of Mark Twain, and was in no hurry to end the interview. He took possession of our captive and we saw her no more. I now wonder that with our joint instinct for failure we ever got rid of her; but I am sure we did, and few things in life have given me greater relief. When we got back to my house we found the friend we had left there quite unruffled and not much concerned to know the facts of our adventure. My impression is that he had been taking a nap on my lounge; he appeared refreshed and even gay; but if I am inexact in these details he is alive to refute me.

A little after this Clemens went abroad with his family and lived several years in Germany. His letters still came, but at longer intervals, and the thread of our intimate relations was inevitably broken. He would write me when something I had written pleased him, or when something signal occurred to him, or some political or social outrage stirred him to wrath, and he wished to free his mind in pious profanity. During this sojourn he came near dying of pneumonia in Berlin, and he had slight relapses from



MR. HOWELLS'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE

it after coming home. In Berlin also he had the honor of dining with the German Emperor at the table of a cousin married to a high officer of the court. Clemens was a man to enjoy such a distinction: he knew how to take it as a delegated recognition from the German people; but as coming from a sovereign who had as yet only his sovereignty to value himself upon, he was not very proud of it. He expressed a quiet disdain of the event as between the imperiality and himself, on whom it was supposed to confer such glory, crowning his life with the topmost leaf of laurel. He was in the same mood in his account of an English dinner many years before, where there was a "little Scotch lord" present, to whom the English tacitly referred Clemens's talk, and laughed when he laughed, and were grave when he failed to smile. Of all the men I have known he was the farthest from a snob, though he valued recognition, and liked the flattery of the fashionable fair when it came in his way. He would not go out of his way for it, but like all able and brilliant men he loved the minds of women, their wit, their agile cleverness, their sensitive perception, their humorous appreciation, the saucy things they would say, and their pretty, temerarious defiances. He had of course the keenest sense of what was truly dignified and truly undignified in people; but he was not really interested in what we call society affairs; they scarcely existed for him; though his books witness how he abhorred the dreadful fools who through some chance of birth or wealth hold themselves different from other men.

Commonly he did not keep things to himself, especially dislikes and condemnations. Upon most current events he had strong opinions, and he uttered them strongly. After a while he was silent in them, but if you tried him you found him in them still. He was apt to wear himself out in the vehemence of his resentments; or, he had so spent himself in uttering them that he had literally nothing more to say. You could offer Clemens offences that would anger other men and he did not mind; he would account for them from human nature; but if he thought you had in any way played him false you were anathema and maranatha forever. Yet not forever, perhaps, for by and by, after years, he would be silent. There were two men, half a generation apart in their succession, whom he thought equally atrocious in their treason to him, and of whom he used to talk terrifyingly, even after they were out of the world. He went farther than Heine, who said that he forgave his enemies, but not till they were dead. Clemens did not forgive his dead enemies; their death seemed to deepen their crimes, like a base evasion, or a cowardly attempt to escape; he pursued them to the grave; he would like to dig them up and take vengeance upon their clay. So he said, but no doubt he would not have hurt them if he had had them living before him. He was generous without stint; he trusted without measure, but where his generosity was abused, or his trust betrayed, he was a fire of vengeance, a consuming flame of suspicion that no sprinkling of cool patience from others could quench; it had to burn itself out. He was eagerly and lavishly hospitable, but if a man seemed willing to batten on him, or in any way to lie down upon him, Clemens despised him unutterably. In his frenzies of resentment or suspicion he would not, and doubtless could not, listen to reason. But if between the paroxysms he were confronted with the facts he would own them, no matter how much they told against him. At one period he fancied that a certain newspaper was hounding him with biting censure and poisonous paragraphs, and he was filling himself up with wrath to be duly discharged on the editor's head. Later, he wrote me with a humorous joy in his mistake that Warner had advised him to have the paper watched for these injuries. He had done so, and how many mentions of him did I reckon he had found in three months? Just two, and they were rather indifferent than unfriendly. So the paper was acquitted, and the editor's life was spared. The wretch never knew how near he was to losing it, with incredible preliminaries of obloquy, and a subsequent devotion to lasting infamy.

His memory for favors was as good as for injuries, and he liked to return your friendliness with as loud a band of music as could be bought or bribed for



MARK TWAIN AND MR HOWELLS AT LAKEWOOD, 1908

the occasion. All that you had to do was to signify that you wanted his help. When my father was consul at Toronto during Arthur's administration, he fancied that his place was in danger, and he appealed to me. In turn I appealed to Clemens, bethinking myself of his friendship with Grant, and Grant's friendship with Arthur. I asked him to write to Grant in my father's behalf, but No, he answered me, I must come to Hartford, and we would go on to New York together and see Grant personally. This was before, and long before, Clemens became Grant's publisher and splendid benefactor, but the men liked each other as such men could not help doing. Clemens made the appointment, and we went to find Grant in his business office, that place where his business innocence was afterward so betrayed. He was very simple and very cordial, and I was instantly the more at home with him, because his voice was the soft, rounded, Ohio River accent to which my years were earliest used from my steamboating uncles, my earliest heroes. When I stated my business, he merely said, Oh, no; that must not be; he would write to President Arthur; and he did so that day—and my father lived to lay down his office when he tired of it, with no urgence from above.

It is not irrelevant to Clemens to say that Grant seemed to like finding himself in company with two literary men, one of whom at least he could make sure of, and unlike that silent man he was reputed, he talked constantly, and so far as he might he talked literature. At least

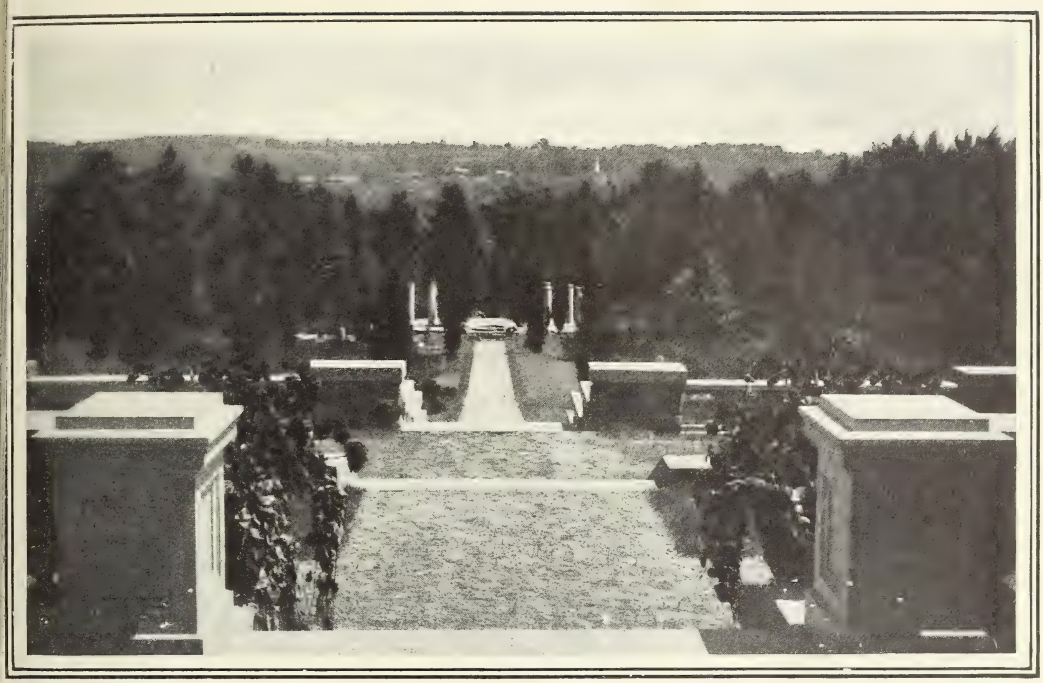
he talked of John Phœnix, that delightfulest of the early Pacific Slope humorists, whom he had known under his real name of George H. Derby, when they were fellow cadets at West Point. It was mighty pretty, as Pepys would say, to see the delicate deference Clemens paid our plain hero, and the manly respect with which he listened. While Grant talked, his luncheon was brought in from some unassuming restaurant near by, and he asked us to join him in the baked beans and coffee which were served us in a little room out of the office with about the same circumstance as at a railroad refreshment-counter. The baked beans and coffee were of about the railroad-refreshment quality; but eating them with Grant was like sitting down to baked beans and coffee with Julius Cæsar, or Alexander, or some other great Plutarchan captain.

One of the highest satisfactions of Clemens's often supremely satisfactory life was his relation to Grant. It was his proud joy to tell how he found Grant about to sign a contract for his book on certainly very good terms, and said to him that he could himself publish the book, and give him a percentage three times as large. He said Grant seemed to doubt whether he could honorably withdraw from the negotiation at that point, but Clemens overbore such scruples, and it was his unparalleled privilege, his princely pleasure to pay the author a far larger check for his work than had ever been paid to an author before. He valued even more than this splendid opportunity the sacred moments in which their business brought him into the presence of the slowly dying, heroically living man whom he was so befriending; and he told me in words which surely lost none of their simple pathos through his report how Grant described his suffering.

The prosperity of this venture was the beginning of Clemens's adversity, for it led to excesses of enterprise which were forms of dissipation. The young sculptor who had come back to him from Paris modelled a small bust of Grant, which Clemens multiplied in great numbers to his great loss, and the success of Grant's book tempted him to launch on publishing seas where his bark presently foundered. The first and greatest of his disasters was the Life of Pope Leo XIII., which he came to tell me of, when he had imagined it, in a sort of glorious intoxication. He had no words in which to paint the magnificence of the project, or to forecast its colossal success. It would have a currency bounded only by the number of Catholics in Christendom. It would be translated into every language



MARK TWAIN'S FINAL HOME—"STORMFIELD," REDDING, CONNECTICUT



"Stormfield"—looking toward the Pergola

which was anywhere written or printed; it would be circulated literally in every country of the globe, and Clemens's book-agents would carry the prospectuses and then the bound copies of the work to the ends of the whole earth. Not only would every Catholic buy it, but every Catholic must, as he was a good Catholic, as he hoped to be saved. It was a magnificent scheme, and it captivated me, as it had captivated Clemens; it dazzled us both, and neither of us saw the fatal defect in it. The event proved that the immeasurable majority did not wish to read the life of the Pope, though it was written by a dignitary of the Church and issued to the world with every sanction from the Vatican. The failure was incredible to Clemens; his sanguine soul was utterly confounded, and soon a silence fell upon it where it had been so exuberantly jubilant.

The occasions which brought us to New York together were not nearly so frequent as those which united us in Boston, but there was a dinner given him by a friend which remains memorable from the fatuity of two men present, so different in everything but their fatuity. One was the sweet old comedian Billy Florence, who was urging the unsuccessful dramatist across the table to write him a play about Oliver Cromwell, and giving the reasons why he thought himself peculiarly fitted to portray the character of Cromwell. The other was a modestly millioned rich man who was then only beginning to amass the moneys afterward heaped so high, and was still in the condition to be flattered by the condescension of a yet greater millionaire. His contribution to our gayety was the verbatim report of a call he had made upon William H. Vanderbilt, whom he had found just about starting out of town, with his trunks actually in the front hall, but who had stayed to receive the narrator. He had, in fact, sat down on one of the trunks, and talked with easiest friendliness, and quite, we were given to infer, like an ordinary human being. Clemens often kept on with some thread of the talk when we came away from a dinner, but now he was silent, as if "high sorrowful and cloyed"; and it was not till well afterward that I found he had noted the facts from the bitterness with which he mocked the rich man, and the pity he expressed for the actor.

He had begun before that to amass those evidences against mankind which



"STORMFIELD"—THE LIVING-ROOM

eventuated with him in his theory of what he called "the damned human race." This was not an expression of piety, but of the kind contempt to which he was driven by our follies and iniquities as he had observed them in himself as well as in others. It was as mild a misanthropy, probably, as ever caressed the objects of its malediction. But I believe it was about the year 1900 that his sense of our perdition became insupportable and broke out in a mixed abhorrence and amusement which spared no occasion; so that I could quite understand why Mrs. Clemens should have found some compensation, when kept to her room by sickness, in the reflection that now she should not hear so much about the "damned human race." He told of that with the same wild joy that he told of overhearing her repetition of one of his most inclusive profanities, and her explanation that she meant him to hear it so that he might know how it sounded. The contrast of the lurid blasphemy with her heavenly whiteness should have been enough to cure any one less grounded than he in what must be owned was as fixed a habit as smoking with him. When I first knew him he rarely vented his fury in that sort, and I fancy he was under a promise to her which he kept sacred till the wear and tear of his nerves with advancing years disabled him. Then it would be like him to struggle with himself till he could struggle no longer and to ask his promise back, and it would be like her to give it back. His profanity was the heritage of his boyhood and young manhood in social conditions and under the duress of exigencies in which everybody swore about as impersonally as he smoked. It is best to recognize the fact of it, and I do so the more readily because I cannot suppose the Recording Angel really minded it much more than that Guardian Angel of his. It probably grieved them about equally, but they could equally forgive it. Nothing came of his pose regarding the damned human race except his invention of the Human Race Luncheon Club. This was confined to four persons who were never all got together, and it soon perished of their indifference.

In the earlier days that I have more specially in mind one of the questions that we used to debate a good deal was

whether every human motive was not selfish. We inquired as to every impulse, the noblest, the holiest in effect, and he found them in the last analysis of selfish origin. Pretty nearly the whole time of a certain railroad run from New York to Hartford was taken up with the scrutiny of the self-sacrifice of a mother for her child, of the abandon of the lover who dies in saving his mistress from fire or flood, of the hero's courage in the field and the martyr's at the stake. Each he found springing from the unconscious love of self and the dread of the greater pain which the self-sacrificer would suffer in forbearing the sacrifice. If we had any time left from this inquiry that day, he must have devoted it to a high regret that Napoleon did not carry out his purpose of invading England, for then he would have destroyed the feudal aristocracy, or "reformed the lords," as it might be called now. He thought that would have been an incalculable blessing to the English people and the world. Clemens was always beautifully and unfalteringly a republican. None of his occasional misgivings for America implicated a return to monarchy. Yet he felt passionately the splendor of the English monarchy, and there was a time when he gloried in that figurative poetry by which the king was phrased as "the Majesty of England." He rolled the words deep-throatedly out, and exulted in their beauty as if it were beyond any other glory of the world. He read, or read *at*, English history a great deal, and one of the by-products of his restless invention was a game of English Kings (like the game of Authors) for children. I do not know whether he ever perfected this; but I am quite sure it was not put upon the market. Very likely he brought it to a practicable stage, and then tired of it, as he was apt to do in the ultimation of his vehement undertakings.

He satisfied the impassioned demand of his nature for incessant activities of every kind by taking a personal as well as a pecuniary interest in the inventions of others. At one moment the damned human race was almost to be redeemed by a process of founding brass without air bubbles in it; if this could once be accomplished, as I understood, or misunderstood, brass could be used in art-printing to a degree hitherto impossible. I dare say I have got it wrong, but I am not mistaken as to Clemens's enthusiasm for the process, and his heavy losses in paying its way to ultimate failure. He was simultaneously absorbed in the perfection of a type-setting machine, which he was paying the inventor a salary to bring to a perfection so expensive that it was practically impracticable. We were both printers by trade, and I could take the same interest in this wonderful piece of mechanism that he could; and it was so truly wonderful that it did everything but walk and talk. Its ingenious creator was so bent upon realizing the highest ideal in it that he produced a machine of quite unimpeachable efficiency. But it was so costly, when finished, that it could not be made for less than twenty thousand dollars, if the parts were made by hand. This sum was prohibitive of its introduction, unless the requisite capital could be found for making the parts by machinery, and Clemens spent many months in vainly trying to get this money together. In the mean time simpler machines had been invented and the market filled, and his investment of three hundred thousand dollars in the beautiful miracle remained permanent but not profitable. I once went with him to witness its performance, and it did seem to me the last word in its way, but it had been spoken too exquisitely, too fastidiously. I never heard him devote the inventor to the infernal gods, as he was apt to do with the geniuses he lost money by, and so I think he did not regard him as a traitor.

In these things, and in his other schemes for the *subiti guadagni* of the speculator and the "sudden making of splendid names" for the benefactors of our species, Clemens satisfied the Colonel Sellers nature in himself (from which he drew the picture of that wild and lovable figure), and perhaps made as good use of his money as he could. He did not care much for money in itself, but he luxuriated in the lavish use of it, and he was as generous with it as ever a man was. He liked giving it, but he commonly wearied of giving it himself, and wherever he lived he established an almoner, whom he fully trusted to keep his left hand

ignorant of what his right hand was doing. I believe he felt no finality in charity, but did it because in its provisional way it was the only thing a man could do. I never heard him go really into any sociological inquiry, and I have a feeling that that sort of thing baffled and dispirited him. No one can read *The Connecticut Yankee* and not be aware of the length and breadth of his sympathies with poverty, but apparently he had not thought out any scheme for righting the economic wrongs we abound in. I cannot remember our ever getting quite down to a discussion of the matter; we came very near it once in the day of the vast wave of emotion sent over the world by *Looking Backward*, and again when we were all so troubled by the great coal strike in Pennsylvania; in considering that he seemed to be for the time doubtful of the justice of the working-man's cause. At all other times he seemed to know that whatever wrongs the working-man committed work was always in the right.

When Clemens returned to America with his family, after lecturing round the world, I again saw him in New York, where I so often saw him while he was shaping himself for that heroic enterprise. He would come to me, and talk sorrowfully over his financial ruin, and picture it to himself as the stuff of some unhappy dream, which, after long prosperity, had culminated the wrong way. It was very melancholy, very touching, but the sorrow to which he had come home from his long journey had not that forlorn bewilderment in it. He was looking wonderfully well, and when I wanted the name of his elixir, he said it was plasmon. He was apt, for a man who had put faith so decidedly away from him, to take it back and pin it to some superstition, usually of a hygienic sort. Once, when he was well on in years, he came to New York without glasses, and announced that he and all his family, so astigmatic and myopic and old-sighted, had, so to speak, burned their spectacles behind them, upon the instruction of some sage who had found out that they were a delusion. The next time he came he wore spectacles freely, almost ostentatiously, and I heard from others that the whole Clemens family had been near losing their eyesight by the miracle worked in their behalf. Now, I was not surprised to learn that the damned human race was to be saved by plasmon, if anything, and that my first duty was to visit the plasmon agency with him, and procure enough plasmon to secure my family against the ills it was heir to for evermore. I did not immediately understand that plasmon was one of the investments which he had made from "the substance of things hoped for," and in the destiny of a disastrous disappointment. But after paying off the creditors of his late publishing firm, he had to do something with his money, and it was not his fault if he did not make a fortune out of plasmon.

For a time it was a question whether he should not go back with his family to their old home in Hartford. Perhaps the father's and mother's hearts drew them there all the more strongly because of the grief written ineffaceably over it, but for the younger ones, it was no longer the measure of the world. It was easier for all to stay on indefinitely in New York, which is a sojourn without circumstance, and equally the home of exile and of indecision. The Clemenses took a pleasant, spacious house at Riverdale on the Hudson, and there I began to see them again on something like the sweet old terms. They lived far more unpretentiously than they used, and I think with a notion of economy, which they had never very successfully practised. I recall that at the end of a certain year in Hartford when they had been saving, and paying cash for everything, Clemens wrote, reminding me of their avowed experiment, and asking me to guess how many bills they had at New-Year's; he hastened to say that a horse-car would not have held them. At Riverdale they kept no carriage, and there was a snowy night when I drove up to their handsome old mansion in the station carryall, which was crusted with mud as from the going down of the Deluge after transporting Noah and his family from the Ark to whatever point they decided to settle at provisionally. But the good talk, the rich talk, the talk that could never suffer poverty of mind or soul, was there, and we jubilantly found ourselves again in our middle

youth. It was the mighty moment when Clemens was building his engines of war for the destruction of Christian Science, which superstition nobody, and he least of all, expected to destroy. It would not be easy to say whether in his talk of it his disgust for the illiterate twaddle of Mrs. Eddy's book, or his admiration of her genius for organization was the greater. He believed that as a religious machine the Christian Science Church was as perfect as the Roman Church and destined to be more formidable in its control of the minds of men. He looked for its spread over the whole of Christendom; and throughout the winter he spent at Riverdale he was ready to meet all listeners more than half-way with his convictions of its powerful grasp of the average human desire to get something for nothing. The vacuous vulgarity of its texts was a perpetual joy to him, while he bowed with serious respect to the sagacity which built so securely upon the everlasting rock of human credulity and folly. One Sunday afternoon we went together to hear an able judge from Kansas, a clever lawyer and a politician of note, deliver a Christian Science discourse which was intellectually so much chopped food for cattle, to a congregation of three thousand prosperous persons mainly in sealskin sacks and frock coats. I suppose that this extraordinary spectacle afforded Clemens a satisfaction which could have been matched for him only by the claim of Shakespeare to be Shakespeare, when he had come to the full perception that Bacon was Shakespeare.

An interesting phase of his psychology in this business was not only his admiration for the masterly policy of the Christian Science hierarchy, but his willingness to allow the miracles of its healers to be tried on his friends and family, if they wished it. He had a tender heart for the whole generation of empirics, as well as the newer sorts of scientitians, but he seemed to base his faith in them largely upon the failure of the regulars rather than upon their own successes, which also he believed in. He was recurrently, but not insistently, desirous that you should try their strange magics when you were going to try the familiar medicines.

The order of my acquaintance, or call it intimacy, with Clemens was this: our first meeting in Boston, my visits to him in Hartford, his visits to me in Cambridge, in Belmont, and in Boston, our briefer and less frequent meetings in Paris and New York, all with repeated interruptions through my absences in Europe, and his sojourns in London, Berlin, Vienna, and Florence, and his flights to the many ends, and odds and ends, of the earth. I will not try to follow the events, if they were not rather the subjective experiences, of those different periods and points of time, which I must not fail to make include his summer at York Harbor, and his divers residences in New York, on Tenth Street and on Fifth Avenue, at Riverdale, and at Stormfield, which his daughter has told me he loved best of all his houses and hoped to make his home for long years.

Not much remains to me of the week or so that we had together in Paris early in the summer of 1904. The first thing I got at my bankers was a cable message announcing that my father was stricken with paralysis, but urging my stay for further intelligence, and I went about till the final summons came with my head in a mist of care and dread. Clemens was very kind and brotherly through it all. He was living greatly to his mind in one of those arcaded little hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, and he was free from all household duties to range with me. We drove together to make calls of digestion at many houses where he had got indigestion in his reluctance from their hospitality, for he hated dining out. But, as he explained, his wife wanted him to make these visits, and he did it, as he did everything she wanted. At one place, some suburban villa, he could get no answer to his ring, and he "hove" his cards over the gate just as it opened, and he had the shame of explaining in his unexplanatory French to the man picking them up. He was excruciatingly helpless with his cabmen, but by very cordially smiling and casting himself on the drivers' mercy he always managed to get where he wanted. The family was on the verge of their many moves, and he was doing some small errands; he said that the others did the main things, and left him to do what the cat might.

It was with that return upon the buoyant billow of plasmon, renewed in look and limb, that Clemens's universally pervasive popularity began in his own country. He had hitherto been more intelligently accepted, or more largely imagined, in Europe, and I suppose it was my sense of this that inspired the stupidity of my saying to him when we came to consider "the state of polite learning" among us, "You mustn't expect people to keep it up here as they do in England." But it appeared that his countrymen were only wanting the chance, and they kept it up in honor of him past all precedent. One does not go into a catalogue of dinners, receptions, meetings, speeches, and the like when there are more vital things to speak of. He loved these obvious joys, and he eagerly strove with the occasions they gave him for the brilliancy which seemed so exhaustless and was so exhausting. His friends saw that he was wearing himself out, and it was not because of Mrs. Clemens's health alone that they were glad to have him take refuge at Riverdale. The family lived there two happy, hopeless years, and then it was ordered that they should change for his wife's sake to some less exacting climate. Clemens was not eager to go to Florence, but his imagination was taken as it would have been in the old-young days by the notion of packing his furniture into flexible steel cages from his house in Hartford and unpacking it from them untouched at his villa in Fiesole. He got what pleasure any man could out of that triumph of mind over matter, but the shadow was creeping up his life. One sunny afternoon we sat on the grass before the mansion, after his wife had begun to get well enough for removal, and we looked up toward a balcony where presently that lovely presence made itself visible, as if it had stooped there from a cloud. A hand frailly waved a handkerchief; Clemens ran over the lawn toward it, calling tenderly: "What? What?" as if it might be an asking for him instead of the greeting it really was for me. It was the last time I saw her, if indeed I can be said to have seen her then, and long afterward when I said how beautiful we all thought her, how good, how wise, how wonderfully perfect in every relation of life, he cried out in a breaking voice: "Oh, why didn't you ever tell her? She thought you didn't like her." How incredible, how impossible is experience! What a pang it was not to have told her, but how could we have told her? His unreason endeared him to me more than all his wisdom.

To that Riverdale sojourn belong my impressions of one of those joint episodes of ours, which, strangely enough, did not eventuate in entire failure, as most of our joint episodes did. He wrote furiously to me of a wrong which had been done to one of the most helpless and one of the most helped of our literary brethren, asking me to join with him in recovering the money paid over by that brother's publisher to a false friend who had withheld it and would not give any account of it. Our hapless brother had appealed to Clemens, as he had to me with the facts, but not asking our help, probably because he knew he need not ask; and Clemens enclosed to me a very taking-by-the-throat message which he proposed sending to the false friend. For once, I had some sense, and answered that this would never do, for we had really no power in the matter, and we had better use the delicacy of Agag than the truculence of Samuel. I contrived a letter so softly diplomatic that I shall always think of it with pride when my honesties no longer give me satisfaction, saying that this incident had come to our knowledge, and suggesting that we felt sure he would not finally wish to withhold the money. Nothing more, practically, than that, but that was enough; there came promptly back a letter of justification, covering a very substantial check, which we hilariously forwarded to our beneficiary. But the helpless man who was so used to being helped did not answer with the gladness I, at least, expected of him. He acknowledged the check as he would any ordinary payment, and then he made us observe that there was still a large sum due him out of the moneys withheld. At this point I proposed to Clemens that we should let the nonchalant victim collect the balance himself. Clouds of sorrow had gathered about the bowed head of the delinquent since we began on him, and my fickle sympathies

were turning his way from the victim, who was really to blame for leaving his affairs so unguardedly to him in the first place. Clemens made some sort of grim assent, and we dropped the matter. He was more used to ingratitude from those he helped than I was, who found being lain down upon not so amusing as he found my revolt. He reckoned I was right, he said, and after that I think we never recurred to the incident. It was not ingratitude that he ever minded; it was treachery that really maddened him past all forgiveness.

During the summer he spent at York Harbor I was only forty minutes away at Kittery Point, and we saw each other often; but this was before the last time at Riverdale. He had a wide, low cottage in a pine grove overlooking York River, and we used to sit at a corner of the veranda farthest away from Mrs. Clemens's window, where we could read our manuscripts to each other, and tell our stories, and laugh our hearts out without disturbing her. At first she had been about the house, and there was one gentle afternoon when she made tea for us in the parlor, but that was the last time I spoke with her. After that it was really a question of how soonest and easiest she could be got back to Riverdale; but of course there were specious delays in which she seemed no worse and seemed a little better, and Clemens could work at a novel he had begun. He had taken a room in the house of a friend and neighbor, a fisherman and boatman; there was a table where he could write, and a bed where he could lie down and read; and there, unless my memory has played me one of those constructive tricks that people's memories indulge in, he read me the first chapters of an admirable story. The scene was laid in a Missouri town, and the characters such as he had known in boyhood; but often as I tried to make him own it, he denied having written any such story; it is possible that I dreamed it, but I hope the MS. will yet be found.

I cannot say whether or not he believed that his wife would recover; he fought the fear of her death to the end; for her life was far more largely his than the lives of most men's wives are theirs. For his own life I believe he would never have much cared, if I may trust a saying of one who was so absolutely without pose as he was. He said that he never saw a dead man whom he did not envy for having had it over, and being done with it. Life had always amused him, and in the resurgence of its interests after his sorrow had ebbed away he was again deeply interested in the world, and in the human race, which, though damned, abounded in subjects of curious inquiry. When the time came for his wife's removal from York Harbor, I went with him to Boston, where he wished to look up the best means of her conveyance to New York. The inquiry absorbed him: the sort of invalid-car he could get; how she could be carried to the village station; how the car could be detached from the eastern train at Boston and carried round to the southern train on the other side of the city, and then how it could be attached to the Hudson River train at New York and left at Riverdale. There was no particular of the business which he did not scrutinize and master, not only with his poignant concern for her welfare, but with his strong curiosity as to how these unusual things were done with the usual means. With the inertness that grows upon an ageing man, he had been used to delegating more and more things, but of that thing I perceived that he would not delegate the least detail.

He had meant never to go abroad again, but when it came time to go he did not look forward to returning; he expected to live in Florence always after that; they were used to the life and they had been happy there some years earlier before he went with his wife for the cure of Nauheim. But when he came home again it was for good and all. It was natural that he should wish to live in New York, where they had already had a pleasant year in Tenth Street. I used to see him there in an upper room, looking south over a quiet open space of back yards where we fought our battles in behalf of the Filipinos and the Boers, and he carried on his campaign against the missionaries in China. He had not yet formed his habit of lying for whole days in bed, and reading and writing there, yet he was a good deal in bed, from weak-

ness, I suppose, and for the mere comfort of it.

My perspectives are not very clear, and in the foreshortening of events which always takes place in our review of the past I may not always time things aright. But I believe it was not until he had taken his house at 21 Fifth Avenue that he began to talk to me of writing his autobiography. He meant that it should be a perfectly veracious record of his life and period; for the first time in literature there should be a true history of a man and a true presentation of the men the man had known. As we talked it over the scheme enlarged itself in our riotous fancy. We said it should be not only a book, it should be a library, not only a library but a literature. It should make good the world's loss through Omar's barbarity at Alexandria; there was no image so grotesque, so extravagant that we did not play with it; and the work so far as he carried it was really done on a colossal scale. But one day he said that as to veracity it was a failure; he had begun to lie, and that if no man ever yet told the truth about himself it was because no man ever could. How far he had carried his autobiography I cannot say; he dictated the matter several hours each day; and the public has already seen long passages from it, and can judge, probably, of the make and matter of the whole from these. It is immensely inclusive, and it observes no order or sequence. Whether now, after his death, it will be published soon or late, I have no means of knowing. Once or twice he said in a vague way that it was not to be published for twenty years, so that the discomfort of publicity might be minimized for all the survivors. Suddenly he told me he was not working at it; but I did not understand whether he had finished it, or merely dropped it; I never asked.

We lived in the same city, but, for old men, rather far apart, he at Tenth Street and I at Seventieth, and with our colds and other disabilities we did not see each other often. He expected me to come to him, and I would not, without some return of my visits, but we never ceased to be friends, and good friends, so far as I know. I joked him once as to how I was going to come out in his autobiography, and he gave me some sort of joking reassurance. There was one incident, however, that brought us very frequently and actively together. He came one Sunday afternoon to have me call with him on Maxim Gorky, who was staying at a hotel a few streets above mine. We were both interested in Gorky, Clemens rather more as a revolutionist and I as a realist, though I too wished the Russian Czar ill, and the novelist well in his mission to the Russian sympathizers in this republic. But I had lived through the episode of Kossuth's visit to us and his vain endeavor to raise funds for the Hungarian cause in 1851, when we were a younger and nobler nation than now, with hearts if not hands opener to the "oppressed of Europe"; the oppressed of America, the four or five millions of slaves, we did not count. I did not believe that Gorky could get the money for the cause of freedom in Russia which he had come to get; as I told a valued friend of his and mine, I did not believe he could get $2,500, and I think now I set the figure too high. I had already refused to sign the sort of general appeal his friends were making to our principles and pockets because I felt it so wholly idle, and when the paper was produced in Gorky's presence, and Clemens put his name to it, I still refused. The next day Gorky was expelled from his hotel with the woman who was not his wife, but who, I am bound to say, did not look as if she were not, at least to me, who am, however, not versed in those aspects of human nature.

I might have escaped unnoted, but Clemens's familiar head gave us away to the reporters waiting at the elevator's mouth for all who went to see Gorky. As it was, a hunt of interviewers ensued for us severally and jointly. I could remain aloof in my hotel apartment, returning answer to such guardians of the public right to know everything that I had nothing to say of Gorky's domestic affairs; for the public interest had now strayed far from the revolution, and now centred entirely upon these. But with Clemens it was different; he lived in a house with a street door kept by a single butler, and he was constantly rung for. I forget how long the siege lasted, but

long enough for us to have fun with it. That was the moment of the great Vesuvian eruption, and we figured ourselves in easy reach of a volcano which was every now and then "blowing a cone off," as the telegraphic phrase was. The roof of the great market in Naples had just broken in under its load of ashes and cinders, and crushed hundreds of people; and we asked each other if we were not sorry we had not been there, where the pressure would have been far less terrific than it was with us in Fifth Avenue. The forbidden butler came up with a message that there were some gentlemen below who wanted to see Clemens.

"How many?" he demanded.

"Five," the butler faltered.

"Reporters?"

The butler feigned uncertainty.

"What would you do?" he asked me.

"I wouldn't see them," I said, and then Clemens went directly down to them. How or by what means he appeased their voracity, I cannot say, but I fancy it was by the confession of the exact truth, which was harmless enough. They went away joyfully, and he came back in radiant satisfaction with having seen them. Of course he was right and I wrong, and he was right as to the point at issue between Gorky and those who had helplessly treated him with such cruel ignominy. In America it is not the convention for men to live openly in hotels with women who are not their wives. Gorky had violated this convention and he had to pay the penalty; and concerning the destruction of his efficiency as an emissary of the revolution, his blunder was worse than a crime.

To the period of Clemens's residence in Fifth Avenue belongs his efflorescence in white serge. He was always rather aggressively indifferent about dress, and at a very early date in our acquaintance Aldrich and I attempted his reform by clubbing to buy him a cravat. But he would not put away his stiff little black bow, and until he imagined the suit of white serge, he wore always a suit of black serge, truly deplorable in the cut of the sagging frock. After his measure had once been taken he refused to make his clothes the occasion of personal interviews with his tailor; he sent the stuff by the kind elderly woman who had been in the service of the family from the earliest days of his marriage, and accepted the result without criticism. But the white serge was an inspiration which few men would have had the courage to act upon. The first time I saw him wear it was at the authors' hearing before the Congressional Committee on Copyright in Washington. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the gesture with which he flung off his long loose overcoat, and stood forth in white from his feet to the crown of his silvery head. It was a magnificent *coup,* and he dearly loved a *coup;* but the magnificent speech which he made, tearing to shreds the venerable farrago of nonsense about non-property in ideas which had formed the basis of all copyright legislation, made you forget even his spectacularity.

It is well known how proud he was of his Oxford gown, not merely because it symbolized the honor in which he was held by the highest literary body in the world, but because it was so rich and so beautiful. The red and the lavender of the cloth flattered his eye as the silken black of the same degree of Doctor of Letters, given him years before at Yale, could not do. His simple-hearted happiness in it, mixed with a due sense of burlesque, was something that those lacking his poet-soul could never imagine; they accounted it vain, weak; but that would not have mattered to him if he had known it. In his London sojourn he had formed the top-hat habit, and for a while he lounged splendidly up and down Fifth Avenue in that society emblem; but he seemed to tire of it, and to return kindly to the soft hat of his Southwestern tradition.

He disliked clubs; I don't know whether he belonged to any in New York, but I never met him in one. As I have told, he himself had formed the Human Race Club, but as he never could get it together it hardly counted. There was to have been a meeting of it the time of my only visit to Stormfield in April of last year; but of three who were to have come, I alone came. We got on very well without the absentees, after finding them in the wrong, as usual, and the visit was like those I used to have with him so many years before in Hartford, but there was

not the old ferment of subjects. Many things had been discussed and put away for good, but we had our old fondness for nature and for one another, who were so differently parts of it. He showed his absolute content with his house, and that was the greater pleasure for me because it was my son who designed it. The architect had been so fortunate as to be able to plan it where a natural avenue of savins, the close-knit, slender, cypress-like cedars of New England, led away from the rear of the villa to the little level of a pergola, meant some day to be wreathed and roofed with vines. But in the early spring days all the landscape was in the beautiful nakedness of the northern winter. It opened in the surpassing loveliness of wooded and meadowed uplands, under skies that were the first days blue, and the last gray over a rainy and then a snowy floor. We walked up and down, up and down, between the villa terrace and the pergola, and talked with the melancholy amusement, the sad tolerance of age for the sort of men and things that used to excite us or enrage us; now we were far past turbulence or anger. Once we took a walk together across the yellow pastures to a chasmal creek on his grounds, where the ice still knit the clayey banks together like crystal mosses; and the stream far down clashed through and over the stones and the shards of ice. Clemens pointed out the scenery he had bought to give himself elbow-room, and showed me the lot he was going to have me build on. The next day we came again with the geologist he had asked up to Stormfield to analyze its rocks. Truly he loved the place, though he had been so weary of change and so indifferent to it, that he never saw it till he came to live in it. He left it all to the architect whom he had known from a child in the intimacy which bound our families together, though we bodily lived far enough apart. I loved his little ones and he was sweet to mine and was their delighted-in and wondered-at friend. Once and once again, and yet again and again, the black shadow that shall never be lifted where it falls, fell in his house and in mine, during the forty years and more that we were friends, and endeared us the more to each other.

My visit at Stormfield came to an end with tender reluctings on his part and on mine. Every morning before I dressed I heard him sounding my name through the house, for the fun of it and I know for the fondness; and if I looked out of my door, there he was in his long night-gown swaying up and down the corridor, and wagging his great white head like a boy that leaves his bed and comes out in the hope of frolic with some one. The last morning a soft sugar-snow had fallen and was falling, and I drove through it down to the station in the carriage which had been given him by his wife's father when they were first married, and been kept all those intervening years in honorable retirement for this final use. Its springs had not grown yielding with time; it had rather the stiffness and severity of age; but for him it must have swung low like the sweet chariot of the negro "spiritual" which I heard him sing with such fervor when those wonderful hymns of the slaves began to make their way northward. *Go down, Daniel,* was one in which I can hear his quavering tenor now. He was a lover of the things he liked, and full of a passion for them which satisfied itself in reading them matchlessly aloud. No one could read *Uncle Remus* like him; his voice echoed the voices of the negro nurses who told his childhood the wonderful tales. I remember especially his rapture with Mr. Cable's *Old Creole Days,* and the thrilling force with which he gave the forbidding of the leper's brother when the city's survey ran the course of an avenue through the cottage where the leper lived in hiding: "Strit must not pass!"

Out of a nature rich and fertile beyond any I have known, the material given him by the Mystery that makes a man and then leaves him to make himself over, he wrought a character of high nobility upon a foundation of clear and solid truth. At the last day he will not have to confess anything, for all his life was the free knowledge of any one who would ask him of it. The Searcher of hearts will not bring him to shame at that day, for he did not try to hide any of the things for which he was often so bitterly sorry. He knew where the Responsibility lay, and he took a man's share of it bravely; but not the less

fearlessly he left the rest of the answer to the God who had imagined men.

It is in vain that I try to give a notion of the intensity with which he pierced to the heart of things, and the breadth of vision with which he compassed the whole world, and tried for the reason of things, and then left trying. We had other meetings, insignificantly sad and brief; but the last time I saw him alive was made memorable to me by the kind, clear judicial sense with which he explained and justified the labor-unions as the sole present help of the weak against the strong.

Next I saw him dead, lying in his coffin amidst those flowers with which we garland our despair in that pitiless hour. After the voice of his old friend Twichell had been lifted in the prayer, which it wailed through in broken-hearted supplication, I looked a moment at the face I knew so well; and it was patient with the patience I had so often seen in it: something of puzzle, a great silent dignity, an assent to what must be, from the depths of a nature whose tragical seriousness broke in the laughter which the unwise took for the whole of him.

Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes —I knew them all: sages, poets, seers, critics, humorists; they were like each other and like other literary men; but Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature.

Love's Comings

BY AMÉLIE TROUBETZKOY

I

WHEN I was young, and wanton, wide-eyed Life
Teased me from sleeping, Love himself did come
Me to console and learn to dream awake.
With heavenly toys my pillow he bestrewed,
Gifts of Dame Venus in his babyhood:
The little mirror that had held her face;
A golden shoe that Pegasus had cast;
One of her dove's bright plumes; an irised edge
Broke from the shell she lay in at her birth;
A rose kissed open by immortal lips.
All night I with the pretty baubles played,
Then asked his name, not knowing him who he was.
"I am First Love," quoth he, and straightway fled.

II

Youth with First Love was gone and Life asleep,
But I lay wakeful, lonely even for dreams,
When one came suddenly, like a serving king,
And smoothed my pillow. Wonderful his eyes
As winter waters that enfold a star,
No baubles did he bring nor any rose,
But for a sceptre held a branch of thorns
Thick studded as with rubies. Trembling sore,
"Kind Lord," I questioned, "who art thou in truth?"
Then did he bend his sceptre to my breast:
"I am Last Love," he said, "and I remain."

The Secret-Sharer

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

PART II

THE skipper of the *Sephora* had a thin red whisker all round his face, and the sort of complexion that goes with hair of that color; also the particular, rather intense shade of blue in the eyes. He was not exactly a showy figure; his shoulders were high, his stature but middling—one leg slightly more bandy than the other. He shook hands, looking vaguely around. A spiritless tenacity was his main characteristic, I judged. I received him with an icy punctilious politeness which seemed to disconcert him. Perhaps he was shy. He mumbled to me as if he were ashamed of what he was saying; gave his name (it was something like Archbold—but at this distance of years I hardly am sure), his ship's name, and a few other particulars of that sort, in the manner of a criminal making a reluctant and doleful confession. He had had terrible weather on the passage out—terrible—terrible—wife aboard, too.

By this time we were seated in the cabin and the steward brought in a tray with a bottle and glasses. "Thanks! No." Never took liquor. Would have some water, though. He drank two tumblerfuls. Terrible thirsty work. Ever since daylight had been exploring the islands round his ship.

"What was that for—fun?" I asked, with an appearance of polite interest.

"No!" He sighed. "Painful duty."

As he persisted in his mumbling and I wanted my double to hear every word, I hit upon the notion of informing him that I regretted to say I was hard of hearing.

"Such a young man, too!" he nodded, keeping his smeary blue, unintelligent eyes fastened upon me. "What was the cause of it—some disease?" he inquired, without the least sympathy and as if he thought that, if so, I'd got no more than I deserved.

"Yes, disease," I admitted in a cheerfully polite tone which seemed to shock him. But my point was gained, because he had to raise his voice to give me his tale. It is not worth while to record that version. It was just over two months since all this had happened, and he had thought so much about it that he seemed completely muddled as to its bearings, but still immensely impressed.

"What would you think of such a thing happening on board your own ship? I've had the *Sephora* for these fifteen years. I am a well-known shipmaster."

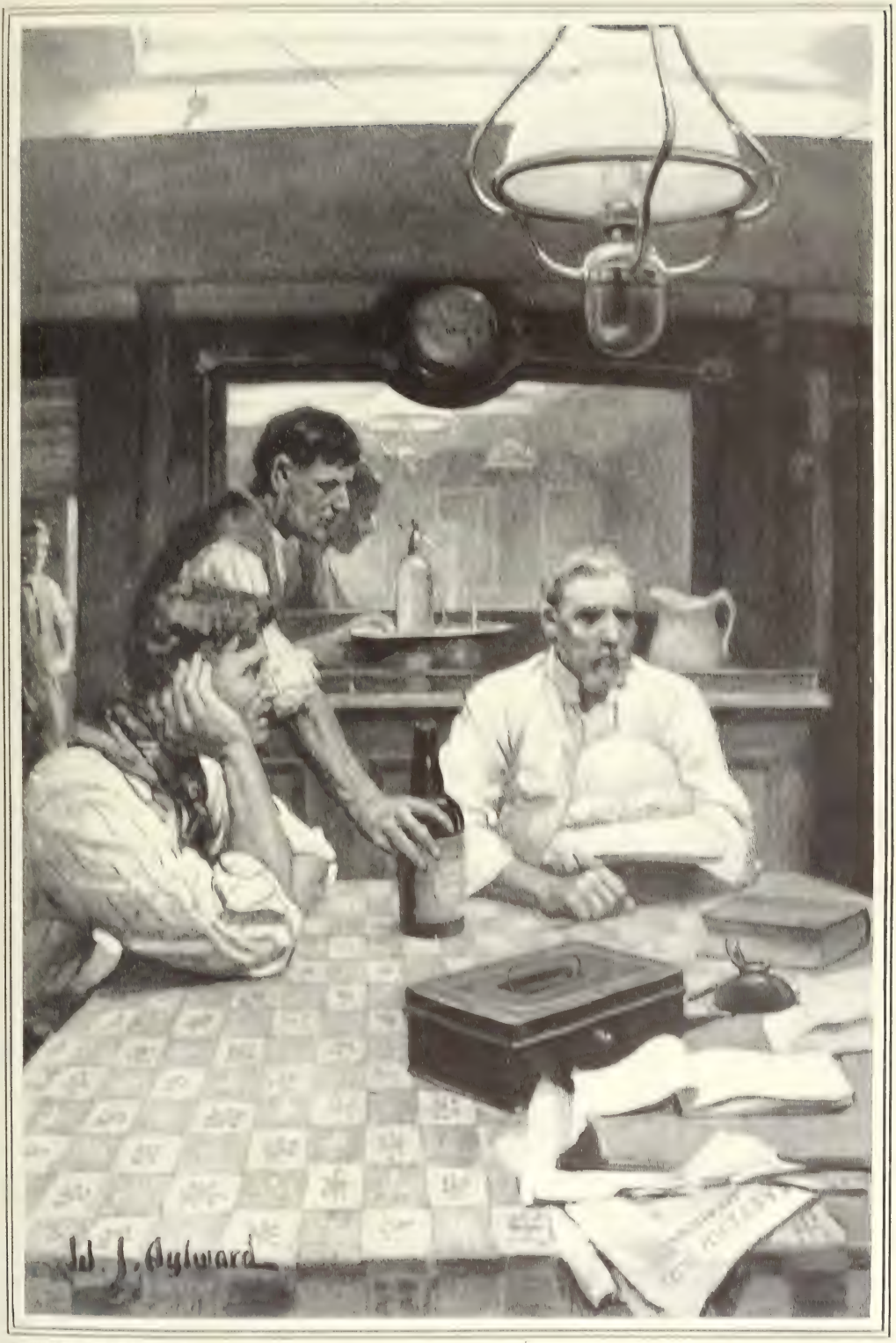
He was densely distressed—and perhaps I should have sympathized with him if I had been able to detach my mental vision from the unsuspected sharer of my cabin as though he were my second self. There he was on the other side of the bulkhead, four or five feet from us, no more, as we sat in the saloon. I looked politely at Captain Archbold (if that was his name), but it was the other I saw, in a gray sleeping-suit, seated on a low stool, his bare feet close together, his arms folded, and every word said between us falling into the ears of his dark head bowed on his chest.

"I have been at sea now, man and boy, for seven and-thirty years, and I've never heard of such a thing happening in an English ship. And that it should be my ship. Wife on board, too."

I was hardly listening to him.

"Don't you think," I said, "that the heavy sea which, you told me, came aboard just then might have killed the man? I have seen the sheer weight of a sea kill a man very neatly, by simply breaking his neck."

"Good God!" he uttered, impressively, fixing his smeary blue eyes on me. "The sea! No man killed by the sea ever looked like that." He seemed positively scandalized at my suggestion. And as I gazed at him, certainly not prepared for anything original on his part, he advanced his head close to mine and thrust his



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

THE STEWARD BROUGHT IN A TRAY AND GLASSES

tongue out at me so suddenly that I couldn't help starting back.

After scoring over my calmness in this graphic way he nodded wisely. If I had seen the sight, he assured me, I would never forget it as long as I lived. The weather was too bad to give the corpse a proper sea burial. So next day at dawn they took it up on the poop, covering its face with a bit of bunting; he read a short prayer, and then, just as it was, in its oilskins and long boots, they launched it amongst those mountainous seas that seemed ready every moment to swallow up the ship herself and the terrified lives on board of her.

"That reefed foresail saved you," I threw in.

"Under God—it did," he exclaimed fervently. "It was by a special mercy, I firmly believe, that it stood some of those hurricane squalls."

"It was the setting of that sail which . . ." I began.

"God's own hand in it," he interrupted me. "Nothing less could have done it. I don't mind telling you that I hardly dared give the order. It seemed impossible that we could touch anything without losing it, and then our last hope would have been gone."

The terror of that gale was on him yet. I let him go on for a bit, then said, casually—as if returning to a minor subject:

"You were very anxious to give up your mate to the shore people, I believe?"

He was. To the law. His obscure tenacity on that point had in it something incomprehensible and a little awful; something, as it were, mystical, quite apart from his anxiety that he should not be suspected of "countenancing any doings of that sort." Seven-and-thirty virtuous years at sea, of which over twenty of immaculate command, and the last fifteen in the *Sephora,* seemed to have laid him under some pitiless obligation.

"And you know," he went groping shamefacedly amongst his feelings, "I did not engage that young fellow. His people had some interest with my owners. I was in a way forced to take him on. He looked very smart, very gentlemanly, and all that. But do you know—I never liked him, somehow. I am a plain man. You see, he wasn't exactly the sort for the chief mate of a ship like the *Sephora.*"

I had become so connected in thoughts and impressions with the secret occupant of my cabin that I felt as if I, personally, were being given to understand that I, too, was not the sort that would have done for the chief mate of a ship like the *Sephora.* I had no doubt of it in my mind.

"Not at all the style of man. You understand," he insisted, superfluously, looking hard at me.

I smiled urbanely. He seemed at a loss for a while.

"I suppose I must report a suicide."

"Beg pardon?"

"Sui-cide! That's what I'll have to write to my owners directly I get in."

"Unless you manage to recover him before to-morrow," I assented, dispassionately. . . . "I mean, alive."

He mumbled something which I really did not catch, and I turned my ear to him in a puzzled manner. He fairly bawled:

"The land—I say, the mainland is at least seven miles off my anchorage."

"About that."

My lack of excitement, of curiosity, of surprise, of any sort of pronounced interest, began to arouse his distrust. But except for the felicitous pretence of deafness I had not tried to pretend to anything. I had felt utterly incapable of playing the part of ignorance properly, and therefore was afraid to try. It is also certain that he had brought some ready-made suspicions with him, and that he viewed my cold politeness as a strange and unnatural phenomenon. And yet how else could I have received him? Heartily? That was impossible for psychological reasons, which I need not state here. My only object was to keep off his inquiries. Surliness might have provoked a point-blank question. From its novelty to him and from its nature, a chilly, distant courtesy was the manner best calculated to restrain the man. But there was the danger of his breaking through my defence bluntly. I could not, I think, have met him by a direct lie, also for psychological (not moral) reasons. If he had only known how afraid I was of his putting my feeling of identity with the other to the test! But, strangely enough—(I thought of it only afterward)—I believe that he was not a little disconcerted by the reverse side of that weird situation, by something in me that reminded him of

the man he was seeking—suggested a mysterious similitude to the young fellow he had distrusted and disliked from the first.

However that might have been, the silence was not very prolonged. Then he took another oblique step.

"I reckon I had no more than a two-mile pull to your ship. Not a bit more."

"And quite enough, too, in this awful heat," I said.

Another pause full of mistrust followed. Necessity, they say, is mother of invention, but fear, too, is not barren of ingenious suggestions. And I was afraid he would ask me point-blank for news of my other self.

"Nice little cabin, isn't it?" I remarked, as if noticing for the first time the way his eyes roamed from one closed door to the other. "And very well fitted out, too. Here, for instance," I continued, reaching over the back of my seat negligently and flinging the door open, "is my bath-room."

He made an eager movement, but hardly gave it a glance. I got up, shut the door of the bath-room, and invited him to have a look round, as if I were very proud of my accommodation. He had to rise and be shown round, but he went through the business without any raptures whatever.

"And now we'll have a look at my stateroom," I declared, in a voice as loud as I dared to make it, crossing the cabin to the starboard side with purposely heavy steps.

He followed me in and gazed around. My intelligent double had vanished. I played my part.

"Very convenient—isn't it?"

"Very nice. Very comf . . ." He didn't finish, and went out brusquely as if to escape from some unrighteous wiles of mine. But it was not to be. I had been too frightened not to feel vengeful; I felt I had him on the run, and I meant to keep him on the run. My polite insistence must have had something menacing in it, because he gave in suddenly. And I did not let him off a single item; mate's room, pantry, storerooms, the very sail-locker which was also under the poop—he had to look into them all. When at last I showed him out on the quarter-deck he drew a long, spiritless sigh, and mumbled dismally that he must really be going back to his ship now. I desired my mate, who had joined us, to see to the captain's boat.

The man of mustaches gave a blast on the whistle which he used to wear hanging round his neck. "*Sephora's* away!" My double down there in my cabin must have heard, and certainly could not feel more relieved than I. Four fellows came running out from somewhere forward and went over the side, while my own men, appearing on deck too, lined the rail. I escorted my visitor to the gangway ceremoniously, and nearly overdid it. He was a tenacious beast. On the very ladder he lingered, and in that unique, guiltily conscientious manner of sticking to the point:

"I say . . . you . . . you don't think that . . ."

I covered his voice loudly.

"Certainly not. . . . Quite the contrary. Good-by."

I had no idea of what he meant to say, but it was the privilege of the defective hearing. He was too shaken generally to insist, but my mate, close witness of that parting, looked mystified and his face took on a thoughtful cast. As I did not want to appear as if I wished to avoid all communication with my officers, he had the opportunity to address me.

"Seems a very nice man. His boat's crew told our chaps a very extraordinary story, if what I am told by the steward is true. I suppose you had it from the captain, sir?"

"Yes. I had a story from the captain."

"A very horrible affair—isn't it, sir?"

"It is."

"Beats all these tales we hear about murders in Yankee ships."

"I don't think it beats them. I don't think it resembles them in the least."

"Bless my soul—you don't say so! But of course I've no acquaintance whatever with American ships, not I, so I couldn't go against your knowledge. It's horrible enough for me. . . . But the queerest part is that those fellows seemed to have some idea the man was aboard here. They had really. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Preposterous—isn't it?"

We were walking to and fro athwart the quarter-deck. No one of the crew forward could be seen (the day was Sunday), and the mate pursued:

"There was some little dispute about it. Our chaps took offence. 'As if we would harbor a thing like that,' they said. 'Wouldn't you like to look for him in our coal-hole?' Quite a tiff. But they made it up in the end. I suppose he did drown himself. Don't you, sir?"

"I don't suppose anything."

"You have no doubt in the matter, sir?"

"None whatever."

I left him suddenly. I felt I was producing a bad impression, but with my double down there it was most trying to be on deck. And it was almost as trying to be below. Altogether a nerve-trying situation. But on the whole I felt less torn in two when I was with him. There was no one in the whole ship whom I dared take into my confidence. Since the hands had got to know his story, it would have been impossible to pass him off for any one else, and an accidental discovery was to be dreaded now more than ever. . . .

The steward being engaged in laying the table for dinner, we could talk only with our eyes when I first went down. Later in the afternoon we had a cautious try at whispering. The Sunday quietness of the ship was against us; the stillness of air and water around her was against us; the elements, the men were against us—everything was against us in our secret partnership; time itself—for this could not go on forever. The very trust in Providence was, I suppose, denied to his guilt. Shall I confess that this thought cast me down very much? And as to the chapter of accidents which counts for so much in the book of success, I could only hope that it was closed. For what favorable accident could be expected?

"Did you hear anything?" were my first words as soon as we took up our position side by side, leaning over my bed-place.

He had. And the proof of it was his earnest whisper, "The man told you he hardly dared to give the order."

I understood the reference to be to that saving foresail.

"Yes. He was afraid of it being lost in the setting."

"I assure you he never gave the order. He may think he did, but he never gave it. He stood there with me on the break of the poop after the maintopsail blew away, and whimpered about our last hope—positively whimpered about it and nothing else—and the night coming on! To hear one's skipper go on like that in such weather was enough to drive any fellow out of his mind. It worked me up into a sort of desperation. I just took it into my own hands and went away from him, boiling, and . . . But what's the use telling you? *You* know! . . . Do you think that if I had not been pretty fierce with them I should have got the men to do anything? Not it! The bo's'n perhaps? Perhaps! It wasn't a heavy sea—it was a sea gone mad! I suppose the end of the world will be something like that; and a man may have the heart to see it coming once and be done with it—but to have to face it day after day . . . I don't blame anybody. I was precious little better than the rest. Only—I was an officer of that old coal-wagon, anyhow. . . ."

"I quite understand," I conveyed that sincere assurance into his ear. He was out of breath with whispering; I could hear him pant slightly. It was all very simple. The same strung-up force which had given twenty-four men a chance, at least, for their lives, had, in a sort of recoil, crushed out an unworthy mutinous existence.

But I had no leisure to weigh the merits of the matter—footsteps in the saloon, a heavy knock. "There's enough wind to get under way with, sir." There was the call of a new claim upon my thoughts and even upon my feelings.

"Turn the hands up," I cried through the door. "I'll be on deck directly."

I was going out to make the acquaintance of my ship. Before I left the cabin our eyes met—the eyes of the only two strangers on board. I pointed to the recessed part where the little camp-stool awaited him and laid my finger on my lips. He made a gesture—somewhat vague—a little mysterious, accompanied by a faint smile, as if of regret.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the sensations of a man who feels for the first time a ship move under his feet to his own independent word. In my case they were not unalloyed. I was not wholly alone with my command; for there was that stranger in my cabin. Or rather, I was not completely and wholly with her. Part of me was absent. That mental

feeling of being in two places at once affected me physically as if the mood of secrecy had penetrated my very soul. Before an hour had elapsed since the ship had begun to move, having occasion to ask the mate (he stood by my side) to take a compass bearing of the Pagoda, I caught myself reaching up to his ear in whispers. I say I caught myself, but enough had escaped to be caught by the man. I can't describe it otherwise than by saying that he shied. A grave, preoccupied manner, as though he were in possession of some perplexing intelligence, did not leave him henceforth. A little later I moved away from the rail to look at the compass with such a stealthy gait that the helmsman noticed it—and I could not help noticing the unusual roundness of his eyes. These are trifling instances, though it's to no commander's advantage to be suspected of ludicrous eccentricities. But I was also more seriously affected. There are to a seaman certain words, gestures, that should in given conditions come as naturally, as instinctively as the winking of a menaced eye. A certain order should spring on to his lips without thinking; a certain sign should get itself made, so to speak, without reflection. But all unconscious alertness had abandoned me. I had to make an effort of will to recall myself back (from the cabin) to the conditions of the moment. I felt that I was appearing an irresolute commander to those people who were watching me more or less critically.

And, besides, there were the scares. On the second day out, for instance, coming off the deck in the afternoon (I had straw slippers on my bare feet) I stopped at the open pantry door and spoke to the steward. He was doing something there with his back to me. At the sound of my voice he nearly jumped out of his skin, as the saying is, and incidentally broke a cup.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" I asked, astonished.

He was extremely confused. "Beg your pardon, sir. I made sure you were in your cabin."

"You see I wasn't."

"No, sir. I could have sworn I had heard you moving in there not a moment ago. It's most extraordinary . . . very sorry, sir."

I passed on with an inward shudder. I was so identified with my secret double that I did not even mention the fact in those scanty, fearful whispers we exchanged. I suppose he had made some slight noise of some kind or other. It would have been miraculous if he hadn't at one time or another. And yet, haggard as he appeared, he looked always perfectly self-controlled, more than calm—almost invulnerable. On my suggestion he remained almost entirely in the bath-room, which, upon the whole, was the safest place. There could be really no shadow of an excuse for any one ever wanting to go in there, once the steward had done with it. It was a very tiny place. Sometimes he reclined on the floor, his legs bent, his head sustained on one elbow. At others I would find him on the camp-stool, sitting in his gray sleeping-suit and cropped dark hair like a patient, unmoved convict. At night I would smuggle him into my bed-place, and we would whisper together, with the regular footfalls of the officer on the watch passing and repassing over our heads. It was an infinitely miserable time. It was lucky that some tins of fine preserves were stowed in a locker in my stateroom; hard bread I could always get hold of; and so he lived on stewed chicken, pâté de foies gras, asparagus, cooked oysters, sardines—on all sorts of abominable sham delicacies out of tins. The early morning coffee he always drank; and it was all I dared do for him in that way.

Every day there was the horrible manœuvring to go through so that my room and then the bath-room should be done in the usual way. I came to hate the sight of the steward, to abhor the voice of that harmless man. I felt that it was he who would bring on the disaster of discovery. It hung like a sword over our heads.

The fourth day out, I think (we were then working down the east side of the Gulf of Siam, tack for tack, in light winds and smooth water)—the fourth day, I say, of this miserable juggling with the unavoidable, as we sat at our evening meal, that man, whose slightest movement I dreaded, after putting down the dishes ran up on deck busily. This could not be dangerous. Presently he came down again; and then it appeared that he had remembered a coat of mine which I had thrown over a rail to dry after having

been wetted in a shower which had passed over the ship in the afternoon. Sitting stolidly at the head of the table I became terrified at the sight of the garment on his arm. Of course he made for my door. There was no time to lose.

"Steward," I thundered. My nerves were so shaken that I could not govern my voice and conceal my agitation. This was the sort of thing that made my terrifically mustachioed mate tap his forehead with his forefinger. I had caught a sight of him using that gesture while talking on deck with a confidential air to the carpenter. It was too far to hear a word, but I had no doubt that this pantomime could only refer to the strange new captain.

"Yes, sir," the pale-faced steward turned resignedly to me. It was this maddening course of being shouted at, checked without rhyme or reason, arbitrarily chased out of my cabin, suddenly called into it, sent flying out of his pantry on incomprehensible errands, that accounted for the growing wretchedness of his expression.

"Where are you going with that coat?"

"To your room, sir."

"Is there another shower coming?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. Shall I go up again and see, sir?"

"No! never mind."

My object was attained, as of course my other self in there would have heard everything that passed. During this interlude my two officers never raised their eyes off their respective plates; but the lip of that confounded cub, the second mate, quivered visibly.

I expected the steward to hook my coat on and come out at once. He was very slow about it; but I dominated my nervousness sufficiently not to shout after him. Suddenly I became aware (it could be heard plainly enough) that the fellow for some reason or other was opening the door of the bath-room. It was the end. The place was literally not big enough to swing a cat in. My voice died in my throat and I went stony all over. I expected to hear a yell of surprise and terror, and made a movement, but had not the strength to get on my legs. Everything remained still. Had my second self taken the poor wretch by the throat? I don't know what I would have done next moment if I had not seen the steward come out of my room, close the door, and then stand quietly by the sideboard.

"Saved," I thought. "But, no! Lost! Gone! He was gone!"

I laid my knife and fork down and leaned back in my chair. My head swam. After a while, when sufficiently recovered to speak in a steady voice, I instructed my mate to put the ship round at eight o'clock himself.

"I won't come on deck," I went on. "I think I'll turn in, and unless the wind shifts I don't want to be disturbed before midnight. I feel a bit seedy."

"You did look middling bad a little while ago," the chief mate remarked without showing any great concern.

They both went out, and I stared at the steward clearing the table. There was nothing to be read on that wretched man's face. But why did he avoid my eyes? I asked myself. Then I thought I should like to hear the sound of his voice.

"Steward!"

"Sir!" Startled as usual.

"Where did you hang up that coat?"

"In the bath-room, sir." The casual anxious tone. "It's not quite dry yet, sir."

For some time longer I sat in the cuddy. Had my double vanished as he had come? But of his coming there was an explanation, whereas his disappearance would be inexplicable. . . . I went slowly into my dark room, shut the door, lighted the lamp, and for a time dared not turn round. When at last I did I saw him standing bolt-upright in the narrow recessed part. It would not be true to say I had a shock, but an irresistible doubt of his bodily existence flitted through my mind. Can it be, I asked myself, that he is not visible to other eyes than mine? It was like being haunted. Motionless, with a grave face, he raised his hands slightly at me in a gesture which meant clearly, "Heavens! what a narrow escape!" Narrow indeed. I think I had come creeping quietly as near insanity as any man who has not actually gone over the border. That gesture restrained me, so to speak.

The mate with the terrific mustaches was now putting the ship on the other tack; and in the moment of profound silence which follows upon the hands going to their stations I heard on the poop his raised voice: "Hard alee!" and the

distant shout of the order repeated on the maindeck. The sails, in that light breeze, made but a faint fluttering noise. It ceased. The ship was coming round slowly; I held my breath in the renewed stillness of expectation; one wouldn't have thought that there was a single living soul on her decks. A sudden brisk shout, "Mainsail haul!" broke the spell, and in the noisy cries and rush overhead of the men running away with the main-brace we two, down in my cabin, came together in our usual position by the bed-place.

He did not wait for my question. "I heard him fumbling here and just managed to squat myself down in the bath," he whispered to me. "The fellow only opened the door and put his head in to hang the coat up. All the same . . ."

"I never thought of that," I whispered back, even more appalled than before at the closeness of the shave, and marvelling at that something unyielding in his character which was carrying him through so finely. There was no agitation in his whisper. Whoever was being driven distracted, it was not he. He was sane. And the proof of his sanity was continued when he took up the whispering again.

"It would never do for me to come to life again."

It was something that a ghost might have said. But what he was alluding to was his old captain's reluctant admission of the theory of suicide. It would obviously serve his turn—if I had understood at all the view which seemed to govern the unalterable purpose of his action.

"You must maroon me as soon as ever you can get amongst these islands off the Cambodje shore," he went on.

"Maroon you! We are not living in a boy's adventure tale," I protested. His scornful whispering took me up.

"We aren't indeed! There's nothing of a boy's tale in this. But there's nothing else for it. I want no more. You don't suppose I am afraid of what can be done to me? Prison or gallows or whatever they may please. But you don't see me coming back to explain such things to an old fellow in a wig and twelve respectable tradesmen, do you? What can they know whether I am guilty or not—or of *what* I am guilty, either? That's my affair. What does the Bible say? Driven off the face of the earth.' Very well. I am off the face of the earth now. As I came at night so I shall go."

"Impossible!" I murmured. "You can't."

"Not? . . . Not naked like a soul on the Day of Judgment. I will freeze on to this sleeping-suit. The Last Day is not yet—and . . . you have understood thoroughly. Didn't you?"

I felt suddenly ashamed of myself. I may say truly that I understood—and my hesitation in letting that man swim away from my ship's side had been a mere sham sentiment, a sort of cowardice.

"It can't be done now till next night," I breathed out. "The ship is on the offshore tack and the wind may fail us."

"As long as you know that you understand," he whispered. "But of course you do. It's a great satisfaction to have got somebody to understand. You seem to have been there on purpose." And in the same whisper, as if we two whenever we talked had to say things to each other which were not fit for the world to hear, he added, "It's very wonderful."

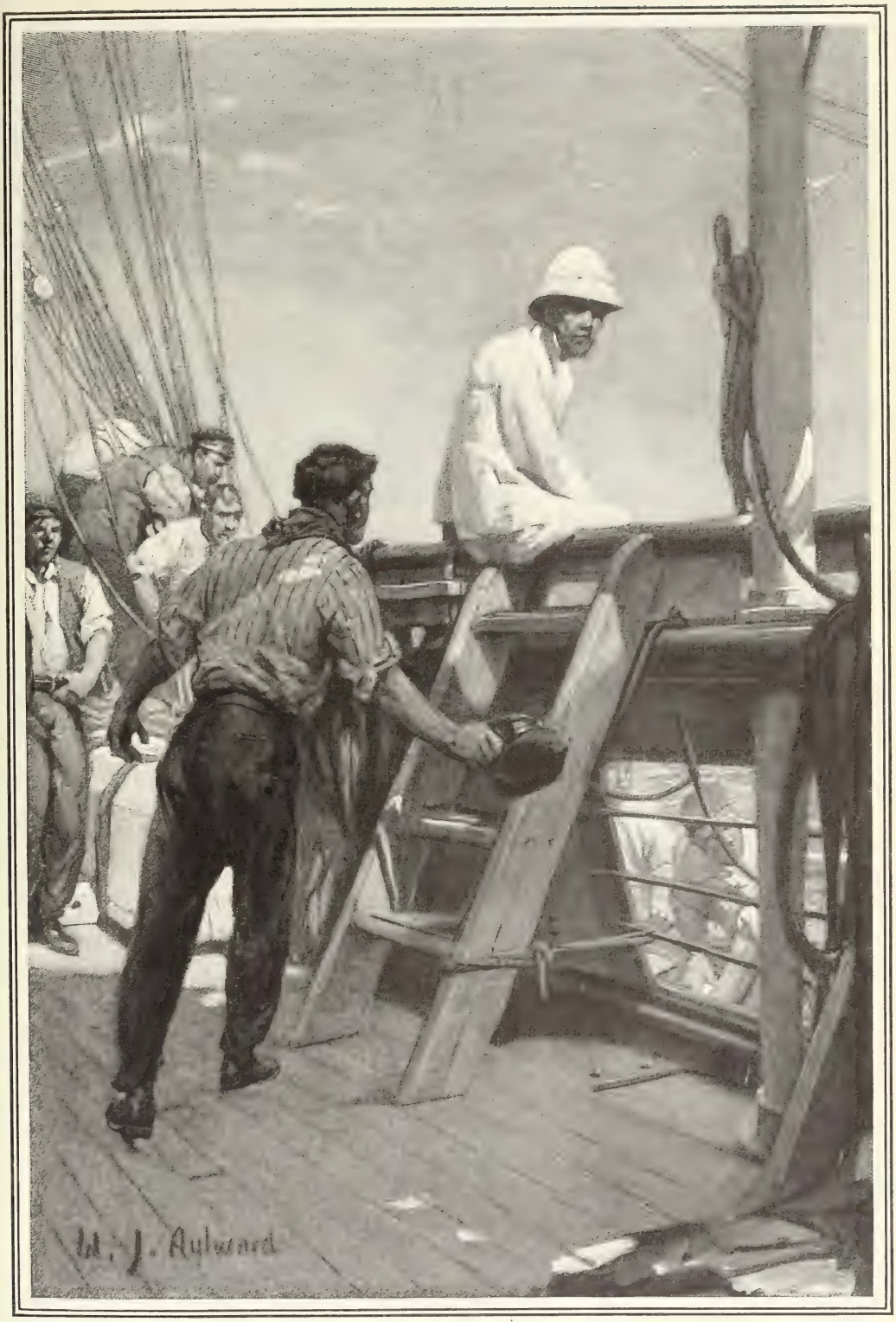
We remained side by side talking in our secret way—but sometimes silent or just exchanging a whispered word or two at long intervals. And as usual he stared through the port. A breath of wind came now and again into our faces. The ship might have been moored in dock, so gently and on an even keel she slipped through the water, that did not murmur even at our passage, shadowy and silent like a phantom sea.

At midnight I went on deck, and to my mate's great surprise put the ship round on the other tack. His terrible mustaches flitted round me in silent criticism. I certainly should not have done it if it had been only a question of getting out of that sleepy gulf as quickly as possible. I believe he told the second mate, who relieved him, that it was a great want of judgment. The other only yawned. That intolerable cub shuffled about so sleepily and lolled against the rails in such a slack, improper fashion that I came down on him sharply.

"Aren't you properly awake yet?"

"Yes, sir! I am awake."

"Well, then, be good enough to hold yourself as if you were. And keep a lookout. If there's any current we'll be closing with some islands before daylight."



Drawn by W. J. Aylward Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

ON THE VERY LADDER HE LINGERED

The east side of the gulf is fringed with islands, some solitary, others in groups. On the blue background of the high coast they seem to float on silvery patches of calm water, arid and gray, or dark green and rounded like clumps of evergreen bushes, with the larger ones, a mile or two long, showing the outlines of ridges, ribs of gray rock under the dank mantle of matted lentago. Unknown to trade, to travel, almost to geography, the manner of life they harbor is an unsolved secret. There must be villages—settlements of fishermen at least—on the largest of them, and some communication with the world is probably kept up by native craft. But all that day, as we headed for them, fanned along by the faintest of breezes, I saw no sign of man or canoe in the field of the telescope I kept on pointing at the scattered group.

At noon I gave no orders for a change of course, and the mate's mustaches became much concerned and seemed to be offering themselves unduly to my notice. At last I said:

"I am going to stand right in. Quite in—as far as I can take her."

The stare of extreme surprise imparted an air of ferocity also to his eyes, and he looked truly terrific for a moment.

"We're not doing well in the middle of the gulf," I continued, casually. "I am going to look for the land breezes to-night."

"Bless my soul! Do you mean, sir, in the dark amongst the lot of all them islands and reefs and shoals?"

"Well—if there are any regular land breezes at all on this coast one must get close inshore to find them, mustn't one?"

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed again under his breath. All that afternoon he wore a dreamy, contemplative appearance which in him was a mark of perplexity. After dinner I went into my stateroom as if I meant to take some rest. There we two bent our dark heads over a half-unrolled chart lying on my bed.

"There," I said. "It's got to be Kohring. I've been looking at it ever since sunrise. It has got two hills and a low point. It must be inhabited. And on the coast opposite there is what looks like the mouth of a biggish river—with some town, no doubt, not far up. It's the best chance for you that I can see."

"Anything. Kohring let it be."

He looked thoughtfully at the chart as if surveying chances and distances from a lofty height—and following with his eyes his own figure wandering on the blank land of Cochin-China, and then passing off that piece of paper clean out of sight into uncharted regions. And it was as if the ship had two captains to plan her course for her. I had been so worried and restless running up and down that I had not had the patience to dress that day. I had remained in my sleeping-suit, with straw slippers and a soft floppy hat. The closeness of the heat in the gulf had been most oppressive, and the crew were used to see me wandering in that airy attire.

"She will clear the south point as she heads now," I whispered into his ear. "Goodness only knows when, though, but certainly after dark. I'll edge her in to half a mile, as far as I may be able to judge in the dark. . . ."

"Be careful," he murmured, warningly—and I realized suddenly that all my future, the only future for which I was fit, would perhaps go irretrievably to pieces in any mishap to my first command.

I could not stop a moment longer in the room. I motioned him to get out of sight and made my way on the poop. That unplayful cub had the watch. I walked up and down for a while thinking things out, then beckoned him over.

"Send a couple of hands to open the two quarter-deck ports," I said, mildly.

He actually had the impudence, or else so forgot himself in his wonder at such an incomprehensible order, as to repeat:

"Open the quarter-deck ports! What for, sir?"

"The only reason you need concern yourself about is because I told you so. Have them open wide and fastened properly."

He reddened and went off, but I believe, made some jeering remark to the carpenter as to the sensible practice of ventilating a ship's quarter-deck. I know he popped into the mate's cabin to impart the fact to him, because the mustaches came on deck, as it were, by chance, and stole glances at me from below—for signs of lunacy or drunkenness, I suppose.

A little before supper, feeling more restless than ever, I rejoined, for a mo-

ment, my second self. And to find him sitting so quietly was surprising, like something against nature, inhuman.

I developed my plan in a hurried whisper.

"I shall stand in as close as I dare and then put her round. I shall presently find means to smuggle you out of here into the sail-locker, which communicates with the lobby. But there is an opening, a sort of square for hauling the sails out, which gives straight on the quarter-deck and which is never closed in fine weather, so as to give air to the sails. When the ship's way is deadened in stays and all the hands are aft at the main-braces you shall have a clear road to slip out and get overboard through the open quarter-deck port. I've had them both fastened up. Use a rope's end to lower yourself into the water so as to avoid a splash—you know. It could be heard and cause some beastly complication."

He kept silent for a while, then whispered, "I understand."

"I won't be there to see you go," I began with an effort. "The rest . . . I only hope I have understood, too."

"You have. From first to last"—and for the first time there seemed to be a faltering, something strained in his whisper. He caught hold of my arm, but the ringing of the supper bell made me start. He didn't, though; he only released his grip.

After supper I didn't come below again till well past eight o'clock. The faint, steady breeze was loaded with dew; and the wet, darkened sails held all there was of propelling power in it. The night, clear and starry, sparkled darkly, and the opaque, lightless patches shifting slowly against the low stars were the drifting islets. On the port bow there was a big one more distant and shadowily imposing by the great space of sky it eclipsed.

On opening the door I had a back view of my very own self looking at a chart. He had come out of the recess and was standing near the table.

"Quite dark enough," I whispered.

He stepped back and leaned against my bed with a level, quiet glance. I sat on the couch. We had nothing to say to each other. Over our heads the officer of the watch moved here and there. Then I heard him move quickly. I knew what that meant. He was making for the companion; and presently his voice was outside my door.

"We are drawing in pretty fast, sir. Land looks rather close."

"Very well," I answered. "I am coming on deck directly."

I waited till he was gone out of the cuddy, then rose. My double moved too. The time had come to exchange our last whispers, for neither of us was ever to hear each other's natural voice.

"Look here!" I opened a drawer and took out three sovereigns. "Take this, anyhow. I've got six and I'd give you the lot, only I must keep a little money to buy some fruit and vegetables for the crew from native boats as we go through Sunda Straits."

He shook his head.

"Take it," I urged him, whispering desperately. "No one can tell what . . ."

He smiled and slapped meaningly the only pocket of the sleeping-jacket. It was not safe, certainly. But I produced a large old silk handkerchief of mine, and tying the three pieces of gold in a corner, pressed it on him. He was touched, I suppose, because he took it at last and tied it quickly round his waist under the jacket, on his bare skin.

Our eyes met; several seconds elapsed, till, our glances still mingled, I extended my hand and turned the lamp out. Then I passed through the cuddy, leaving the door of my room wide open. . . .

"Steward!"

He was still lingering in the pantry in the greatness of his zeal, giving a rub-up to a plated cruet stand the last thing before going to bed. Being careful not to wake up the mate, whose room was opposite, I spoke in an undertone.

He looked round anxiously. "Sir!"

"Can you get me a little hot water from the galley?"

"I am afraid, sir, the galley fire's been out for some time now."

"Go and see."

He fled up the stairs.

"Now," I whispered, loudly, into the saloon—too loudly, perhaps, but I was afraid I couldn't make a sound. He was by my side in an instant—the double captain slipped past the stairs—through a tiny dark passage . . . a sliding door. We were in the sail-locker, scrambling on our knees over the sails. A sudden thought

struck me. I saw myself wandering barefooted, bareheaded, the sun beating on my dark poll. I snatched off my floppy hat and tried hurriedly in the dark to ram it on my other self. He dodged and fended off silently. I wonder what he thought had come to me before he understood and suddenly desisted. Our hands met gropingly, lingered united in a steady, motionless clasp for a second. . . . No word was breathed by either of us when they separated.

I was standing quietly by the pantry door when the steward returned.

"Sorry, sir. Kettle barely warm. Shall I light the spirit-lamp?"

"Never mind."

I came out on deck slowly. It was now a matter of conscience to shave the land as close as possible—for now he must go overboard whenever the ship was put in stays. Must! There could be no going back for him. After a moment I walked over to leeward and my heart flew into my mouth at the nearness of the land on the bow. Under any other circumstances I would not have held on a minute longer. The second mate had followed me anxiously.

I looked on till I felt I could command my voice.

"She will weather," I said then in a quiet tone.

"Are you going to try that, sir?" he stammered out incredulously.

I took no notice of him and raised my tone just enough to be heard by the helmsman.

"Keep her good full."

"Good full, sir."

The wind fanned my cheek, the sails slept, the world was silent. The strain of watching the dark loom of the land grow bigger and denser was too much for me. I had shut my eyes—because the ship must go closer. She must! The stillness was intolerable. Were we standing still?

When I opened my eyes the second view started my heart with a thump. The black southern hill of Koh-ring seemed to hang right over the ship like a towering fragment of the everlasting night. On that enormous mass of blackness there was not a gleam to be seen, not a sound to be heard. It was gliding irresistibly toward us and yet seemed already within reach of the hand. I saw the vague figures of the watch grouped in the waist, gazing in awed silence.

"Are you going on, sir," inquired an unsteady voice at my elbow.

I ignored it. I had to go on.

"Keep her full. Don't check her way. That won't do now," I said, warningly.

"I can't see the sails very well," the helmsman answered me, in strange, quavering tones.

Was she close enough? Already she was, I won't say in the shadow of the land, but in the very blackness of it, already swallowed up as it were, gone too close to be recalled, gone from me altogether.

"Give the mate a call," I said to the young man who stood at my elbow as still as death. "And turn all hands up."

My tone had a borrowed loudness reverberated from the height of the land. Several voices cried out together: "We are all on deck, sir."

Then stillness again, with the great shadow gliding closer, towering higher, without a light, without a sound. Such a hush had fallen on the ship that she might have been a bark of the dead floating in slowly under the very gate of Erebus.

"My God! Where are we?"

It was the mate moaning at my elbow. He was thunderstruck, and as it were deprived of the moral support of his mustaches. He clapped his hands and absolutely cried out, "Lost!"

"Be quiet," I said, sternly.

He lowered his tone, but I saw the shadowy gesture of his despair. "What are we doing here?"

"Looking for the land wind."

He made as if to tear his hair, and addressed me recklessly.

"She will never get out. You have done it, sir. I knew it 'd end in something like this. She will never weather, and you are too close now to stay. She'll drift ashore before she's round. O my God!"

I caught his arm as he was raising it to batter his poor devoted head, and shook it violently.

"She's ashore already," he wailed, trying to tear himself away.

"Is she? . . . Keep good full there!"

"Good full, sir," cried the helmsman in a frightened, thin, child-like voice.

I hadn't let go the mate's arm and went on shaking it. "Ready about, do you

hear? You go forward"—shake—"and stop there"—shake—"and hold your noise"—shake—"and see these head-sheets properly overhauled"—shake, shake—shake.

And all the time I dared not look toward the land lest my heart should fail me. I released my grip at last and he ran forward as if fleeing for dear life.

I wondered what my double there in the sail-locker thought of this commotion. He was able to hear everything—and perhaps he was able to understand why, on my conscience, it had to be thus close—no less. My first order "Hard alee!" re-echoed ominously under the towering shadow of Koh-ring as if I had shouted in a mountain gorge. And then I watched the land intently. In that smooth water and light wind it was impossible to feel the ship coming-to. No! I could not feel her. And my second self was making now ready to slip out and lower himself overboard. Perhaps he was gone already . . .?

The great black mass brooding over our very mastheads began to pivot away from the ship's side silently. And now I forgot the secret stranger ready to depart, and remembered only that I was a total stranger to the ship. I did not know her. Would she do it? How was she to be handled?

I swung the mainyard and waited helplessly. She was perhaps stopped, and her very fate hung in the balance, with the black mass of Koh-ring like the gate of the everlasting night towering over her taffrail. What would she do now? Had she way on her yet? I stepped to the side swiftly, and on the shadowy water I could see nothing except a faint phosphorescent flash revealing the glassy smoothness of sleeping surface. It was impossible to tell—and I had not learned yet the feel of my ship. Was she moving? What was wanted was something easily seen, a piece of paper, which I could throw overboard and watch. I had nothing on me. To run down for it I didn't dare. There was no time. All at once my forced, yearning stare distinguished a white object floating within a yard of the ship's side. White on the black water. A phosphorescent flash passed under it. What was that thing? . . . I recognized my own floppy hat. It must have fallen off his head . . . and he didn't bother. Now I had what I wanted—the saving mark for my eyes. But I hardly thought of my other self, now gone from the ship, to be hidden forever from all friendly faces, to be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, with no brand of the curse on his sane forehead to stay a slaying hand . . . too proud to explain.

And I watched the hat—the expression of my sudden pity for his mere flesh. It had been meant to save his homeless head from the dangers of the sun? And now—behold—it was saving the ship, by serving me for a mark to help out the ignorance of my strangeness. Ha! It was drifting forward, warning me just in time that the ship had gathered sternway.

"Shift the helm," I said in a low voice to the seaman standing still like a statue.

The man's eyes glistened wildly in the binnacle light as he jumped round to the other side and spun round the wheel.

I walked to the break of the poop. On the overshadowed deck all hands stood by the forebraces waiting for my order. All the stars ahead seemed to be gliding from right to left. And all was so quiet in the world that I heard the remark "She's round," passed in a tone of intense relief between two seamen.

"Let go and haul."

The foreyards ran round with a great noise, amidst cheery cries. And now the frightful mustaches were being heard giving various orders. Already the ship was drawing ahead. And I was alone with her. Nothing! no one in the world should stand now between us, throwing a shadow on the way of silent knowledge and mute affection, the perfect communion of a seaman with his first command.

Walking to the taffrail, I was in time to make out, on the very edge of a darkness thrown by a towering black mass like the very gateway of Erebus—yes, I was in time to catch an evanescent glimpse of my white hat left behind to mark the spot where the secret-sharer of my cabin and of my thoughts, as though he were my second self, had lowered himself into the water to take his punishment, a free man, a proud swimmer striking out for a new destiny.

THE END.



STEAMERS DISGORGING THEIR CARGOES

"In Port"

BY GEORGE HARDING

THE liner *Ardmore*, lying at her dock in Philadelphia one blustry winter morning, was a storm-scarred craft—standing out as such from the snow-covered docks and the drifting floes on the river beyond. She was just in—the breaking seas had recorded their height on the ice-sheathed masts and rigging, and the gale had whipped this same spray along her length, enshrouding the rails and decks in a mass of ice. Men were chopping the ice from the hatch-coverings, to land the trunks of the passengers, who stood shivering on the dock waiting for the customs to examine their baggage. I crossed her treacherous deck and went down the alleyway to the second engineer's room. Some one turned in the bunk as I opened the door, and a familiar voice, which I failed to recognize on the instant, drawled in a sleepy fashion, "Are we in dock yet?"

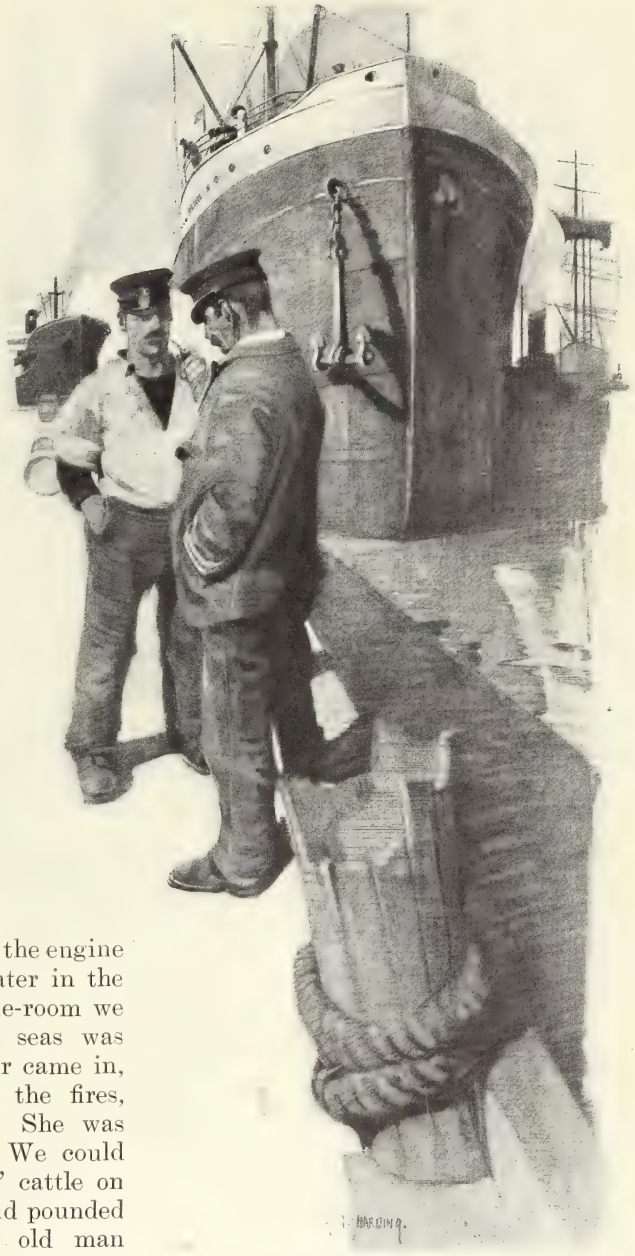
By that time I made out in the dimness of the room Barnes, second engineer on the *British Prince*, with whom I had spent a roaring last night ashore some ten days ago. Such was my surprise that I remember a breath of wind would have knocked me over. A minute later Barnes was dangling his legs over the edge of the bunk and telling me about it.

"The old *Prince* is gone," he began;

"she lyin' in a couple hundred fathoms o' tumblin' water a hundred miles to the east'ard o' Cape Sable Island. This steamer hove in sight on Friday night and took us off before she went down."

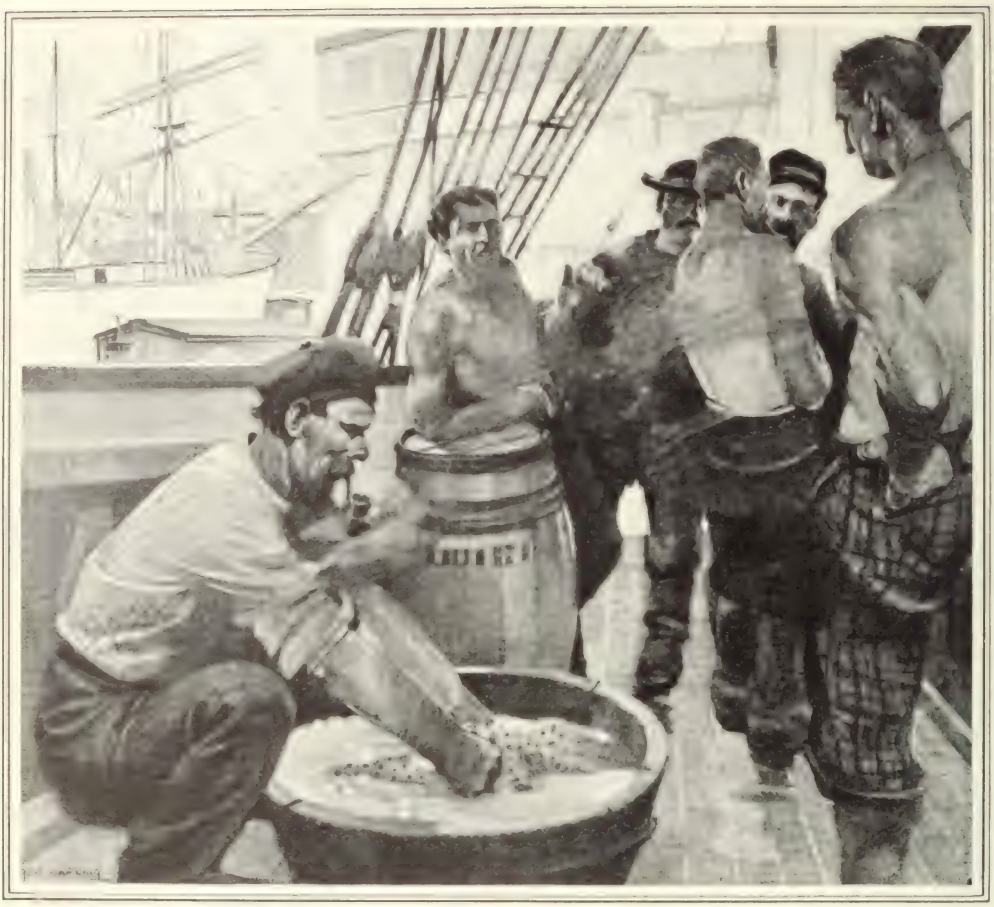
I propped myself on the wash-stand and fired questions at him. He began giving details, such as had become impressed on his mind. Particularly did he condemn the luck of losing the vessel. The whole engine-room force had slaved twenty hours making repairs; the seas rolled the ship so that they had to work with one hand and hang on with the other.

"Then, mind you," he went on, "we were repaired and just gettin' under way, when the blasted steerin'-gear locked. A couple o' swopin' seas took her broadside on and hove her over. The cargo shifted to lee'ard and held her down, liftin' the seacocks above water. There was nothin' to do but stop the engine again, this time for lack of water in the condenser. Down in the engine-room we waited orders. The poundin' seas was loosenin' her plates. The water came in, gettin' nearer and nearer to the fires, and at last puttin' 'em out. She was smotherin' in the cross-seas. We could hear the noise of the bellowin' cattle on deck as the seas washed over and pounded them back and forth. The old man ordered us up on deck, where they was havin' their own time fightin' it out. The *Ardmore* was in sight, and we sinkin' fast. The old *Prince* looked like a junk-pile above decks—listed over, the rail along the bow twisted off, the canvas weather-sheets and side of bridge missin', a dented stack, and the only life-boat left in the chocks stove in. I went aboard the *Ardmore* in the second boat she sent us. It was a question in my mind which was best chosin'—the *Prince* or the life-boat we was in. We boarded this'n all right. They took the last half-dozen off after nightfall. From the *Ardmore* we saw a few lights movin', and above the wind heard the bellow of the cattle. The last crowd said the sea was strewn with the wreckage, the cattle was swimmin' around among oil-barrels and disappearin' as the sharks pulled them under.



THE SHIP'S OFFICER

"Aboard this we stowed away all right. Our old man put up with the *Ardmore's*. All our gang o' cattlemen and firemen are in the steerage quarters. I turned in



Washing Up

with Jim, borrowed some of his clothes, and used his bunk while he was on duty."

Barnes was finishing his story when my friend the *Ardmore's* second came in; off duty now that the ship was safely docked. He held out his greasy hand in greeting to me, and I grasped it about the wrist, where the grime was less.

"Well, we been picking up passengers all the way over this trip," he commented. "Still got the pilot on board from the other side, then picked Barnes and his crowd up last Friday—all of it kept us three days late. Very nice to have Barnes as passenger." It was seldom the *British Prince* and the *Ardmore* were in port at the same time.

We went out on deck. The stevedores were busy at all the hatches, winches were driving, cargo was coming out into the lighters alongside, men were yelling and waving their arms as they gave signals above the din. Already the grain-elevators and coal-barges were filling the dock. The sun had broken through the grayness, and its rays, added to the clouds of escaping steam, were melting the ice. It dropped in great chunks to the deck.

"An hour's time," said Barnes, "and this meltin' ice will all be off her, and they'll be washin' down her decks same as in summer."

"Yes," said the *Ardmore's* second, with a wry smile, "and as much as three days in port before she goes to sea again, b'gob!"

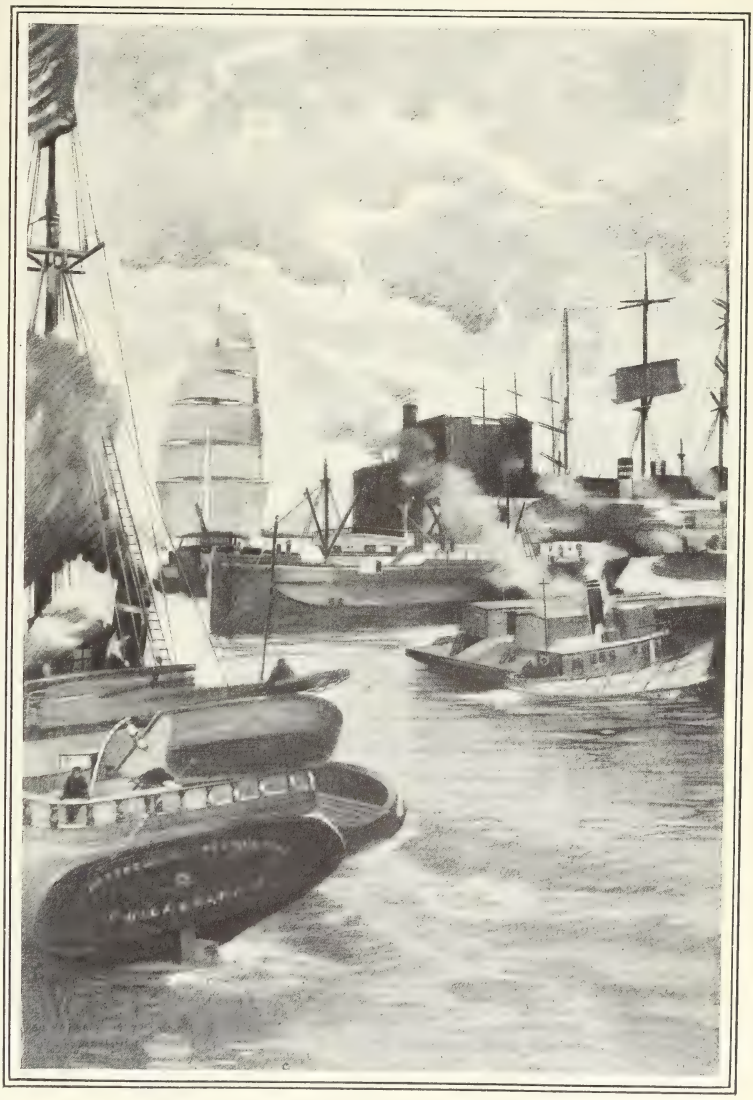
The days in port—when the steamer disgorges itself of the cargo and refills the empty holds—are welded, as it were, into one continuous day of activity. It is the time to overhaul and repair. Above decks they repaint. Below the water-line they overhaul engines and boilers. I remember one day spent in

the boiler-room of the *Ardmore*. Eight bells sounded on the iron bar. Save an electric light or two, and the glare from an open fire-box door on a half-stripped figure shovelling coal, the alleyway between one row of boilers seemed deserted; the bells were still striking; out of the empty fire-boxes came ash-covered men squeezing through the furnace doors, some head foremost, others feet foremost, mopping their blackened faces with the damp towels hung around their necks. Climbing up the ladder to the gratings in the engine-room, I encountered greasy men tightening bolts and filling oil-cups. On deck, sailors were sliding down from the scaffold on the stack and scrambling up over the rail where they had painted the ship's sides. Stevedores, coats in hand, climbed from the holds; some, with handkerchiefs over their mouths and nostrils, and powdered all over with white grain-dust, crawled from the hatch, where the wheat was pouring in. Men came from everywhere, down rigging, up ladders, across gangways from lighters, all heading for the dock with their dinner-pails.

The noon hour was the only lull in the task of preparing the steamer to meet the gales of the next passage.

The lofty spars and network of rigging of the sailing-ship tower above the warehouse roofs. The bowsprit reaches far over the shore, overhanging the teams and freight-cars of the quay. It is a quiet spot in the busy world of docks. Day after day stevedores slowly stow the cargo. Then the hatches are battened down, the crew comes aboard, and the ship departs on the next tide. The harbor tugs tow her to sea. She spreads her canvas wings, the sails fill, and under this white-winged structure she drives on her voyage. Adverse winds must be overcome before the ship's anchor is let go in the port of destination.

Another night the *Atlas* arrived, and I sat talking with her captain in the café



THE THRONG OF BUSY RIVER TRAFFIC

which is frequented by habitués of the Maritime Exchange. With us was the passenger who came around in the bark from San Francisco. "An invalid ordered to take a long sea-voyage," the skipper told me, but added on the side, "to get him away from his dram, I think."

The passenger told of ice sighted off the Horn, of fog and heavy sea encountered during a calm, and how the vessel, uncontrolled by either sail or rudder, rolled about like a log. He remembered a sea carrying him the length of the deck; he recalled how he turned into his bunk and read the skipper's entire library of two books while the steward dried his heavy clothes at the galley fire. The skipper told of not sighting sail or smoke all the way down the west coast, not till they had put on their summer clothes again on this side; then a three-mast French bark had signalled that her captain was dead, and wanted to know her latitude.

"That was all we sighted," said the skipper, "till off Hatteras an English tramp passed us. Must have been him reported us; the agent told me we were reported Monday by a steamer in Norfolk."

By and by the captain sighted, in the entering crowd of the café, "Neally o' the *Borderer*." Hadn't seen him for three years, then in Honolulu—would we excuse him a minute while he ran over to him?

"You remember the *Sewell*?" asked the passenger. "She sailed a year ago, and after reinsurance was listed as missing. In Friseo they told the captain to look for signs of wreckage about the Horn. It was thought out there she might have collided with field ice in a fog.

"Well, this was my first voyage in a sailing-ship," he went on, "and I visited the dock every day for a couple of weeks watching them stow the cargo. The last day the skipper and mate were fuming



A Winter Day on the Wharves



Drawn by Georg Harding

A FOREIGN SHIP IN PORT

over the ship's fore-and-aft trim. The stevedores, sail-makers, riggers, and sailors, speaking for berths, were all mixed in together. An old man, who had been standing about all day endeavoring to speak to the skipper, at last came over and spoke to me. Some one told him I was to sail on the *Atlas*.

"'You're goin' around on her?' he says. I told him 'yes.' He started telling me that his son was shipped on the overdue *Sewell*. She was listed as missing. I felt sorry for the old fellow, he was very downcast.

"'She may have been blown back around the Horn,' I told him. I really thought so myself; it seemed impossible that a big ship like the one we were standing on could be lost. We stood talking for a long time. Meanwhile the crew came aboard with their sea-chests from the sailors' boarding-houses.

"The old fellow was brighter when he found I agreed with him that the ship, or at least the crew, would come to port. 'Why,' he said, with a sudden burst of hope, 'she may have leaked and the bags o' sugar swelled up and broken open and clogged the pumps. 'Tis possible they rowed ashore like the crew o' the *Starbuck*.'

"I talked to him till the tug came alongside to haul us out. The last thing he asked me was 'to write and tell him if we saw any sign of wreckage or the crew.'

"Well," the passenger continued, "I heard the skipper tell his agent this afternoon that, as long as there was no word now, she must be lost with all hands—not the slightest doubt of it in his mind."

Silence fell over our table in the café, and it was several minutes before the passenger spoke again.

"I've got to write to the old man!" he said. "I promised to. What can I say?"

Tramp steamers wander wherever a cargo offers. They are fashioned with two straight masts, a single red funnel, around which the bridge and deck-houses cluster. The pigeon-breasted bows and clumsy hulls are scarred with rust patches.



HAILIN' FROM CUBA

The *Vallore*, two years seven months out of Peckersgill yard on the Clyde, was bound to Glasgow for overhauling. She was one of the tramps that seldom see their home port. In that time, her skipper said, she had experienced the typhoons of the tropics, shaved icebergs and slid by submerged derelicts in the Atlantic. She had put in a Chinese port with her cargo of cotton afire, and taken aboard the salved cargo of case-oil of a sister ship wrecked on a remote South Sea island. MacNab, the captain, took command on her maiden trip. Before that he was skipper of a bark, came in from a six months' voyage, and a week later was transferred by his owners to



A SAILOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE

the *Vallora*. He was a typical deep-water seaman, lacking information on the petty news of the local world, but well posted on such topics as air-ships and turbines. Otherwise his interest was all in his ship.

"She's a very profitable boat," he told me; "never been without a charter. She was built on speculation at the shipyard when the depression o' ship-buildin' was hangin' over the Clyde. A week after buying, she was ready for sea—with the firm's colors on the stack and her name painted on the bow and stern. Then she started out, and been on the go, with little repairin', ever since. Her losses in this time," MacNab went on, "were little—an anchor, two life-boats, and a set o' cabin dishes smashed during a gale, when she was smothered like a submarine. Her crews, though, were enough to worry a man sick," he said. "This trip there were sailors o' a half-dozen countries aboard, and the whole lot o' firemen were Chinese. They'll fine ye if any of the heathen Chinamen desert in this country," he went on; "so the agent sends a watchman aboard to keep an eye on them while the ship's in dock." MacNab talked for a long time about crews of Lascars and Chinamen he had shipped in times past. Once they fought among themselves so much that in port he had them arrested and held until he was ready to sail. Then he told of discussing with the engineer of the *Clan MacIver* about the point of maritime law involved in the case of the steamer with a crew of Chinese lost off Carolina two weeks before.

"'Twere a question in my mind," said MacNab, "who would be responsible if any of the chinks got away after reachin' shore. Whether it was the life-savers for bringin' 'em ashore, the captain for wreckin' his ship, or was the British consul to be fined for not sendin' 'em intact out o' the country to the port they was shipped in."

MacNab smiled as he recalled the reply.

"'"'Twas a case,' the engineer said, 'where it was easy for the skipper to add to the list o' gear lost in the wreck—so many Chinamen. It was a similar case to the man the *Clan MacIver* reported lost overboard a day or two afore arrivin'. Why,' said the engineer, 'he was not missed till an hour after we reached dock. When I tells the old man, he says, "Did any one see him go?" "No, sir," I answered. "Well, then," the old man says, with a wink that I understood, "we'll report one Chinese fireman lost overboard in the big sea that she poked her nose into off five-fathom bank."'

"It saved the *MacIver's* captain," added MacNab, with a broad grin, "a couple hundred dollar fine."

Then, with the time near when MacNab must be under way to pass the lower shoal on the high tide—the ship was loaded with wheat in bulk—he told me

of a case on the high seas wherein he thought to drive a canny bargain. "We was bound to Philadelphia with a cargo of iron ore, and in no great hurry to get there until the day the new tariff went into effect, lowering the duty on that particular cargo. Off the Banks we ran into a nor'east gale, and in the fog we fair walked into a freighter a-wallowin' around, almost rollin' the funnel out o' herself, and signals o' distress flyin'. We made her out to be an Ulster-line boat, and, when she lifted her tail high enough, that she was the *Bangore*—and finally that she was without her propeller; just her shaft peepin' out o' water.

"'It's very convenient,' I said to our first officer, Mr. Black, 'that we're in no hurry. Supposin' you go aboard her and find out how long she's been a-waitin' us, and if she is in a grand rush on account o' the tariff. Stretch the point,' I said, 'that *we* is. Say, "Well, captain, this is tough luck—I'm supposin' you're in a hurry on account o' the tariff like we are." Never let on it's cheaper for us to take our time.' We was three hundred miles from St. John's at the time, and I figured that the mileage charge was one hundred dollars per mile for towage.

"The first officer made the offer. Perhaps it was a bit high; at any rate they thought it was.

"'Not havin' any passengers or mail aboard and bein' bound to a Canadian port,' yelled her skipper, 'I'll not agree to such outrageous terms.'

"'But does you understand,' interrupted my first officer, 'we're under orders o' the shippers, and there is a considerable difference in customs duty on our cargo?'

"This argument cooled him a bit, and might have bore fruit if out o' the fog hadn't the whistle of a law-abidin' steamer blown—she was evidently careful o' her own safety or nearly cuttin' down a fisherman, I don't know which. That whistle was enough to take the fear out o' the *Bangore's* skipper and at the same time a bit o' the cockiness out of my first officer. There was nothin' left for him to do but make a bargain before the other fellow came along and snapped her up under our nose. The understanding was, the settlement to be made in port—her skipper was evidently a friend o' the lawyers.

"In short order the two lines were aboard her and we was gettin' under way



A Chinese Crew

again. I was on the bridge—lookin' the law over and thinkin' o' what I liked to do to the fellow that proved the snag in the bargain—in the liftin' fog away ahead of us I saw what must have been the whistle-blowin', law-abidin' craft. Would you believe it, sir," MacNab added, with a scowl, a faint echo of his original rage, "she was a fast liner, and wouldn't have stopped to tow!"

The old wharf lies slowly crumbling. The posts are eaten away with the chafing of many hawsers. At the river end a wind-swept scrub tree grows, and between the cobbles patches of grass struggle. A pensive air of past prosperity hangs about it, while the throng of busy river traffic passes on to the great steamer docks beyond. Nowadays the foreign sailing-ships lie there discharging ballast and awaiting charters. Inside the gate the old watchman dozes away the afternoon in a cloud of tobacco smoke. He is a bow-legged old fellow—trousers tucked in boots and slightly stooped as he taps along with his cane. His weather-beaten face and frowsy beard are capped with a faded felt hat.

"Here, sir," he says, "is where the odds and ends of shipping comes!" They are of all kinds—great steel ships and weather-beaten wooden barks and barkentines with white saints for figureheads. They hail from Castellamare, Bremerhaven, and Narvick. The crews are all foreign sailors, swarthy fellows with red sashes and sabots, thick-set, sea-booted men of the North Sea ports, with a sprinkling of all-nation crews.

"I generally tells where they come from," says the old watchman, "by the ballast, whether it be sand or pebble or dirt. Another way is by the cock-fighters, bird-cages, or flowers they have aboard. Then the ships that's ever had



THE CREW COMING ABOARD WITH THEIR SEA-CHESTS



THE SOUP LINE

grain cargo has the rats—them that's brought bones from Buenos Ayres has the worms. Always sorry," he went on, "to see them bring a bone-ship, so many flies come along with it. Aboard 'em, sir, the crews sleep covered with fly-nettings, and they don't feed 'em any better than the pigs on a steel ship. Then there's the cryolite ships that comes here from Greenland; they're nice and clean, though. The mates aboard 'em tells me o' the strange sealskin people of Ivigtut. The other day a fellow on one of the Greenland barks got a letter all covered with postmarks that had followed him about for over two years."

The old fellow took me into the tumble-down store and pointed to the list of ships that had docked in the last year. My eye fell on the *San Ignacio de Loyola.* "What was she like?" I asked.

"Oh, a dirty brigantine hailin' from Cuba," he answered, "with a skipper who had the airs o' a steamboat captain."

"And what was the *Foohng Svey?*" I questioned.

"A fine four-masted bark a-flyin' the American flag. She had me guessing," he said, "till the mate told me she was an Eastern trader owned in Honolulu, and when the islands became American she got the registry along with 'em." So we went through the list—"this one a tramp steamer held up for libel proceedings; that one—let me see—oh yes, the *Gibson* was a derelict that was towed in and sold at auction. You've heard of missing ships," he said. "Well, here's where they start from. Many ships have left this dock in my day and never reached port. On that list, them with the black line drawn around the name is the ones that was lost after leavin' here. There's the *Jules Henry,* the tank bark—she blew up in Marseilles; the *Calcium* was burned at sea; 'em that's got the question mark alongside are ones I doubted if they would reach their destination, they was so worn out."

Looking closely, I saw that the doubtful marks and the black lines usually went side by side.

"The old East-Indiamen," he went on, "used to dock at this wharf with spices and tea, and ships with sugar and molasses came from the West Indies. Yes, I remembers them all—remembers the day when a forest o' masts lined this water-front, when ships came to the wharf under sail, and the crews came ashore from a twelvemonth voyage."

The old fellow lighted his pipe and prepared to go out to his chair again. His great misshapen hand on my knee, he turned and said, "There's a heap o' ships come to these docks in my day, and I often wonders who sees the most—'em 'at travels around, or me that's stayed here, seven days a week for more than thirty-two years."

The Fairfax Comedy

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

MRS. GEORGE RICHARDSON gave her ultimatum at five o'clock in the drawing-room. George Richardson had taken his house at Cradley because his wife had a fancy to try the country. She was thirty, pretty, slim, and extremely restless. In London she ranged through innumerable sensations, until she tired of all. That was how she came to want the country. People were talking of the simple life, and it sounded well. At any rate it sounded like a change, and a change was what Ellice Richardson wanted. George was wont indulgently to grant her most of what she wanted. He was a novelist of repute, with a standing in literary circles, and an income not capable of indefinite expansion. Cradley in its remoteness and its silence satisfied his needs, for he had enjoyed life in his forty years, and now liked to stand in the wings and look on aslant at the performance with a perfect knowledge of the conditions in which it was taking place. If he had been unable to do this, he would not have been able to write his novels, sound, broad-minded, wise, sweet-blooded, and cynical books like himself. With the relaxation of life's ardent claim on him he had also developed an interest in nature other than human. He faced the wind on the heath with rare pleasure; he was a spectator of the human show, but a partisan on the hills. The acrid smell of gorse upon a hot afternoon was as perfume to his nostrils; he was part of *that* now rather than of big cities and the whole complex and monotonous social system. So he found Cradley to his taste, while his wife tired of it.

Ellice, indeed, may be said to have tired of it ere she gave it a proper trial. They had fled from London in the early spring, when the country exhibited to eyes weary of the drab winter-time its most pleasing features. Daffodils nodded in the meadows, the violets had come, and the sweet o' the year entered with the primroses. Ellice gushed over nature and formed innumerable plans for the garden, for excursions, for settling into rural life—forever.

"Isn't it far more delightful than noisy, staring, unhealthy town?" she asked her husband, in staccato adjectives, and he agreed. "The taxicabs!"—she made a sound of despairing disapproval—"the dirt! the noise!" She paused. "The taxis were useful," she added, pensively.

But this mood of satisfaction was not destined to endure. Cradley was dull beyond question, and perhaps even indefensibly dull. George Richardson never attempted to defend it against her attacks when the first rapture had disappeared. Spring passed into summer, and despite her full pageant summer proved dull. A beauty may be dull, you know, and very often is. The resplendent lanes and woods and hills were dull; and then the hot days brought the dust; and Ellice, missing the shops and the parties and the theatres and the restaurants, and the unceasing stream of people, known and unknown, declared the situation intolerable. They had agreed to forego their summer holiday, partly because of the expense incurred by their removal, and partly because the change to Cradley was to be regarded in the light of a holiday. So in the dog-days, with her heart in London, Ellice Richardson moped. The chief source of her dissatisfaction was the fact that none of the best people in the countryside had "called." Carfields, Melcombes, Beamans, Bostocks, and their congeners all abstained, quite unconscious of the intrusion of the newcomers. Society straddled between religious works and hunting. In summer there was no hunting, but there were always religious works, and plenty of old maids to be absorbed in them. For the male part of the inhabitants hunting was the prime



Drawn by Frank Craig

THIS WAS HER ULTIMATUM, AND IT FILLED HIM WITH MISGIVINGS

consideration, and George did not hunt. He could not have afforded to hunt even if he had wanted to, which he certainly did not. Of course the Vicar's wife, Mrs. Mowbray, called on Ellice, but she, though young, was prim and heavy and *gauche* as well, and so did not count very much. The doctor's wife, on the other hand, was elderly, with rather a vulgar sense of humor, and so "second-rate" that it was of no consequence to know her. She counted even less. There remained the landed gentry, whose wives were in no hurry, it appeared, to make Ellice's acquaintance. George had proffered reasons out of his imagination, mainly for the purposes of consolation and reassurance, but somewhat in indulgence of his humor.

"It is obvious they want us to be on probation," he said. "You see, it is an important matter to be admitted into the familiarity of country society."

Didn't Ellice know it was important? That was the very reason she was indignant. What did these people mean by not rushing to make her acquaintance? They were merely rustics, clod-hoppers, louts. . . .

"Well, thank goodness they don't call, then," said George, with sly good humor.

"There's not one of the women knows how to dress," declared Ellice, scornfully.

"Not one," agreed her husband, surveying her pleasant figure in its appropriate gown.

This had become the burden of their private exchanges, until even George's placid patience showed signs of giving. Of course, with the selfishness of man, he could not detach himself from his own satisfaction.

He strolled the lawn that July afternoon, enjoying the cooling air that streamed over the rhododendrons, poised between two incidents for a plot. He wanted to fix his mind on one, and it persisted in dividing, as did Æneas's so often. He fluttered, he hesitated, and he would have come down on one or the other if he had had the chance. But fate intervened with Ellice—Ellice and two strong, good-natured, clean-limbed, and empty-headed puppy hounds which she had on leash. Ellice, usually pale, and more than ever pallid lately with the heat, was flushed and breathless. The pups, exploring in different directions simultaneously, wound her round the arch of a pergola.

"George!" she called. "For goodness' sake come and take these creatures—these blessed dogs! I wish they were—" George took one over while she disentangled herself.

"I believe," he said, mildly, "that these things are called hounds, and that Cradley does not forgive any one who calls them dogs."

"Nonsense!" said Ellice, crossly, as the hound she still held endeavored to make after a distant cat. "There, I'll let the beast go."

Sparker, thus manumitted, darted across the lawn and disappeared in a shrubbery, his companion whimpering and straining at the leash in an endeavor to follow. Mrs. Richardson, you see, had undertaken to "walk puppies" for the Cradley pack, an offer to which she had been stimulated by the beaming friendliness of Major Weldon. At the time she had not known that the Major was a bachelor and incorrigibly catholic in his acquaintances. No one considered a person merely because Major Weldon knew him or her. That painful discovery was to follow. The neighborhood did not stream in after the Major.

"I thought I heard a voice at the gate," said George, lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, young Beaman," said his wife, impatiently.

"As devoted as ever," he replied, lightly.

Young Beaman was five-and-twenty, extremely elongated in body, and very shy. As yet his devotion had not brought Mrs. Beaman or the Misses Beaman to Holt Place; which was another matter that vexed Ellice's stricken heart.

"Go away—*do*. George, keep that beast off," she said, crossly, as the second hound puppy made a sudden manifestation of its affection for her by rising on its hind legs and pawing at her fresh summer frock. George jerked back the beast.

"What's the use of the silly fellow?" she went on, reverting to young Beaman. "Here have I been walking puppies (ugh!) for four months, and nothing has happened. Lady Carfield, Lady

Melcombe, the Hassalls—none of them have called."

Ellice was pretty, after her fashion, and her figure was nice; she had a talkative nature, and could sustain a conversation with spirit—but humor had been denied to her. George Richardson's eyes ruffled up in a twinkle.

"It is pretty bad of them," he declared, as they began to walk toward the house. "I've a good mind to send in a bill for puppy-biscuits to Lord Carfield, and so bring his wife to reason."

"Oh, if you're going to be sarcastic—" protested Ellice, hotly.

George disclaimed any intention of sarcasm; he had noticed that his wife was constitutionally unable to distinguish between sarcasm and humor—levity, if you will. But he was conscious that he was properly rebuked for treating the matter with levity. It was an occasion for serious discussion. He got rid of the dog—hound, that is—and followed Ellice to the drawing-room. She had divested herself of her hat, but still had the effect, he thought, of sitting at her own tea table like a visitor. She opened on him without ceremony. "I can't stand it, George. We must go."

This was the ultimatum, and it filled him with misgivings. In his mind's eye he saw Ellice, as was her wont, mounting from stage to stage of emotional revolt against her circumstances, and he was dismayed. His means were limited, and he was in the middle of a novel. Besides, the place did suit him. He pondered. Perhaps it was selfish of him to look at it in that way. But, after all, it had been Ellice's idea, and he had offered resistance of a sort, at any rate criticism. She was rattling on, apparently incensed at his silence.

"It's all very well for you. You have your work, and you enjoy talking to the villagers. I don't. I am accustomed to something better. This is stagnation; I feel the mould growing over me. It's no good. I can't stand it."

"There's Mrs. Blenkinsop," murmured George, weakly, "and old Weldon isn't bad, and—"

He had invited the thunder and he got it. Mrs. Blenkinsop was third-rate. Old Weldon was of no account. "It's the second-rates I know—not one of the people who really matter, not one," she pronounced, with embittered emphasis.

"Young Beaman—" George would have begun, but was snapped up.

"Beaman! Where are the Beamans?" she demanded, in ringing accents of scorn, and a connection making in her fretted brain, she turned upon him again. "Of course it might have been different if I knew how to ride. If you had only had lessons for me, when you knew that we were coming into this wilderness!"

George Richardson discovered it was time to act. If this went on, the flood would carry him away. He pulled himself together and faced the situation boldly. He put his teacup down and crossed his legs.

"We give hostages to fortune when we abandon town. I warned you of that," he said. "You are good enough to consider me a very clever fellow, my dear, and I am disposed to agree with you. But it is a mistake to suppose that cleverness counts much in life."

"What counts?" she asked.

"Various things—money, position, advertisement, but not cleverness. You told me that you thought my book *Illusion* was the most brilliant novel you had read for years. (You have an admirable literary taste, dear.) Now if you were to go up to Cradley Park to Lord Carfield's house-party assembled this coming September for partridge shooting, you would find ears blank to *Illusion* and my very name. Possibly you might catch some one's attention. 'Richardson? Lives here? Is that the writin' chap? No, I never read any, but I believe my sister read one once.' But, mind you, that would be an extra well-informed guest. They're not interested in me or what I do. They buy my books, if they buy them at all, as they buy groceries. You don't call on your grocer."

"It's all shameful," declared Ellice, simmering.

"What I do obviously doesn't count. Books are produced, and so are guns and motor-cars. They couldn't produce any one of these. Why should they consider the person who produces books for them to buy as more important than the persons who produce guns or motor-cars? In fact, the man who makes their guns is more important than such as I. He does

count. They'll know his name and have a respect for him."

"Then why did you bring me here?" demanded Ellice tragically. "We must leave at once."

At this moment the maid announced Mrs. Mowbray, the Vicar's wife, who approached slowly, in all the righteous resignation of her dull and sober raiment. Ellice's face showed a perfunctory welcome, but George bustled about in a way which was alien to his usual large deliberation. He proffered a chair, a cup of tea, and a plate of cake.

"You must try this—Buzzard's, you know," he explained, in a delicately intimate way. Ellice was silent, wondering. The Vicar's wife, uneasily eating Buzzard's, broached the object of her visit with characteristic tactlessness. It might have eased poor Ellice's raw wounds had even this dull lady come for social amenities. But she had not. Munching a Buzzard delicacy which she had not even the wit or *savoir faire* to commend, she unlimbered her ordnance.

Mrs. Richardson must have noticed the state of the bells. No? Ellice was flat; she had not recovered herself. But Mr. Richardson had, he professed, waiting anxiously to know what their condition might be. They were badly hung, it seemed, and there were defects in two. Hadn't Mr. Richardson (she appealed to him now) noticed the tenor? Of course Mr. Richardson had. That seemed to make it easier for the Vicaress. Well, the Vicar was anxious to restore the bells in accordance with the dignity of the Church and its traditions. Lord Carfield had been approached and was in cordial agreement—in fact, it need be no secret that his lordship was heading the subscription with twenty guineas. The total cost would be about two hundred pounds. Staid Mrs. Mowbray was shrewd and business-like, if dull. She invitingly eyed George Richardson beaming over bells which he hated.

"Of course I am willing to help with my mite," he declared, choosing the word mite as most Scripturally suitable for the lady. "But, my dear Mrs. Mowbray, it will take some trouble to raise that sum in these hard times."

The Vicaress sighed unconsciously, for had she not debated this very point with her husband ere setting out on her begging round?

"The Richardsons ought to give five pounds," he had said. "I believe novelists are well paid. And Mrs. Richardson comes regularly to church."

Yet it would take, to be precise, forty five-pound notes or checks to make up £200. Mrs. Mowbray's sigh was an involuntary testimony to her discouragement. Ellice eyed her hardly, realizing now that this was no social call, but merely an official stand-and-deliver. To her intense amazement George went on genially:

"I think I may be of help to you there, if you will allow me. We might arrange for a dramatic performance, or something in that line."

Mrs. Mowbray looked doubtful. "Yes," she assented, her mind adding up the various attractions and accomplishments of the parishioners. "Captain Hassall acts, and there are the Melcombe girls," she suggested, still doubtfully. "I think they acted somewhere in private theatricals last year."

Ellice's attention tautened. George's idea was good. After all, clever men had their uses. She overlooked in her approval the scrawny bodies of the Melcombe girls, recognized and bitterly criticised from church pews.

"Yes." George's assent this time was doubtful. "I hardly designed a local affair. I was thinking I might assist you in another way. I might get Miss Estelle Fairfax."

"Miss Fairfax!" Mrs. Mowbray woke up, deserting parish and bells and the narrow confines of Cradley. "You mean Miss Fairfax the actress?"

Her mind flashed over leagues of wilderness to rare nights at the Euphrosyne, nights of enjoyment, nights of stolen pleasures in a round of dull duty, nights touched with as nearly delirious romance as placid natures are capable of. She saw George Richardson's nod. "Yes."

In that instant also Ellice's heart homed, and she was in a taxi, wrapped about with fluffy things, on her way to the Euphrosyne. Piccadilly roared and surged about her in the summer twilight. She remembered the block at Hyde Park Corner, the imperturbable police . . . Constitution Hill . . . the soft murk of

the rain . . . darkness, and the lights of the street. But what was this strange business of George and Estelle Fairfax?

"It would be desirable, of course, that it should be educational," proceeded her husband, leaning back in his chair with a leisurely and indulgent smile. Was it possible that he saw Mrs. Mowbray's face drop and change at that estimable and ugly word?

"Of course," she murmured.

What in the name of conscience and goodness did George mean?

"Do you think, for example, Lord Carfield would lend his grounds for a pastoral play?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Mowbray brightened. "I'm sure he would. He's always so anxious to help. But what—"

"I had an idea of *As You Like It*," suggested George, offhand, and as though appealing to her judgment.

Mrs. Mowbray only remembered Shakespeare dimly, but the name of the play sounded nice.

"The forests, you know, the healthy open life of the woods, the exiled Duke's court, pretty girls, and all the pomp of romance."

The drab little Vicaress, moribund before her time, brightened anew; her face was flecked with color, and she smiled. "That would be nice," she said, still restricted as to the adjective. It is not only in conduct that one must be nice, but in attributes also. Meanwhile understanding went up in a flare through Ellice Richardson's soul. Oh, how clever was George! Clever people always *were* the best.

"I think it would be simply splendid," she declared.

"I should hazard at a guess that you could raise fifty pounds easily by that means," said George, reflectively, adding after a moment's punctuation: "Of course Miss Fairfax would make no charge. She would come at my invitation."

"How very kind of you!" said the Vicaress. (Kind was kin to nice.) "I'm sure Lord Carfield will give his consent."

"It should be great fun," speculated the plotter. "Miss Fairfax, of course, as Rosalind. Have you seen her? She's amazing."

"No-o." Mrs. Mowbray's negative was a diminuendo expressive of regret.

"The Miss Melcombes, Captain Hassall, Lady Carfield, I dare say. . . . But Miss Fairfax could leave that to Lady Carfield and yourself."

So did the official visitation merge strangely into a pleasant social affair, at which wonderfully mundane things were discussed. George Richardson, you see, alarmed and active, was now in command, with all the advantages of a lively, healthy, and unscrupulous imagination. The instant result was an improvement in the domestic atmosphere. With an admiration of George's literary gifts his wife had combined an undervaluation of his tact—or tactics, if you will. She now perceived him to be a general of resource.

"But can you get Estelle Fairfax to come?" she had asked that evening, when the most alluring aspects of the proposal had been canvassed. He looked at her a little quizzically.

"You know I knew her," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, but I didn't know you had known her so well as that," was Ellice's remark.

"I used to see a good deal of her when Clayton was alive," he said.

His quizzical look altered as he regarded her; but there was no signal of jealousy or even of suspicion in her attitude. Indeed, there was, if she should know all, no reason why there should be. Later in the evening, when his wife was in bed, Richardson made a draft of the letter which he sent the next day to Estelle Fairfax, running thus:

DEAR POLLY, — Perhaps you haven't forgotten me. Some eight years since you vowed that you owed me something. Can you pay it now, or is it barred by the Statute of Limitations? It is proposed that a pastoral play, *As You Like It*, shall be produced in Lord Carfield's park here. If you could take the part of Rosalind, I should feel you had more than discharged your debt. The affair is, I believe, to buy bells or something of the kind for a church. You know I'm married.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

When he had finished he sat back, with the aroma of a particularly nice cigar



Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

A DAINTY ROSALIND IN HER FOREST COSTUME

lingering on his palate. He pushed aside the table, contemplated the bookcase, and pursed his lips unconsciously. He was reviewing phases of Polly Fairfax's life. Clayton, a composer of genius, had not been the first to intervene in that life. He had come third, he thought; but Clayton, his friend, had taken the disease with rampant passion. At once he tyrannized and adored; and Polly was so friendly, so amusing, so good-natured, and so natural that it was impossible to dislike her, or to bear a grudge against her. After all, Clayton was foredoomed by his own qualities. He failed as a man because he was a genius. Often it is so. Was it Polly's fault that she could not give him only what and all that he wanted? She was always frank, as frank as good-natured, and on the whole pretty reasonable. The only explanation of her was that she had an individual code of morals. George had thought the connection would be better "cut," and when Polly cut it, had helped her. Clayton stormed, denied him, forgave him, thanked him, and died, as will be remembered, somewhat tragically. Why should he condemn or even judge Polly Fairfax, who had since floated into conspicuous fame? Was the woman of Samaria condemned, before the thought of whom, after all, Polly would or ought to blush? With one passing mental glance at a newspaper paragraph he had lately seen respecting Miss Estelle Fairfax and the famous actor Graham Gordon, George Richardson gave up the problem and went to bed.

Polly's answer came after a delay of two days:

My dear Quixote,—I dare say you've grown stouter, but then you were always too thin. Yes, I'll come. Write it off that ledger. I was going to Harrogate early in August, but I'll come to you if you'll name the day. Is she pretty?

Polly.

This letter opportunely arrived an hour or two before Mrs. Mowbray's excited visit. Gone now was every vestige of the official manner; the sallow face quickened over the emotional storm below. Lady Carfield was delighted at the idea. If Miss Estelle Fairfax could be secured ("and we look upon you to arrange *that*," interjected the Vicaress), Lord Carfield would willingly give his park—"the wild garden," explained the lady—for the performance; and Lady Carfield and she had already gone into the question of the actors and actresses. Lady Carfield thought that Miss Melcombe might play Audrey, but she (Mrs. Mowbray) thought that the part of Celia ought to be entrusted to Lady Carfield. From the conversation it was evident that the two ladies had been resuming acquaintance with Shakespeare and the Forest of Arden. Ellice, having the news of Miss Fairfax's consent, was now the conduit of its conveyance, and Mrs. Mowbray and she exchanged and interchanged views. George had started the engine. He deserved his comfortable pipe.

Meanwhile up in Cradley Park it is permissible to overhear a conversation which has already taken place. Lady Carfield, a fluffy, flighty thing, carries the news to her husband, blond and forty-odd, with great white teeth, and his roots in solid duties and practical pleasures.

"Mrs. Mowbray wants to know if we will lend the place for a pastoral play." His lordship grunts. "You see, dear, they're going to get Estelle Fairfax."

"What!" cries his lordship. "Mrs. Mowbray!"

"No; it's some one—those people we heard had taken Holt Place. He writes, doesn't he?" So was George Richardson's prophecy vindicated! "Harrison? No, Richardson," Lady Carfield amended her guess.

"Oh!" Lord Carfield, as became a very substantial British person, contemplated. He had once met Estelle Fairfax at the house of the Home Secretary, whose wife was "smart," and wrote bad plays. He remembered her then as enlivening, and he had always admired her acting and her figure.

"If she'll come, by all means. Better write and ask her down," said his lordship.

That was Ellice Richardson's first triumph; and it was what made her realize to the full the beauty of George's manœuvre. For Miss Fairfax, appealed to in one of Lady Carfield's scented sheets of note-paper, excused herself on the ground that she was to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. Polly Fair-

fax dropped this item into a hasty letter fixing her date, and Ellice glowed. Next day it also dribbled down from Carfield Towers through Mrs. Mowbray. That is, Mrs. Mowbray did not know that the Countess had invited Miss Fairfax, but she heard from the Countess that Miss Fairfax was to stay with the Richardsons. It was certain now that the Carfields knew of the existence of the Richardsons. Indeed, it was no longer possible for any one in the neighborhood to profess ignorance now. The idea of the pastoral play had set the heather afire. In an expiring season it had aroused enthusiasm. Captain Hassall, the Melcombe girls, and Lady Carfield were in constant communication with one another. They had decided the precise theatre for the occasion in a little glade, a clearing embowered in rising heights of wood as it were the upper cloths of a stage. Ellice, receiving news of this state of commotion, withered; it seemed that she had counted her chickens too soon. It was not until Estelle Fairfax arrived that a restitution of the balance took place.

Mrs. Richardson accompanied Estelle Fairfax to Cradley Park on a broiling afternoon. "I thought we'd better get to close quarters at once, Lady Carfield," said the actress. "So I got Mrs. Richardson to bring me up."

Lady Carfield acknowledged Ellice with an amiable smile. "We have been doing ever so much," she declared, eagerly. "But we do want your assistance. I'm so glad you've come at last."

Polly Fairfax took off her gloves, discovering pretty hands that were ringless. Ellice, mechanically noting this, was vaguely disturbed by the recollection of a newspaper paragraph some years back mentioning Miss Fairfax's marriage at a registrar's office. This popular lady was bright of face, instinct with vitality, of an exceedingly shapely form, and possessed a most divine smile. She was somewhere about six-and-thirty.

"Now tell me exactly," she commanded Lady Carfield. She threw herself into the breach like a regiment, inspected the glade and approved it, suggested a few alterations in the cast, solved the question of costume that had been so baffling with a graceful gesture of her hand.

"Don't bother. I can fix that. Burbage will send me his wardrobe from the Royal. It cost a mint of money. I played Rosalind there, you know."

Of course Lady Carfield knew. Had she not seen Miss Fairfax in the part? She flew into fresh excitement, discussed questions with zest, and clasped Ellice Richardson's hand warmly in parting.

"You'll come to lunch and we'll go into it all to-morrow. I'll get some of them here," she called out, ecstatically. "Mrs. Richardson, bring her to lunch."

Never had Ellice been so fluttered as by this display of friendliness. The lunch succeeded. Miss Fairfax remembered the occasion when she had met Lord Carfield, and reminded him of a witticism he had let fall. His lordship smiled and bridled; he was even submissive in hearing that he had been set down for the Duke.

"I've never acted. I'm as stiff as a prop, but if you want me—"

They did. "Such a lark!" Polly Fairfax confided under the rose that night to George Richardson. "It will be the funniest pastoral I ever played in. Heaven send us fine weather so as not to put the comedy out! There's Carfield himself, a veritable Duke; Lady Carfield as Celia. Ye gods, a colorless blonde who would like to dare and pretends she knows things, and would shy at a man's shadow on the foot-path! There was a girl—Sir James some one's daughter—"

"Melcombe," suggested George.

"That was it—with a walk like a milkmaid, and bony hands. She's to play Phœbe, and it goes to my heart I can't cast her for the wench Audrey. It seems she's the best lady rider to hounds in these parts. Save my waist-line I should think so! But the girl who takes Audrey—it doesn't matter what her name is—is rather pretty in a rustic way—Coll—no—Cork—oh, it doesn't signify."

"My dear Polly," said the author. "In a rustic way! Don't you know that this young lady is probably, from your description, the Hon. Helen Colclough, of one of our oldest families, and herself an heiress of weight?"

"Is she?" said Polly Fairfax; and then, clearly without heeding, burst into laughter. "Oh, I forgot my warm admirer, Captain Hassall. As well leave out Hamlet as that Orlando."

George reflected. "I believe I've heard Ellice speak of him. He is a sporting man with a sporting wife."

"His wife is as plain as a pikestaff, but has a wonderful figure. Hassall's a beauty, one of the real lady-killers. I'm his new victim."

On this occasion, you understand, Ellice had retired. The day had been one glow of satisfaction, and she had retired happy, *felix opportunitate somni.* The Melcombe girls had been civil, and Mrs. Hassall tolerant; Lady Carfield had been cordial, meeting her as though old friends met, and Miss Colclough had been amiable and interested. She was a distinctly pleasant and unaffected girl, and that had pleased Ellice almost more than anything. She had almost forgotten such people as Major Weldon and the Blenkinsops, and, alas! she had quite forgotten that source and fount of her present intoxication, Mrs. Mowbray.

The rehearsals in the park were an amazing success, if the entertainment of the performers be considered. Miss Fairfax inspired them with life, blew into them the breath of enthusiasm. Her very appearance on the scene infused sparkle into it. She amused herself. Captain Hassall trailed after her, the model of Don Juan, under the very range of his wife's hard eyes. He cooed in corners, arranged her flounces, thrilled when she set a careless hand on his arm. He strutted like a bantam on the road to conquest. Polly Fairfax was, as she always was off the stage, no actress, but herself, her wilful, frank, selfish, good-natured and unpretentious self. In her dainty forest costume at the dress rehearsal she cannoned into the dignified Sir James Melcombe, and first shocked and then charmed him by exclaiming in a merry mood: "My dear man, where did I hit you? Let me rub the place; do."

In a word, Polly Fairfax was natural to the top of her bent, and every one knows in these days that individuality is the only thing that counts, whether you be criminal or apostle. If your individuality be invented for you by the public press, so much the more to your advantage. But it is only accidents of birth, wealth, or favor of the gods that accomplish this. Was there ever a wiser summary of human affairs than that saying:

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them."

Lord Carfield was born great, and he played the exiled Duke quite handsomely. For the part of Jacques was found that elegant and promising member of Parliament, Silvester Merrill, who has written a book of essays and a book of verses, and will some day rise to the surface of his party and be in the Government. He cut a very pretty figure and aroused sore feeling in the heart of Orlando. Lord Arthur Vallings, who had the soul of a music-hall *lion comique,* played Touchstone with gusto, but Touchstone much edited. It was between Lord Arthur and Miss Fairfax that the play began to "go." At the dress rehearsal everybody played up magnificently. Ellice in a pretty summer gown was installed among the privileged spectators; to one side of her Mrs. Beaman, on the other Lady Melcombe. George Richardson, who for the first time visited the scene, on the express invitation of Lady Carfield, wandered about examining people and effects with a critical eye. It was he who marked the flash in Mrs. Hassall's eye when Orlando cried out with an overplus of emotion:

"What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue!"

As a matter of fact, it was just that which stirred Mrs. Hassall's tongue to action. She was married to a good-looking man, and had long been aware of it. If she realized that Miss Fairfax found his attentions tiresome at last and much preferred Lord Arthur's frank vulgarity, it made no difference. She began feminine operations at ten o'clock that night, when Miss Fairfax and her hostess had retreated after a merry and unmethodical meal to the shelter of Holt Place. She shot her remarks with the blunt acidity of her temperament into the general company—"firing into the brown," so to speak. No men were present, the occasion being strictly feline.

"I wonder what became of Miss Fairfax's last husband?"

Lady Carfield stared. "Which?" she asked, vaguely.

"I don't know his number. The actor, wasn't it, whom she married two or three years ago. One never hears of him now."

"Perhaps he's dead," suggested Lady Carfield, who saw no particular point of interest in the problem. The men were playing billiards or smoking.

"Is the other one dead—the musician, you know?" inquired Mrs. Hassall, with deadly equanimity.

"What other one? What do you mean?" retorted Lady Carfield.

"Of course Colonel Le Maille doesn't count," pursued Mrs. Hassall, recrossing her legs deliberately.

"Who's Colonel Le Maille?" asked Lady Melcombe.

Probably Mrs. Hassall welcomed a visible target. "Oh, the man in the Guards, don't you remember?" she said, turning slightly toward her interlocutor. "He was afterward concerned in that filibustering raid."

Lady Melcombe was of an age to remember and had tolerant notions. She was the nearest approach to the *grande dame* Cradley could produce.

"Of course," she assented. "He was vastly *épris*, wasn't he?"

"Poor Mrs. Le Maille!" breathed Mrs. Hassall.

The attention of the girls in the room was obvious. Mrs. Mowbray listened, alert, anxious, and instant.

"I believe Miss Fairfax was first married at eighteen," said Mrs. Hassall, at field work.

"Yes. What a shame!" said Lady Carfield. "I don't wonder, poor thing—"

Mrs. Hassall hadn't expected or wanted this.

"Clayton was supposed to be the man she really cared for," she interrupted. "You remember Clayton's tragic death?"

She fastened her glance on Lady Carfield, who moved uneasily.

"That's all ancient history," she said.

"Clayton was a genius," remarked Lady Melcombe. "Lord Winterborough told me that Estelle Fairfax inspired him with his second Symphony."

"She left him," declared Mrs. Hassall, defiantly.

"My dear, you can't judge people like that," demurred Lady Carfield.

"Nothing was ever proved," protested Mrs. Beaman.

"Codes, you see, are different," said Lady Carfield, vaguely.

"She goes everywhere," remarked the *grande dame*. The girls showed increasing interest, and Mrs. Mowbray looked from one speaker to another. Mrs. Hassall's desperate hard eye alighted on her and invited her in.

"What do you think, Mrs. Mowbray?"

"I—" she hesitated. "Oh, I think Lady Carfield's right. Of course we are told not to judge."

It was Mrs. Hassall's last gamble with the dice; she had failed, and recognized it. She rose, the fineness of her figure emphasizing her plain face and unsympathetic eyes. "I don't mind myself. I'm quite broad-minded," said she. "But where there are young people about—" Her gaze swept over the three girls, and she didn't finish. In fact, she went out on that.

"What on earth did she mean with all that?" inquired Miss Colclough, wrinkling her brows in a puzzled way. "What has Miss Fairfax—"

"Oh, it's all rubbish," said Lady Carfield, hastily; and so the privateering ended.

At the actual performance Ellice and George occupied seats of honor between the Melcombes and the Beamans, Bob in attendance; and the old maids of the district, devoted to church and good works, sat in state in order to do honor to Shakespeare and augment the Bell Fund. The Vicar was present, officially certifying, as it were, an atmosphere of sanctity, and Mrs. Mowbray renewed the stolen joys of liberty and worldliness.

"I have enjoyed myself, but it's reached a limit," murmured Polly Fairfax in George's ear after the play. "Hassall has become an emphatic nuisance. He ought to know there are hundreds of him hanging about any theatre. But your Lord Arthur's a dear."

George disclaimed any proprietary rights in Lord Arthur; but she paid no heed. Lord Arthur called for her with his car next morning, and she departed as informally as she had come.

"He's going to drive me up to town," she imparted to George. "Kiss your petsy for me. She quite passes. I've got to meet Rayner to-night before I go to Homburg. No, my dear man, I enjoyed it."

She took her seat, just as Ellice hurried up, and waved gayly to both. Lord Arthur was most friendly, and the last



Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LORD ARTHUR VALLINGS PLAYED TOUCHSTONE WITH GUSTO

they saw of the pair consisted of laughing exchanges as the car whizzed down the road. Ellice sighed as at the end of a pleasant dream. George was looking quizzically in the direction in which the car had vanished. Lord Arthur!

But, after all, he had nothing of which to complain. Sir James Melcombe told his wife, that stately lady, that that chap Richardson was not at all a bad chap. He knew how to cast a fly with any one. Miss Colclough had admired Ellice's gown, and said so frankly. All this was very satisfactory. But the little comedy did not fizzle out quite so tamely. We may set its conclusion that same evening. In the afternoon Ellice in tailor-made costume disappeared, and returned only an hour before dinner, coming upon her husband as he sat at work.

"George, isn't it great? Bob Beaman is going to teach me to ride, and Mr. Beaman is lending me a horse."

He looked up indulgently. "My dear, I knew you only had to get to quarters with them all."

But later that night he was free to revolve the episode in his mind, and the thought that framed itself at last was this:

"To think of Polly Fairfax pulling us through the needle's eye!"

He giggled aloud, and his wife asked him why he laughed.

"Oh," said he, fumblingly, "I was thinking of something Lord Carfield said."

"What was that?" she persisted, as the maid brought in the evening post. She opened the letters.

"It was," he said, slowly and carefully, "to the effect that in the matter of a genius things don't count."

"Well, of course, they don't," said Ellice, abstractedly, as she read her letter. "George dear, Lady Melcombe has written asking us to dinner on the 25th. We shall be able to manage that, sha'n't we?" she asked, calmly.

"I'll look up my engagements, but I think so," he said, his eyes twinkling.

"Of course," said Ellice, complacently, after a tiny pause, "country society is more exclusive than town, and smarter."

The Bitter Thing

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

'TIS hard, my Heart, for toiling through,
This Land-of-Lonely-Things!
No league were long, could she be nigh,
To share thy wanderings;
Yet wouldst thou have her here—footsore—
Who hath the wont of wings?

So long thy shelter was her love,
'Tis bleak and sore to be
The buffet of unkindly winds,
Yet, though they beat on thee,
Give thanks, my Heart, that she is cloaked
From all inclemency!

But when through fairer valley-ways
Sometimes thy paths deploy;
Some rainbow comes to span the storm,
Some sweet, too rare to cloy,
Then weep, Heart, for this bitter thing:—
Unshared with her, thy Joy!

Enemies

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

WITH my arms stretched out I was pritty near as wide as Devil's Lane, which ran between old Darrow's farm and our own: and by standin' in the middle of it could have touched the rough stone walls on both sides.

But I hadn't lost anything in such a place, where you git thistles in your feet and burs in your hair, and your dress was tore every time you thought somethin' was creepin' up.

I'd made up my mind not to tear my dress any more that day, so I walked on top of our own rickety spite wall, which Gran'pa had built jist to keep old Darrow from havin' the highest one on the opposite side o' the Lane. These walls had been put up when they'd quarrelled and gone to law over that long, crooked strip o' land before I was born. I spoke politely to the old imp hidin' in the bushes, for on this mornin' I was goin' down to keep an inimy from passin' along the turnpike, and needed him to back me up. Then the weeds stirred so that I fell off the wall and tore my dress anyhow.

There was no use feelin' sorry when I couldn't tell which tear it was, so I went on to the foot o' the lane, where soon I could hear the clang of big iron hoofs strikin' the flinty places. It was my inimy comin'; and he was one worth havin', bein' always mad; though whether folks said he ate fire or only spit it I forget now.

Gallopin' up to the Lane, he swung off his big black charger, and throwin' the bridle over his arm, started to walk past our place, lookin' neither right ner left.

"Stan' there!" I said, peepin' through a cranny in the wall. "Frien' or inimy?"

He frowned and answered, "Frien'," but I knew better.

"What's the byword?" I asked.

He thought a minute, and then seein' my tousled head over the top o' the wall, said, "Sally Moore is the word."

"No: my name was good only for yistiday," I told him. "You're an inimy."

He led the charger close up, and lookin' down at me with his black eyes and hard lean face, laid on the wall a red apple from his own blue-grass farm.

"What's the word?" he asked, knowin' I wouldn't let him by till he had it.

"Inimies," I answered. "You can pass on now," and callin' out "Inimies," he jumped on the black horse, which reared almos' straight up with him. Then he galloped away without another word, for he was on old Darrow's side o' the feud over Devil's Lane, so we couldn't talk together, and it wouldn't have been honer'ble to take a apple from him except as a bribe.

When I went back to the house munchin' the apple, I found Gran'pa standin' by the barn where we used to keep horses, a cow, and the goat, before we went on the ragged edge. Then they wouldn't keep any longer, except the goat, who was waitin' for somethin' to turn up, and was now on the raggedest edge of any of us.

Gran'pa stopped pickin' at some old rusty ploughs and harrows, which lay on the ground like animal skeletons with their claws broke from tryin' to scratch in our old farm, and said he must go to court. The Devil's Lane case was up agin.

So, after 'while, though the road was dusty, he put on his best coat, instead of the other one, which would have left the window open, and I started with him to rest my feet along the road after walkin' on our farm.

It wasn't far into town, and we were soon at the court-house, where a crowd o' men were standin' with their horses hitched to the racks. Some of 'em drew up to us, and when old Darrow came in, walkin' as we'd done, others gathered around him, and the two parties stood eyin' each other and grumblin' every

once in a while. Then the crier opened court, and everybody pushed each other inside.

Gran'pa stood talkin' to the lawyer, who sometimes came out to the house to see how much we had left, and old Darrow was five or six paces away. I heard their names called, there was a mutter about Devil's Lane, and then everything was so very still that the squirrels began scoldin' in the trees o' the courthouse yard.

All at once Gran'pa cried out in a loud voice to the whisperin' of his lawyer:

"I'll have my rights; nothin' less. Have I carried this case up and down the courts twenty years, to give up to that man now!"

He took two quick steps toward Darrow, draggin' me after him; and his frien', big Major Felix, was behin' his shoulder. "Never; we'll have justice here," he bellowed.

Several men pressed up to Darrow, the first one bein' my inimy, who raised his hand high in the air.

"*You'll* get justice, Felix," he said, and he did spit fire, out of his eyes.

"Whenever you like, Mr. Danton!"

My heart beat quick at their strange, loud voices, and I thought how lean and crooked and weak the two old men looked in that ring o' big fierce-eyed fellows. But they were not in the least afraid, and straightened up to stare at each other.

"There'll be no breach in my side o' Devil's Lane," said my gran'father. "To the last ditch against you, sir."

"To the grave," answered old Darrow, and their faded-out eyes flashed new and bright.

I saw Major Felix and my inimy, Danton, push back the crowd, their faces changed to somethin' black and wicked; and afraid of bein' trampled down to the floor, I stepped into the only clear space. It happened to be right between 'em, and both men stared at me as if surprised. Then, after standin' silent a minute, they passed outside with their frien's, and soon I could hear 'em all ridin' their horses out o' town.

When we two walked home, I thought Gran'pa stumbled a good deal, and he was tremblin', too, which was somethin' he never did when his inimy Darrow was in sight. At home, he sat all afternoon in the sunshine of the porch, with the dust still coverin' his face, till I wiped it away with a cloth. Then he smiled at me and said:

"I reckon that lawyer will sell us up now; he wants me to drop the case just because I haven't any more money. But we'll fight on against Darrow someway, won't we, Sally?"

I nodded. "To the grave," I told him. "Didn't you all used to be frien's?" I asked then.

Gran'pa took his hand off my hair and scowled. "Don't ever speak o' that agin," he said; and goin' down into the field, he put whatever rocks he could lift on top of his spite wall, to make it still higher than Darrow's.

That evenin' after supper Gran'pa lit the lantern and took me to the top o' the stairs, 'cause I might as well have the comp'ny o' the light when it had to burn anyway. He sat on the top step, till I called, "I'm almos' asleep now"; then he went down soft-footed with the lantern.

But I couldn't sleep, and lay listenin' to the wind whir under the old curled-up shingles, and to Gran'pa, who sometimes muttered down-stairs to dead and gone folks that came back like moths to his lantern. I was thinkin' of bein' sold up, which he'd ixplained meant that a auctioneer would come to shout that our things wasn't worth much, and that strangers would take 'em in, and lie under the curled-up shingles at night, 'stead o' him and me.

"Still, we got sich a little bit, we can afford to lose at least all of it, and fight old Darrow to the grave," I thought.

Then I got out o' bed and felt my way about, touchin' everything in the dark; for I'd been playin' with my outfit a good while, and thought I'd rather tell 'em good-by when I couldn't look on. O' course I was goin' to send the things mother'd left behind to me, and my own playthings, under the hammer with the rest. All we needed was money, and I knew my inimy would be glad to bid me out of 'em.

Nex' mornin' I tied up my hair with a red ribbon, which looks bright against coal black, and movin' out o' house and home, loaded my belongin's in my waggin. Once I'd had all this waggin,

but now there wasn't any tongue to speak of, and the wheels had to stump along on spokes. I hitched the goat to it with strings, and led him to the turnpike. When my inimy came along without the byword, I said, "You can't go chargin' past here like that."

"What's the word?" he asked.

"Sold out," I told him. He looked surprised, and we spoke another word for the first time.

"Where did you hear that?"

I told him, and then ixplained that I was goin' to hold my auction first. "Here they all are," I said, showin' him the things. "Anybody can buy 'em, though o' course I'd rather see a inimy take 'em away."

After a minute he raised his horse right over our wall and looked at my outfit. Then he swept his eye along Devil's Lane, and with a sudden scowl rode quickly half-way up the hill which rose between us and the house. Slowly he looked from old Darrow's farm to ours, thinkin' how pore they were besides his own blue-grass place up the valley, and walkin' his horse back and forth.

I'd been so surprised at his doin' this that for a minute I couldn't move; then I ran toward him and stood in front of the horse with my arms stretched out. It's a bad sign to have a inimy nosin' around your place, whether there's anything there for him to find out or not.

"Do you dare jump your horse over our wall? This is no frien's place for you," I told him.

Without a word he rode down the hill, with me walkin' beside him. I'd taken the apple he'd paid to get past, but now I wouldn't keep it, for he'd come into our place only because nobody but me was there for him to ride over. I couldn't throw the apple down—he wasn't that kind of inimy—so I put it back on the wall.

"There," I went on, as he didn't answer; "you can take some other road after this."

He was always hard and black-lookin', but now he seemed like a picture in my old war book, with a cloud o' fightin' armies and sword blades whirlin' around him. He looked at me steadily. "This old quarrel's lined up at last," he said, as if to himself.

That hard stare made me believe he was despisin' me for my bare feet and best dress. I wasn't ashamed of 'em, but I remember the tears came into my eyes.

"If Major Felix was here, you wouldn't dare come into our place," I said.

He answered quickly: "Tell him to meet me here to-morrow mornin'—you must have two people to bid at a auction—and tell nobody else. Will you promise this?"

"Yes," I said, for I could catch a ride on a waggin up to Major Felix's farm. He took another sneer at my things, at the apple on the wall, and then at me.

"You're a good inimy, like all the Moores were before you," he said; then takin' his horse over the wall, he galloped back the way he'd come, for I'd made it plain that he couldn't go past our place any more.

On the first waggin which went by I rode up to Major Felix's, and told him where he could meet Danton next day. He seemed puzzled for a minute, and then he asked:

"Did Danton send you to me with this?"

I answered that we were goin' to have a auction, and that Danton was comin' to bid in the things as an inimy. The Major gritted his teeth.

"I heard about your misfortune today for the first time," he said, "and if Danton don't show more judgment than to go there, he's liable to git somethin' he don't bid for."

When I reached home I found a man who had ridden out from town to leave some papers; after he'd gone, Gran'pa said: "I reckon all this will go on the block now; here's the notice. But we'll have that Devil's Lane yet, or know the reason why."

O' course he and I didn't mind leavin' that old bramble patch of a farm, and we didn't hide this from each other a bit; what we did want was Devil's Lane, and we was goin' to have it. But after 'while I noticed that Gran'pa was walkin' around touchin' things just as I had done—he seemed to be doin' it in the dark, too—and comin' on me suddenly he raised his hand and peered into my face in a blind kind o' way. I was afraid he was goin' to touch me good-by, and leave me behin' with the other wore-out

things, but he saw which one of 'em I was in time, and asked, as if just reminded of it.

"How many dresses you got, Sally?"

"The best one," I answered; "the good one and the better one are wore out, I think."

"Is there anything you want?"

I believe I had thought o' some little thing, and o' course I might have asked good old Gran'pa for anything in the worl'. But I looked at him a while, and couldn't remember just what it was I'd wanted at that minute.

He said, "You're a good frien'; that's what you are," and passed on.

Three or four times that afternoon I went down to look at the apple on the wall, and once I sat down in the dust, gatherin' my knees in my arms and rockin' to and fro. I happened to think, too, o' that red ribbon, which nobody else had done. This would make anybody feel terrible forlorn, and when Billy seemed catchin' it from me, I drove him behind the barn with a stick, where Gran'pa couldn't see him.

"This ain't any time for your jaw to hang," I told him; "we'll git Devil's Lane, anyway, won't we, even if this old farm does go on a block?" and I was pretty near givin' him somethin' to look sorry for with the stick.

Then I got all my outfit around me, which I couldn't do after to-morrow any more, and when the furniture was full o' company which used to come there in mother's old times, I entertained 'em. As they couldn't get out o' their places without disappearin', I had to pass the table around among 'em.

After I was sure the party had gone off well enough, I walked in to supper, where Gran'pa and I didn't have much to say. For words broke in two in the middle, the lantern flickered in a sickly way, and swarms o' silent inimies seemed creepin' into the house till the rickety stairs and floors groaned under 'em.

I lay awake in my room after Gran'pa had gone down-stairs with the light, and wondered that inimies came hauntin' like ghosts, and whether red did look so very well against coal-black hair. Then, though it was so dark, I could see that man Danton ridin' up and down our field in the sun, and glarin' across the walls o' Devil's Lane. I'd been in trouble over this all afternoon in an uncertain way, but here, deep in the night, I began to understan' the look in his fiery, spyin' eyes. He'd been huntin' a secret.

I crept out o' bed and down the stairs to Gran'pa's room; there he stopped walkin' back and forth, to stare at me, and he held the lantern up close, for in that dim light I was as dingy as the other ghosts.

"If I was you, I wouldn't mutter any to-night," I told him.

He leaned forward to look into my face. "What is it?" he whispered, as if I'd come walkin' in my sleep and he was afraid of wakin' me before I could answer.

"Danton rode his horse up and down our field, and spied across Devil's Lane this mornin'."

He twisted his lean hands together and thought. Then foldin' his arm around my shoulder, Gran'pa led me to the sofa, and tuckin' a old robe around me, he went away.

I listened to the seconds marchin' past, as the hours unwound the clock; a mouse came out to play on the floor by himself. Once he'd had playmates, but folks about to be sold up couldn't support so many, and now he played alone like me. A little star shone through the glass part of the window, above the coat, and as I watched it the clock stopped tickin', the mouse listened and ran away, and a heavy stumblin' shook the ground outside.

Another time I'd have done like the mouse or the clock, but the dim way o' the night, and Gran'pa's starin' at me once and stealin' away, made me feel different from what I used to be by day. So I went to the window pretty soon, with the old robe wrapped around me, and peepin' through the blinds, saw a giant shadow, black and still in the starlight.

Openin' the shutters, I told it, "You can come look into this house if you want to; we don't keep any secrets here."

My inimy rode the black horse slowly to the window, like a ghost comin' to a ghost for the password down a lonesome road.

"Old Moore?" he asked, in his deep voice, at last.

"Gone," I answered.

We were still for a minute; then the

horse shied so wildly that my inimy swayed in his saddle, and a man seemed to rise from the ground between us.

This man said fiercely, "Do you ride up in the night to settle quarrels through a window!" It was Major Felix, and he held a pistol in his hand.

Without a word, Danton swung to the ground and let his horse stray out among the trees. Then he walked across the porch and down the hall till he came into the room where I was; and Major Felix growled at his heels, though he'd put the pistol away.

My inimy looked at us, and his eyes seemed glowin' through a fire. He said we would have the auction now, and takin' out the outfit I'd piled in the corner, he bid five hundred dollars for half of 'em.

I sat on the couch with the robe around me, and though nothin' seemed very real, I said I guessed he could have 'em, because I didn't want him to know how much more I cared for 'em than that.

Then the Major cried out that this was all triflin', and I felt as if cryin' in my sleep; it didn't seem triflin' to me, when all the things I'd been raised a part of had to be sold up.

"I'll throw in the goat," I said, though Billy was so threadbare now that he seemed almos' one of us, and I knew how wounded he'd feel after stickin' the way he had.

"Moore won't take such money," said the Major; "and though you'd like to have these things and tell the story on the old man—"

"He'll take it," answered my inimy; "I tell you old Moore is disgraced already. Four hundred for the other half."

The Major was so mad he forgot himself, or else he wouldn't be outbid by Danton.

"Five hundred," he shouted, which was just what my inimy had bid for the other lot.

"Then silence," said Danton, "and wait. That's all I ask."

They were perfec'ly still after that, while I could only look at my old playthings which had gone over to the inimy.

The seconds began to march agin; the mouse came out to listen, and then some one walked up the hall.

"All's well," he called; "there's nobody here," and Gran'pa came into the room. What went on from that minute is more plain to me than anything else which ever happened.

As Gran'pa's eyes got used to the light a scared look came over his face and he gave a quick gasp. He turned as if to go back into the hall, but he was so unsteady that he had to take hold of a chair, which he sunk into, inch by inch.

"Nobody there, Davvy?" called a voice; "then we've kep' our secret till the very end."

The man who came inside at this staggered a little when he saw the dim forms by the candle's light. Then his eyes began to glare, and he moved along till, layin' his two hands on Gran'pa's shoulders, he spoke in a fierce, loud snarl:

"Well, ain't you satisfied yet? Do you want us to kill each other at last!"

It was old Darrow, our inimy of Devil's Lane.

Danton rose without a word; I heard the arm o' Major Felix's chair crack in his grip as he looked on.

"You—two—old—inimies—together!" he said.

"No," cried Danton, in a threatenin' voice. "Two old frien's! For twenty years this neighborhood has quarrelled on one side or the other o' that lawsuit, and all the time they've been frien's in secret; each one must have been helpin' the other when the case went agin' him—"

There was a silence, till Major Felix almos' whispered, "Prove this."

"Go down into Moore's field, as I did this mornin', and look at the trail, leadin' from house to house, which they've worn in years o' secret visits. I came here to-night to face 'em down; I'm glad you followed me—"

"My horse fell lame and I was standin' under a tree when you took the wall," ixplained the Major. "But, Moore, this can't be true."

Yet it was true; and I'd known a good while what that mutterin' was in Gran'pa's room at night, though he pretinded to be talkin' to himself. And then I was proud o' the old man, when he drew himself up as straight and tall as my inimy, and answered:

"That was to be a frien'ly suit between Darrow and me. But no; our frien's, who had grudges o' their own, must take sides and pretind to quarrel on our ac-

count. Then to give up would disgrace us. You set frien' against frien', fightin' your own quarrels over our heads. We've been inimies before the worl' to satisfy you; we've almos' fought because our pride wouldn't swallow anything in front o' you men—"

"And now you follow it up," said old Darrow, "by robbin' us of our secret, so that people will say we were afraid to fight in earnest. You bloodhoun's; I've tried to save Davvy's farm, but it's too late to save my own. They've both been swallowed in that graveyard you made us build—the Devil's Lane."

My inimy walked out before 'em in a way that everybody noticed.

"You two are traitors to a hones' quarrel," he said.

"I'm ashamed o' my part in it," shouted Major Felix, takin' the opposite side. "Why, this frien'ship o' the two old men is the most splendid thing I ever heard of."

"Well, the quarrel stan's; you and I urged 'em on, and we two will fight it out." My inimy lowered his voice. "I bid in some things at a auction here tonight; I'll pay and take 'em along."

He counted money on the table, and throwin' his wolf's look from face to face, he took his part o' my old things and went out.

Major Felix ran both hands through his hair. "That man's a savage," he said. "Yes, yes; the little girl played auction; I bid in five hundred worth. You will take it with Danton's, by Heaven! What's the matter with Danton! We're inimies; but to quarrel for the sake o' the quarrel! He cursed you two; but the auction; the auction; why, our money will pay costs; costs in this very suit we've urged along."

Of a sudden he ran toward the hall. "I'll either find out what he means by all this or—" and then his voice died away.

The two old men looked at each other queerly. Then Gran'pa spoke in a gentle, anxious way.

"Danton's caught him up like a vise in this generous act, and made him a partner to it. He's outquarrelled Felix—he's outfelixed him. Quick; we must bring Sally's play game to a good end between those two." Smilin' at me, they went out with the lantern.

I heard 'em talkin' outside—all but Danton—with a cheerfulness which hadn't been in that house for a long while, 'cept in my play games. But I stayed behin', thinkin' of all my things gone away; of the men outside who would soon be frien's, and me, the only inimy who was left. Well, I didn't care; my heart could beat and burst if it wanted to; maybe Major Felix would think that was triflin'.

Would they all be frien's! I hadn't heard my inimy's voice, and I listened with my breast achin', afraid of hearin' him speak cheerful like the others. When his voice rang out in a few sharp words, I could have sang a song, for I wanted him to stay inimy to everybody in this world.

Then somebody came into the room, with quick, soft steps. "Sally," he whispered; "Sally, Sally!"

I answered the bes' I could, and the next minute my old inimy raised me in his arms.

"Only you and I understan' that bein' sold up ain't any play," he said; "even if we do wear red ribbons at the auction."

"I hope you'll like the things you bid in," I managed to tell him.

"I'll never part with 'em in this world; for this auction's taught me things I should have felt before; and I'll build a new play-house to put 'em in."

"Who for?" I asked, somethin' tuggin' at my heart.

"Do you ask that? My wife and I have talked it over many a time, but we couldn't have you with us them days, 'cause we was inimies."

"No more," I whispered.

"No more," he said. "And I couldn't make frien's with one of 'em out yonder till I knew you were my dear little frien' first of all."

I pressed my cheek against his own, and it wasn't hard as I'd s'posed, though I believe it was wet, like mine.

Then he went outside, speakin' cheerfully to the others, and leavin' me in the room, where it wasn't dark or lonesome any more.

Night

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

TWO small boys and a dog were hurrying along through the woods in the early spring twilight. The ice was out of the streams and the sap was running, but there were no leaves yet, only a haze of frail green like the ghost of a veil, when you looked over the trees into the sun. Under the hemlocks, however, it was as dark as in June, and with the coming of night the trail was almost indistinguishable. The dog smelled it out. The small boys found it by the feel of their feet and by looking up and following the thread of open sky. They kept ever closer together and spoke little. It was very dark and terrifying among those great hemlocks. The wind sighed eternally, like a human, overhead. Things unknown pattered off through the undergrowth. The boys unconsciously broke into a dog-trot.

Then suddenly ahead they saw the light of the clearing, beyond the swamp. The trail grew faintly visible, like a gray ribbon. It crossed the swamp brook on a bridge and wound off through the fringe of hard timber and over the ridge toward home. The water in the swamp glistened like quicksilver. It seemed to hold more of the departed day than the sky itself, which was fast fading into night. Out of the quicksilver the swamp maples and saplings reared almost indistinguishable trunks to the horizon line. Above that they told against the pale sky as a black tracery of intricate delicacy and beauty. And in the swamp the Pickering frogs were singing shrilly—*phee, phee, phee*—far up above the limits of the human voice. Their cheerful spring song and the kindly presence of the clearing brought the little boys down to a walk again. They looked back into the now impenetrable gloom of the hemlocks, then forward at the lovely black tracery of twigs against the west, and the sweet influences of night brooded over them as they went silently homeward.

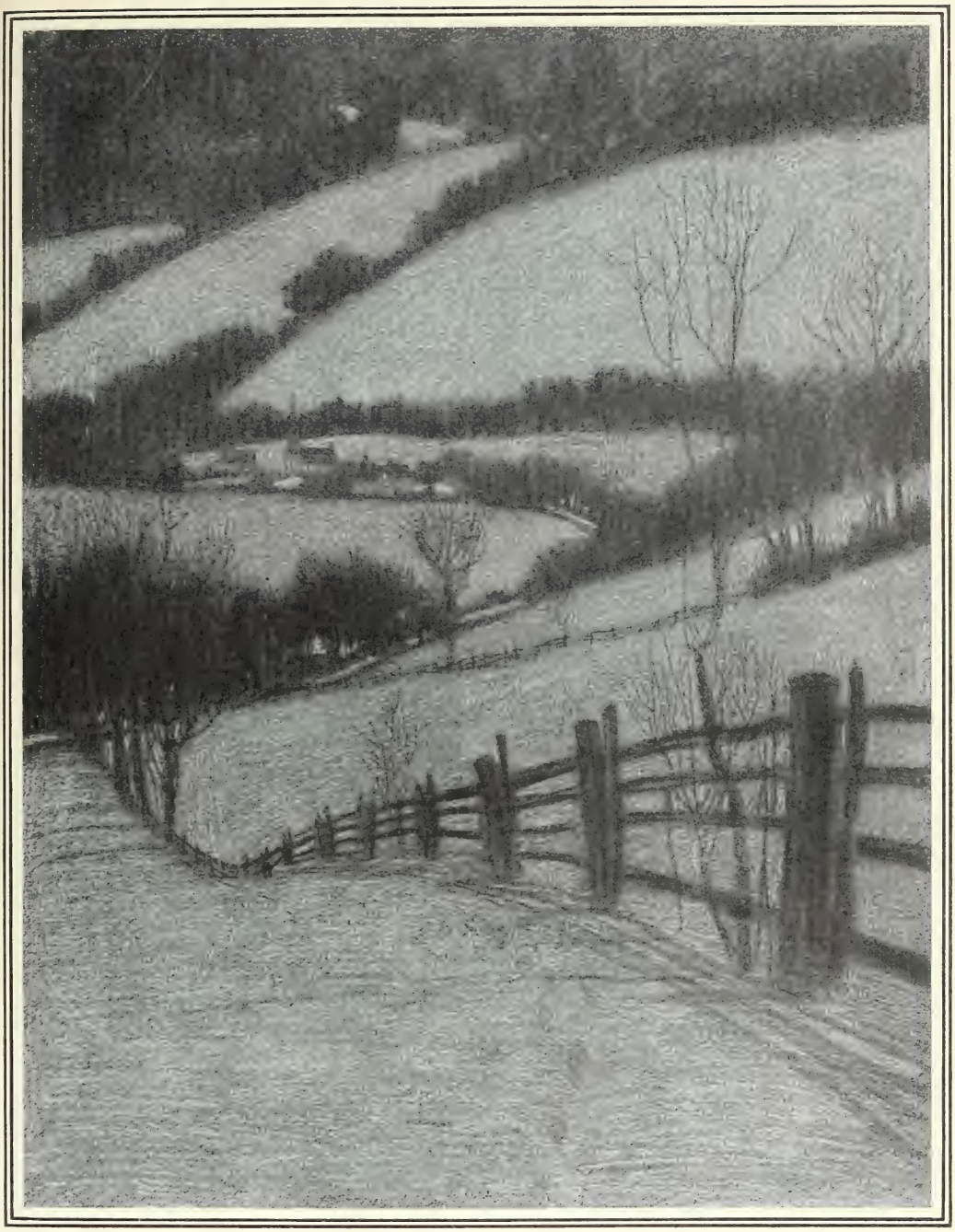
It was many years later that one of those boys read Shelley's

> "Swiftly walk over the western wave,
> Spirit of night . . ."

and interpreted it, as we all must interpret poetry and art and music, in terms of his own experience. It was only when he reached this period of Shelley and self-consciousness that he realized how rich his experience had been, thanks to a country boyhood, in those sights and sounds of Nature, when she stands intimate and revealed, which are the backgrounds of poetry and perhaps the most precious possessions of memory for the reader. If the mind and spirit are to give to art an immediate and kindled response, they must possess a wealth of co-ordinate details, the seed of suggestion must not fall on barren soil. There is, I fancy, a very real difference in the nature and strength of his response even to such a poem, say, as Arnold's *Scholar Gypsy,* between the reader who has known shy Nature intimately in all its moods and the reader born and reared exclusively in such a city as New York.

> "But when the fields are still,
> And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
> And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
> Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanched green,
> Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!"

That phrase, "the strips of moon-blanched green," has a peculiar magic for the reader whose memory holds similar pictures, who as a boy perhaps stole furtively out at night over the pastures and viewed with something akin to awe the giant oak that guarded the first glade of the forest. There it stood bathed dimly in the moonlight, gigantic, strange, unknown. Night and the moon had transfigured it, as they had transfigured the forest beyond and the open valley behind.



THE FIELDS ARE BATHED IN MOONLIGHT

What terrors did those dark woods not hold, even for the brave boy of twelve? And what fairy shapes, too, might not glide into the moon-blanched open, even the white nymphs one had read about? And behind, how deep the valley lay, how far it stretched to the dim, silvered hills beyond! In all the world there was not a sound save the night whisperings of the leaves, the sleepy chorus of the crickets, and the sad call of a whippoorwill. The world of day, the people and the cattle and the bright, friendly light, slept as if they would never wake. On your feet the dew was cold, and on your heart lay the wonder and the mystery of night.

draw silly little pictures of it, regarding it as a mild and amiable joke. Yet the child's terror of the dark is often the result of a far finer flight of imagination than any we grown-ups indulge, and night for the child holds deep, primeval mysticism and poetry. We admire Blanco White's sonnet to night; yet it is essentially a child's conception to find the darkness in the light, to see in imagination the earth ball spin, from the shadowed side. Most of our literature about the child, just now so popular, is essentially false because it is too superficial. The shades of the prison-house have obliterated our finer recollection. And in nothing is this so pronounced as in our forgetfulness of the child's feeling for night, his unconsciously imaginative life between sunset and dawn.



THE GREAT GARDEN OF THE PATIENT STARS

When I was a little boy, night in the mountains was for me a perpetual joy and terror, nor has it yet lost the joy nor quite all the terror. A level wall of near-by mountains just before the moon heaves up behind them, and their summits are silvered with a mysterious light while the slopes are black, utter shadow, still seems to me a mighty, unbelievable wave bearing down upon me, and to this day if I am alone, far from a house, I have a sinking sensation of terror, and can with difficulty refrain from running away, as I did when a child. Professor James might tell me that sinking sensation is a physical memory of the childish experience, and induces the mood of terror. He says we are often frightened because we run away, not the reverse. But I prefer to believe otherwise; I prefer to believe that I can still, under cover of the night, see things as they are not!

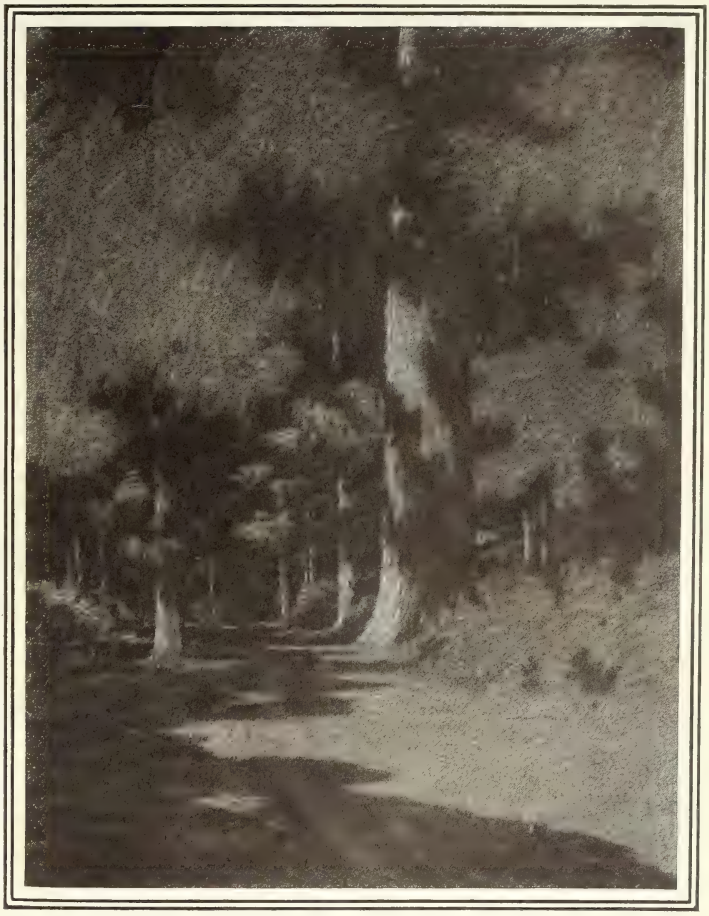
I know at any rate that I can still stand on a hill, where a black cedar cuts the sky, and feel the earth swing eastward under the stars. Always as a child I tried to realize that the earth was a ball spinning on its axis and hurtling through space, but my mind could never quite grasp the illusive picture. Then one night I stood upon a hilltop, and felt the eastward spin. It all came clear in a

flash of revelation. That first night, too, the stars were not in the sky; they were lamps let down on invisible wires till they hung just over the trees. You may see them that way any winter night in Florida, but not often in the North. I watched till I almost fancied they swayed in the wind. Gradually they were drawn up an infinite distance, and I felt the earth travel beneath them. I lay on my back to obliterate everything but the sky and the top of the cedar. I felt the eastward spin even more clearly then. Rising, I looked down at the valley lamps. Behind one of those window squares the grown-ups were playing cards. I thought them very silly, as I stood up there with my stars, riding the earth ball through space and night. I was the adult, the poet, the philosopher. They were just playing games. And yet we patronize the child!

It was at our mountain house that I used to lie in bed at night and watch the men go out to the stable with lanterns. Their great shadows danced fantastically on the barn wall and up over the roof, the legs getting hopelessly crossed and tangled. These grotesque pantomime performances were an endless delight. One night I saw a lantern bobbing up in the orchard, and got up myself to investigate. As I entered the orchard the light was resting on the ground, and showed me in the midst of the inky dark the vague outlines of a clothes-basket, and some flapping sheets on a line. Mrs. Sheldon was taking down the wash. "Why?" I asked her.

"Because it's going to rain," she answered. "The mountain is talking."

She was a thin, wiry woman, of few words, who could smell rain a day off, and make excellent cookies. I went out of the circle of lantern-light and looked up toward Kinsman. His great, shaggy sides were faintly visible, looming preternaturally high, a blacker patch against the black sky and the dim stars. The air was quite still. There was no wind. I listened intently, and presently my ear caught a sound like the steady roar of a far-off waterfall. It was the wind rushing through the forests far up on those shaggy slopes. The mountain was holding converse with the gale. Down here there was no wind. Far aloft the gale was hurrying. It gave me a tremendous sensation of space and height. I fancied myself alone up there clinging to a dizzy ledge, while the gale howled about me;



A GIANT OAK GUARDS THE FOREST GLADE



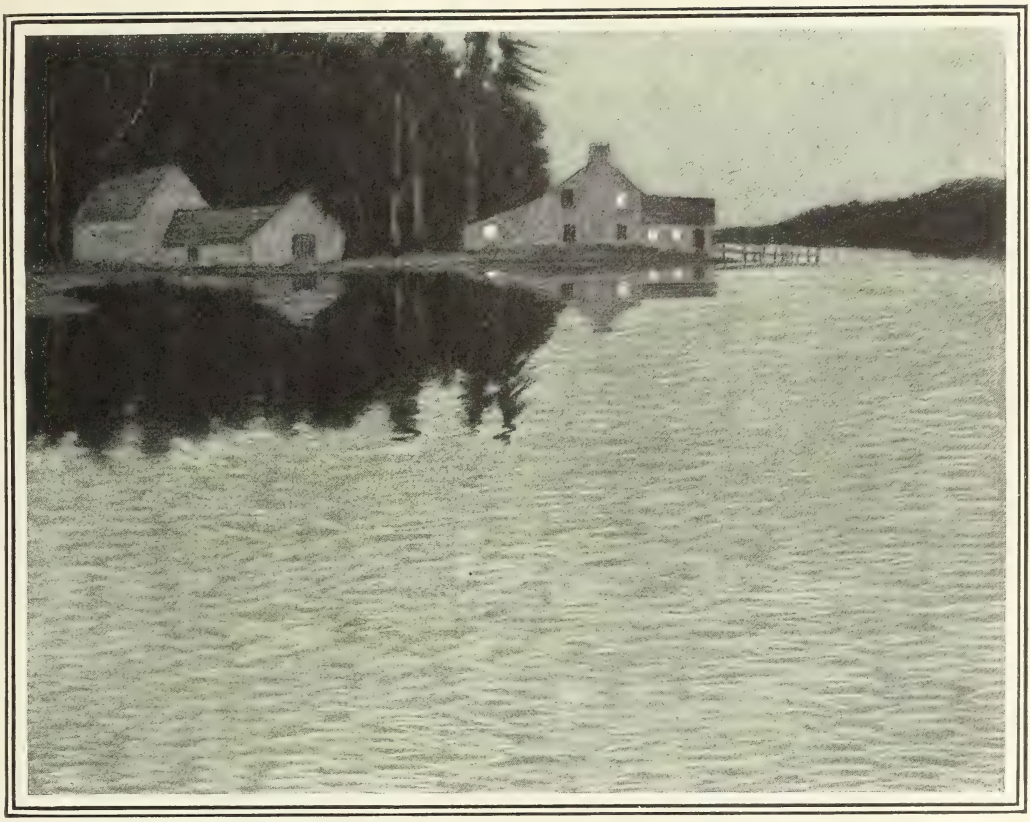
On the Shore a Path Glimmers Dimly

and I grew faint with my imagined terror. But I felt, too, a curious new friendship for the mountain, as for a human thing which could communicate news of the weather and bid us, on a perfectly calm night, take in the clothes. I went to bed with entire confidence that I should wake up to find the mountains buried in cloud and the brooks roaring. And it was even so. My evident increased admiration for Mrs. Sheldon, too, brought a fresh batch of cookies. I was a gainer all around!

"'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The pale round moon shines deeply down."

So sang Byron. And in college a passage in our rhetoric (was it not quoted from Ruskin?) pointed out that the poetry of this couplet resides in the adverb "deeply." I remember my efforts to explain to my roommate *why*. It was so perfectly apparent to me, who even as a child had seen our mountain intervale deepen and grow luminously mysterious beneath the magic of the moon, and the cleft on Cannon become a bottomless pit. His environment had been less kind to him; perhaps, too, his mind was less naturally pictorial. If I tried to explain poetry to him, he had an even harder time trying to explain mathematics to me. But I feel sure that the poverty of his memory in co-ordinating details, so essential to the visualization of poetry, was in no small measure due to his urban childhood. He had never been turned loose on the edge of the wilderness, never pushed adventurous footsteps into the mystery of the mountain night or brushed the moonlit dew from the clearing.

Moonlight! How its soft, obliterating glory remakes the world, and remakes it "nearer to the heart's desire"! George Moore called the songs of Schubert and Schumann "the moonlit lakes and nightingales of music." Moonlight is the illumination of Romance. There is something lyric and lovely about it, something akin to the magic of the last act of *The Merchant of Venice,* which is saturated with moonlight. Quaintly, too, the moon, symbol of the chaste goddess, is in



THE NIGHT GLOOM OF THE WATERS

reality the patroness of the mating passion. But the child as yet feels nothing of that. For him moonlight on familiar fields is but the revelation of a strange, mysterious, exquisite half-world concealed somehow in the glare of day, and made manifest once a month for his wonder and delight. When, like the good king in the carol, he looks out of the window after tea,

> "And the snow lies round about,
> Deep and crisp and even,"

it is a different world that he sees, blue and dimly suffused with misty gold. The fence rails are reproduced on the snow as they climb over the ridge, and long shadows creep out from the trees and bushes, like spirits. As the snowy world rolls into distance, it grows dimmer, more mysterious. It is very cold. Perhaps the child slips out-of-doors and stands on the snow crust, which squeaks faintly under his boots. There is no other sound. Silently, coldly, beautifully, the misty golden moonlight at once floods and obliterates his universe. He has a strange sensation of unreality, of unreality that would yet be very sweet could it be real. Is this not, after all, the essence of Romanticism?

Once, in our same mountain home, we drove down the Landaff valley to see the moon rise. Over the ridge of Kinsman fancy could detect a lighter space in the dark sky, but that was all for several miles. The road ahead was almost invisible, the horse a bobbing blur. Presently the light behind the mountain became more definite. The last slope was outlined behind a golden halo. Then the road plunged down between high, wooded banks into utter darkness, and we emerged, suddenly, abruptly, beyond the last ridge of the mountain, into brilliant moonlight. The harness glittered, long shadows stretched westward, distances became luminous and distinct, everything was bright and clear-cut as by a sudden flood of artificial light. And there at the left, just across the meadow in a gap



The Swamp-brook Bridge

of low hills, only a few hundred yards away, hung the full moon.

"We could get out and touch it!" I cried.

My father smiled, but he did not laugh at me. He was a wise man, and never laughed at children. "If it doesn't hurry, it will get caught in the treetops," he said.

But it escaped their entanglement, and rode higher and higher behind us all the way home, making a quiet splendor of the night.

Could the little boy who carried this picture treasured vividly in his memory thereafter meet the word "moonlight" without an instant association? Is it sensible to suppose that such scenes and experiences in childhood do not color and enrich the whole future of the man? Our enjoyment of most things in this world depends largely upon our private stock of associated ideas, upon the extent, as it were, to which the new stimulus can find friends in our brain. Our enjoyment of art in all its forms depends tremendously upon the images of beauty in our memories, by which we test, compare, and appreciate. Keats's

> "The moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,"



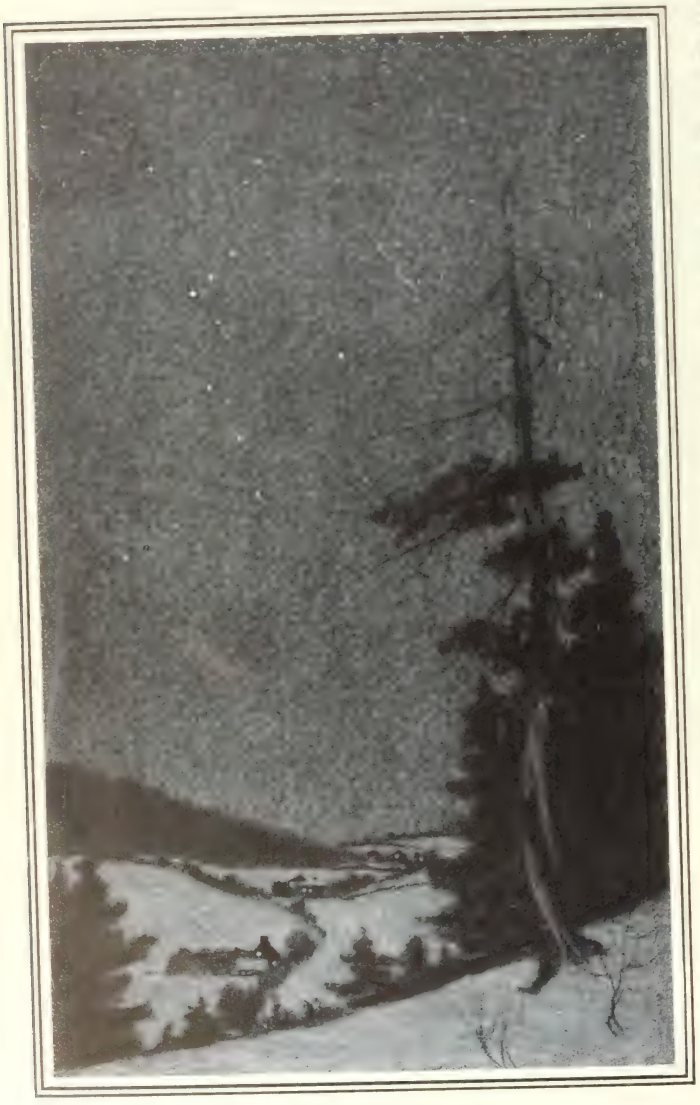
AGAINST THE SKY A DELICATE BLACK TRACERY

is sheer magic only to the imagination which can project itself, at the stately call of the verse, into the void and see the earth ball rolling under from the sun while the starlight glooms its many waters, or which can survey, as from a great cliff, the dark plain of the sea and the curl of foam along a dim shore, stretching endlessly into the night. To answer the call of Keats, the imagination must have its materials of memory to work with, and only Nature can have supplied them. No one, I fancy, who has not stood at night high above the seashore will ever know the full magic of this immortal couplet. No one, too, whose memory does not hold a picture of that infinite curve of the sea rim, who has not brooded upon the last red topsail sinking "below the verge," will ever know the full magic of Shakespeare's

> "On such a night
> Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
> Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
> To come again to Carthage."

The sensitive child that is permitted at all hours and all seasons to wander by sea margin and forest, over fields and under the moon, is laying by treasures that are not made with hands. The cruelty of keeping a child in the city

is not alone a matter of his bodily health. And it is especially at night, when the daylight pastimes are put aside and the child walks hand in hand with mystery, that his little soul is touched, his dawning memory stocked with immortal recollections.



A BLACK CEDAR CUTS THE SKY

There comes a later period of life when night has a peculiar charm, because in some subtle way it seems to shut the youth into a great, sweet chamber of darkness, alone with his beloved. She may be far away, but thoughts of her bridge the sleeping world. He may leave her side, but her presence walks with him, and he fears no prying eyes. Night is sacred to lovers no less than to thieves. Shall you, as long as you live, forget the *warm chill* of that dark pond across which you nightly paddled, while a guiding light was set in a window behind you? Sometimes the pond was ghostly with a white mist steaming up into the starlight, and your body was enveloped while your head rose above the vapor. Now and then a fish jumped unexpectedly, with a flash of silver and a loud splash. Though it seemed light on the pond, and you had the lamp behind for beacon, the farther shore, under the woods, was utter black, and you made your landing by some primitive instinct, gliding under the shadow of the trees where the prow of your own canoe was invisible, and hearing at the expected moment the friendly grate of gravel under the keel. On the shore a path glimmered dimly, and fireflies glinted in the grass. The frogs were singing. Five miles away you heard the faint whistle of a locomotive. You yourself whistled one long-drawn note which went out over the water, and the lamp twinkling in the distant window disappeared and appeared again, three times. It was essential, you remember, that you prove you hadn't been drowned! Then you felt your way home through the dark pines, which were warm, like a chamber; felt your way unerringly, for in the night old powers wake, dulled by long disuse, so accustomed are we to depend almost exclusively on sight. We do not

know till there is need to walk in the darkness, for instance, that the soles of our feet have senses.

Again it was night when white arms released you, reluctant to be released, and you crossed the cropped lawn which bespoke a more urban neighborhood, and passed through deserted streets and down a short cut over the railroad tracks by the roundhouse. The last train from the city had come in, the trainmen departed. That shocking confession you will have to make! But the locomotives had a little steam up, and were gently panting as though in sleep, waiting for morning. There were cracks of light about the doors of their fire-boxes. They were warm, almost human, and often you paused beside one, patting its iron flanks, as if you greeted a comrade of the night. A little farther on, your way took you past a cemetery, which by long familiarity held no depression. But once, very late, after the white arms had released you with tears for the terror that hot love has of its own too possible brevity, you saw the moon set behind that cemetery ridge—and you will never forget it.

There is no twilight of the moon. As it catches in the trees before setting, a pallor comes over the landscape. Then the moon is seen visibly to plunge down out of sight, as you may see the long hand on a great clock jump the minutes. All the light shivers off the world, and instantly the body seems to feel a chill and the spirit a strange depression. At that moment when the moon vanished behind the desolate graveyard ridge, you knew a despair such as you pray you may never know again. The reaction from a perhaps too romantic passion was violent and abrupt. You felt "chilly and grown old." You knew you should never love in the future with the old, ardent heart of youth. That was forever behind you! What a pity, too, your poor heart held for itself! Could there be any morning for this black world? Almost you hoped that there was not. And in this new, utter dark of the spirit you found a strange new thrill. Ah, happy youth—too happy, happy youth—it is not till later that the moon sets for our ardent passions and our hearts of hot Romance! And generally we are abed, soundly sleeping, and do not know that anything at all has happened.

The beauty and charm of the outdoor stage (which is slowly gaining favor in America) are immeasurably enhanced by night. Under the kindly cover of the dark, obliterating fences, telegraph poles, and the neighbor's house, almost any garden grove may become a Forest of Arden or Titania's abode. Effects of illusion are possible unknown to the stage of sharp wing pieces and definite proscenium. I once saw a performance of *The Old Wives' Tale* in the orchard back of the Radcliffe College dormitory, where the calcium illuminated a spot between two apple trees, and the characters came and went by a process of drifting into the light or melting back into the dark. At first we heard the lost shepherds hallooing in the distance, and caught the crunch of their feet before they drifted bewildered into the illumination. What a magic of mystery is here, what a fairy atmosphere, what a fluent, ethereal plasticity is possible, when no character is cut suddenly and sharply off by a wing piece or a door, but all melt away or grow into being, like the figures in a dream! And yet we sit eternally for our dramatic entertainment in an artificial theatre and let this magic border-land of drama lie unexplored! Only the young people in our colleges know better. They are still poets and lovers of the night.

Yet none of us is ever quite so far from childhood, perhaps, that the night has wholly lost for him its charm and its mystery. Still it must remain, at least, the symbol of the Eternal Mystery, which is why, possibly, we grow with advancing years less eager to contemplate it. But there is no man who does not now and then walk by night on the edge of the woods, where the trail is a dim gray ribbon, and in the moon-deepened shadows see the white nymphs of the Heart's Desire. There is no man who, on a summer night, does not now and then pause to listen for the myriad tiny sleigh-bells of the crickets, chimes of elf-land faintly ringing, which fall into one chord at regular intervals, and bring to the heart an inexpressible calm, to the turbid spirit a sleepy hush of peace. There is no man who, somewhere, somehow—it may be over a lawn in Central Park, or in his own garden, or just on the deserted pave

of a city street—does not watch the moon obliterate the ugliness of the world with a soft suffusion of its golden light, and does not hear for an instant the whisper of the old Romance. Perhaps there is no man, when the insect cares of life annoy and the Pilgrim's pack is galling and heavy, who does not one night throw open his window and gaze into the immensity of silent space, into the great garden of the patient stars. The man meditates in silence, carried out of himself. How small he feels, and yet how large! How petty his selfish interests and worries in the face of this infinity of worlds! How large his soul which can roam the interstellar spaces! New strength pours in upon him from the deeps of heaven. The insect cares have ceased to sting, the heavy burden is forgotten. He is one with the brooding mystery of the night, he has joined Orion in the infinite march with God.

To-night there has been a thaw. I stepped out on the city square before my dwelling. The slushy snow, fouled almost beyond recognition by human traffic, lay in the gutters and in patches on the grass. The air was warm, almost like spring, but there was no spring smell in it. Instead, there was a heavy, stale, dead odor, at best as of a world warmed over. But I looked up. Against the misty silver of the arc-lamps the trees threw a delicate tracery of black, as lovely as those swamp maples against the twilight when I was a little boy. Still higher, the electric cross on the church tower blazed upon the sky like a constellation. The stars were overhead. It was late, and the city's roar was stilled. A far-off bell flung a chime to me over the housetops. It seemed as if the cows were calling from the upland pastures. The mind takes wings under the silent dome of night. Sleep is but the lesser part of our sunless hours, and day itself, perhaps, the lesser part of what in future times unguessed we shall most delight to remember.

The Judgment Tree

BY ANTOINETTE A. BASSETT

TWO souls stood up before the Lord
As we must do.
"Israfil, what dost thou record
Against these two?"

The little blossoms shone like gold
Upon the tree—
The angel read the book that told
Of destiny.

"The first—O Lord—achieved success,
But bore it ill;
And the last failed, but through distress
Perceived Thy will."

The little leaves of heaven shook fast
Upon the tree.
"Brother," the Lord said to the last,
"Remain with me."

With That Measure of Love

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was snowing: the flakes were shaken to the wind from a thick sky to which the moon gave a narrowing circle of misty light. The gale came from the farther northwest. It ran over the pines, broken free of the mountains, and, careering unaware, tumbled headlong into the little clearing at Kettle Camp of the Cant-hook Cutting, where it swirled bewildered and angry. Having rattled the windows of the bunk-houses in a flush of indignation—and having shaken the doors in complaint—and having beaten the roofs in a vicious prank of the night—and having poked cold and searching fingers with impudent curiosity into every smallest crevice of these low log habitations—and having howled in the lustiest fashion through all the agitated experience—it rushed away to the big woods, whisking off the smoke of the cabin fires and their short-lived sparks. The smoke found good company and an engaging adventure with the roistering wind, it seemed; but the aspiring little sparks, flashing gladly in the free wind's wake, died of frosty hardship in the first eager flight. It was Sunday night: an idle time—with cold weather and a blinding gale to keep men close to encouraging company and to the fires. Rowl, the scaler, weathered to the knot and grain of his tall nature by forty years of forest labor, and grown vastly sentimental in the selfsame silence and isolation and forming companionship, kicked open the door of the superintendent's stove and flung in more wood, growling contemptuously in answer to the wind's big roaring, his broad face scowling and red in the furnace glow.

"The trouble with you, Rowl," said the young superintendent, blandly, "is that you've been in the woods all your life. You see—"

"But," Rowl interrupted, indignantly, "it *ain't* no trouble t' me. I'm satisfied."

"What I mean," the superintendent patiently explained, "is that you don't know nothing about the great big world which doesn't know nothing about you—nor cares a water-soaked hoot about you, nor about me, nor none of the boys, just so long as the big sticks gets in the river and down to the mill. You see," he added, with an indulgent little laugh, "you don't know the world."

"I know *my* world," Rowl answered, in a flash.

"Yes-s," the superintendent drawled; "but there ain't much *in* your world."

"Just me and the woods," said Rowl. "Just me and the woods," he repeated, in a muse, "and—"

"I suppose," said the superintendent, interpreting the pause, "that you mean Gawd?"

"I don't mean what you mean," Rowl replied, "but only what you say. I mean God; but what that means t' me," he added, without intention to wound, "doesn't mean nothin' much of the same simple, every-day, common-sense sort o' thing t' you."

"There's a lumber-jack or two?" the superintendent inquired.

"Oh, aye!" Rowl answered. "There's a lumber-jack or two, as you say, in my world; and I'm reminded by that that there's also just one parson."

We could in politeness make no answer to all this sentimentality.

"Now," said Rowl, warming to the eloquence by which he was occasionally distinguished (he had in these years been a great reader of grave books), "it's all very well for you young lusty bucks t' squat here at this fire on a windy night an' guess about men an' women. It's all very well for you t' warm your shanks, an' toast your soles, an' gab an' declare about men an' women. It's all very well for you t' take a child's chart o' the world in your hands an' discover the worth of a man to a woman an' the service she owes him. It's all very well for you,

I've no doubt, t' look for God's purposes, in the dark an' troubled hearts of us all, with a lantern o' half-baked experience an' selfish wishes. It's youth t' guess—t' guess, an' t' have no obligation, an' t' pay nothin'. It's youth t' take without thinkin' an' t' complain o' burnt fingers; it's youth t' blame God for its own stupidity; it's youth t' plan a better world than the Ancient of Days Himself could make with His own Almighty Hands out o' the knowledge of His years and all the pain o' them; it's youth to excuse itself, an' t' find fault, an' t' whine of injustice, an' t' curse the law it has offended in stupidity. It's age t' laugh at guesses; it's age t' content itself with wonder—t' find wisdom in visions—t' know the law—to accept an' t' be still.

"An' as for Gingerbread Jenkins, an' the parson, an' the woman," he concluded, his emotion breaking in a quiet chuckle, "why—

The superintendent laughed.

"Well," the sealer drawled, "I never could quite figure it out that a sot o' Thirty Drinks had much t' spare in the same room with the mother of a child."

"What child?"

"Why, *any* child!" Rowl burst out. "Anybody's child! Don't you understand?"

We listened. . . .

"'Tis a big and curious world, no doubt," Rowl began, after a little brooding pause, with a chuckle in which was more of melancholy than of laughter, "an' no discredit t' the reputation of its Maker, as I do grant an' believe. I've been a lover o' books in my time, though no great reader o' the hearts o' livin' men; but 'tis doubtless true o' cities, as 'tis the almighty truth o' these woods, that a man's soul gives him small bother 'til he's strangled it. 'Tis right there on the job, mindin' its own business, workin' overtime, with as little fuss as may be an' no thanks at all, t' turn out courage an' hope an' kindness fresh for the day's need. But in all the world 'tis God help a man once he's seen his soul lyin' dead at his feet! There's always a land left, no doubt, where the law can't find a man, a new place, on the face o' the earth, t' hide from what can't follow; but there's no new land for the man who's once clapped eyes on his own dead soul. An' 'twas so with poor Gingerbread Jenkins. He come blithe from the North Coast, by way o' the Maine woods, t' log on Bottle River, out here in the West, a lad as clean as morning, with a taste for stars an' trees, an' the habit o' chuckles, an' with the same word for all women as for the mother he'd write to every Sunday night by the light of a lantern in his bunk. But 'twas no great tale o' years, as the years fall upon careful men, before Pale Peter's whiskey an' the lights o' Thirty Drinks had turned him into a gray-headed, shrivelled, frowsy, mouthy little grouch of a swamper in the meanest camps o' the State.

"'Good God!' they'd say, that knew him once; 'is *that* young Gingerbread Jenkins?'

"'Jus' the leavin's,' says I. 'That *used* t' be Gingerbread Jenkins. The devil's picked him t' the bones.'

"'Quick work,' says they.

"'The devil feeds fast on a good man,' says I, 'when not interrupted.'

"But Gingerbread didn't know. 'Rowl,' he'd whine, when he'd come crawlin' back t' camp from Thirty Drinks, all a-jump an' coughin', 'I've had my fling, now, an' I'm through. I know when *I* got enough.'

"'Huh!' says I.

"'Yes, I am,' says he. 'I'm *through*.'

"'You're through, all right, 'til you make another stake,' says I, 'an' get the stomach t' hold it just where you'll put it.'

"'I'm gettin' too old t' travel with the boys,' says he. 'I'm tired, too, Rowl; an' I want t' get somebody t' take care o' me.'

"'Who might that be?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'a woman.'

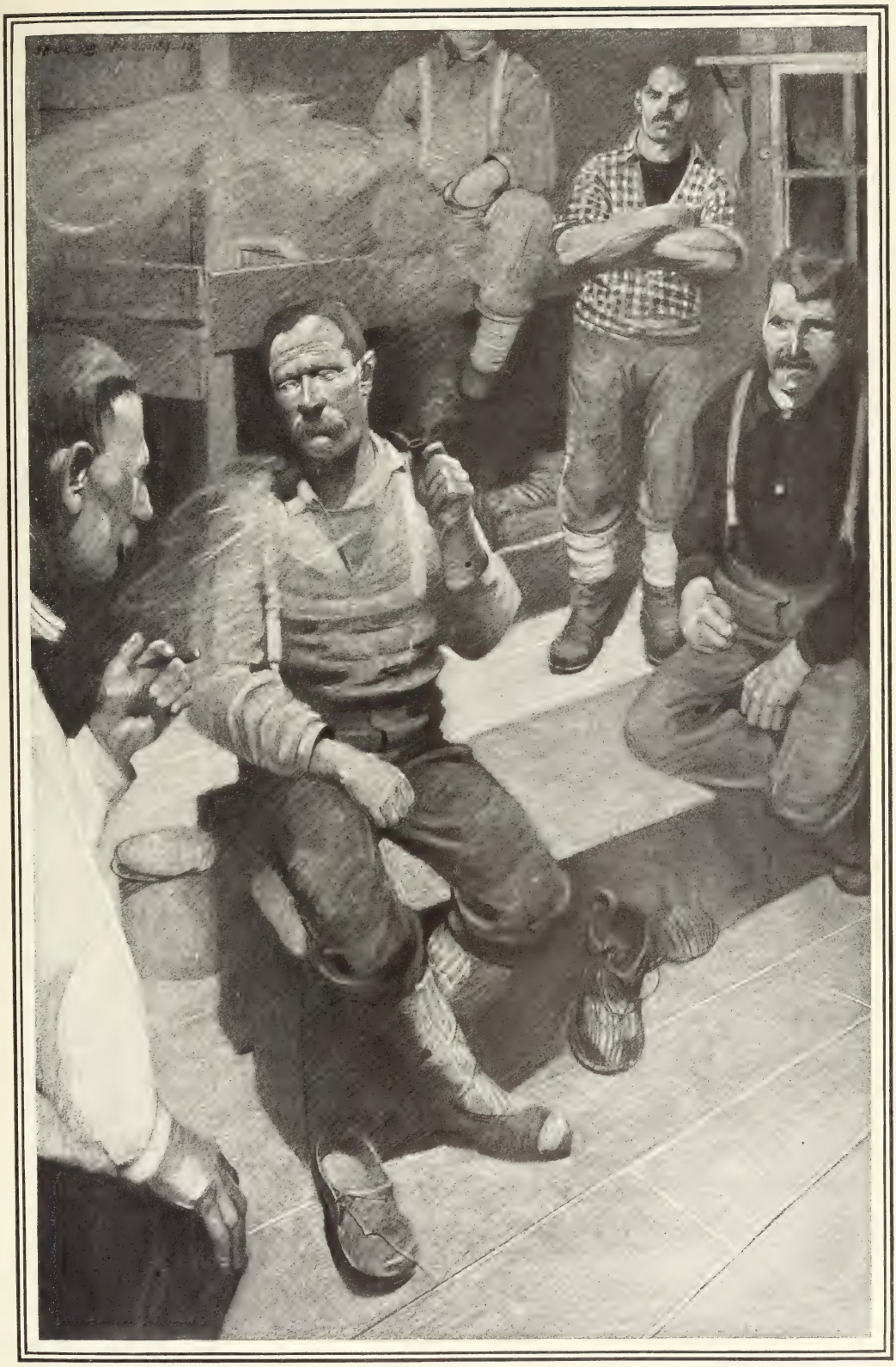
"'It's been done before,' says I.

"'Jus' about time I married,' says he, 'an' settled down.'

"'It's been done before,' says I, 'by men like you.'

"'Yes,' says he; 'that's the way it goes, as a usual thing. You see, Rowl, it's natural. When a man gets t' my age he's pretty much always had his fill; an' then he just naturally marries an' settles down.'

"'What you gettin' married *for?*' says I.



Drawn by George Harding

"I KNOW *MY* WORLD," ROWL ANSWERED IN A FLASH

"'Well,' says he, 'nothin' like a good woman t' steady a man. You take a good woman, Rowl, an' if she's been well fetched up an' careful of herself, she'll be clever at that, as well as useful in other ways. That's the *business* o' women. A good woman, Rowl—a sweet little womanly sort o' girl who's lived all her life in her own home an' not seen too much o' the world—is jus' the sort o' wife a man who's lived too free will get for himself if he knows what he's about. An' a man who's lived too free isn't the sort to be fooled in a little matter like that. I know you, Rowl,' says he, 'an' I know you're no hand for matrimony; but you're makin' a big mistake. There ain't nothin' in the world like a good woman t' take care of a man, an' steady him, when he's had his fill. I been thinkin',' says he, 'that if I went slow, an' picked 'em over, an' chose with my eyes open, I might get the right sort t' look after me. I'd be a sight better off,' says he, 'with a little homestead out here, an' a wife t' keep it, than I am sleepin' in a bunk-house an' pushin' my stake over the bars o' Thirty Drinks. An', anyhow,' says he, 'I'm tired o' liquor.'

"'You got a little woman handy?' says I.

"'Not handy,' says he; 'but back where I come from, Rowl, there's a little girl that used t' be wonderful fond o' me. She's a comfortable little thing, too, Rowl, an' might answer very well, if I give her a fair show in the beginning. A man ought t' give a little girl like that a chance t' get the hang o' things before he passes judgment on whether she's goin' t' do or not. There's many a man that doesn't; but as for me, I'm not o' that kind—*I* got feelin's. I been thinkin' o' the little thing back home,' says he, 'but I haven't quite made up my mind.'

"'How long is it since you've saw her?' says I.

"'She's not overly old yet,' says he.

"'What I meant t' say,' says I, 'is how long is it since she's saw *you*?'

"'A man,' says he, 'don't change much in fifteen year.'

"'That's all right,' says I; 'but the thing for you t' do, jus' now, Gingerbread, is t' report t' the office an' go swampin' the new road t' the landin' on Round Island Lake.'

"'Swampin'!' says he. 'Me—swampin' again! You jus' wait 'til I get married, Rowl, an' I'll show you what a man like me can *do*.'

"'Nothin' like a little swampin',' says I, 't' show a man jus' what he really *can* do.'

"Well," Rowl went on, "Gingerbread Jenkins went home, after the drive o' that year, t' fetch a wife t' keep the homestead of his poor mean dream.

"'I'll be back in the fall, boys,' says he, 'with a comfortable little wife t' make home attractive an' keep me straight. I've had my fill,' says he, 'an' I'm goin' t' settle down. *I'm* wise,' says he, 't' what's good for me.'

"'God help him!' thinks I; 'he's a harsh lesson t' learn at the hand o' the Almighty's law an' may take unkindly t' the teachin'.'

"What the little girl that used t' love the young eyes an' soul of him said, God knows! but I'm thinkin' she blushed ashamed, when the leavin's o' young Gingerbread Jenkins croaked o' love, an' that she was frightened, too, an' sick at heart, an' that she prayed with tears, that night, in her white little bed, because the Almighty had given her new an' sadder knowledge o' the mystery o' men. There was never a word of her from Gingerbread Jenkins when he turned up alone at the Big Chance camps in the fall o' the year; nor has there been since. She's back there now, I'm thinkin', with the grief an' loneliness that come t' women who love an' are ill-taught about love by the men they glorify. As for Gingerbread Jenkins, he'd been back home, not only t' old places, but to other years; an' memory had taught him the change in his own soul, an' he was broken down when he come again t' the woods.

"'I been back home, Rowl,' says he; 'but I didn't stay overlong.'

"'You stopped at Thirty Drinks, anyhow,' says I, 'on the way back.'

"'Jus' for a little liquor,' says he. 'You see, Rowl, liquor's like medicine to a man like me.'

"'Yes?' says I.

"'I don't care nothin' about it no more,' says he. 'It ain't a beverage; it's jus' medicine—for a man like me.'

"'Tis a poor cure,' says I, 'for a man's soul.'

"'Well, Rowl,' says he, 'I got a good deal t' forget.'

"'See the folks?' says I.

"'Spent most o' my time,' says he, 'with a little boy.'

"'That's queer,' says I.

"'No,' says he; 'it ain't queer at all.'

"'Never knew,' says I, 'that you was much of a hand for children.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I used t' know this little feller real well.'

"'Your nephew?' says I.

"'No,' says he; 'not my nephew. But I used t' know him,' says he, 'real well.'

"'A ol' chum's kid?' says I.

"'No, Rowl,' says he; 'no—not a ol' chum's kid. Jus' a little feller I used t' know.'

"'Tis a wonder he knew you,' says I.

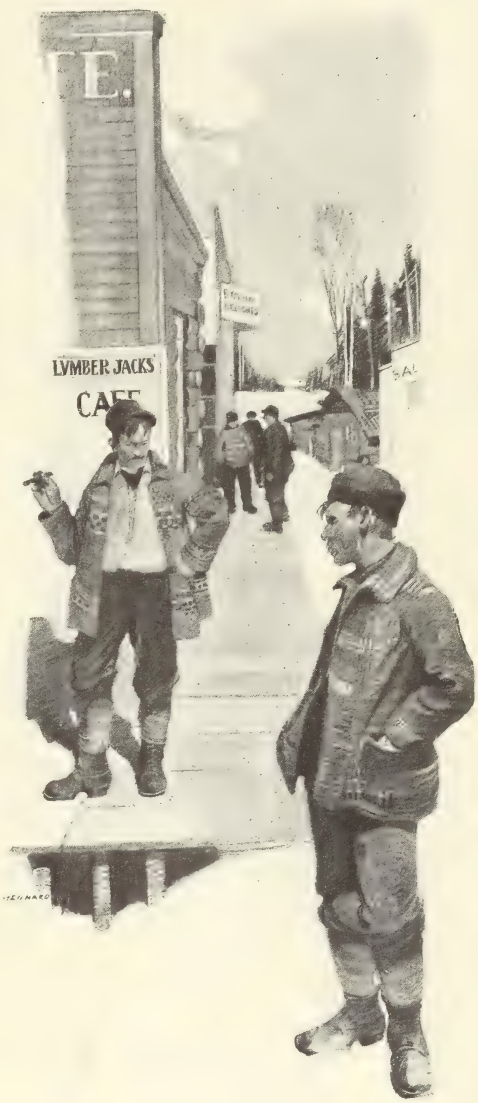
"'Well,' says he, 'he *had* some doubts.'

"'He must be growed up by this time,' says I.

"'Well, no,' says he; 'he wasn't growed at all. Somehow or other,' says he, 'he was jus' the same jolly little feller I used t' know—real well.'

"'That's queer,' says I.

"'You see, Rowl,' says he, 'all my folks is dead, an' the folks that used t' know Jimmie Jenkins, an' t' be real fond of him, too, has been so busy, the last fifteen years, that they couldn't quite take t' Gingerbread Jenkins. After I made a little call on—on—well, on a old *friend* o' mine—I passed a good deal o' time alone; an' one day when I was passin' the candy-shop I found this little feller—this same little feller I used t' know—lookin' in the window. The little monkey! There he was, Rowl, lookin' in the window o' the candy-shop an' pickin' an' choosin' like mad. The little tyke! I used t' know him real well. A nice little feller, Rowl—jus' a real nice little boy I used t' know—with blue eyes an' freckles—an' a little grin, Rowl, an' a little laugh, an' a little head full o' the nicest kind o' mischief. He didn't know no wickedness, Rowl; an' he didn't know no trouble, an' everybody loved him, too, you bet! So after that me an' him passed a good deal o' time together. We went t' the woods, Rowl, an' t' Sunday-school, an' t' the circus lot, an' down the river, an' over t' the ball-grounds, an' up t' the



GINGERBREAD JENKINS

school-yard when the boys was in, an' jus' everywhere else where the boys used t' go when I was a boy like him. An' then, Rowl, it struck me that he was a bit too young an' nice t' be loafin' around with a man like me. Seemed t' me, somehow, that I might spoil him. I wanted to keep him friendly and good; an' so I thought I'd better come back t' the woods where Gingerbread Jenkins was born.'

"'Seems t' me,' says I, 'that I, too, used t' know that little feller.'

"'You did,' says he; 'but he was a bit older then.'

"'He was a nice clean boy,' says I, 'when I first knowed him.'

"'Was he?' says he. 'Really mean it, Rowl?'

"'A good boy,' says I.

"'Rowl,' says he, 'I've lost my soul!'

"'It may be lyin' around somewhere handy,' says I. 'I wouldn't worry.'

"'I've lost it!' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'when a man once misses his soul, an' wants it back again, he can usually find it, if he takes the trouble t' look for it right away.'

"'I'll never find mine,' says he.

"'Not,' says I, 'if you carry your candle in a bottle.'"

Rowl paused to sigh.

"They care no more for a man's soul in the shanty saloons of a Western lumber town," the sealer continued, presently, "than for a sour tin can. They toss 'em into the garbage-pail, or throw 'em into the back yard, with the same wish t' keep their barrooms ready for business. In Pale Peter's place at Thirty Drinks, an' in every other ramshackle, squattin', packin'-box-an'-tar-paper dive o' the town, from the Café of Egyptian De-lights t' the Lumber-jack's Rest, they never give Gingerbread Jenkins a show. When Thirty Drinks goes west-by-north on the trail o' the lumber-camps, I'm thinkin', there'll be a marvellous heap o' castaway souls left with the tin cans an' ol' shoes on the site of it. Gingerbread Jenkins worked at the Big Chance camps that winter, an' wasted in the saloons o' Thirty Drinks. 'You see, Rowl,' says he, 'I got a good deal t' forget.' 'Twas a week's harsh labor to his middle in snow for a night's waste lined up at Pale Peter's bar with a drove o' squealin' swine. 'You see, Rowl, I've lost my soul,' says he, 'an' I jus' *got* t' forget it.' A wonderful fuss he made about that soul when well gone in liquor. There was never a man so drunk—none so foul—that he wouldn't buttonhole an' bore him with a whimperin' tale of his state an' condition an' what he used t' be. But that was Gingerbread Jenkins: 'twas spree in town t' forget the shivers in camp. That was Gingerbread Jenkins before the Reverend John Fairmeadow followed him out t' the middle o' No Man's Lake an' opened his bottle in a blizzard o' wind an' snow.

"I mind I encountered Gingerbread Jenkins, shakin' with the liquor o' three days' gone, an' drunk with the day's drinks, leanin' over Pale Peter's bar, that night. A mad night, too: Christmas week—with the crews from Kettle an' Big Bend paid off an' spendin', an' an Irish outfit from the Yellow Tree works t' raise hell.

"'Come out o' this!' says I.

"'No time,' says he.

"'No time, ye fool!' says I. 'You've no time?'

"'You see, Rowl,' says he, 'I'm busy.'

"'Tis no strange occupation,' says I. 'You've worked hard at it heretofore an' might rest.'

"'All the same,' says he, 'I'm busy.'

"'Gingerbread,' says I, 'what's this new job, anyhow?'

"'Well, Rowl,' says he, 'I'm insultin' the devil.'

"'Why?' says I.

"'I don't *like* him,' says he. 'He irritates me. An', anyhow,' says he, 'I want t' get even.'

"'Tis a thankless profession,' says I.

"'You see,' says he, 'I'm doin' jus' as much damage as I can in the time I got left.'

"'You'll never get even,' says I.

"'Not if I waste my time like this,' says he. 'I ain't *got* much time,' says he; 'but by God! Rowl, I'll make the ol' man squirm while I can. I'll sauce him, by God! I'm fightin' mad, Rowl. Never was so mad before. I want t' get even, God knows!' says he. 'I want t' get as near even as I can with the devil that misled me. I ain't got much time left, neither, t' do it in; but I'm usin' my time t' the best advantage.' With that he turned t' the bar. 'What's t' become o' all you boys, anyhow?' says he, lookin' the length of it. 'Eh?' says he. 'Is you boys got t' thinkin' you can dodge the lightnin' o' the Lord God A'mighty? All hands at this here bar,' says he, 'is a-goin' t' hell. That's what! You're hell-bent, you poor damn' fools an' sots an' pigs. Haven't I warned you? Eh? Haven't I been hangin' over this here bar for the last half-hour a-tellin' you you're goin' t' hell? You can't blame *me* for it.' He called the bartender then. 'Charlie, boy,' says he, in a whisper, hardly able t' talk on account of his cold, 'pass the bottle. I'm athirst an' parched

for rum. Look here, boys,' says he, when he'd swallowed his whiskey. 'There'll be some o' you get t' hell before I do if the rum holds out an' the signs read true. An' when you come face t' face with Ol' Nick—an' when the choir o' wee black imps waves their little pitchforks an' strikes up the hymn o' welcome—an' when Ol' Nick takes you by the hand—you may give him a dig in the ribs for me, boys, if you've the mind.

"'"Hist, your Honor!" says you; "there's a hand back there at Thirty Drinks that isn't no friend o' yourn."

"'"I'll never believe it," says he.

"'"You'd best beware," says you; "he's insultin' you daily, an' he'd knife you in the back if he got the chance."

"'"At Thirty Drinks?" says he. "An' no friend o' mine?"

"'"The same," says you.

"'"Huh!" says he. "Well, well! Much 'bliged, I'm sure. I'll have t' look into *this*. They're doin' poorly in the lumber-woods these times, it seems."

"'"Gingerbread Jenkins he's called," says you.

"'"I've many friends o' the name," says he.

"'"He's doubtless down on the books," says you, "as James Alfred Jenkins, of Argyle Harbor, on the North Coast. Don't you make no mistake about the Jenkins," says you, "or you'll rue it. An' don't you let him in *here*. You let Gingerbread Jenkins go Aloft in peace. Otherwise, your Honor," says you, "there'll be a mutiny in hell before you got time t' clap Gingerbread Jenkins in irons."'

"'I reckon,' says Pale Peter's wee little boy, who was sittin' on the bar at my elbow, 'that Gingerbread Jenkins would never get in if *I* kep' hell.'

"Well, well!" Rowl laughed, in a large and hearty way, "the boys howled with delight an' bought Gingerbread Jenkins another drink." He sighed. "God help him!" said he. "I left him then, preachin' hell an' damnation, between coughs, in that roarin' barroom, t' get even with the devil, while time was left. He'd struck bottom, all right—an' struck hard, too: the little Jimmie Jenkins that Gingerbread Jenkins used t' know an' still loved.

"It was snowin' too hard for me t' take the Big Chance trail that night. There was a big gale blowin' down—a thick nor'wester at thirty below. Lord! but 'twas a nasty cold night in the open. I'd small stomach for the tote-load from Grass Landin' through the Blasted Cedar muskeg: I'd none at all for the frost an' the sweep o' the wind on No Man's Lake. So I sat in the window o' Pale Peter's place—I'm no hand with a bottle—an' watched the snow drive through the light that fell warm an' yellow from the office. I thought a deal about Gingerbread Jenkins—perhaps overmuch an' softly for the harsh kind o' man I am. I remembered the day that he come t' the Bottle River camp: I remembered the clean, live, young look of him, an' the hope he had, an' the morning song on his lips, an' the love o' life in his heart, an' the unspoiled soul that was his. Well, well! he was a good boy, was Gingerbread Jenkins, in them days—a boy with a straight back, an' free shoulders, an' a head held up, an' eyes that never shifted, an' a laugh that wasn't afraid of itself. I'm older than him; an' I used t' think, I remember, that t' Bottle River at last had come a boy they couldn't spoil of his youth an' his wages. I was young then, after all. I was only a poor damned fool. I didn't know, as I know now, that never a boy was born they wouldn't ruin on Bottle River. Ruin? Ay; never a boy they wouldn't ruin for the sheer sport! An' I kep' right on believin' in young Gingerbread Jenkins, in them old days, when he was a boy, until, one Saturday night, he went out t' Thirty Drinks, with ol' Bum Lush an' Billy the Beast, t' learn about life.

"'T' learn jus' a little,' says he, 'about life.'

"'Don't you go, Jimmie,' says I.

"'Jus' this once,' says he. 'I want to.'

"'Don't you do it,' says I.

"'Jus' once,' says he, 'won't do no harm.'

"'Don't you go,' says I.

"'Jus' this once,' says he. 'I'll only look on.'

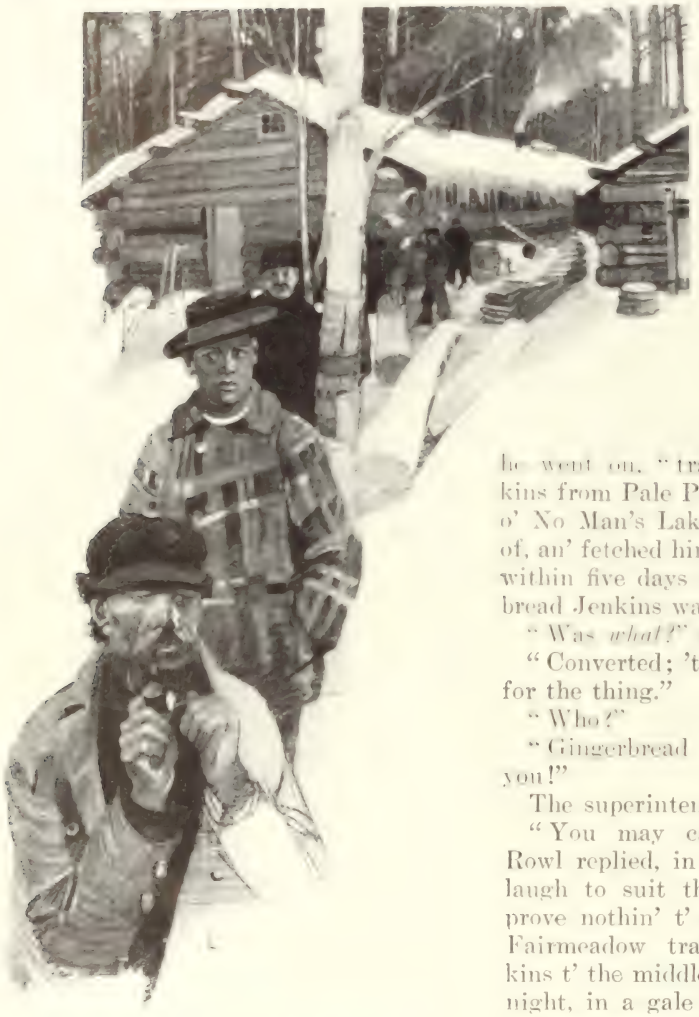
"'No, no!' says I.

"'Jus' this once,' says he.

"'God help you, Jimmie!' says I.

"'Jus' once,' says he.

"They fetched him back on Monday



"He went out to learn about Life"

mornin'," Rowl sighed, "pretty well informed. After that," he added, repeating the sigh, "he was what you might call a fairly inquirin' student. An' that's the way it goes," he declared, scowling, "with all the boys that come loggin' t' these woods."

It was still blowing high. The fire in the superintendent's office had burned to expiring coals. No comfortable glow of light—no red warmth—no genial sparkle and crackling—proceeded from it. The room was cold. And now the frosty gale intruded upon us who had forgotten it. And it was blowing a blizzard outside; all the world of the woods was bitter with cold and wind and driven snow—inimical with night. The superintendent coaxed the fire to a blaze, and heaped it with dry wood; and while it sputtered and roared with the lusty intention of recovering itself, we waited for the sentimental old sealer to resume the tale of Gingerbread Jenkins.

"The Reverend John Fairmeadow," he went on, "tracked Gingerbread Jenkins from Pale Peter's place t' the middle o' No Man's Lake, that night I told you of, an' fetched him home on his back; and within five days from that time, Gingerbread Jenkins was converted."

"Was *what?*" said the superintendent.

"Converted; 'tis the only word I know for the thing."

"Who?"

"Gingerbread Jenkins, I'm tellin' you!"

The superintendent laughed.

"You may call it what you like," Rowl replied, in a growl, "an' you may laugh to suit the word; but *you* don't prove nothin' t' *me*. I know that John Fairmeadow tracked Gingerbread Jenkins t' the middle o' No Man's Lake, that night, in a gale that chased me indoors, an' you wouldn't face t' save life, an' that John Fairmeadow found him there, half crazy with what he'd had, tryin' t' open a bottle o' whiskey with frozen hands, an' that he carried him home on his own back, God knows how! What John Fairmeadow done t' Gingerbread Jenkins, when he got him home, I don't know, no more'n you do; but I do know that he kep' Gingerbread Jenkins in his own room over One-Eyed Mag's for five days, an' that at the end o' that time Gingerbread Jenkins was converted, for John Fairmeadow tol' me so, an' Gingerbread Jenkins didn't deny it. An' I know, too," Rowl went on, his voice rising, "that Gingerbread Jenkins wouldn't stir out-o'-doors without havin' Mag's little Angel by the hand, an' that not a man o' Thirty Drinks would ask Gingerbread Jenkins t' take a dram when little

Angel was along. An' I know, moreover," he concluded, "that in four weeks Gingerbread Jenkins was himself again—that he come back t' the Big Chance camp—that in three months he was rosy, an' clean, an' strong, an' happy, an' no more afraid—that he was a boss on the Big River drive o' that spring—an' that in the fall o' the year he was offered a superintendent's job by Ol' Rat Wallweather o' the Yellow Forks Lumber Company."

"That's a good deal t' know," said the superintendent.

"No, it ain't," snapped Rowl.

"It's a good deal t' know."

"It's the kind o' thing that any fool can find out an' know that wants to."

"Well," drawled the superintendent, "I ain't much up on miracles."

"It's nothin' t' know at all," said Rowl; "but it's a devil of a lot to explain."

The superintendent laughed.

"The Reverend John Fairmeadow," Rowl resumed, "is the parson that preaches in the bunk-houses o' these woods. God knows where he come from! We've no notion hereabouts. But you can bet your life the devil is aware that he is on the spot. John Fairmeadow's on the job, my boy, from the Big River to the camps o' the Logosh Reservation; there isn't a barroom in four hundred square miles where he can't call the bartender Johnnie, nor a bunk-house where he isn't at home. He's a big man. I mean it: he's a great big man—a man of our kind and big by our scale. It took a man big in body an' heart an' faith—a bigger man than me in the ways that we know as bigness—t' put Gingerbread Jenkins on his back in the middle o' No Man's Lake an' fetch him t' Thirty Drinks through the wind an' snow an' frost o' that night; an' it takes a bigger man than any other big man I ever knew t' operate in a religious fashion, without cant an' all manner o' foolishness, in the bunk-houses an' bars an' dives o' these woods. I'm no judge o' Christians, havin' handled none in my business, an' I've heard ill tales o' their state in these days; but I know that an ounce o' John Fairmeadow t' the gallon o' this generation's Christianity would cure the wrongs o' the world in a day—an' I draw my own conclusions. 'Tis said by the boys from the East that men don't go t' church no more. I don't know: maybe not. I don't care. Anyhow, John Fairmeadow's a minister for men; *he's* no little sister o' the rich.

"At this time he had headquarters with One-Eyed Mag, which kept the Mother-Used-t'-Make-It Restaurant, near the depot at Thirty Drinks, a large an' flabby lady, not open t' suspicion, a perfectly respectable person, poor soul! on account o' one eye an' various other varieties o' looks—these same headquarters bein' a home-made institution o' one room with a barred window for the confinement an' cure o' the snakes. There was a bit of a mystery at Mag's, too, with which the parson had nothin' to do. 'Twas in the shape of a wee small girl—a pretty little rogue called Angel—which Mag foster-mothered like a lonely hen; an' 'twas this child that had led Gingerbread Jenkins around by the hand at Thirty Drinks while the wish for liquor was yet on him. 'Twas a mystery that couldn't be accounted for by no guessin' the boys o' Thirty Drinks was able for. 'Twas said that a lady from Big Rapids come t' see the child when nobody was lookin'—a real lady o' fashion with reasons of her own—an' I'm able t' say, as it turned out, that a lady from nearer than Big Rapids would often slip in at the kitchen door of a dark night t' see little Angel put t' bed; but it wasn't no lady o' fashion.

"'I'm a converted man, parson,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, one day in the fall, 'but I'm jus' as much ashamed o' myself as I used t' be. Seems t' me,' says he, 'that a converted man ought t' be *doin'* somethin'.'

"'You're workin', Gingerbread,' says the parson.

"'Oh, shucks!' says Gingerbread; 'any fool can *work*. I mean somethin' big an' real.'

"'For example, what?' says the parson.

"'Well,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'takin' care o' somebody.'

"'For example, who?' says the parson.

"'Well,' says Gingerbread, 'somebody, anyhow.'

"'But *who*?'

"'Well,' says Gingerbread, 'a woman.'

"The parson looked Gingerbread in the eye for a long time. 'So?' says he.

"'Yes,' says Gingerbread; 'seems t' me that every decent man ought t' be takin' care of a woman, whether he's a converted Christian man or not. What's a man *for?*' says he. An' so I'm fixed an' determined in this,' says he, 'that a decent man ought t' get married, an' settle down, an' take care o' somebody, an' *be* somebody.'

"'Are *you* able t' take care of anybody?' says the parson.

"'I'm able,' says Gingerbread, 'if I'm fit. But that's what's botherin' me. I've lived free, in my time,' says he, 'an' as I figure it out there isn't much comin' t' the man that's lived free. So I'm not askin' much in the way of a woman. 'Most any woman would be good enough for me. I'd be able t' keep the dogs off, anyhow. An' the more she'd need takin' care of,' says he, 'the better I'd like it. You see,' says he, 'that's a man's *business.*'

"'Say that again,' says the parson.

"'I says,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'that the more she'd need takin' care of the better I'd like it.'

"The parson jumped up an' put his hands on Gingerbread's shoulders. 'Do you mean it?' says he. 'Do you mean it?—or is this jus' talk?'

"'Talkin' be hanged!' says Gingerbread Jenkins. '*I'm* not give t' talkin'. O' *course* I mean it!'

"'You're a big man, Gingerbread,' says the parson. 'I wonder how big.'

"'I don't know,' says Gingerbread.

"'How big?' says the parson.

"'Well,' says Gingerbread, 'you better measure an' see.'

"The parson walked the floor in a deal o' trouble. By an' by he come up t' Gingerbread Jenkins again an' looked him right in the eye. It was then toward the evenin', John Fairmeadow says. An' John Fairmeadow turned Gingerbread Jenkins's face t' the window, an' looked into his eyes, an' tried t' search the last places of his soul. Gingerbread Jenkins says that he couldn't stand it no longer, by an' by, an' that he looked away from John Fairmeadow's eyes t' the sunset clouds beyond the pines, an' that he was afraid, but didn't quite know why.

"'Jimmie,' says John Fairmeadow, 'listen t' me well: I'm goin' t' measure you, now. I believe you. I believe in your humility an' in your love o' the world for Love's sake. I don't misunderstand: I know. Love healed you, whether you know it or not in these words; an' now 'tis in your heart t' love, that some other one may be healed by Love also. I believe that you want a woman t' take care of—t' guard an' cherish from the ills o' life—because you believe it t' be the duty o' men t' care for women. Listen t' me well, Jimmie Jenkins: I'm goin' t' measure you, now. You may do, if you will, what no other Christian man I know or ever knew—not I, most of all, God help me!—not I—would do for Love's sake. Stand up, Jimmie Jenkins,' says he, 'an' be measured by the measure o' Love!'

"Gingerbread Jenkins was frightened. 'What's all this, parson?' says he. 'What you mean?'

"'I know a woman.'

"'What woman?'

"'A needy woman with a heart turned toward a love just like this.'

"'Then,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'fetch her out. If I'm fit, I'm willin'.'

"'There's little Angel,' says the parson.

"'I love her,' says Gingerbread Jenkins.

"'She has a mother.'

"'The mother o' little Angel!' says Gingerbread Jenkins. 'The mother o' little Angel—an' *me!* I'm not fit. She's a lady!'

"'The mother of little Angel,' says the parson, 'is no lady.'

"Gingerbread Jenkins jumped away from him. 'What you sayin'?' says he. 'I can't do *that!* I can't! Man, I tell you I *can't!* I'm jus' not able.'

"'No,' says John Fairmeadow; 'no man could do that.'

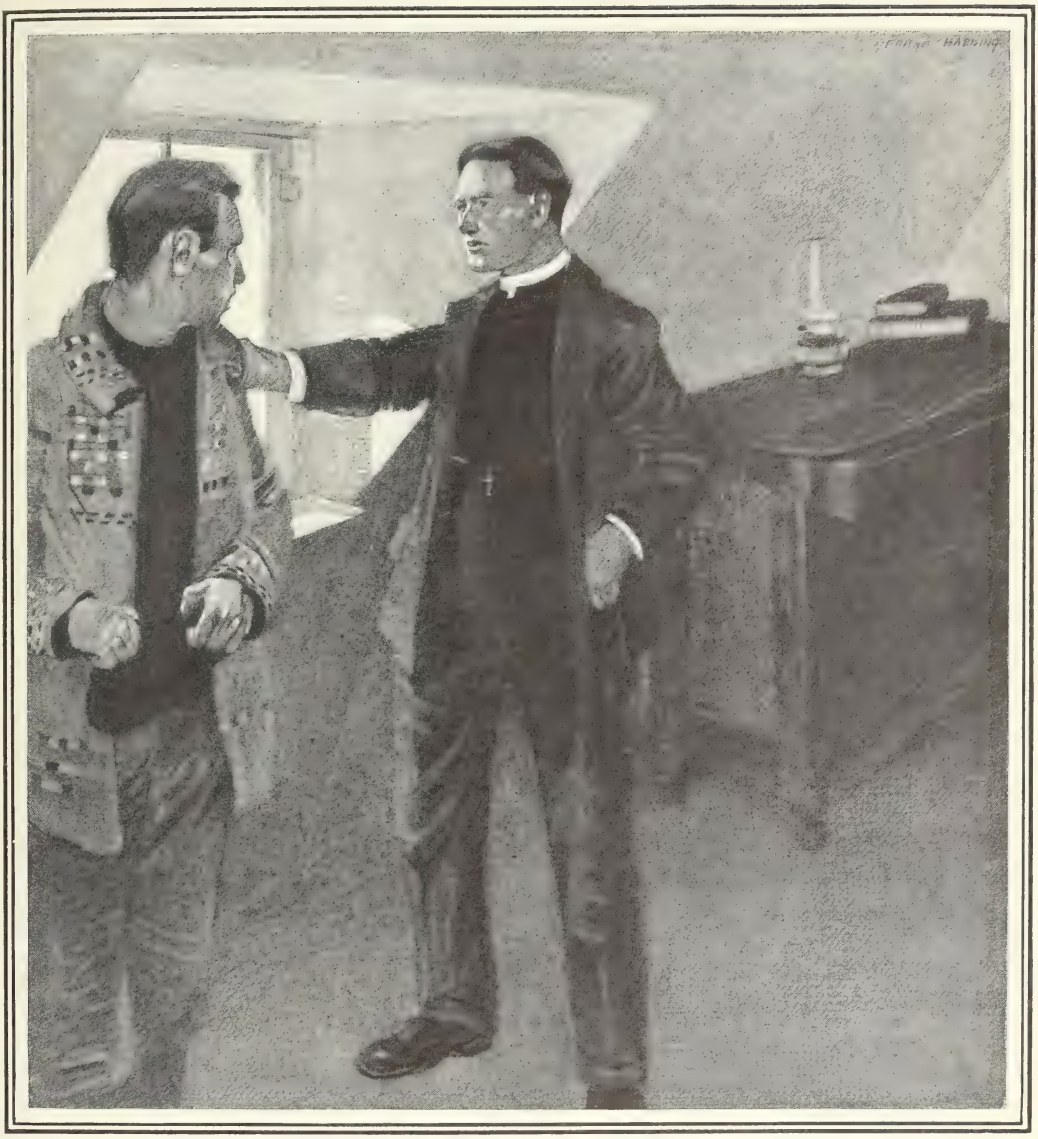
"'Speak plain,' says Gingerbread Jenkins. 'Little Angel's mother no lady? What is she, then?'

"'What have *you* been, James Jenkins?'

"'I'm not what I was,' says Gingerbread Jenkins.

"'Nor is she,' says the parson.

"'Parson,' says Gingerbread Jenkins, 'I guess it's jus' about time for you t' lead in prayer. Prayer's a pretty good thing in a case like this. An' I'm tired,' says he. 'I'm all tired out, an' I want t' be prayed for. My heart's fixed on doin'



"'I'M NOT WHAT I WAS,' SAID GINGERBREAD JENKINS"

right,' says he; 'but I don't know what *is* right.'

"'Nor do I,' says the parson.

"Gingerbread Jenkins says that at that very minute a flood o' sunshine broke over the clouds an' made the whole world light."

"And so," said the superintendent, "they were married?"

"They was, in course o' time," Rowl replied, gravely; "an' John Fairmeadow done it."

The young superintendent whistled.

"She was a sweet little woman," Rowl went on, in a muse. "She was sweet, an' pretty, an' modest as ever a bride could be, an' shy in the company o' so much joy. Never a bride whose eyes shone brighter!

"'God bless her!' said I, in my heart; 'an' God bless ol' Gingerbread Jenkins!'

"An," Rowl concluded, "God has."

"The tale has a happy ending," the superintendent laughed.

"Accordin' t' the last word from Saskatchewan," Rowl agreed. "An' I've observed," he added, "that a man o' good courage will usually unravel a happy endin' from the tangle of his life."

"A Lady in Black," by William M. Chase

WHILE portrait-painters portray things seen, in every work of the highest rank the element of individuality, the subconscious self of the sitter, rises above external likeness and awakens a lasting interest. Portraits in which this quality is vividly brought out will interest beholders years hence to whom the sitter is wholly unknown. Great portrait-painters always reveal deep consciousness of the personality of their sitters, hinting at things thought, felt, and dreamed about. Knowing such portraits, one never confuses them. They stand forth as distinct revelations, showing the painter's gifts of perception and power to lift his work upon a plane beyond the ability of common mortals, and to send forth some message that will meet the needs of the soul. From this point of view it will be seen that it is not the subject but the artist, and what he contributes, which gives the abiding interest to a portrait.

The range of Mr. Chase's achievements is remarkably varied. In his portraits, which are now under consideration, his expression has striven to meet the demands made by the individuality of his subject. His visual perception is extraordinary. But with all he may do of set purpose in recording what his eye sees, more is accomplished by the eliminating and harmonizing process of the unconscious mind in its effort to express the hidden import of character. But fashions in feeling and in the way of seeing men and things change with the ages. That is why the art of to-day is unlike the art of the eighteenth or the sixteenth century. The glory of Chase or Sargent differs from the glory of Gainsborough or Van Dyck or Titian. The taste of to-day demands of the painter truth and vigor rather than courtly elegance, hence from Chase or Sargent we never look for the graceful, flattering portrait of those earlier times. But we do expect a likeness marked by vitality, showing the artist's individual gifts of perception, but without artificial embellishment or idealization.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"A LADY IN BLACK," BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Microbe as Social Reformer

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

IN the summer of 1892 the startling news flashed across the world that the hosts of Cholera had risen up in Persia, that they had marched through Russia and western Europe, destroying thousands; that Hamburg was under siege, and that the scourge was about to invade America. On the 31st of August the cholera-ridden steamship *Moravia* was reported at quarantine in New York, with the *Normannia, Rugia, Scandia, Heligoland, Bothnia,* all from Hamburg, following in close order.

Had the Pied Piper threatened the defaulting burghers of Hamelin with a return of all the rats he had piped into the river Weser, with all the rats of Hanover city besides, those over-thrifty Brunswickers could not have matched the terror of New York—and, for that matter, of the entire menaced nation—seventeen years ago. Yet, strangely enough, it was this very intensity of the popular fear that was destined to make the cholera of 1892 remarkable for its beneficent consequences.

For fully a decade the officers of the New York Health Department, instructed by the discoveries of such scientists as Pasteur and Koch, had asked in vain for a bacteriological laboratory as a base from which to make thoroughgoing war, not only upon epidemics such as cholera and yellow fever, but also upon all forms of endemic contagion—diphtheria, tuberculosis, and the like. But in those days even the medical profession were disposed to ridicule the idea that myriads of "little bugs" could flourish upon the minute corpuscles of the blood to our bodily destruction. And as for the people at large —who were in the last analysis responsible for the denial by the stolid financial authorities of the Health Department's request—their state of mind was precisely like that of the dwellers in the ancient Turkish city of Van, of whom Mr. F. D. Greene, then a missionary of the American Board, tells me the following story:

A caravan had brought cholera into the city over the route travelled centuries before by Xenophon and his Ten Thousand. The disease spread rapidly, for its progress was greatly facilitated by the water-supply that came from a near-by mountain and ran through the streets in open ducts.

The population of the city was equally divided between Mohammedans and Armenian Christians. The missionaries knew that cholera entered the body only through the mouth, and that the microbes might be destroyed by high temperature; they determined accordingly to persuade the people to boil their food and drink, and sterilize their cooking utensils. The Mohammedans were impervious to advice; they declared that inasmuch as Allah had written upon every man's forehead the precise moment and manner of his death, it was both useless and blasphemous to try to thwart His will by infidel precautions. The Armenians, while not equally fatalistic, showed, like their contemporaries in New York, the indifference born of ignorance. It was only when people began to die by the hundred that the fear of death stirred their lethargy. Then they turned to their priest, Hovsep Vartabed, for help.

Now when the missionaries had asked Hovsep Vartabed to explain to his congregation the nature of cholera, he had replied that the lives of the people were in the hands of the women who prepared the food, and that they were too ignorant to comprehend the difference between a germ and a mountain-lion. But the ingenious priest had resources of his own. He gathered his flock into the great Armenian church, and when they were packed as close as they could sit upon the floor, he put on his flowing clerical robes, mounted the pulpit, and shaking his long, bony finger, began to harangue them as follows:

"Have I not told you, unassemble-able ones, that unless you repented and were more zealous in your religious duties, God would surely punish you? Behold, He has permitted the water to swarm with little snakes, so that the people perish. Whence came these snakes? Verily I say unto you that they are nought but devils that God has unloosed from hell to chasten you sinners. Disguised as little snakes, they have fled to the water to cool off. Woe unto them that drink the cup of Satan, or cook in unhallowed water, for them the devils will surely seize and destroy. There is only one way of escape: make the water so hot that the imps will be glad to run back to Gehenna, whence they came. When the water boils, you may know that every bursting bubble is a devil that leaps from the pot!"

This announcement was received with cries of alarm and moans of repentance. The women did not wait for the benediction; they arose like startled pigeons, rushed home, and began boiling busily. And it was fully two months after the last case of cholera was reported that the kettles of Van cooled down.

The New-Yorkers of 1892 were quite as benighted in respect to public health as these Armenian Christians, only they were far less religious; so that when the cholera-ridden ships at their gates terrified them with the fear of death they turned to the Health Department, as the people of Van turned to their priest, for protection.

The department did not answer with a fable; its officers simply renewed their request for a bacteriological laboratory. They explained again that cholera was nothing but a microbe, or rather swarming myriads of microbes, as destructive to man as the seventeen-year locusts to the plants of the field, but so infinitesimally small that they might easily elude the utmost vigilance, unless the department were equipped with the powerful lenses essential to microscopic research. And this announcement, too, was received with expressions of alarm and repentance—and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment voted the requisite funds.

Thus it was that the cholera of 1892 caused the establishment of the first municipal bacteriological laboratory in the world, and not only inaugurated a new era in governmental methods of conserving public health, but also gave a fresh impulse to the revolution that science had already initiated in the popular, fatalistic conception of disease and death. To-day the scouts of the laboratory keep sharp watch not only of the ships entering the port, but also over the milk and water supply, the oyster beds, the meat and vegetable markets, and all the various channels within and without the city through which destructive microbes can enter.

Already the results have been inspiring, and justify the department in adopting the motto of Pasteur, that it is within their power to rid the city of every parasitic disease, hardly excepting old age itself. There is a certain dramatic interest in the mere recital of some of the facts of achievement.

In November, 1848, the packet-ship *New York* arrived from Havre with cholera on board; during the remainder of that and the following year 5,073 people died in a population of 380,000. In November, 1865, the steamship *Atlanta*, also from Havre, arrived with cholera on board; during the remainder of that and the following year 1,147 people died in a population of 750,000. In 1892, the date of the bacteriological laboratory, only nine people died in a population of 2,000,000! And, what is of special significance, the disease was not only restricted to a few cases, but, to quote the contemporary report of the Health Department, "each case was confined practically to the room in which it occurred," showing that epidemics can be prevented by isolation, scientific care, and disinfection when the microscope definitely reveals the whereabouts of the disease-breeding germs.

Since 1892 cholera has been unknown in New York. Moreover, typhus fever, that before 1892 took many lives each year, has entirely disappeared. Typhoid, though its annual toll is still high, owing to its ability to steal into the city in milk, on fruit, on the legs of the common house-fly, and especially in the bodies of so-called "typhoid-carriers" — bakers, dairymen, and others, who, once having had the disease, retain it in their systems after recovery, and spread it through the food and drink they touch—is no longer

an epidemic disease. When it pulls off an "outbreak," as the Health Department calls its sporadic appearance, it is swiftly localized, thanks to the microscope, and usually as swiftly suppressed.

In 1892 diphtheria destroyed in what is now Greater New York 3,243 lives, and 4,530 in 1894. Then in 1895 the bacteriological laboratory reinforced its microscopic work with the manufacture of diphtheria antitoxin. The deaths from the disease immediately diminished, until in 1907 they had dropped to 1,614, although the city had added a million to its population.

In brief, the microbe, by appearing as the true cause of pathological conditions, has shown how disease may be conquered. In New York, as elsewhere when similar methods have been adopted, the general death rate has splendidly fallen—only from 26.68 in the thousand in 1869 to 26.11 in 1891; but then to 25.38 in 1892, when the laboratory began its work; to 19.81 in 1897; and to 18.10 in 1903. If the death rate of 1892 prevailed to-day, the city's annual mortality would be increased by 25,000 souls!

Surely this is an inspiring record. And yet since 1903 the general death rate has again become almost stationary. What is the trouble? There has been no slackness in the administration of the Health Department. But an examination of the departmental records reveals a curious fact: the diseases that are stationary, or whose destructiveness is actually growing, are the diseases of poverty: pneumonia, that preys upon the fatigued and those whose resistant vitality is low; tuberculosis, that haunts the huddled tenements; and those diseases of infancy that multiply where mothers are frail, or overworked, or cannot for various reasons nurse their children—diarrhea and so-called "congenital debility."

With these, and especially with tuberculosis and the aforenamed diseases of infancy, sanitary science alone has seemed unable to cope. Accordingly, as peculiarly the diseases of poverty, they have opened the doors of the Health Department to "social" workers—that is, to the servants of organized charity, the modern Samaritan.

Soon after the establishment of the municipal bacteriological laboratory a change took place in the theory of philanthropy no less radical than that inaugurated in the popular theory of disease by the cholera microbe itself. The paid social workers, who had begun to be entrusted with the administration of the great charities, were abandoning the idea of poverty as the heaven-inflicted penalty of moral turpitude, the perpetual harvest of Eve's great transgression; under the influence of social economic thinkers, they were shifting the responsibility for human waste, as poverty was coming to be called, to social environment and adverse economic conditions. Moreover, they held the doctrine of "surplus wealth," based upon the knowledge that industry directed by science was producing more of the necessaries than the race required for its vigorous and healthful sustenance. If some part of this surplus wealth could be applied to the wretched environment of the poor, poverty, these social workers had begun to believe, would go the way of epidemic disease.

An analysis of the records of the great charities shows that disease is a serious disabling factor in fully three-fifths of their cases of dependency; the records of the Health Department show that fully three-fourths of the cases of tuberculosis and infant mortality are related to poverty. Clearly there was need for an alliance between these two divisions of the city's human repair-shop.

The Samaritan took the initiative and brought to the problem a point of view somewhat different from that of the officers of the Health Department. The health officers, with their bacteriological laboratory, were primarily interested in the detection and annihilation of microbes; the philanthropists were concerned with improving environmental conditions and with lightening the load of the poor, so as to increase their fund of vital resistance. In 1902 the Charity Organization Society created a special committee to look into the "social, as distinct from the medical, aspects of tuberculosis, and to study the relation between this disease and overcrowding, infected tenements, and unhealthful occupations." It was soon found that tuberculosis flourished most rankly where rooms were overcrowded, budgets were small, and

people were ignorant of the laws of hygiene. Bad housing and ignorance were set down as the chief social causes of the disease. The Charity Organization Society had been largely responsible for the creation of the new Tenement House Department and for the new tenement law that was intended to put an end to dark unsanitary dwellings. What seemed now most needed was a campaign of education, especially among the poor.

Accordingly there began a shower of tracts and pamphlets that for number were like the sands of the sirocco. Circulars were issued by the hundreds of thousands, the public bill-boards became familiar standards of the double red cross, lectures were delivered and handbills distributed in schools and settlements, in churches and vacant stores—even the street-car transfers bore mottoes of advice and warning, which were thus published to the number of fifty millions in a single year. People were told not to spit, to keep themselves and their homes clean, to eat good food and enough of it, to ventilate their bedchambers thoroughly, and in case they themselves were already infected, to move from dark rooms to rooms that were bright and sunny; to sleep in the open air when possible, and if their disease were far advanced to leave their occupations betimes and to seek a cure in a sanatorium, public or private. The gospel of the anti-tuberculosis campaign—"tuberculosis is curable, communicable, preventable"—was carried into the tenements for the inspiration of the poor by the visitors of a hundred charities, it was repeated to them at the public dispensaries, and preached to them from the pulpits.

But in spite of so much admirable effort, at the end of seven years the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis issued a booklet, in which it declared that, "contrary to the popular impression, the tuberculosis death rate has not materially decreased during the last seven years . . . the problem is quite beyond the grasp of private philanthropy, and can be properly dealt with only by the forces of government."

Now, why this remarkable admission on the part of the modern, scientific Samaritan? Because charity, however excellent its resources, can only deal with those who voluntarily turn to it for aid, whereas the microbe has taught us that disease is war, and can only be fought successfully by an organization that is permanently on a war footing. With the growth in the public knowledge of contagious disease, the police powers of the Health Department have been steadily strengthened both by law and by public opinion. The Health Department can compel physicians to report every case of contagion from leprosy and smallpox to tuberculosis and measles; it has authority to enter the homes of the infected, it can take sputum and specimens of blood for examination at the bacteriological laboratory, it can compel disinfection and cleanliness, and in extreme cases, where the patient is a menace to the health of his neighbors, it can remove him forcibly to an appropriate hospital. If disease is to be conquered, charity has concluded, it must be by the will of the people working through government.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of these official prerogatives. But heretofore they have been largely ineffective because the Health Department has not been granted sufficient funds. The facts in the case are astonishing. The records of the department show that there are at least 44,000 consumptives in the city, that of this number only 16,000 are in the care either of private practitioners or of physicians at public dispensaries, and that even the whereabouts of 20,000 are entirely unknown. It is as if the enemy had stolen through the pickets at night and there were no police or soldiers to follow them. The tuberculosis bacilli swarm through the city on silent wings, grimly laughing at pamphlets and lectures and scattered deeds of charity, which they find it so easy to elude.

Accordingly, last year the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis concentrated its energy and that of the allied Samaritans upon the city budget, with the result that the yearly appropriation for the war on tuberculosis was increased by a quarter of a million, making the total of approximately $500,000 available for the tuberculosis work alone. The Division of Communicable Diseases, in addition to reinforcing the bacteriological laboratory, will have

twenty-five disinfectors, thirty-six medical inspectors, fifty-five attending physicians, and the imposing number of one hundred and fifty-nine trained nurses!

The city has been thoroughly districted. Each one of the 24,000 new cases of tuberculosis that are reported yearly will be visited by a nurse. The diagnosis will be confirmed by the laboratory. When tuberculosis exists, the patient will be urged to put himself under medical care, and if this is financially impossible, to attend one of the clinics of the department. His children will be examined by the physicians of the department. Incipient cases will be taught how to prepare their food, how to dress, how to ventilate, how to devise inexpensive outdoor dormitories. For many of those in the first stages of the disease provision is being made at the magnificent sanatorium maintained by the city in the hills of Otisville. Those who are a public menace will be removed to the department's isolation hospital on North Brother Island, or otherwise provided for. Never was there such an army for the building up of health put in the field by a municipality. Except once.

For many years the diseases of infancy have been even more destructive of human life than tuberculosis. In New York, for all its high rank among healthful cities, approximately 17,000 infants die annually, ninety per cent. of them, it is estimated, from preventable causes. In 1906 the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor inaugurated a campaign against infant mortality, whose contributory results quite parallel those of the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

The roots of the campaign against infant mortality strike back to that earlier time when compassion and chivalry, rather than vital economy, were the dominant motives in charitable practice. In 1883 the association secured a beautiful seaside property, named Sea Breeze, on the south beach of Coney Island, to which parties of women and children, shop-girls, and occasional work-worn men were invited for a day's outing. The legend is that these "ocean parties" were suggested by the gracious practice of the European landed nobility who, like Sir Walter Vivian in *The Princess,* are accustomed once a year to give their "broad lawns all a summer's day up to the people." In the morning the parties gathered at the Hudson piers and were taken by steamer down the majestic bay an hour's journey to the beach, where, on open pavilions and beneath a cluster of ailantus trees, food was set before them. In the afternoon they went in swimming, splashed along the beach as the waves dashed in, or lay in the warm sand, blissfully watching the sails go eastward. Toward four o'clock, having received further refreshment, they took the boat again for the noise and worry of their tenement homes, reluctant and yet happy, like Pippa at the end of her New-Year Day, and grateful to those who, enjoying the higher lot, had shared it for a few hours with them. To give these mothers one happy day, and then, when necessary, to pay the funeral expenses of their children, seemed in those days to satisfy the Good Samaritan's spirit of mercy.

Then came that revolution in the philanthropic point of view to which repeated reference has already been made. The paid social workers, discounting a multitude of frailties imputed to the poor, and holding that if their environment were changed and they were relieved of the terror of want, they would prove themselves made of the universal clay, converted Sea Breeze into an experiment station to illustrate the truth of their theory. The picnic parties of a day were supplemented by "stay" parties; mothers with little children were invited for two days, four days, and finally a week or more. Thus it became possible to show that the poorest mothers, when relieved of the oppression of a sordid environment, had in them the divine breath, that they were both eager and able to learn, that when given even a brief opportunity they quickly took a fresh hold upon life. Classes were organized in infant and personal hygiene, cooking, and domestic economy. The experiment grew like rich fields well sown, until the summer of 1908, when, in addition to 28,717 day guests, Sea Breeze entertained 4,412 mothers with little children for periods varying from one week to six. Of the 4,412 mothers and children, seven hundred women and "runabouts," as those

who can walk are called, required special convalescent care, and five hundred and ninety-nine infants were more or less dangerously sick. What simply a change of environment and relief from hunger can do is indicated by the fact that all of the mothers and runabouts rapidly recovered and ninety-nine per cent. of the babies got well.

But the accommodations of Sea Breeze are at most those of a picnic-ground and summer experiment station. The waiting list grew year by year, until it at times reached twenty thousand. This circumstance and the association's determination to bring home to the public the enormity of the human waste involved in the yearly holocaust of seventeen thousand infants to ignorance and poverty, prompted a further experiment to test the methods of Sea Breeze within the tenements themselves.

From a base on a cliff overlooking the tide-washed East River, where six "shacks" were opened for the hospital care of sick babies and where classes for mothers were regularly held, a corps of trained nurses was sent from tenement door to tenement door, in quest of all children under two, not with the purpose of Herod's men, but to win the confidence of the mothers, to educate them in the elements of infant hygiene, to bring such of them as were in obvious need to the attention of relief agencies, and especially to see to it that sick babies received proper medical or hospital care before their illness became acute. In the summer of 107 these Junior Sea Breeze nurses visited one hundred and two thousand tenement families, found thirty-five thousand five hundred and seventeen babies under two years of age, and instructed their mothers in cooking, infant bathing and dressing, household sanitation and ventilation, and kindred subjects.

And that summer, while the infant death rate in the city at large increased, the deaths in the ward where the nurses worked fell off eleven per cent.

The demonstration was accepted on all hands as conclusive, and had as its major result the concentration of philanthropic interest upon the Health Department's request for funds to establish a comprehensive child-saving service. In 1897 the department, taking advantage of the growing public realization of the menace of contagious disease, had secured the appointment of one hundred and fifty medical inspectors to examine suspected cases of contagion in the schools. Owing largely to the opposition of private practitioners, who disliked seeing the public service encroaching upon the field of medicine, the appropriation allowed only thirty dollars a month for these first school physicians. In 1902, however, their salaries were increased to one hundred dollars, and they were required not only to examine children in school, but to visit absentees in their homes. The same year a small group of nurses was added to aid in the war on the microbe.

Then in 1908, largely as the effect of the Junior Sea Breeze experiment on the public mind, the department secured approximately $350,000 for the creation of a Bureau of Child Hygiene. To this division there are now attached 142 nurses and 163 physicians. Again the city has been thoroughly districted. The children's corps examines every school child, not only for symptoms of contagion, but also for every possible physical defect, and a system has been devised by which the department can see to it that all diseases are treated and all physical defects corrected or removed. In addition to the school children it is the plan to have this staff of civil servants attend to the babies within their respective districts. Last April they began to visit all infants whose births were reported by midwives (the law compels the reporting of all births, under penalty), and whose addresses made it doubtful whether their parents could afford proper medical attendance. At present the school children are monopolizing the strength of the division of child hygiene during the school term; but the plan provides that in time no child shall be born to the city whose mother may not command expert nursing and medical counsel.

A far cry this from the priest in Van working on the superstitious fears of his congregation. More than six hundred men and women devoting their lives to a municipal campaign for human conservation! And in a very immediate sense it all grew out of the cholera invasion of 1892. Surely the microbe deserves to rank well among social reformers.

The Way to the Wedding

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IT was the Wednesday after Easter. The year, being unimportant, need not be specified. Suffice it to say that although the subway had ceased to be a novelty in New York, it had not yet been extended to Long Island, and Brooklyn Bridge was still the greatest thoroughfare across the East River.

Ned McEwen, strolling along the second level of the great bridge on his way to that part of the Borough of Brooklyn known as Bay Ridge, where he was going to see Howard Forbes married, caught sight of a large bulletin announcing the train he sought, and near it an ascending stair toward which he turned. A moment later his attention was attracted and held by a young woman who stood just beyond the ticket kiosk; first because hers was the fine, free, unconscious type of beauty of which he had dreamed much during his long absence from his native land, and later because she seemed, although in evening dress, to be alone and watching for some one.

As he approached and her scrutinizing glance passed from other faces to his she started, stared for an incredulous moment, and moved swiftly toward him, smiling and holding out her hand.

"Ned McEwen, of all men!" she rejoiced. "I can't be mistaken! You *are* Ned McEwen?"

"I never doubted it before," he warmly assured her, and there was nothing in his manner to indicate, even to a keen observer, that he had not the faintest idea who she was or where they had met, "but it's so long since anything as delightful as this has happened to me that it makes me question my own identity."

"Oh yes," she nodded, laughing and withdrawing her hand from his, "you're manifestly Ned McEwen! And neither time nor tide has changed you a bit."

"Nor you," said he.

His congenital inability to remember faces was a failing concerning which McEwen was extremely sensitive, and so cleverly had he learned to conceal it, so expert had he become in tracing connections during an apparently casual conversation, that only his closest friends realized how often he was at a disadvantage. It was instantly apparent to him, from this girl's manner, that he had at some time known her rather well, and he hoped, by dissembling his perplexity and by careful probing, to discover her identity without betraying his own weakness. So he smiled cordially down at her, repeating, "Nor you."

"Of course you're going to the wedding," she affirmed rather than questioned; and here, he congratulated himself, was his first clew. Since he had never met Florence Keeler, the bride of the evening, this ready inference as to his destination argued that he was intimately connected in his companion's mind with Howard Forbes. Straightway he began calling to mind girls whom both he and Forbes had known, and they were many, but into none of those memories could he fit this woman. Meanwhile he responded:

"Of course I am. And you?"

"Naturally. But what I want to know is how you happen to be here? I thought you abode in some outlandish tropical clime. Cuba, was it? Or—somewhere in Central America?"

"Neither. I live in Mexico. I hope you know the difference," he whimsically commented. "Few people do, I find."

"I think I've heard that Cuba is bounded by San Juan Hill and Havana Harbor," was the dry retort, "but as to just where Mexico leaves off and Central America begins—frankly, I shouldn't care to be asked. Your home is still in Mexico, then?"

"My work is still in Mexico," he discriminated. "Home I have none, except



"Ned McEwen, of all Men!"

in the broad sense. Perhaps one has to live some time in foreign countries to realize that 'home,' in the last analysis, really means almost anywhere within the boundaries of one's own country."

"Yes, I know," said she, and immediately set him wondering whether she had lived abroad. "Then you don't like Mexico?"

"On the contrary, I like it very much," he declared, conscious that she was learning a good deal about him and telling nothing of herself. "It's the most picturesque—and in many ways the most interesting—country in this hemisphere. But I'm an American and this is 'home.' And I hadn't been here in so long that the social side of me was getting atrophied, so when I received Howard's letter urging me to come to the wedding and meet some of the old crowd again, I decided that the moment was auspicious—and here I am. Now that's enough about me. Tell me of yourself."

"Oh, there's nothing about me that you don't already know from Howard and the

rest," she carelessly returned. "When did you arrive?"

"This afternoon."

"Then you haven't seen Howard?"

"I haven't seen anybody but you. And I don't think you realize what abominable correspondents 'Howard and the rest' are."

"Oh — really? Haven't they told you anything about me?" A flicker of amusement came into the woman's eyes, and she looked at him so quizzically that he quaked lest he had made a false step. Her next words relieved him. "You're sure the fault wasn't with the postal service? Because I seem to remember hearing rumors, from time to time, that you must be either dead or paralyzed—or married."

"Well—guilty," he confessed, and they both laughed. "I like to get letters—and I always *intend* to answer them."

"Virtuous person! That's so enlightening to your friends! Still—good intentions are said to make excellent pavement. By the way, we're going to a wedding, and inasmuch as Tempus has probably not abated his usual pace, don't you think we should be fugitting ourselves?"

"By all means! But—are you alone? I thought—you seemed to be waiting for some one."

"I half promised to meet the Taylors here—you don't know them, I think—but as they're always late I warned them that I should go on with any acquaintance who came along—and you came." She shot a roguish glance at him, to which he promptly replied:

"Then let's go quickly, lest they arrive and spoil my tête-à-tête with you."

"Do you know that this is the way?" she demurred as he turned again toward the near-by stair. "Would it be better to ask and make sure?"

"Oh no, this is all right," asserted McEwen.

"You've been over to the Keelers' before, then?"

"Never. But Howard sent me most explicit directions. This is right." He began to realize that he had entered upon a path beset with dangers unforeseen, and that if he was to be alone with this girl all the way to Bay Ridge he must either find out quickly who she was or be ignominiously detected. Therefore, as they climbed together to the upper platform, he hazarded, "From your unfamiliarity with Brooklyn trains, I take it you haven't seen a great deal of Miss Keeler."

"No—not a great deal," she admitted, and again her amused, speculative glance disquieted him. "To be sure, I called upon her"—this was apparently a casual afterthought—"but that time I drove over, with Bobbie and some other people, so I learned nothing about trains—except that it's wiser to take one." She chuckled reminiscently. "Our driver didn't know Brooklyn—and of course none of us did! We got lost, and drove all over the place, and were disgracefully late when we finally arrived at the Keelers'."

"I begin to understand why Howard wrote me that I could drive if I wished, but that he strongly advised the train," said McEwen, laughing. At the time this conversation took place, it will be remembered, taxicabs were unknown in New York, and automobiles were comparatively few.

"Did he? Good for Howard! I'll tell Bobbie that. Bobbie was furious—indeed, we all but came to blows—because I simply would not have a carriage to-night. Having had one experience in driving from New York to Bay Ridge, I knew I'd have to start before dark, with my dinner in a basket and a map of Brooklyn in my hand, or else risk missing the ceremony, and I much preferred to come this way—especially as I expected to meet the Taylors here. By the way, Bobbie's sick to-night. That's the reason I'm alone."

"Oh? Then I shall not see him at the wedding," he regretted, racking his brain for memory of anybody named Robert among Forbes's friends. Then, to explain what must seem to her an unpardonable oversight, "I—I hoped he might be coming over later."

"Oh, you remember about Bobbie, then? You waited a long time before mentioning it!"

"I've been far too busy thinking about you to waste any time on 'Bobbie,'" he avowed, truthfully enough. Was the man her brother? Her cousin? Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that she might be married. Could this "Bobbie" be her husband? A line of cars wound toward them around the loop, and he

added: "We're in luck. Here comes our particular serpent."

"Are you sure?" she queried. "There are so many of these trains. Wouldn't it be well to ask some one about it?"

"It isn't necessary. This is the one," he affirmed. "'Fifth Avenue'—you see the sign on the front? That's the train Howard told me to take from this platform. It's all right."

"Brooklyn Bridge always was a mystic maze to me," said she, preceding him into the car. "I have never crossed it without asking directions of every uniform in sight. Men never do that, do they? But then," slyly, "there are so many things we women don't know that it doesn't mortify us particularly to acknowledge our ignorance of one more." At this McEwen turned a penetrating glance upon her, but she smiled back at him with such frank amusement that he decided it must have been a random shot.

"Now," he enjoined as they found seats and settled down for a long chat, "tell me all about yourself."

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"That's rather a large order, Ned," she parried, laughing. "Shall I begin with my name, age, color, and previous condition of servitude?"

"Do!" he lightly recommended, devoutly hoping that she would, and, at the same time, wondering uneasily how well this smiling woman had known him and his weaknesses. "Why not be thorough?"

"Why be obvious?" she tossed back. "My name you know; my age—you should be able to approximate; my color speaks for itself; and my servitude, past and present, I prefer to forget—when I can. Still, I was prepared to offer them all up in identification when I saw you coming."

"Why?" he boldly challenged. "Did you think my memory so much less trustworthy than yours?"

"Everybody's memory is treacherous sometimes, isn't it?" she submitted, simply. "I know mine is. And it wasn't to be expected that you should recognize me so promptly."

"Again, why?" He was watching her narrowly, suspecting mockery; but, although she was laughing a little, her eyes and lips seemed guileless.

"Oh—because. It's so many years—"

"Just how many? Do you remember?" he interrupted, grasping at this opportunity. "I confess to being a little shaky."

"It's tactful of you to forget some things," she commended.

"It isn't tact; it's fact. I'm afraid I've really forgotten. Do you know just how long it is since we last met?"

"Yes, I remember exactly—but it's more years than you should ask me to count. To be sure, they haven't made much outward and visible impression upon you, but people say I'm changed. You don't find me so?" She looked at him with a doubtful half-smile, and he felt that perhaps he had entangled himself in this web quite needlessly. Apparently she had not expected him to recognize her. However, nothing remained to him now but to persevere in the course he had chosen, so he stoutly declared:

"Not a bit. You look just as you always did. Or else it's your voice—or possibly your smile. There are so many characteristics by which one may recognize a friend that it's a little difficult sometimes to decide which is the most potent."

Indeed, he was honestly puzzling over just that point. Something about her—a smile, an inflection, a trick of the eye, he could not quite make out what it was—tormented him by its elusive familiarity, but when he thought he had captured it and fitted it to a memory, it was gone. Having failed to elicit from the lady any direct information about herself, he now determined to try negative methods. If he could not learn who she was, he would endeavor to find out who she was not, and thus, by a process of elimination, possibly solve the riddle. Meanwhile, though she would not talk about herself, there might be other bait which would tempt her to disclosures.

"You said 'Bobbie' was ill," he reminded her, positive that he had never called any man by that name, but uncertain whether he had ever known this one well enough to allude to him as Bob. "I hope it's not serious—but of course if it were you wouldn't be here."

"Oh no, it isn't serious—only uncomfortable. It's lumbago. I offered to stay home from the wedding, but Bobbie wouldn't listen to it, so I said I'd come with the Taylors. My conscience hurts,

though. Lumbago's such a wicked thing to be left alone with!"

"Salve your conscience, then, by telling me all about 'Bobbie,'" he suggested, smiling again over the name. "Remember how long I've been away, and how I hunger and thirst for news of people. Begin with him, won't you?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be modest for me to talk about Bobbie," she laughingly protested. "Bobbie's mine, you know, and it isn't pretty to brag. Ask somebody else. No, really," replying to a gesture, "I couldn't trust myself to talk about Bobbie. It would be all in superlatives."

McEwen was beginning to have an uncomfortable conviction that his companion was perfectly aware of his embarrassment and that he was being skilfully baited, and he resolved that if this were true he would beat her at her own game, discover her identity by hook or by crook, and never admit that he had been puzzled. But to accomplish this he must walk warily.

"Very well," said he, proceeding on the theory that she might be Marion Deering, whom he remembered as a particularly attractive girl, with a facile wit, although his mind retained no more impression of her physical appearance than as if it had been a schoolboy's slate, washed clean. "If you won't talk about 'Bobbie,' perhaps you'll consent to tell me about Tom—who, by the way, is even a worse correspondent than I am."

"Tom?" she questioned, her head tipped to one side, like a bird's.

"Yes, Tom."

"Tom—oh, Tom Deering?"

"Precisely. Tom Deering." Through half-closed, laughing eyes he watched her.

"He bought a fruit ranch in California several years ago, and has lived on it ever since," she glibly told him. "He's married, you know."

"Yes, I know. When did you see him last?"

"I? Oh—I haven't seen him for—for a long time."

"No?" He felt that he was closing in upon her.

"No."

"I thought he came East every little while?"

"So he does. But it happens that I've never been here when he was."

"No?"

"No. By the way, Marion—of course you remember his sister Marion?"

"Rather!"

"She's in California now, visiting Tom," she informed him, in a casual tone. "I had a letter from her yesterday, bitterly lamenting that she was not to be with us to-night, and sending her love to any of the old set who appeared. I suppose that includes you."

"Thanks." McEwen gave no sign of defeat. "I'm sorry she isn't here, but perhaps she'll return before I go away. She was a good sort in the old days."

Another girl whom he remembered as possessed of sense, sympathy, and humor was Ethel Knapp, who had latterly devoted herself, he had been told, to work in one of the social settlements. Accordingly, he turned the conversation toward philanthropy, and found his friend so responsive that he was confident he had her accounted for at last. But when he left the field of abstract discussion and asked a question touching specific details, she shook her head.

"I don't know anything about that," she declared. "Ask Ethel Knapp. She lives in one of the settlement-houses, you know, and can probably give you all the statistics you want. I think she's to be at the wedding."

"Foiled again!" thought McEwen, amused, despite the awkwardness of his predicament. All he said, however, was: "Good! I always liked Ethel. Apparently there are others going to the wedding also," he added, as a party of young people boarded the train and were hailed by friends at the other end of the car with joyful cries, above the confusion of which detached phrases concerning bridesmaids, old slippers, and rice were distinctly audible.

Twice again he cautiously felt his way toward girls whom he and Forbes had known, and each time, just as she seemed within grasping distance, his companion swung away from him, and out of the haze surrounding her came that tantalizing, familiar call from the past, whether accent or inflection or smile he could not yet determine. He was desperately casting about for memory of another girl who could possibly have grown into this woman, rejecting this one as too literal

and that one as too insipid, when the lady asked, somewhat uneasily:

"Aren't we going a long way? Do you know where we should get off?"

"We go to Sixty-fifth Street, the end of the road," he told her. "It will be a case of 'all out' there, so we can't miss it. Then we take a trolley-car for a few blocks, and walk a block. Don't worry. I'll get you there all right."

"Will you?" She let him see a droll twinkle. "Do you remember the night you undertook to pilot a sleighing party from Yonkers to White Plains?" Then they laughed together.

"Well—we got there, anyway," he reminded her.

"Yes, but think of all the other places you meandered into first," she riposted.

"Oh, not so many," he defended, thinking fast. Of whom had that party consisted? Jack Alden, who was the host, and probably Tom Deering, as the two were chums. Jack's mother had chaperoned them, he remembered, and the girls—? "Not so many—considering."

"'Considering,' I suppose, that, being a perfectly normal man, you preferred to wander all over the countryside rather than ask directions?" she teased.

"What's the use of depending upon somebody else to tell you what you can find out for yourself?" he demanded, his mind far away on that road from Yonkers to White Plains. Marion, he now remembered, had been of the party, and—Dolly Bain. The third girl chided him. "We found that road finally, didn't we?"

"Yes, but not by the Socratic method," she laughed. "No; it sounds nice and superior and masculine, your reasoning does, but I'm afraid it's superficial. Either you haven't gone to the bottom of the matter and analyzed it, or you're dodging the issue—and of course you wouldn't do that." She regarded him with mocking gravity.

"Never!"

"'What! Never?'" she quoted.

"By George!" exploded McEwen. "Do you remember that amateur *Pinafore* we gave? Deering was Rackstraw, and Dolly Bain did the soprano—what's her name? I was Dick Deadeye, and Buttercup—" He stopped short, staring at her.

"Polly Lancaster was Buttercup," she supplied. "Don't you remember Polly?"

"Remember!" he ejaculated. If he had not known that Polly Lancaster was somewhere in the Orient, slaking her thirst for travel as the secretary and companion of a wealthy and peripatetic spinster with literary aspirations, he would have sworn that she was here beside him, going to a wedding in Brooklyn. She had spent only one winter in New York, visiting her friend Frances King—and in a flash accompanying that memory came the conviction that the puzzle was solved. This must be Frances King. But it was Polly's voice and Polly's laughter and Polly's lilting personality that she recalled to him, which was not surprising, inasmuch as Polly had engaged his attention to the exclusion of pretty much everything else except study that winter. He had frequently assured himself that he was not in love with her, but neither had he been in love with any one else since; and he now realized that in all these years he had never thought of Frances King except as a sort of inoffensive and colorless appanage of Polly. Even now, when he met her face to face and found her anything but colorless, it was of Polly whom he remembered. "Why, I forget Polly Lancaster, I'll be damned," he found himself saying, boyishly. "That was a great winter, wasn't it?"

"It was the jolliest winter I ever spent," she assented, a trifle wistfully.

"And Polly was the life and soul of it. I wonder where she is now?"

"She's been travelling in the Orient for three or four years with Miss—with a literary woman."

"Yes, of course I know that. But I mean to-night. I wonder where she is to-night?"

"I heard Howard say a day or two ago that he had had a letter from her recently, congratulating him, and so on, and saying that they were just leaving for Central India."

"Yes, he told me that in his last letter."

"Oh, did he?" Her eyes were hidden behind drooping lids, and a fleeting smile played around her lips.

"But doesn't she ever say anything about coming home?" he demanded.

"Not a word."

"I suppose she likes it. She always wanted to travel. I wish she would come home. I'd go a long way to see Polly."

"All the way from Mexico here?"

"By George! I just about would!"

"Really? I think that would interest Polly."

"Do you? Why?"

"Oh—just because. Few people are so well remembered through time and absence." She gave him a glimpse of laughing eyes.

"All right; I'll write to her and tell her so. What's her address?" He felt for his note-book.

"I—I don't think I can give you her address—offhand, this way. I'll send it."

"Will you, please? Thanks." Then it occurred to him that, as had always been the case, he was allowing Polly Lancaster to obliterate Frances King in his consciousness, which was hardly civil, under the circumstances. Except for his inability to remember faces, McEwen had an uncommonly retentive memory, and now that it had a clew to work from, it quickly reproduced for him the fragmentary gossip about Frances that had reached him from time to time. She had broken her engagement to Jack Alden—whereupon he remembered, clinching his certainty of her identity, that she had been the other girl of that sleighing party—had married an Englishman whom he had never met, probably 'Bobbie,' and had spent at least the first year or two of her marriage somewhere out of New York. More than this he had not heard, or, if he had, had forgotten.

"You've been away from New York a good deal, too, since the old days," he suggested.

"Oh? Then 'Howard and the rest' *did* tell you something about me, after all?" Again the quizzical, amused little smile, but this time it did not frighten him.

"Indeed they did," he hastened to claim, "but not as much as they should. And I'd like to know the rest."

"Oh? Well—if you'll tell me what you already know about me I'll try to fill in the gaps."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about you since your marriage," he confessed, eager to show that he really had recognized her. "They wrote me about the wedding and that you had gone away, and after that I rather lost track of you. I didn't even know you were back."

"But isn't that quite as it should be? Don't all good stories end with a wedding and 'they lived happily ever after'?"

"I hope you've lived happily ever after?" he ventured.

"Oh, quite!" And she looked as if she had.

"But *where* have you lived?"

"Does that matter? Isn't *how* one lives the important thing?"

"Now, see here, Frances," he remonstrated, "stop your dodging and answer questions for a minute."

"With pleasure," said she. "Will you first permit me to remark that it's very interesting to learn that you have at last found out who I am?"

"What on earth do you mean by that?"

"'Fess up, Ned! 'Fess up!" she urged. "First you tried Marion, and then you hinted at Ethel, and then you wriggled carefully toward Grace—"

"Suffering Mike!" he scoffed, "can't a returned prodigal ask a lady about a few other ladies without being accused by the lady of not knowing any lady from any other lady? You'll be telling somebody next that I took you for Polly Lancaster just because I mentioned her name!"

"No, I won't! I acquit you of that!" she declared, laughing. "So you still say that you knew me from the first?"

"Look here, Frances, are you serious?" He grew suddenly grave himself. "I wouldn't like to have you think I'd forget an old friend. Now, how can I prove to you—why, there's 'Bobbie'! Didn't I remember all about him?" At this a delighted little gurgle of laughter broke from her. "Is there any 'Bobbie' connected with any of those other girls?"

"Not one!" she assured him. "I have the only Bobbie there is. And you did remember him, didn't you? I'd forgotten that for the moment. I'll forgive you much for that!"

"Well, are you satisfied now?" he demanded.

"Perfectly! Perfectly! Ned, you're adorable! Such a proper, upstanding, *man-ny* sort of man!"

"Thank you kindly! Now go on. Tell me all about yourself since I lost sight of you."

"Well—you heard about the wedding. For a year or two we travelled. Then Mr. Chichester—"

"'Bobbie'?"

"Who else?" She smiled happily. "He is, as you may know, an Englishman, and he became enamored of Australia, so he bought a big place there and settled down to farming on a large scale."

"The deuce! You don't look like a farmer's wife." She wrinkled her nose at him saucily. "Do you like it?"

"Didn't I tell you in the beginning that I preferred to forget my servitude? Why force me to talk about it?"

"Then you don't like it."

"I like—Bobbie."

"Lucky beggar! So you've settled down in Australia! How long have you been here?"

"Only a few days."

"When did you see Polly last? You've no idea how you remind me of her!"

"Polly and I haven't met in—longer than you'd believe. Why do you keep insisting on dates? They're so unpleasant!"

"Well, let's talk about happy things, then. Do you remember—"

They drifted into reminiscences, over which they were still laughing when the train stopped and the guard called, "All out." On the platform they found several surface cars waiting, and toward one of them McEwen guided his old friend.

"Ned, would it be of the slightest use to ask you to inquire about this car and be sure it's the one we want?" she plaintively questioned.

"Not a bit," said he, with amusement. "You haven't any faith at all in me, have you? Do you see the illuminated sign this car flaunts? That same legend is writ out clear and fair in the directions Howard sent me. Moreover, do you behold all these other festive wedding-guests piling in ahead of us?"

They entered the car and dropped again into their reminiscent chat. Presently she asked if they were not going too far, and he replied, easily, that it was "all right." A moment later the car stopped and they left it, immediately behind the younger party whom they had noticed on the train and whom they now followed to a large, gayly lighted house in the next street.

As they passed under the carriage awning McEwen felt his companion hesitate, and he asked, looking down at her:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing — much," she replied, and moved on toward the steps.

They had almost reached the top of the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms, when some one above them exclaimed:

"Oh, do hurry! It's almost time for the ceremony now!"

"Hear that?" whispered McEwen. "Can you go down at once?"

"Don't wait for me," she hastily returned. "No—I insist! Somebody stepped on my gown as we came in and it may have to be fixed, but that's no reason why you should miss the ceremony. Go down immediately—you can find me later. Please!" Nodding brightly, she disappeared in the ladies' dressing-room.

McEwen found no one whom he knew in the men's cloak-room, which was not surprising, but he was a little puzzled when, on descending to the main floor, he met no one who knew him. One or two faces among the men looked vaguely familiar, but as his half-smile won no response he was afraid to trust his uncertain memory and did not venture to claim acquaintance. He bowed over the hand of the woman receiving and murmured his name, but others pressed close behind him and there was time for nothing more. He drifted with the current through the rooms, feeling a little lonely and dreary, watching in each face he met for signs of recognition, and at the same time assuring himself that one never does know any of the people one meets at weddings.

Presently there was a stir and a whisper, the people crowded back toward the walls, the first strains of *Lohengrin* came from the hall, and the ushers marched in, two by two, carrying ribbons. A white-cassocked clergyman appeared near the altar, but among the men about him McEwen looked in vain for a familiar face. A pink mist of bridesmaids floated past him, and the bride, a very young girl, with starry eyes fixed on a youth who presently received her from her father's arm.

It was all rhythmical and measured, but to McEwen it seemed a riotous jumble, with the unreality and inconsequence of a dream, and before his dazed wits cleared enough to show him that he had followed the party of young people to the



"SHE SAID YE'D BE RACIN' UP HERE"

wrong house and was attending the wedding of people he had never seen before, the music had ceased and the priest had begun to speak.

McEwen gave one desperate, hunted glance around him, but he was hemmed in on all sides; every one else was intent on the ceremony, and to force his way out then would be but to increase the offence of which he was guilty. There was nothing for it but to remain until these pretty children were married and then to get away as quickly as possible. He tried to see Frances Chichester in the crowd near the door, hoping she had not come down in time to make her way into the rooms, but he failed to descry her.

It seemed to him that of all the interminable marriage ceremonies to which he had ever listened, this was the longest, but in time it was over, and he struggled against the chattering, congratulatory

tale to the hall, whence he despatched a servant to find the host, while he busied himself vainly trying to discover the woman who had come there with him.

Mr. Denslow, whose house it was, arrived duly, and to him McEwen presented his card, his explanation, and his apologies, after which he hurried up-stairs. At the door of the ladies' cloak-room he was met by a smiling maid, who asked:

"Arre you Mr. McEw'n?"

"I am, yes. Is there a lady—"

"No, sor; she's gon'."

"Gone!"

"Yis, sor. But she lift this f'r yv, sor. She said ye'd be racin' up here directly 'twas over."

McEwen opened the note, merely a half-sheet of paper, folded, and read:

"DEAR NED,—I've gone to Howard's wedding. The man at the door will tell you the way—if you'll ask him."

"How long has she been gone?" he demanded.

"Oh, she niver tuk her t'ings off at a'l', at all. She said she forgot somethin', an' I was to give you this, an' off she wint, almost runnin'."

"I see. Thank you." He gave the girl a coin, thrust himself into his hat and coat, and fled. At the outer door he paused to ask of a man in livery:

"Can you tell me where Mr. Keeler lives?"

"Yes, sir. Four blocks down to the left and one to the right, sir."

Four blocks to the left and one to the right McEwen went, and there he came to another gayly lighted house with awnings and carriages and sounds of mirth and music. He slipped in quietly and managed to get up-stairs unobserved by any but the servants, but as soon as he showed himself again in the lower hall a man started out of a group, crying:

"As I live, there's Ned McEwen!"

"Say, you fellows, has anybody seen Frances come in?" demanded the newcomer as soon as he could make himself heard over the babel of welcome.

"Frances?" The other men looked blankly at one another. "Who's Frances?"

"Frances King—Frances Chichester she is now."

"Frances King! Good lord, man, she's in the Antipodes," somebody told him. "She lives in Australia."

"Yes, I know, but she's here to-night. Yes, she is. She came over on the train with me, but we—we got separated, and if she isn't here, I've got to find her."

Waiting for no further argument, he strode into the drawing-room, two or three of his old comrades wondering at his heels. As they approached the thicker crowd about the newly married pair, McEwen paused.

"There she is!" said he to the men with him. "There's Frances King, talking to that young woman in yellow."

"Frances King your grandmother! That's Polly Lancaster."

McEwen gave the speaker one stricken look, and marched straight to judgment.

"We had all our plans made to go into Central India," she was saying, as he paused behind her, "but then the cable came saying Miss Robertson's play was to be put into rehearsal at once, so we hurried home immediately."

"They're all saying that it's really your play," said the woman in yellow.

"It isn't my play at all," indignantly disclaimed Polly. "I never created anything in my life—except a playwright, and I'm very proud of her. She was trying to write a poor novel and I made her see that it was a good play. That's all I had to do with it."

"Well, Polly Lancaster?" said McEwen, in her ear.

"Oh," said she, calmly turning toward him, "are you quite sure of me this time? You must have asked somebody."

"I didn't," said he. "You always find out if you wait a little and use your gray matter."

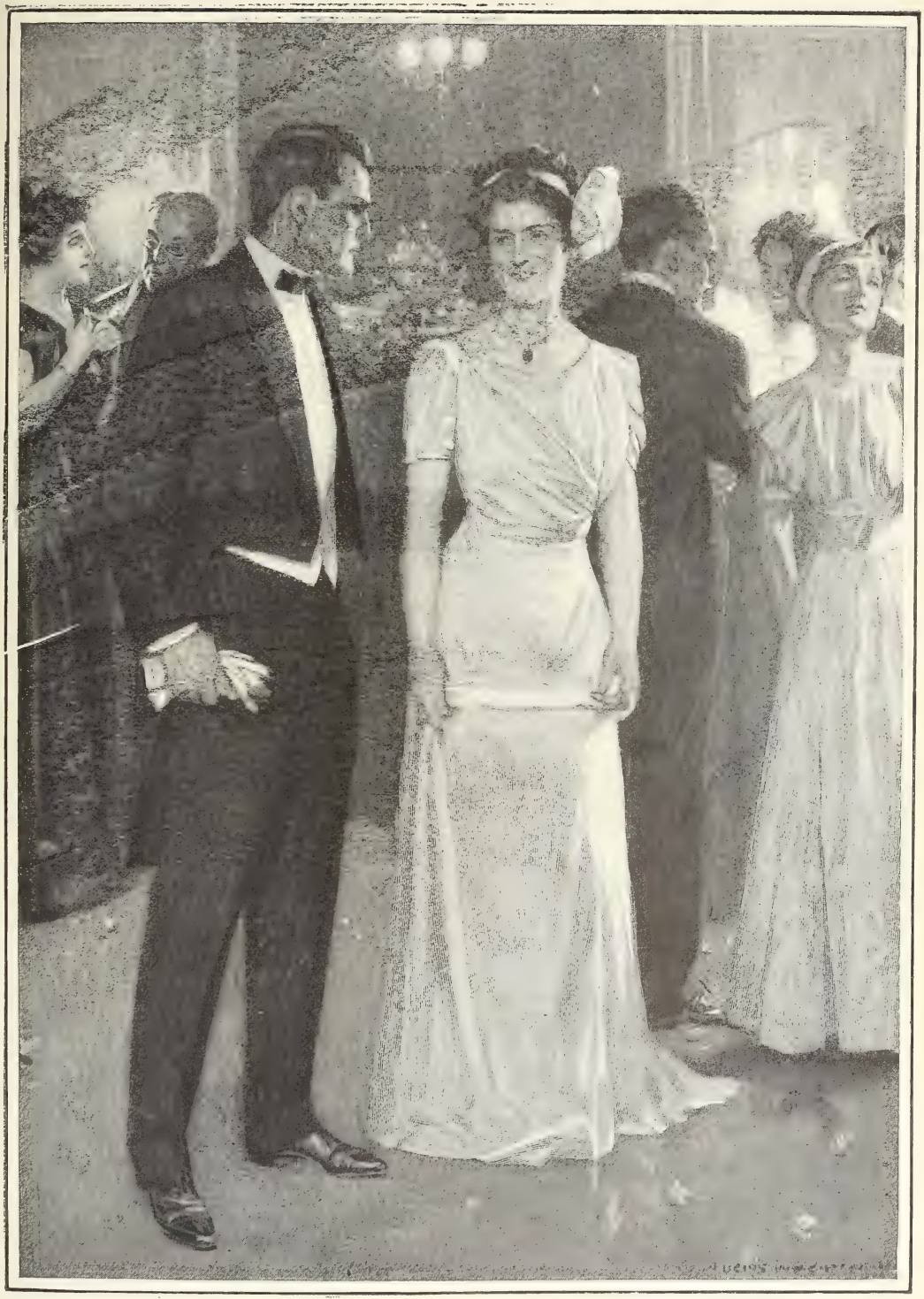
"If you don't die first," added Miss Lancaster. "Was it a pretty wedding?"

"Hang the wedding!"

"Oh no! It's Easter week, Ned, and the proper time for weddings. There's one on nearly every bush to-night."

"H'm! So I've learned."

"I dare say you might locate a few more in this neighborhood—if you'd ask," she soberly reflected, a laughing devil in her eye. "Or you might even discover a belated wedding-guest whom you could follow to the door and so save your pride."



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"OH, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN AGAIN?"

"Only one wedding will ever interest me very much now," he said, "and that will be yours. Polly, who's 'Bobbie'?"

"Oh, have you forgotten again?" she grieved. "You were so sure of him a little while ago."

"'As you are strong'—" he begged, and left the quotation unfinished. "Haven't you reduced me to pulp? Am I not *asking*? *Who* is 'Bobbie'?"

"Bobbie is my own private and particular pet-name for Eleanor Robertson, the woman I work for."

"The *woman*—thank the Lord!" fervently breathed McEwen; and then, no less fervently: "You imp!"

End of Day

BY A. WARD

EARTHLY toil is done,—
Come and sit in sun,
While the last ray lingers in the west:
Empty hands may be
Folded on the knee,
Work is ended, it is time to rest.

Noonday heat is o'er,
Labor calls no more,
Sit and watch the crimson turn to gray;
Sweet upon the ear
In the quiet clear
Falls the thrush's farewell to the day.

Rest is earned at last,
Feel how space grows vast!
In th' eternal depths a star leaps bright;
Faithful sentinel,
All is well—is well—
Naught we fear the coming of the night.

Now regrets but seem
Fancies of a dream,
Shapes of mist that fret us not nor grieve;
Through the tranquil sky
Homing pigeons fly,
Hopes that strayed at morn return at eve.

Dim the landscape grows,
Like a mantle close
Veiling all we knew and loved before;
All the voices cease,
Darkness falls, and peace,—
And the dial points to Time no more.

A September Day on the Shore

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

NO other season by the sea is comparable to the late summer, when the warmer months slowly, almost imperceptibly, merge through days of a nameless tranquillity into the more serious period of autumn. Yet, before this transition really begins, most summer visitors desert the shore, leaving the world of sand and wide-spread ocean to its season of inviolable solitude. Indeed, if Nature were conscious of this withdrawal, and now more openly and unreservedly informed the visible creation, she could not disclose a greater splendor—such a deep and quiet splendor as midsummer days have only suggested or partially and intermittently revealed. Nor is it necessary to look out upon the royally carpeted marshes, whose hitherto unbroken summer emerald now quietly glows with orange and saffron, russet and golden-green; nor need we explore the flowering hedgerows along the creeks—the unfenced, Nature-sown gardens of rose-blossomed mallows and yellow star-flowers—to realize that this is the crowning season. For, as I traverse the intervening strip of sand, push a way through dried shrubs and through goldenrod stalks, whose filmy seeds, shaken free by my passage, lightly float away upon the soft breeze—as I pass through this tide-made gateway in the wall of the dunes and come out under the broad light of the beach, the wide aspects of the ocean-shore itself are seen to have experienced a great transforming change.

Owing to the sun's lower position in the southern heavens, its reflection, even at midday, shines more broadly over the waters and farther out to sea, spreading fields of glimmering radiance even to the horizon. Then, too, slow flocks of cirrus clouds drift upward from the west over the sun's otherwise intolerable rays, softening and veiling their keen intensity and luminously diffusing the light; so that the deep, amethystine blue of the upper heaven is irradiate—even the zenith is flooded with light, as the lower shining reflection silvers the blue sea, and there lives along the shore, on this September day, a subdued and splendid radiance.

How far one can see in this clarified and crystal-clear atmosphere! how more penetrative and comprehensive the vision has become over other times and seasons! Usually the mainland is invisible, or its presence guessed, rather than certainly discerned in the quivering heat-haze of summer; but to-day it lies clear and distinct, a low, waved line of blue along the western rim of the sea. Fishing-boats in the offing seem closer inshore than they really are; even the far blue shades of square-rigged sails, that poise for a time above the dim horizon, have a realized form more distinct than previous months would show; and, beyond them all, farther still, trails a misty ribbon of gray, the aftermath of some ocean steamer's passage. Golden-green sedges such as rustle above my head, and clothe the dune-slopes about me, also crown the higher sand-hills down the shore, except where the steeper sides of shining white face seaward. Bayberry shrubs, at the base of the hills, spread patches and irregular dark clumps of russet-olive foliage against pale reaches of finer grasses which clothe the low mounds far away. Upon them, and over all this withdrawn realm, the low sun sheds a quiet radiance, that, like some rare, supernal solvent, seems to remove all harsh, obtrusive appearances from the natural world, revealing its purest self, perfect in its intrinsic excellence.

And the sea! how tempered and yet deeply expressive sound its rhythmic thunders! Perhaps it is only the after-effect of yesterday's storm which so strongly swells beneath this heaving, laboring surf that landward rolls; but an almost conscious power seems to initiate



A SUBDUED AND SPLENDID RADIANCE LIVES ALONG THE SHORE

the rising water-walls that advance and, with earnest intention, slowly plunge to their thundering fall, as if the great element, like an errant, unwieldy instrument, were at last attuned to and unmistakably informed with the overmastering concord of the hour.

To-day there is little disposition to explore the shore, or to search along the water-line for tide-cast, curious forms. It is enough to look about and to breathe this salt-tinctured atmosphere. It is enough just to rest here within the shadow of the dunes, between these two great tranquillities that lie all about me upon either hand—the wide-spread world of sleeping marsh whose winding creeks show never a sail, and this other world of the wide-spread sea whose surface waves move over motionless depths—and listen to the faint and far-called cries of their respective inhabitants. Softened by distance come the faintly audible, musical callings of gulls which are gathered in great flocks upon an offshore island. At intervals they disturbedly fly upward from some momentary alarm, then again settle down upon the level beach; or

flappingly rise in more wildly disordered companies that take multitudinous flight for narrow sand-spits which the receding tide exposes over against my hiding-place. Here they settle down and quietly feed: henceforth disturbing clamors only occasionally rise.

Meanwhile, from the landward side, from sedges which border the marsh, are faint, twittered songs begun—and repeated, then quickly suppressed; as if their authors were conscious of unfamiliar, even unfriendly fields, and of the mysterious forces which have brought them here and will continue to urge them until they set forth upon their long southward journey. For these are well-known birds—robins, sparrows, and meadow-larks—already gathering to their autumnal migration; but these hesitating notes hardly suggest their usual confident songs—they seem hardly more than a memory of some long-distant and half-forgotten spring. Except for this there is no sound. No, not one. For I am now so far removed from the shore that even the muffled crescendos of the surf, heard but a moment ago, have gradually become fainter and fainter, until they have ceased altogether; there falls a sense of pause, a great silence. Such stillness supernal in a hushed universe always wins from the thoughtful mind its deepest response. For this withdrawn shore, however solitary; this water-immensity, so slowly, majestically moving in its eternal round; and this late summer sun, although it is indeed the very apotheosis of serenity—all these could not alone and of themselves apprise one, in this place of absence, of a Presence rather, and one not far removed; in unseen worlds the tidal seas of peace are rising and are overflowing their bounds, beneficences, too vast to be contained there, instill their essence into our world.

After a time one desires to explore the beach, for last night's storm may have cast curious sea-creatures there; perhaps some of those notable ones in harmony with the day and with our mood—those most beautiful members of all the ocean's progeny, which September gales so often bear to the land. It seems curious that the ctenophores, the animal forms I have in mind, should have been mentioned so rarely in general literature; and, except to the scientist, are so little known. Even the technical descriptions by Louis Agassiz are interspersed with expressions of wonder and admiration awakened by the study of our living ctenophores. He



STRANGE ANIMALS OF THE SEA

The ctenophore *Pleurobrachia* swimming free near the surface of the ocean. These notable forms, which autumn gales often bear to the land, are the most beautiful of all the ocean's progeny

writes of one species, *Pleurobrachia*, "I can truly say, I have not known in the animal kingdom an organism exhibiting more sudden changes and presenting more diversified and beautiful images, the action meanwhile being produced in such a way as hardly to be understood." What is true of this variety, respecting its curious and beautiful activity, is true of all.

Although extremely tenuous, the ctenophores are readily visible to an eye focussed to discern the delicate bodies as they float in the ripples of the receding tide, lie, half submerged, upon the beach, or swim about in such basined hollows as often appear along the pliable shore.

Here is such a hollow, filled with limpid water. I bend down to scrutinize the clear depths, and see, among drifting seaweed particles, the glinting shimmering globes of almost impalpable form—the *Pleurobrachia's* iridescing, quivering spheres. Several half-inch globes are idly floating near the surface, as if in temporary lassitude; others, glittering with the spectrum colors which break in brilliant waves along their moving, sunlit sides, are playfully diving, as if intent to show their wondrous powers; and ever and again, as they move along, are jerkily, retractively, drawing inward the two streaming, pink-fringed tentacles, that soon again unfurl to trail gracefully backward in motile evolutions of their own.

After a brief contraction, the bell again puts forth the wonderful strands, which drop downward with the rapidity of a plummet-line, and unfold to softly trail in still further graceful lengthenings of ductile tissue. Then lateral processes appear, and, in finger-like extensions of web-fine tissue, line all the length of each drifting strand with a gossamer fringe. Now here, now there, these delicate threads contract into minute, tightly tangled bundles; then again, after a moment, uncurl to stretch wide their rose-tinged threads, like tactile organs, independently moving and exploring the liquid near by. Or they stiffly bend in curious, angular directions; or slowly, almost insensibly, lift; and, as if drawn by a powerful current, stream upward. Another change, and they gracefully conform to wavering curves that passively float. Suddenly, as if by a conjuror's art, the two widely wandering fabrics of displayed tissue are withdrawn; are caught up; as if some wonderful secret had been inadvertently shown, and are retracted into the two lateral pockets which the bell provides.



THE CTENOPHORE RISING FROM THE UNDER SEA

Six of the eight systems of minute swimming-plates are visible as bands of glittering light. As waves of motion pour down these systems they break into brilliant iridescence



THE GREAT ELEMENT SEEMS ATTUNED TO THE OVERMASTERING CONCORD OF THE HOUR

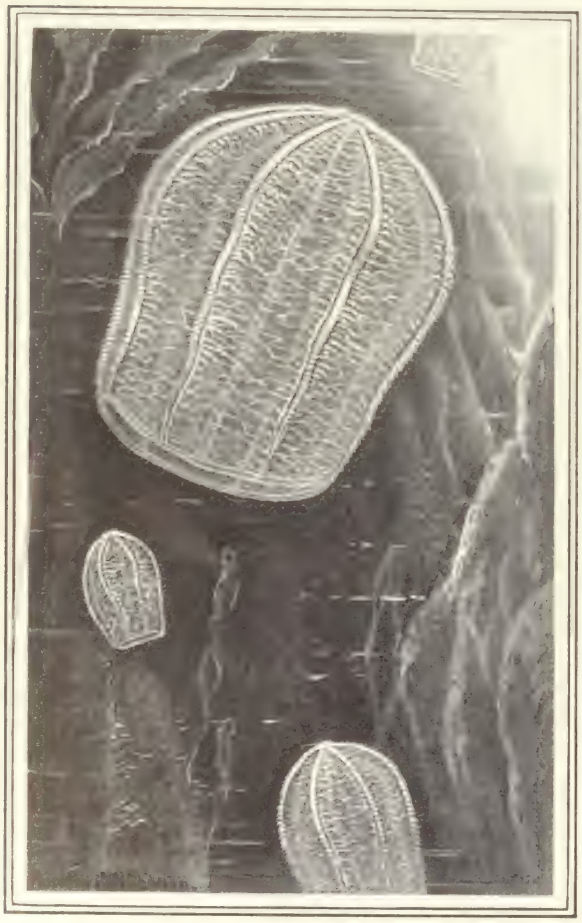
Often the globe widely swings in concentric orbits, then turns upon itself and travels toward the bottom to plunge against the sand with visible impact and elastic rebound. It becomes entangled with others resting there, and one expects dismemberment and injury; but, in unbroken integrity, every detail of drapery is elastically withdrawn and streamingly follows whither the parent body leads. Hardly has the mounting bell released the drooping tissues, till they deviously float below, before it withdraws them unto itself, partially staying its course meanwhile; then, again, the linked cords are unloosed to plumb the depths, while the glittering sphere, with renewed energy, and with swimming systems beating in unison, victoriously rises toward the surface of the water and the light.

As I observe *Pleurobrachia* circling about, or diving far below, or steadily ascending through the employment of most individual powers, I almost fancy that I am witness of some initial attempt in adventurous flight, and am pleased by its successful consummation. Perhaps the emotion awakened is due in part to the creature's comparative unfamiliarity; nevertheless no other frame in the lower creation prompts, in its contemplation, a greater feeling of wonder and of reverence, a more immediate impulse to earnest apostrophe.

Hoping to discover a larger species (for the swimming parts are very small in these specimens) I travel farther down the beach, passing, as I go, many other basined hollows containing the small, rainbow-hued inhabitants. Soon many familiar translucent bodies are seen half stranded along the shore; but, although several inches in length, they are so tenuous as to dismember if removed from their element. So I hollow away the sand beneath one bell; then, when the inflowing water floats it free, a jar is brought beneath, and, water and all, lifted to the sunlight for observation.

The webbed globe of gossamer, light as a cloud, half floats in the liquid. It seems impossible that a structure so tenuous could have withstood the breaker's turmoil. Yet, although no pulsations, such as a jellyfish initiates, are awakened in the bell, although the plicated and multiplied folds of tissue droop dependent and motionless in the water, the curious body rests secure in its liquid

medium, as if sensitively adjusted thereto, and ready to float free when an impulse decides. Now the impulse awakens. For see! like a globe of light, the impalpable, irregular sphere soars aloft, and, propelled by invisible means, passes, almost with a sense of translation, even to the very top of the vessel and rests in light contact with the water surface. At first this mysterious flight bears no evidence of being effected by material means: it seems as if a body, counting gravitative force as nothing, had by its own desire been propelled.



IRIDESCENT BELLS DRIFTING TO THE AUTUMN SHORE

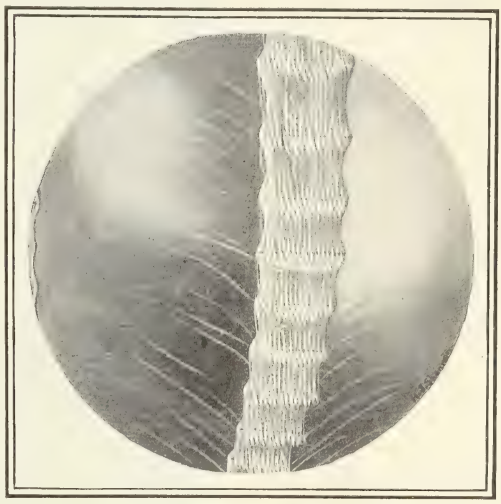
Pale crimson canals which delicately vein *Beroë's* tissues flush the entire body with rose-color. It often attains a height of over four inches

Closer examination, however, will reveal definite propulsive structures which exhibit the very quintessence of co-ordinated motion. Watch the bell which has again drifted to the bottom and now reposes there in uneven balance. Quivering movements are visibly passing along filaments, or tube-like channels, in the globe's interior; but these have to do with the vital processes. It is upon the surface of the bell that our attention really centres. For, along eight band-like structures, which sweep from the bell's summit to its lower border, waves of motion are shimmering and shining in the sun, and are iridescing as continual motile waves sweep over the minute, hinged plates that overlap in a multiplied series down these wonderful borders. Now, along the undermost systems, do the flooding ripples more vigorously and unrestrainedly pour, until the body's almost imponderable inertia is overcome, when it tilts upward nearly perpendicular; then all eight systems more vividly waken and pour their down-trending showers of propulsive intention in wavering rainbow-cascades that break in prismatic flashes and in scintillating gleams, until, all radiant and ablaze with brilliant iridescence, the body floats lightly aloft. We are told of the impulses that pass like messages along sensitive nerve-tracts, and it almost seems as if here we saw some otherwise hidden life-activity in virgin purity. With all reverence be it said, one almost imagines that the Power which brought the visible world into being, had reviewed its other creations — the star forms of snow crystals, the transparent plates of mica which flake from the insensate rock, and the rose-hued and purple-dyed tissues of flowers, and then, through the desire for a body combining the structures and delicate nature of these, but more mobile and intimately expressive, the ctenophores were conceived and were born in globes of palpable cloud—ribbed, and robed with living light they floated free, to be, forever, a symbol of the Invisible.

What degree of sentiency informs these creatures? Microscopic examination will disclose certain structures of special sense whose office has been ascertained. A small glittering grain, or pellet, is situated at the base of a pit in the bell's depressed summit. This is the ctenophore's so-called eye, or, more properly, organ of direction. The minute, calcareous grain is delicately supported upon four spring-like arms which equally bear its weight. A ciliated groove proceeds outward from the base of each support and separates into two divisions which extend to the swimming-plates of the respective sides of the bell. As a slight tilting of the bell, one way or the other, causes the pellet to press with greater force upon the spring-like arm of the tilted side, the impulse, so generated, is carried along the ciliated groove to the corresponding swimming system, which quickens to increased activity, and the animal's equilibrium is restored.

Before being cast on shore, the ctenophores usually liberate their eggs, which develop through the late summer and autumn; then the young bells probably sink to the deeper ocean beyond the reach of wintry gales. Very little is known of this winter history: science cannot tell in what abysses of the dark ocean they are harbored.

But let imagination in place of certitude and of observation be our guide, and we will see these creatures drifting through the dusk of the deep, with the curious animals of that place obscure, in cold, under-sea currents that move in undefined channels over the Atlantic ooze. One hardly knows how to conceive of these creatures wandering among the lower life-forms of our globe, so great a contrast do they present to their companions. But this sojourn is only transitory. For, when the seasons in their revolution bring us to spring again, when the upper world universally responds, then do the ctenophores, also, quicken with new life, as if they realize their pale, wandering season over. From the informing Spirit of the bell impulsive waves of motion more vigorously run; from the unseen vital centre eight crystal-pure rivulets, as of a great and a visible gladness, well up and rise to the summit of the bell and overflow, pouring down its veiled and globed sides a glistening succession as of tremulous and half-spent desires. Wave upon wave floods down those gleaming borders, and wave upon wave succeeds, until, through this inspired power, as of an inexhaustible emotion—through its ineffable impulsion the ctenophore slowly ascends.



A MAGNIFIED PORTION OF A SWIMMING SYSTEM

The minute, glassy plates (of *Pleurobrachia*) are hinged at the base and fringed at their outer extremity. Each plate partly overlaps the one beneath, producing a series which suggests overlying plates of prismatic mica

We trace its course through the ocean's depths, peopled with strange inhabitants that, dully moving through the ooze, are ready to devour and destroy, would this winged creature only pause in its flight and grow still. But, guided by the sense that distinguishes the height from the depth, the above from the below —guided by this one faithful sense alone, the ctenophore steadily rises through zone after zone of ocean, each concerned with its own commerce of life and of death, until the region of the upper sea is reached, where the denizens that we know are foregathering to the spring—and, with soft contractions and with quiet expansions as of inbreathings, the veiled body rises still! Only when the sunlight shines across the green water, only when those eight quivering systems of materialized light are struck across by the Greater Radiance to break into rainbowed iridescences of crimson and of purple fire, only

in the sense of this great and glorious transfiguration do the veiled and convolved wings grow still and fold themselves in peace and repose.

Still other ctenophores drift ashore, sometimes in such numbers as to clog the nets of fishermen. The balloon-shaped body of *Beroe ovata* is delicately flushed with pale crimson owing to the multiplied veinings of minute canals which branch out from the main trunks, situated behind the swimming systems, and commingle, covering the bell with rosy ramifications. In this species the swimming-plates are more robust, and are readily watched under the microscope. How they reflect and flash back the light in brilliant spectrum colors, each a separate note in the wonderful, chromatic harmony! Pure crimson, or scarlet, orange, yellow, bottle-green, or violet light blazes back from each glassy plate as it rises to the sunlight; and these prismatic fires run into each other and change with kaleidoscopic variety.



A JAR CONTAINING PHOSPHORESCENT CTENOPHORES

On cloudy nights the crest of a breaking wave will sometimes show a flare of green fire where a ctenophore glows. Occasions have been reported when the entire surf rolled shoreward a waterfall of fire, owing to the thousands of animals involved

Under the microscope the colors soon fade, for, with the close confinement, the body processes wane. Now, only pale, rainbow tints waveringly waken over transparent plates that rise and sink in feeble rippling motions, then feebly quiver and cease. The wonderful structures are still. Last crimson and lilac gleams blanch and fade from the glassy surfaces, and the ctenophore dies, faintly alight and irradiate with such visionary, celestial colors as the returning sunlight strikes from dark rain-clouds after the storm.

One other impressive power, inherent in these creatures of the sea, will soon be made plain; for the storm-clouds, which have shut down in thunderous blue over the early sunset, are already spreading a deeper gloom over the dark ocean. As I lift the hooded cover from my carrying-case, hardly seeing it in the obscurity, and disturb the jars which are packed there, they gleam as if afire and asparkle with blue and emerald light. I lift one vessel containing *Mnemiopsis* notable for its brilliant phosphorescence. I shake the vessel. A brilliant blue-green glow flares up, brightening all the water and the sandy bottom with a spectral glimmer. Again I shake it. Points of living fire break forth, and loop and bead and festoon themselves in dependent clusters and in columns, a transitory uplifted fabric of undecipherable design flares out against the darkness and dies, for these indicate certain inner centres, possibly the seat of vital powers which the daylight hid, now revealed in the darkness of night. I cease to agitate them, and the fire disappears; but, over and again, as, moving here and there, rising or descending in the vessel, the bodies happen to brush the cloudy sides of their fellows, a momentary soft light of exclamation glows.

A gathering gloom, such as sombrely

darkens the shore to-night, was advancing over the sounding ocean the first time I ever held a jar of ctenophores in visible phosphorescence. And, upon that occasion, as now, when I held the vessel before me, hardly seeing it in the obscurity, when the mysterious bells glowed and flared again in intermittent fire, the dark, drifting curtains of the storm-clouds were themselves momentarily illumined by the lightnings' lambent glow. Within my hand's reach glowed the veiled, cloudy tissues: out upon the dim horizon, upcast, irradiating reflections of interstellar fire brightened along the wind-swept borders of the storm. And, as I watched, again the ctenophore brightened; and once more the sky replied; for this life-cloud finds, in the vast, a great similitude to its fiery body of night, as to its rainbow-hued vestment of day, suggesting that greater similitude and veritable identity which our humanity believes it discovers in great powers not its own.

The City's Cry

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE City cries to me all day
And cries to me all night.
I do not put its voice away
When I put out the light.

With stars and frost and windy things,
Eternal things and still,
The City laughs and sobs and sings
Across my window-sill.

O Sky of Stars, how wide you are!
How swept with light you lie!
Yet never any leaning star
Can heed the City's cry.

I lay awake when past the roofs
The planets all were strange.
I heard the City's wheels and hoofs,
The City's shift and change.

The planets all were greater far
Than when I went to sleep;
And one long splendor of a star
Across the dark did leap.

But, oh, for all they were so proud
I heard the City cry,
And in my dreams I saw a crowd
Of wan folk herded by.

O Sky of Stars, though you are great,
Though dreams are heaven-high,
Monotonous and old as Fate
I hear the City cry!

The Eclectic

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was already after ten, although no one had remarked it but Mrs. Archibald, who always impatiently lived a day ahead and who, even in this curiously intimate atmosphere, could not entirely surrender herself to the moment. To any one watching us, it would have seemed as if this group of men and women, talking, not in the least lightly, of other men and women, of the "adventure of life," and of the essential adventure of love—it would have seemed as if we were gathered about some common vessel, perhaps some invisible loving-cup, from which each eagerly drank, and which each in his turn as eagerly replenished. For it wasn't merely that by such participation thirst was stimulated rather than assuaged;—the desire, with each of us, to distil, and pour within the cup, the pungent liquid of his own experience, was no less obviously feverish. There was not one of us, of course, who did not suppose that he had effectually disguised his contributed essence. Yet it was almost like eavesdropping, I remember, to listen to the transparent generalizations of young Reese, who had been married only a year—and who, until the last absorbing hour, had found us rather an indifferent solace for his temporary bachelorhood. And once or twice I could see that discreet Mrs. Seabury's whole being was wrenched with the effort to translate an apposite bit of autobiography into something decently cloaked and impersonal. O'Neill, who was the only professional dinner-guest among us, did, as usual, a good share of the talking, but even he had yielded to the spell of veiled confession, and had laid aside his anecdotal habit. A remarkable and contagious intoxication prevails at such moments. One knows that he must speak; but does not ask himself why, and is far from considering what.

"That merely illustrates," Mrs. Seabury had offered, in her spirited way, in comment upon a story of O'Neill's, "that our best energy goes to verify platitudes! We're all rebels when we're twenty. *Our* lives aren't going to swing tamely around the same old tethering-stake that kept our ancestors in that tiresome circular groove of theirs! But by the time we're thirty we see that our most profound experiences have had what result? Why, merely that of making some drab old commonplace stand out in letters of fire! It's so humiliating to have to rank oneself among the spiritual bourgeois. That's why the most ravaging experience is less painful than the sober, sensible conclusion it drives one to!" She looked about her in whimsical defiance.

Dwight, the widower, who was the only stranger among us, gave his hostess an understanding glance. "But that's not the whole story, Mrs. Seabury!" he reminded her, half lightly. "You know of course that there's an endless succession of such phases—rebellion and assent, rebellion and assent!"

"Oh, but I knew I had some advantage over you people who stop to think!" chattered Mrs. Archibald, within whose extravagant comments lay usually what to me was a quite fascinating kernel of truth. It had often been observed that ideas seemed constantly to be scampering through this vivacious lady's head like mice through an empty room; but she had no contrivance for detaining them. So she had to talk very fast and feverishly or the notion she pursued would escape her altogether. "I *never* think; and so, instead of having your morbid experiences, I have always the sensation of being original and unfettered. Reflection is the most unsalutary practice!"

"If we had all reached ninety," Sidney Reese gently ventured, "I suppose we couldn't disagree about these things; we couldn't even discuss them. Having had the same emotions and experiences, and reached the same conclusions—we should

merely sit nodding in the sun and assenting to one another's tritenesses."

"There aren't many of us that escape," O'Neill pursued. "And yet there *are* instances. For example, I know of a man who thought all this over when he was very young, and thereupon chose to discard all the notions that the rest of us shape our lives by—chose, indeed, to discard life itself, as we live it, and to frame another that might or might not be superior. Interesting experiment."

There were encouraging murmurs from most of us, but from Dwight, who until this moment had given an impression almost of languor, the challenge shot with a painful directness, "Do you mean that you *knew* Rendell?"

"Knew him? Why, no," drawled O'Neill, evidently veiling astonishment at the manner of the question, which immediately had altered and sharpened the quality of our atmosphere. "He was a Princeton man, I remember, somewhat before my day, and I knew several fellows who used to talk about him. But I never saw him and haven't heard of him for years. I've often wondered if he arrived at anything. Can you tell us?"

"I knew him," was all that Dwight conceded, his swarthy, haggard face unheeding our curious glances.

"A sane man who refused life," Mrs. Seabury smoothly summed up. "I think we shall have to hear about him. That is—was he sane, Mr. Dwight?"

"Entirely so," Dwight answered, with a certain grimness. "That, after all, was what differentiated him. The rest of us, of course, are mostly delusion-fed."

"It's not a quality that recommends him!" Mrs. Archibald decisively observed. "I never like a man whom other men praise for his sanity. As for women—but who ever describes a woman as sane?"

With this she rose to leave, but her hostess insisted that she stay—that she spend the night, indeed, inasmuch as our conclave seemed scarcely to have begun. And the rest of us were briskly informed that we might leave only when the story was finished. At which we all turned thirstily toward Dwight. But it proved not so easy to induce him to begin. From the start it had of course been evident that the subject was far from agreeable to him—but the man had an odd sort of literalness that made him helpless before our persistence. I am sure that if he could have thought of an excuse for declining which would have been both honest and sufficient, we should never have heard the story. But we were all patient, and Mrs. Seabury was cogently persuasive; and at last our friend yielded.

"I knew Julian Rendell at college," he began, in a voice that had a suggestion of harshness; and then paused. "If I told you about him as he was then, you would think him a prig; but he was very far from that. I *was* one, however, and that was why I preferred sitting in Rendell's room, listening to his talk, to playing football with fellows who were more of my own calibre. I supplied the only need he had at that time, which was that of an audience, and he expounded, as boys do, upon pretty nearly every subject in the universe. From what I can recall of his talk, I can see very plainly that this idea of his, that O'Neill has mentioned, and that was to dominate his life, arose from no chance whim. It represented an essential part of his nature. Not that he was perverse—nor was he a natural ascetic. But he was extravagantly fastidious, incredibly eclectic—I think that best expresses him.

"Of course a lad of that sort didn't take college seriously. He was too mature and too positive. And yet he was more reluctant to leave it than I, who thought it a very heaven. When I first knew him, I used to protest, after the manner of boys, that I was tired of lecture-rooms, and that I longed to go away and *live!*—and I remember how he used to smile. It interested and astonished him, he said, to observe that other people desired 'life.' For him the reason for tolerating college was that it wasn't life—that it eliminated so many gross and painful features of life. Its restriction and artificiality were what he commended in it. It hadn't any misery, or vulgarity, or garishness—he would point out to me—or social puerilities, or domestic dulness; and these lacks he intensely valued. I believed such an attitude to be highly admirable, and though

at the time it was beyond my reach. I hoped some day to imitate it. I believe even now that Rendell really was an astonishingly developed youth for his years, and he must have found the cubbishness of even the most precocious of us hard to bear.

"One day I remember that I was still artless enough to breathe to him the word Adventure. It was a noun for which I had great awe.

"'Do you know what people mean by adventure?' he demanded. 'They mean an opportunity of violently hating a man or violently loving a woman; if possible, a tangle of both.'

"I digested this respectfully, as usual. I could understand that my enlightened young preceptor was not interested in the emotion of hate; it was far too rudimentary—"

"Nor in love?" innocently questioned Sidney Reese.

"Yes. He admitted love," said Dwight, slowly. "But the notion he had then was scarcely an idealistic one. . . . Oh, Rendell had everything wonderfully settled. He hadn't an uncertainty in the world.

"Though Rendell's was always a tutelary attitude toward me, we were remarkably close together as long as we were in college. I became very dependent on him; and I believe he was fond of me. But after our Commencement, when we all disappeared like so many drops of water spilled from a jug, I didn't see or hear from him for two years. Naturally, there was no activity he could logically engage in. He belonged to a brilliant and rather conspicuous family. If he had been the usual sort, they would have arranged a diplomatic career for him. But, of course, with Julian—! In my own case, and in that of most of the other men, there wasn't much question as to what we should do with ourselves. We simply settled down to our cut-and-dried professions. I went in with a firm of architects, and at the end of two years felt myself a middle-aged citizen. Meanwhile I had heard that Julian was in Egypt. But he never confirmed this—and to this day I don't know where he spent those years.

"As soon as I heard that he was back, I hunted him up without delay. My affectionate awe of him was as strong as ever. Besides, I hadn't gotten that notion of the importance of 'life' out of my head, and I was eager to know if he, with his magnificent free opportunity, hadn't seen the shining light or felt the great emotion. I had no doubt as to the experiences that would have befallen *me*, had I been at large for two years—my idealism was incurable. But Rendell assured me, with a smile for my immaturity, that he had found nothing of the sort. And indeed he bore no betraying signs of it. If he had changed, it was merely that he had found more things to dislike. The usual pursuits of civilized men—society, sport, theatres, clubs—he regarded with contempt. He scorned the professions, and he recognized that he had no supreme vocation for any of the arts. As a matter of fact, he seemed to me to have an extraordinary gift both for music and for letters, but he thought it futile to be less than the greatest. I suggested to him at this time that he devote himself to making books of his philosophizings. But he maintained, in a spirit that was very far from modesty, that no work of his could be of permanent significance. Nothing that he could do seemed worth while, because he saw beyond everything. That was his curse, I think. An unclouded vision is rather more than any of us can bear.

"It was never until this time that he had put into so many words, in speaking to me, his intention to decline 'life.'" Dwight paused a little here and spoke these sentences with a slow irony. "It seemed to me a sublime course. Julian himself I regarded as an anointed being. My own content with an ordinary existence appeared nothing short of despicable.

"Nor did it ever occur to me that he might weaken. That was the sort he was; he compelled belief. So I was not surprised when, shortly afterward, he told me that he had bought a place down on the Maryland shore where he intended to live alone indefinitely. And to me and to several other men he said quite casually that if we cared to see him he should be glad to have us hunt him up; but that he should never invite us.

"The following summer I took him at his word. His place wasn't easy to find and staying with him wasn't much like

the usual visit. He didn't, of course, go in for horses, dogs, sport, fancy gardening, or any of the customary 'country gentleman' pastimes. No newspapers or magazines ever came there; in fact, he had no post-office address. I must repeat, however, that he had no ascetic ideal. He merely chose to withdraw himself from the vulgar, the trivial, the irrational. And in his view most elements in the lives of the rest of us fell under those categories. He was by no means without his luxuries in that hermitage of his; but they were of the most delicate and sublimated character. Two Japanese servants took care of the whole establishment. My host and I didn't eat together, I remember, for Julian regarded that as a barbarous custom. When one of us was hungry, he merely helped himself from stores that included the choicest fruits, the most delicate wines—"

"When the invader came," coolly demanded Mrs. Archibald, as though there had been some transition, "did she accept all this fantastic arrangement or did she disturb it?"

"The invasion," Dwight answered, slowly, "was too brief to allow of any—rearrangement. The invader was cast out."

"But so very many ladies must have been supplicants for his hand," suggested O'Neill, no longer able to suppress his habitual flippancy.

"This lady was not," Dwight grimly stated, without looking up.

"I see how it was—he was in love with her," announced Mrs. Seabury.

"I have every reason to believe that he was." Dwight seemed to measure his syllables.

We all waited.

". . . . But his scheme had not included the indulgence of that emotion. So he—declined her, with the rest of life."

"He was a fanatic, of course," said Sidney Reese.

"No, he was not. But he was so constituted that in the most blinding of human crises he still retained the power of choice."

"And she?" asked Mrs. Seabury, softly. "You'll have to tell us, I think."

Dwight now looked as though he had been swept so far backward by his reminiscence that he was scarcely longer conscious of the listeners who groped after him. Nor did his narrative from this point cost him further effort. It was rather the easier course, I surmised, for him to continue. And we all forbore further interruption, for in some way I am sure we all knew that he was telling us something that he had never told before.

"The one pastime that Rendell countenanced," Dwight resumed his thread again, "was sailing the seas. It had for him none of the childishness or barbarity of other forms of sport. Indeed, in his attitude toward the sea he was something more, I used to think, than coolly reasonable. It brought out a kind of mystical fervor in him that nothing else in the world elicited. And, although he would never leave his place for any other purpose, he was not unwilling to board a comfortable deck. So one summer, a year or so after my visit to him, a friend of his and of mine took us both cruising on a yacht. There were only a dozen of us on board. And one was a young woman who—

"Oh, well, it's not necessary for me to describe her. But any match-maker would have delighted in bringing this girl and Julian Rendell together. Anybody could see what obvious complements they were. However, no manipulation was necessary in their extraordinary case. They discovered each other within an hour after sailing. And from that time on, though without any suggestion of coquetry on her part or mere dalliance on his, they spent all their time together. The other people on board leered amiably, with an assumption of understanding. But those two noticed nothing. They were too desperately serious. I was the only one, I think, who understood how serious they were. I knew that they were having their supreme adventure. But it didn't inspirit me. I knew Julian too well. I had too well-founded a fear of the outcome. . . . We were on the yacht two weeks. And when, at the end, we came ashore and exchanged our cheerful, commonplace farewells, Julian and—Julian and the girl smiled and shook hands. . . . They never saw each other again.

"I think perhaps I may be pre-

senting his case too gently when I say that he declined her. As a matter of fact, he did nothing of the sort. He accepted her. He accepted her radiant and measureless love. But he made his own use of it.

"You see, it was the girl's miserable fate not to offend him in any particular —and nothing less than what he considered consummate perfection could do that. There wasn't a point in which she didn't satisfy his cruelly exigent taste. Nor was his the only judgment that found in her every imaginable grace —of body, of mind, of spirit. It would have been very well if he had been content with approving. But he chose to love her. And he intended that his love —the astonished rapture, that is, of those weeks on board the yacht—should not wane. He intended to preserve the luminous thing forever, in the crystal of his imagination—and her presence near him was by no means a necessary adjunct to that feat. It was something he was quite capable of doing; he knew his powers. All the poetry of love he made his; he merely rejected the prose.

"We all know that the prose is less desirable—"

Dwight looked at the faces about him —at the gallant mask that was Mrs. Seabury's, the anxious triviality of Mrs. Archibald's, the smooth, hard disillusionment of O'Neill's, the sudden dismay in Reese's. . . . Oh, it was quite plain that his audience understood!

"—The barrenness of conversation five or ten years afterward," he went on, "the tiresome, inelastic matters that married people are forced to have in common, the sometimes sordid familiarity— we all know this. But we don't speak of it much. We don't constantly face it; we don't, above all things, throw it in the scales together with the one priceless experience of life! But Rendell did. He wouldn't have the woman he loved on those terms. For him it was infinitely easier to lose her. Her side of it, of course, he didn't dream of considering. So they shook hands, as I say, and Rendell went back to his place and read Plato and took sea-baths and—well, at all events, he kept himself quite free from the disturbing or the commonplace. His existence remained entirely undefiled."

"I suppose she went into settlement work," Mrs. Archibald unemotionally interposed.

"She—married another man," Dwight corrected, very slowly. "You see—she was a woman of great kindness. And there was an unfortunate chap hanging about who had also been hanging about a good while previously, and with whose sentiments toward herself she was entirely familiar. So when she caught her breath after the cruel thing Rendell did, she was so thoroughly a woman, she had such a passion for conferring happiness, that she chose to confer it on the one who seemed to her most to need it."

"Oh, but that's so comforting." Mrs. Seabury smiled. "I was afraid you were going to tell us something much worse."

"It couldn't have been worse. I mean, she couldn't have made a more serious mistake. There was no high and just appropriateness in the marriage she made, as there would have been had she married Rendell. She was too superior a creature, she had always to stoop—oh, I don't mean that it wasn't always in the most beautiful way—but nevertheless she stooped. But of course that wasn't the greatest difficulty.

"The reason the thing was so horribly wrong was that she was still, of course, in love with Rendell. And there he was in the same world with her, still alive, still, as she well knew, loving her. At every moment of her life she was conscious of the man to whom in imagination she belonged, yet who had denied her, who had shut her out. And that was no fault of hers. It was inevitable. She and Rendell did belong to each other. . . . And under those circumstances you can see that it wasn't much solace for her to have always a secondary sort of chap at hand. As for the chap himself . . ."

Dwight had filled the loving-cup to overflowing now. Silently we shared in the draught. I fancied I detected the others striving, as I strove, not to betray how deeply the man's singular revelations had moved us. And an hour before I had thought him an agreeable but slightly arid companion!

"It was an odd sort of inverted jealousy that afflicted him. I do not believe there was anything base in the emotion. If jealousy was ever justified, his

must have been. He had, of course, married the woman he loved. Your commonplace observer would tell you that should have satisfied him—that his own attitude was fantastic in not surrendering himself to happiness. But the wisest of you will understand the wretched falseness of his position. You will see that his torment—though having, as he did, her companionship, and the privilege of constantly beholding her loveliness, accepting her acts of kindness—was undoubtedly far greater than that of Rendell, who never saw her, yet who effortlessly controlled her life and thought. Oh, Rendell knew! It's absurd to imagine he didn't know—as she knew—as her husband knew. But not a word of it could be spoken. They spent their lives in a dusk of silence—a dusk so deep that it seemed at times they could scarcely see each other.

"Oh, well, I needn't go any further. I have told enough to show you how wrongly it all turned out. Three lives, and not unimportant lives, were utterly wrong. And all through the whimsies of a fellow who thought too much. We muss life so terribly — the important things at least—when we think too much about it. We ought to approach them simply—accept them naturally. Perhaps Rendell knows this now. Perhaps it all seemed different to him when she died. I don't know how that may have been. But he can never know *how* wrong he was. Only one man knows that. Nor would there be any virtue in his knowing, now that it is irremediable. He may still be comparing, selecting, declining. . . . At all events"—Dwight looked at Mrs. Seabury with clear candor—"I've told you all I know of him. You may form your own opinions of his theory—and of his applications."

"There's more than one deduction to be drawn from that story," remarked O'Neill, trying to restore a natural tone to our atmosphere.

"Only one important one," said Sidney Reese, with conviction.

"Sidney, you're all youthful aggressiveness," began Mrs. Archibald, in a familiar manner; and ended, surprisingly, "If you were older, you'd understand—oh, well, you'd understand that there isn't one of us that doesn't agree with you!"

Song

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ALL the words in all the world
Cannot tell you how I love you,
All the little stars that shine—
To make a silver crown above you;

All the flowers cannot weave
A garland worthy of your hair,
And not a bird in the four winds
Can sing of you that is so fair.

Only the spheres can sing of you;
Some planet in celestial space,
Hallowed and lonely in the dawn,
Shall sing the poem of your face.

The Woman Who Was Ashamed

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THE house stood out among its weather-beaten neighbors strung along the shady road that for almost a hundred years had been for the village the highway of life and death. During the years the journeying of many feet had left traces in the deep grooves of stone door-steps; while the ebbing life-flood of the countryside had left its tide-mark of an occasional windowless, door-less tenement, the shell of a dead family, flung high by a grassy wayside.

But this house was newly painted, glaringly, cheerfully bright with its reds and yellows, beside the soft melancholy of weather-tinted shingles. The walk that led to the door was dazzlingly white with powdered clam-shells. Through the wood-shed door there was a glimpse of the winter's thrifty store of wood, already piled high, although the flowers of the brief summer were in their glory beside the road. Back of the house was the orchard, the trees heavy with still green fruit: stunted, domestic, familiar trees they were, that seemed to hump gnarled shoulders and stretch limbs distorted bearing fruit for man—longing for the careless caress that should be the reward of their service. The only disorderly region of the whole snug domain was where the old stone wall that formed its boundary from the road was buried under the load of eager summer life that had flung itself forward in search of a foot-hold where it could bloom and bloom and bloom its unthrifty, prodigal joy into thrifty brownness and seed.

But seed-time was far distant on the morning when it caught my vagrant eye, and there was no trail of brown in all the sweet tangle of wild-rose and morning-glory and blackberry vine. It was the wild roses that held me, the glory and the pathos of the northern summer—unmatched, ineffable in their morning blush and melting curves—and to be shattered at the violence of another day.

As I wondered at them, a little gray figure like a shadow was visible for an instant between the house and the wood-shed, then disappeared. But in that instant I caught sight of a small, peering face in the aperture left by a close-clutched shawl, and was gripped by the drowning eagerness of the eyes.

I waited, with an odd sense of obligation to remain—my eyes for the pink and green of the rose hedge, my nostrils full of the delicious compound of salt and balsam and faint, sun-distilled flower-perfumes, my ears busy with the melody wrought by the chorus of small chirping voices and the deep organ-song of the telegraph wires overhead, chanting of the eager work of the hurrying, growing world. But my mind was concerned with the human life that had somehow sent me its appeal.

As the minutes passed, with no return of the small gray figure, the uneasy sense grew that eyes were on me from behind the closed shutters. I began to cast around for some plausible reason for knocking at the door. I was not convicted in my own mind of curiosity; it was merely that I knew it was meant I should enter. When one has been friendly with elemental things for long vacation-weeks impulse grows to have the authority it was intended to have.

Fortunately, lacking noon as it was, a woman came from her door across the road, put a huge conch-shell to her lips—for which bit of the old time I secretly blessed her—and called for the midday meal. Then the reason came to me—that hunger which we at the Camp so carefully cultivated and concerning which we exchanged exultant meal-time notes.

I reconnoitred. There was a milk-pan sunning on a bench by the side door, and a half-submerged pail in a tiny spring-house by the side of the brook. The house looked neat and trim and prosperous—I would ask for a glass of milk.



Drawn by J. A. Williams Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE DOOR OPENED ALMOST AT THE INSTANT OF MY KNOCK

The door opened almost at the instant of my knock—it must, then, have been her eyes that I had felt watching me. And yet, when I entered, she blotted herself against the wall, with her shawl still protecting her, in the attitude of one who persuades herself she is concealed!

"I wonder if you could spare me a glass of milk? I have been walking—" I had said so much, when I was halted by the amazing effect of my words. Her breath came in short, frightened gasps, her wondering, wide-opened eyes were on my face. What had there been so extraordinary in my request? Was she insane? But I had heard nothing of any madwoman in the locality; and there is usually not much concerning one another's deficiencies that neighbors are not willing to impart.

"If you have none that you can spare—" I was turning to go, when a small claw of a hand was darted out. It seized my sleeve feverishly.

"Just come in—and wait—in—in the pa'lor!" she gasped. Her voice had the creak and rasp of the door she threw open.

The damp, earthy air of the closed and shuttered room enfolded me as I groped around in the dim light for a seat. I found it in a stiff, horsehair-covered chair beside the centre-table. In the gloom I dimly saw three other chairs and a small sofa against the wall, framed photographs, a crayon of a larger size, a picture of a large ship under much mathematically exact sail, the oval frame and glass that sheltered a stiff wreath of funeral flowers. Big shells were stationed at either end of the empty hearth, and a china dog and a small spangled figure bearing a basket were placed mathematically distant from a fan-like spray of coral on the centre of the mantelshelf. There were, in fact, all of the objects absolutely necessary to proclaim to the world respectability—and the cheerless order of non-use.

Before the chill had had time to penetrate, my hostess was back. One hand held out the brimming glass of milk, the other clutched closer to her head the shawl. I could see, even in the dark that made of her form a black instead of a gray shadow, that she watched me, while I drank it, with an anxiety that had in it something feverish and even tragic. The chilling presentiment of the abnormal that pervaded me did not keep me from realizing that the milk was delicious, rich, creamy; and that, when we summer people who scoured the country for milk and cream were becoming accustomed to the dismal blue that must serve for all but the babies.

"Thank you so much," I said, as I put the glass back in her hand. "It's evident the drought hasn't affected your cows."

There was a pause before she responded to my trivial remark—a pause that carried with it something of the awkward effect of unused machinery, and something of what would have seemed to me, had it not been so evident that there was nothing in the situation to justify it, panic.

"I—haven't any cow," she said finally, as if a confession had been wrung from her.

"That saves you trouble." I was fumbling with the clasp of my chatelaine bag—surely I had placed some small change there.

Again there was the pause that seemed more freighted with meaning than common sense could justify. And again the unwilling speech:

"I haven't any menfolks to do stable chores. And since the rheumatiz got to my hands—" A glance at the small knotted hand that still held the shawl together completed her sentence.

"But how lucky you are to be able to get such good milk from your neighbors!" There is a human instinct that makes one cram a cheerful truism down the most unwilling throat. "I wish you would let me know who furnishes it. Maybe we can beg some from him at the Camp—" How much, I was wondering, should I offer? It seemed to be as heinous to give too much to our business-like country hosts as to give too little.

"Most of the cows are drying up," she said, her eyes uneasily on my hand and the chatelaine bag. "It's been awful dry—and then the pasturage 's giving out 'most everywhere about here."

"But they let you have it—"

There was a long pause.

"Yes. They're—kind—I suppose you'd call it. But then"—was there a touch of defiance in her tone?—"I don't use much."

I had found the coin I sought and had risen with my hand outstretched, when for the first time she raised her eyes and met mine fairly; small eyes hers were, twinkling warily far back in their nest of wrinkles. And they held me while I was made to know that a sick soul waited, fearing, hoping, some decision of my own. What was it? Why was she so furtive, so strange, so hidden away, yet so wistful? The instinct that sometimes saves us from cruel blunders made me finger undecidedly the coin that, in every other house of the whole region, would have been accepted without question. And I put it away.

A sigh escaped her, and her face quivered for an instant into satisfaction. She turned and eagerly beckoned me into the room across the entry. It was a homely, worn place, kitchen and living-room together. There was a small round table covered with a red cotton cloth, a painted pine sideboard with a few pieces of glassware on it, a tarnished old "castor" with its vinegar cruet and salt and pepper, a flaring glass cake-dish on a long standard, a tumbler or two. In the built-in cupboard were a few coarse plates and cups and saucers, and drawn up to the table was a cane-bottomed chair, while a black-painted rocker with a cushion of cotton patchwork was under the window —geraniums blooming cheerfully in old tomato-cans. Poor as it was, the room was cheerful with the noontide sun flooding it.

"Won't you—sit down?" There was a new decisiveness in my hostess's manner. While she pulled the rocking-chair invitingly forward, her shawl fell to the floor, and she picked it up with a gesture of finality and hung it on a nail behind the door. I glanced at the small drab calico-gowned figure with still growing curiosity. Her head was erect and her eyes were bright and excited.

"Won't you—sit a while and take a dish of tea with me?" Her breath came fast in an anxiety I could not disappoint. But the sense of bewilderment deepened as I assented, trying to let none of the effort with which I spoke creep into my voice.

Then she began to bustle feverishly about. There was at first uncertainty in the movements with which she raised a leaf of the table, set on it a cracked sugar-bowl with one handle gone, two horn-handled knives, and plates. But confidence had come when she paused and looked undecidedly from me to the lowest shelf of the corner cupboard. There was a dawning child-pleasure in her look, struggling with secretive cunning.

"I 'most believe—" She paused and drew a long breath. "But there ain't anybody about here that knows." She looked at me dubiously. "But"—with a sudden dash of desperate resolution—"I'll get it out!"

There was an interval of rummaging, from which she emerged holding an exquisite Royal Canton cup and saucer delicately between the thumb and finger of either hand. She set them down on the table before me.

"There! I had the whole tea-set once. My gran'ther brought it to me when he came home from his China v'yage the year after I was married. He was a sea-captain and he owned the best ship in the ha'bor. And the China trip was the biggest thing any one about here cal'lated to do then."

"Was your husband a sea-captain too? And is that the picture of his ship in the parlor?" I was admiring the rich yet delicate coloring of the decoration and the warm, transparent tone of the china.

"Yes; but it was all the coast trade when he went to sea. But that's played out now—for any but the big companies —was before he died—" She caught herself up with a frightened glance at me.

"And the china?" I prompted her gently. Was there, then, some disgrace of the husband? I seemed to be merely repeating lines in a play, the outcome of which I knew but had mysteriously forgotten.

"Well—I sold most of it. Not that there was anybody would give me anything like what it was worth. There ain't anybody here that has the money to—" A queer gleam of malicious pleasure shot across her face. "My gran'ther could have bought and sold any of—Them in his day. But I kept this one and hid it, so—They wouldn't know I had it."

"'They'?" I had suggested the question before I had realized how imperti-

nent it was. She gave me another of her quick, dubious glances.

"Any of the neighbors' children. They might break it; it's so thin," she explained, breathlessly. "Sometimes they come in to pile up the wood or bring it in for me."

"That's kind—" I had begun, when I saw her wince.

"They haven't any call to do it—unless they want to," she said, sullenly. "And I cal'late to pay their mothers—someway. I darn their stockings sometimes, or sew buttons on for them—that is, I used to. But now—my hands—" She gave an angry look at the knotted little fingers. "It's because of my hands—They—" She checked herself again, and wiped the cup and saucer daintily before she put it down before me. Then she went to rummaging again, until she brought out a tiny canister of tea, with a strange sprawl of Chinese characters upon it.

"What tea is that?" I asked. "I never saw that before."

"Nor ever will," she amended, with an attitude of growing dignity. "That's some I've had put away for years. And it isn't the kind that loses its strength, when it's properly wrapped up, either. You needn't mind drinking *that*. It was given to me before—" She caught the look of wonder that must have been on my face, and stopped herself with a sharp note of impatience in her voice. "I'll go out and get a stick of wood," she said, dryly, and went out of the room.

But she tiptoed back again in a moment to ask me, with an elaborate carelessness that I have seen equalled only when my little daughter prepares for me some gigantic "s'prise":

"I suppose you haven't seen any strawberries up here since you came?"

"No," I answered, taking the cue with the ease that comes of long practice. "They were all gone, I believe, when we got here."

"Too bad, isn't it?" she said. "And I've heard the rusticators mainly like the flavor of the wild strawberries, too! Well, I'll set the kettle to draw in a minute now." I heard her chuckle slyly as she dipped back again.

When she came back, to place before me a plate of ginger cookies and a tiny jug of cream, the excited color had risen to her face. But, although her voice shook with nervousness, there was a sweet dignity in her manner as she said:

"Will you draw up your chair, please?"

We were seated. She bent her head to pour out my cup of fragrant tea. "I will take as many cups as I can swallow," I vowed to myself as I saw her face. No little girl at her first tea-party with a new set of Christmas dishes could possibly have been more rapt.

It was a real party as we sipped our tea together—it actually was the most delicious brew I have tasted for many a day. But she directed sly glances toward a mysterious covered dish she had slipped on the table at her side. The first instant when I had stopped dilating on the tea she whisked off the cover. There was a dish of fresh strawberries, red against a wreath of their own green leaves!

"How lovely!" I cried out with pleasure—it really wasn't any effort at all to play my part—the "s'prise" was undoubtedly charming.

"They grow right back here in Cap'n Beasley's wood-lot," she beamed. "You needn't mind about eating them at all. They're anybody's for the picking. And I've had so many of them I'm tired."

Naturally it was my rôle to linger over each berry, expatiating over its perfection, the exact difference in flavor between it and the cultivated varieties, the reasons for the difference. With the last berry, however, I found it necessary to change the topic.

"These are delicious cookies," I said. But there evidently was a false step. A pall fell over the party. She hurried in her explanation:

"Mrs. Adams—across the road—sent them to me. She baked this morning. I don't cook, myself—anything fancy. I never was much of a hand to eat—and it's little I need—now. Just bread and butter and tea and a mite of fish or pork now and then." She seemed trying to justify herself in my eyes.

"What kind neighbors you have!" I said.

"Yes, they're—kind," she replied.

And then it dawned on me that I had before insisted on the "kind"-ness of her neighbors; and that she had

answered me with the same half-sullen, half-frontal intonation.

Hunting around for another topic, my eyes fell on the neat and plentiful wood-piles that I could see as I sat facing the window. So I was eloquent concerning the pleasure of the big wood-fires at the Camp, and wondered who would bring us more hard wood. That made her wince again.

"I don't know—I'd ruther not say—I—get mine from Cap'n Beasley. But he don't cal'late to—sell—to every one."

I realized at last that my mission in her house, for some mysterious reason, was merely to eat—that what she wanted was to feast her eyes upon a guest at her table. So, while she herself merely pretended to be eating, I dallied over every ginger cookie, and ruthlessly ate up every one of them. And I drank three cups of tea. With each mouthful that I ate—and with each word that I didn't say—the little woman opposite me seemed to grow in stature and dignity. I could see her shoulders straighten before my eyes; hollows in her cheeks were filled out; the dead gray of her skin took on a living tone; her eyes came out of their ambush and were gentle and benignant as Nature must once have intended them to be; she seemed to look at me with affection; the scant gray hair shone with a silver lustre—the recollection came to me of the last sunset I had seen, when the stark rocks of the island opposite had been wrought into softened splendor by the passing miracle of the afterglow.

At last, when it seemed to me that there was no possible reason for not going, I rose to take my leave. The old woman put out her hand to detain me. She withdrew it in an instant, but the motion had made its record. It was the despairing clutch on companionship of a desolate soul. So I paused again at the threshold, in view of the living beauty of the outside world, the jewel-studded green, the romping waves, the sky's innocent blue. She would not follow me farther than to the door, and cowered into the shadow of its side. She cast an uneasy glance up and down the road, muttering to herself:

"If—They should see her!" The sinister shadow that had been dispelled while we sat at table fell again. Why was it that she so clung to me? And of what was she afraid?

"A charming site you have here," I said.

"My husband set store by it," she said, dully. "But I never could abide the water when I was young."

"He made you care for it?" I scented romance.

"Oh, I suppose I turned fool like all the rest when my time came. I used to go for a sail with him sometimes when I'd let my scholars out and he was home from a cruise. You'd think he would have had enough of the water, being first officer on the bo-at he bought the next year. I mind how the girls used to plague me with having a beau that didn't know any better way of keeping comp'ny than that. But he never would buy a proper buggy. And he never had any eye for a horse." The sting of the ancient disappointment was in her voice.

"Was he lost at sea?"

"No, Bert died in his bed at last—and after a good long spell of sickness that used up everything we had been able to put away." Was she really callous, or was it that feeling had been for a long time dead? "But little Bert wa'n't a mite like him. He was afraid of the sea—like I'd been, I guess. But then he was never quite right—"

I gasped with horror. "Oh—wasn't that worse than—death?"

She looked at me curiously. "I don't know. He was a great one to work. It was kind of queer, too. He would work and work, and the only way you knew he wa'n't just like other boys was that you had to tell him when to stop. He'd keep right on till he dropped."

"And he died, too?" I asked, a great pity for the desolate mother flooding my heart.

"Yes— There was a fall when the mortgage fell due—we'd had to put it back on after his father died. So little Bert knew, in his way, that I needed money. And he had a job of clam-digging that paid him real well. He worked awful hard, early and late. One day—I was away, quilting comforts down the road a spell. I told Mis' Allen, who lived next door, to look after little Bert, but she forgot. So there wa'n't any one to tell him when to stop. And he worked straight

through the night and part of the next day. When Mis' Allen found him he was beat out; he had fallen down in a heap. He never seemed to get over it."

"Poor little Bert—" I was wondering how mothers bear such things.

"My boy was a good boy, if he wa'n't just right," she said, dully. "And he was a great one to work. If he had lived— There's Mis' Adams across the road—for all she puts on so much—sending me ginger cookies—all she's got except her farm—and that isn't clear—and her two pair of hands, is that boy of hers. If she should lose him, I cal'late she'd be on the town fast enough!"

"Where is your poorhouse?" I asked, to change her thought—the expression on her face was not pleasant.

She drew herself up proudly. "'Poorhouse'? We never had to have a poorhouse! Everybody here has all he wants and money in the bank. Why, our town has money at interest! They may have to have places like that far south—or where there are a lot of shiftless foreigners. But here we cal'late to take care of ourselves!" The stern independence of her bearing was inspiring, harsh as it was. "No, we have never had any one on the town since—" She stopped abruptly, then took up her story again hurriedly. "Even after little Bert died I used to make as much as the best of them digging clams, before the rheumatiz went to my hands. I had the mortgage 'most paid off. They pay two dollars a barrel for clams at the factory."

I looked for a moment at the slight figure, the hands, and turned away my head.

"It used to be real handy," she reflected. "There's a fine clam-bed down there, just under the bank. And I was real thankful Bert had built the house here."

A gay little sloop lilted into view around the curve of the clam-bed she pointed out. It was the *Zephyr,* and I knew the party would be on board that I had refused to make one of, saying I must work. As it swept past, lee scuppers properly under water, sails bellying, some one caught sight of me on the doorstep above them and waved me an ironical salute. Then the whole party stood up and groaned in chorus, expressing sympathy with the slave I had represented myself to be. Marion went through a vigorous pantomime of toil at a washtub, which would have been more successful had she the slightest idea of the process; Tom Parker thumped at an imaginary typewriter; Louise gave a realistic touch by dusting violently the deck cushions; Perry turned himself into a street laborer breaking stones; Billy Sands—always the monkey of them all—ground out a concert on a street-piano. They were still careening around in cynical joy when the sail disappeared around the headland. My hostess looked at them with unnoting eyes. "If it wa'n't for the rheumatiz—and if little Bert had lived—They would have had to leave me alone. I could have managed a bo-ut as well as any man; and they pay well for fish at the factory. There's Mis' Adams looking at us! I suppose she's wondering what I'm doing with a visitor. And if she knew you'd been to eat with me!" Her face wrinkled into a thousand lines of malice—and alarm.

"Thank you so much for the delicious tea," I said, awkwardly. "I feel so much refreshed."

She bent her head with the ghost of her gracious manner. "It was a real pleasure."

Again I tried to resist her unspoken appeal and go. She shook hands with me. I went reluctantly down the two steps that led to the dazzlingly white walk. Then I turned; she was still peering at me—a drowning look.

"Tell me!" I had said before I knew I was going to speak.

She shrank deeper into her corner, with a look of scared wonder upon her face. I climbed the steps again, and was at her side.

"Indeed, it will do you good," I said, taking the little knotted hand in mine. "You need to talk to some one."

An ugly suspicion came into her face. "What have you heard? Who has been talking to you?" she whispered.

"I have never heard your name." I looked earnestly at her to make sure she would believe. "But I have felt, every moment, as if there were something you wanted to say to me."

She made a pitiful effort at indignation. "I don't know what you mean, coming here like this! I don't need any

one to talk to—I have all I want. Just because you're a rusticator—" She jerked her hand away.

I smiled at her while I was waiting to think what would move her. Then an inspiration came to me that went to the root of the matter.

"In a few days I am going away. I shall probably never be here again. You need never see me face to face another time. And even if I wished to speak, there is no one of your neighbors with whom I have ever exchanged a word. If you like, I'll give you my promise—"

She shook her head—but I felt her wavering.

"There are times when it is safer to tell some one." I spoke as gently as I could. "I know—because I have felt it—"

"Come in," she said, drawing me toward her with feverish impatience. "Come in where—They can't see us!"

She pulled me into the cold and dark parlor and thrust me into a corner of the slippery sofa. She herself leaned forward from the chair opposite. There was just light enough for me to see the desperate purpose animating the meagre shadow.

"I *lied* to you!" She wrung her hands until I winced. "I *lied* to you because I was *ashamed!* And I will be scourged with His wrath—if there's anything left for Him to do!" The sterile despair that is the dregs of the bitter draught of Puritanism was in her face.

I tried to pull her hands apart. "Don't feel this way," I said, in distress. "You had a perfect right to keep anything that pains you to tell from a stranger like me. I'm sorry I spoke. I have been impertinent—intruding."

She disregarded me entirely. "I lied to you," she repeated. "Wait—I'll tell you."

"Don't say anything unless it will do you good to talk. I'm afraid I've been wrong—"

"No, I guess it's meant I should tell you—you're right—I've got to talk to some one. If I don't—! I've gone around all locked up, lying to myself and every one else since—It happened. I hate every one—and I don't believe I used to. I think it over and over. Why should—They look at me that way? You will—when you know."

"Oh no, no! How could any one possibly feel anything but—liking? See how kind you were to me—how sweet! I was tired and faint, and you took me in and made me welcome at your table, a stranger—"

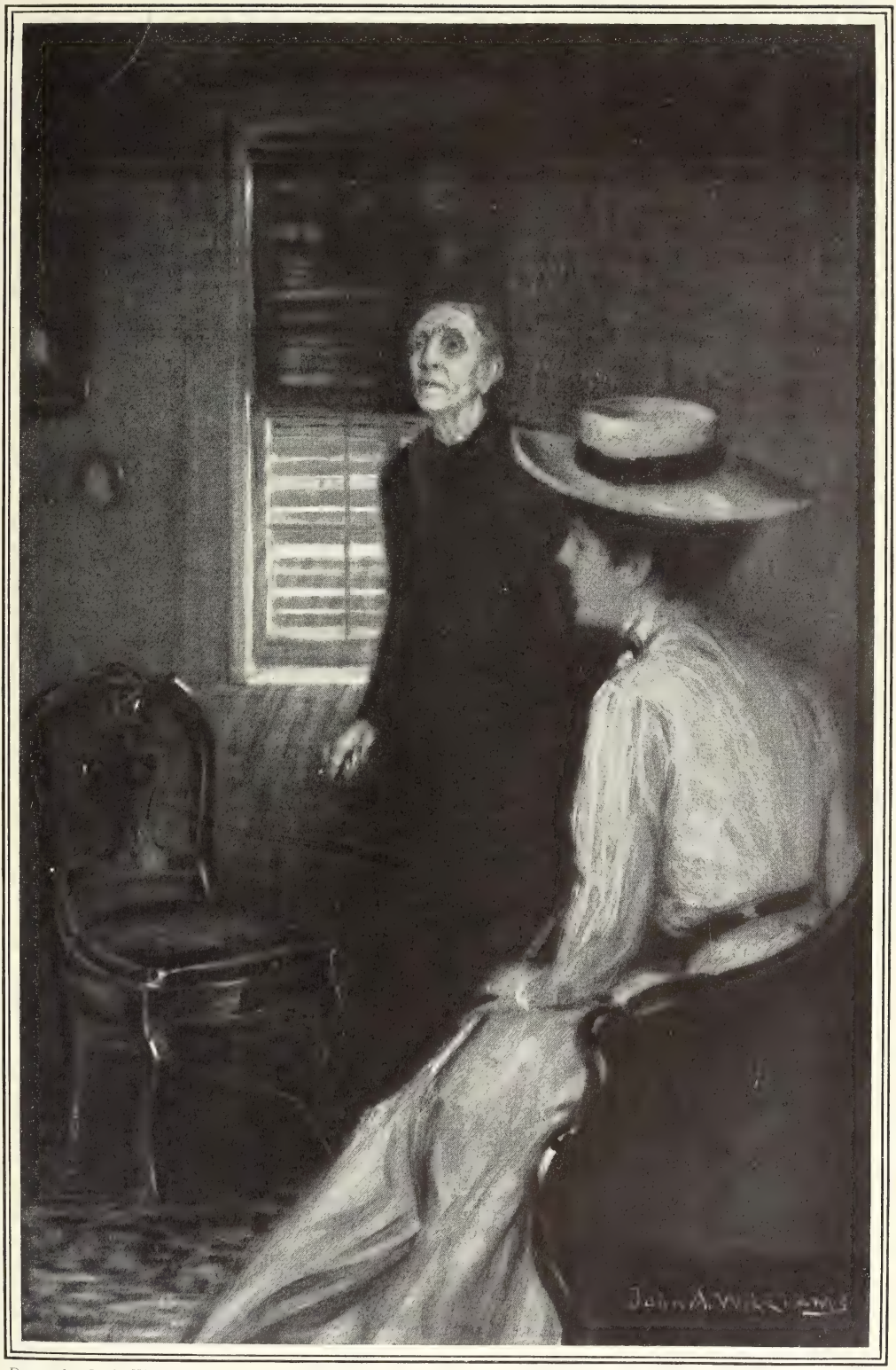
"That's just it," she whispered, hoarsely. "You could come because you didn't —know. But perhaps I don't look at things right—I can't. It has hurt me so here!" She struck her narrow chest so cruelly that I wondered she did not cry out with the pain. I tried to keep her hands in mine. She let them stay a minute.

"For a little while," she moved her hands restlessly, "it seemed as it used to do when I could give things and not feel that—They were looking at me—wondering. You see, you didn't think you had to pay me for the milk! I had to—right or no right. And then the tea was a present to me years ago, and the berries I'd picked. There was only the sugar and the cream—but you didn't take that—and the cookies—"

I was trying to follow her and trying, so hard, to understand. She must have seen—

"Just let me tell you in my own way," she said, with some calmness. "Perhaps I can make you understand. I was the kind of a girl that had to earn my own money as soon's I had finished my schooling, even though my father was a sea-captain that owned his ship and had money in the bank. Most of the girls around here are like that—or used to be. I don't know much about them—now. And it never comes amiss to have a little more coming into a house—or even to just have the expense of board and keep taken out. Why, I wouldn't even let them give me my setting-out, but earned enough to furnish my house myself, linen and everything. This pa'lor set I bought with my school money two years before we were married. And that china dog—I mind now what a good time Bert and I had the day I bought that! There was a fair over to Rockport. And he did tease me so about getting even the ornaments for my mantel-shelf!" Her tone was merely reminiscent. There were no tears in her eyes, although, foolishly enough, there were in mine.

"So Bert and I were real forehanded,



Drawn by J. A. Williams

"I HAVEN'T BUT ONE FEELING IN ME. IT'S—SHAME!"

and paid off the mortgage on this house and had money in the bank. The day little Bert was born, Bert put twenty-five dollars in the bank to begin saving for him to go to college. The baby was never real strong—I guess I didn't rest enough before he came—I never could do much resting. And, of course, we wanted our boy to have it easier than we had had it. Then Bert was sick and the savings were used up. And then Bert died and I had to put a mortgage on the house again. Then I knew little Bert wa'n't just right; and then he died—just as I told you.

"But I got along all right until last winter, when the rheumatiz went to my hands. Even then I had everything I wanted—I was never one to spend much for foodstuffs, anyway. But—one day—Amanda Adams—I used to go to school with her—and she and I always used to run each other to stay at the top, and I 'most always won—came in to visit. I was just a mite tired and had lain down on my bed. But she said—I—was—*hungry!*" She could go no further. I wouldn't, of course, look at her. But I felt that, even in the darkness, her face was darkly flushed.

"It wa'n't so at all. But Amanda always was one to pry. And, of course, it made her feel good to pretend she thought so—when I had always beaten her before—and Bert had used to go with her once—before we sung together in the choir and he began to keep comp'ny with me. She brought something in—her bread is always sour, too—and made me eat when I hadn't any appetite at all. Then she went and spread it everywhere. And they called a meeting of the selec'men. And they voted to take up the mortgage on my house. There never was a poorhouse here. That was true I told you. But if there had been one, I suppose—They'd have sent me there!"

For the first time she faltered—and I could do nothing but take the poor clutching hands and hold them softly. At last she went on—her voice gathering in tragic intensity with her story:

"They portioned me out. I can see the words of the letter they wrote; they dance before my eyes sometimes as if they were written in running fire: 'The community will assume responsibility for your support.' And they had written down what each one would do—how Mis' Adams would send me something of every baking, and Cap'n Beasley give me wood and send his boys to pile it up, and Mrs. Sawyer send me in all the milk I need, and Ed Wells down at the store let me get sugar and calico and shoes without paying for them, and Deacon Williams paint my house and fix up my walk. And Doctor Ford—he used to want to keep comp'ny with me before Bert did—he would furnish 'medical attendance.' But"—she raised her head proudly—"if I do have to eat, I don't have to get sick—or let any one know of it if I do. So I don't ever have a call to go to him to ask—*charity!*"

"But surely," I said, gently, "they are kind."

She turned on me in fury. "So'd I be *kind* if it was for me to give instead of being give to! I used to do a sight of sitting up with the sick—before—now I won't stir to go in one of their houses—nor They wouldn't want me to. 'Kind'!" She choked for a minute before she could find words. "They're prying and spying every day to see what I'm doing and what I have. They feel as if they owned me. Do you suppose I buy a calico-dress pattern at the store that every woman here ain't looking at it and wondering if I couldn't have made out with one yard less? They ask to look at my account at the store—I don't need to see them to know they do it. And Ed Wells lets them—I know he does—and shakes his head at his own '*kindness*' in letting me have white sugar as well as brown! They come and look at my wood-pile when they think I'm asleep! Many a night I've waked up at two o'clock in the morning and heard noises and known, just as well as if I'd got up and looked out of the window, that it was—Them. It makes them all feel rich to think they've 'contributed to my support'! Cap'n Beasley ain't painted his own house for fifteen years—but he comes and gives mine a coat of paint this spring, when it looked five times as well as his—and such colors, too! And Mis' Adams forgets she has to get up at four in the morning to wash for the summer people when she sends me over a batch of bread. I'm better than bank stock or paid doctor's bills to them all! They look at me

and feel rich when they know there is one person in the world they're giving charity to. I'm their luxury! And then I'm expected to bow down to Amanda Adams and Cap'n Beasley and thank them for being 'kind' to me now I'm on the town. Yes, that's it. That's where I lied to you. *I'm on the town!*" —her voice failed her. But her gray lips worked. And something in me rose to feel, at that moment, not grief, but exultation for the tempest of righteous pride that tore her.

Still, it seemed to me that the room rang with my baffled silence. "Are you sure that this is as you say? Isn't it really a gentle kindness that has moved them to do this for you? Don't you think they are trying to do what they can in the way they think will be easiest for you?"

Her lips quivered and she passed her hands uncertainly over her face. "I—don't know—maybe it ain't so—but that's the way it seems to me—most times. But somehow it ain't right for me—living so; queer things come into my mind, being alone so much, with every one I cared for once gone—that is, I know I must have cared for them once—but it seems a long time since—there hasn't been anything but—This. I try sometimes to think different—but somehow I can't think anything else. I guess it's different from most anything else—to be—on the town. There ain't any other trouble you can't share with other people. I remember when my husband died—I must have felt awful bad—for Amanda Adams just came and stayed with me for weeks and took care of me like a baby. And I let her. And when she left we kissed each other and cried. But—This eats every other feeling out and makes you hate everybody. And there's nothing, either, you can look forward to—for it's the one thing people never forget. It's worse than stealing or killing people, I guess—for at least there's always some one who believes that you haven't really done anything wrong—your mother or your child perhaps. But every one knows—This. There's no way of getting over it except by dying. And that seems to take an awful long time. I had feelings once—I remember them. But since It happened—I haven't had but one feeling in me. And it's the mother of every wicked and low thought in the whole world. It's—*Shame!*"

She stood, blazing wrath, a small slight figure, stooped and knotted. But the fire that filled her invested her with the power of one of the ancient Hebrew prophets when he stood, he alone, a frail bulwark against a rising tide.

One moment I halted, searching for the word. At the end of that moment the whole figure lessened, sank into impotence. I tried to grasp her—she eluded my touch—she was crouching back in the shadow, seeking to blot herself against the wall. She spoke once:

"When you go, pretend you're picking flowers—lots of the summer people do that. Don't tell—Them you were here—to eat."

I tried to answer. But she was looking at me sullenly out of eyes of mean suspicion. Alas and alas! The moment had passed. In the instant of doing the only service I could perform for her I had lost the power to help. I had become one of Them. *I knew.*

As I went down the dazzlingly white walk of clam-shells the little gray figure crept away from the door to watch me behind the shutters. I felt her there. At the rose hedge I paused, marvelling at the green-massed, rose-flecked beauty, with the vital blue of speeding waves beneath it, and the innocent blue of the sky overhead. As I picked the wild roses I wondered at the joyousness with which the Earth Mother sent them forth, unmindful that her other children were starving at her failing breast. And the full summer chorus of small chirping voices swelled out jubilantly, sustaining the deep organ tones of the telegraph wires as they chanted the exultant triumph of the growing world.

Editor's Easy Chair

"WHAT did you mean," we asked of our July familiar, "by saying, the other month, when you were talking of the pair whom you saw walking hand in hand in the Park, that the girl's brother was not a Bostonian, if the girl was?"

"Ah, that was very curious, wasn't it?" our friend returned. "It was apparently a contradiction in terms; but it was really only a paradox."

"Would a paradox be so very much better?"

"I'm not saying it would be. I'm stating a fact, not arguing a point. What I wish to convey by the fact is that the male Bostonian seems to want the witchery often so immanent in the female. He is very well; he has done most of the right, and high, and clear thinking which has got the country forward. He has always been unscrupulously brave, with often a tender conscience against fighting; and he is apt to be patrician, if not aristocratic, while all his convictions are for democracy. He is not winning; his cold, snubbing manner fails to make you instantly at home with him, or even to desire his further acquaintance; if you wish to know more of him, it is at the distance which he seems, instinctively, to have put between you. In other words, and fewer of them, he wants charm."

"Well?"

"Well, and this young fellow, this putative brother of that most charming half of the unmistakable pair of lovers, did have charm."

"Oh, now we see."

Our friend did not amplify on the point. He accepted our acquiescence without comment. "He was so intelligible, his position was so clear, that I gave him rather more of my heart than I gave the lovers. In fact, why aren't the immediate witnesses of any love-affair, the next of kin to it, actually more interesting than the lovers themselves? The lovers themselves are the mere exponents of an instinct. Apart from it and from each other, they may have every claim upon your respect, admiration, and affection, but together they do not move either in you, and they do not need either; they have got as much from each other as their lives can hold."

"Oh, come!" we revolted. "This won't do. You have said this girl was charming, that she was Bostonian, and you have made out that her lover was, either as a practically romantic Southerner or an idealistic Westerner, capable equally of great success, and entirely worthy of her. You pretend to have been enamoured of their amour, impassioned of their passion, in such measure that it was an intolerable hurt to you when they dropped each other's hands, indignantly resentful of your stare, and passed separately out of your sight and knowledge."

"Yes, all that is true. But I have since realized that I could not have borne their rapture a moment longer. At the same time I could have dwelt forever, with hungry pity, in an endless famine of sympathy, upon that bored brother's countenance, his weary brow, bared with its beads of perspiration to the afternoon air, his tired eyes, spent with the tense avoidance of the mawkish spectacle in his reluctant, yet conscientious charge. He was such a good brother, so magnanimous, so superlatively patient! Since I told you about him, I have been imagining such heart-breaking martyry of him, in what detail you never can know! I don't believe the brothers of girls in love have ever been truly appreciated in life or in literature. The passive part assigned to them is supposed so easy, so simple! But is their part necessarily passive? If objectively passive, isn't it often subjectively active? Suppose the brother and sister are good comrades, as they frequently are, and they have come to

know each other's characters as lovers never can. He has learned to know in her the noble qualities which many women so successfully conceal throughout married life: her beautiful unselfishness, her wise prudence, her exquisite judgment, her knowledge of people, her studied behavior, her inspired discretion, her flashing wit, her saving humor; and suddenly he sees such a sister as this gone silly, silly about a man, and silly about a man who can never be known to her as he is known to her brother! Do you call that a simple part, a part easy to play in the tremendous drama suddenly staged in his life?"

"No, it isn't simple, it isn't easy; it has its difficulties. Go on. But don't exaggerate its difficulties," we said, catching our breath in unexpected interest.

"What good would it do to go on in a world so besotted that it 'loves a lover,' as it loves children, generically, in the lump?" our friend returned. "What I want is a novel, a truthful, righteous epic, which shall take the fact that there is a love-affair, and leave it centrical and motionless, while all the family motives wheel round it like planets in an orrery. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, grandfathers and grandmothers (if surviving), aunts, uncles, and cousins, these are the people sensibly affected, these are the prime parties in interest; and yet how our purblind fiction blinks them, glances at them casually over its shoulder, as it were, while it follows the fortunes of the infatuate pair who have no sense of things beyond themselves. Is love so important that it must be treated to the exclusion, or the subordination, of all the other affections: parental anxiety, sisterly interest, brotherly companionship, cousinly criticism? The family, the family is the supreme expression of humanity. The Latin civilizations embody that notion. In them the youthful pair are strictly secondary, wholly a minor consideration."

"And yet," we thoughtfully suggested, "without the youthful pair there could be no family. The Greeks had the instinct of this; their very language embodied it in that dual number interposed in its accidence between the singular and plural."

"You are wandering, not to say maundering. The Greeks are too far off to be taken into account. The family, as we have had it, began with the Romans and the family as we are getting to have it, ended with them. Monogamy flowered with them, and it faded in facile divorce, just as it is practically doing with us. But, as we have agreed, the pair I saw holding hands were not divorced people; they were, to be sure, rather mature young persons bringing to their second or third love the ripened, but not over-ripened, experience of their first; or—such things may happen at their age—they were really in their first love. How would you like the brother and sister to have come by the midnight train in the kind fiction that she wished to do some of that spring shopping in New York which I've heard some Boston women do not find their city quite equal to?"

"We see no objection to that," we replied, "unless the fact is going to take you too far afield, and tempt you to spend your fancy on the girl's bewilderment among the flowers of our spring openings."

"There is no danger of that," our friend explained, "if the fact is not a fact, but a fiction accepted by both the brother and the sister, and duly authorized by the father and mother, who are so well affected toward the young man that they see no harm in her coming for a few days to the city where he has suggested that he will be at complete leisure for as much of the May-time as she likes. The May-time in New York, you know, is something very different from the May-time in Boston; the east wind, which is a blessing here, is a bane there. The family consider her perfectly chaperoned; and neither she nor her brother objects to adding a few galleries and theatres to the shops. The Boston galleries and theatres are not so satisfying, or not so permanently satisfying—"

"You needn't go into the reasons for a merely supposed case like that," we put in.

"Ah," our friend sighed. "I was beginning to believe in it. But if, as you say, it is only a supposed case, what is the matter with having the young man come in gayly, and with the air of being altogether unexpected by the brother and

sister, at the breakfast which they are having a little late after repairing the ravages of a night on the sleeping-car in a toilette involuntarily elaborated to the imagined metropolitan standard. Their own standard is very good, from their English experience and authority, but New York—something in the air—tempts a blossom here and there in places where life would not flower in the Boston May. Her costume has advanced the season by slight touches, imperceptible to the young man's senses but not his soul, a fortnight, and an inner sunshine bursts out of him and irradiates him from head to foot."

"If you go on at that rate you will never reach the climax, and when you do, it will be through the consciousness of the lovers and not of the brother." So we declared, and our friend assented.

"You're right. We will drop them from this point; spoiled children of fiction as they are, they shall not be flattered in this study of the affair. We will leave them at the table, and go out with the brother for a paper, which implies a cigar. When the cigar has been smoked, we go back with him, and find the young people still at the breakfast table, and we learn that it has been arranged that they shall all go for the morning to the Metropolitan Museum. The girl asks what time it is, and it seems that brother's watch can best reply; then everybody but he is surprised to find how late it is. The girl goes up to her room to add some further petals to her efflorescence—a strictly tempered, Bostonian efflorescence—and the young man and the brother find themselves wonderfully short of conversation in her absence. They like each other well enough, but neither has any use for the other. When the girl comes down, the young man eagerly possesses himself of her umbrella, her purse, her catalogue—which a friend has lent her and she has brought on from Boston with her. He wishes to take her gloves, but she is putting them on—"

"Stop, stop!" we cried, indignantly. "There you go again, devoting yourself in spite of all your own theories and principles to the lovers, and leaving the brother out altogether. Really, really!"

"But it's the last touch I'm putting on them, don't you see? It completes the brother's elimination, and now we follow him gladly into his exile. It's no longer a party of three, but one party of two, and another party of one. From this on our business is with the party of one. We make him our battle-ground, where the emotions are fought out, our theatre where the drama is played." Our friend paused, and then he resumed with a dreamy air: "It is very curious about brothers. Take one of them, take the most liberal-minded of them, the wisest, and he cannot put himself in his sister's place when she is in love. It is entirely conceivable, and it is beautifully right and fit that some other brother's sister should be in love with *him*. He finds in her tender affinitions toward him, whether obviously combated, or openly but unconsciously indulged, a charm which is altogether wanting in his own sister's attitude; he feels in that a foible, a want of dignity, a derogation of character, a disappointment of the ideal, which all ends in making him sick. As the day wore on, say, in this instance, the brother became worse and worse. At the Museum his experience was very relaxing. He went about with the lovers through the wonderful collections—for they *are* wonderful: pictorial, sculptural, architectural, numismatic, archæological—and if you haven't been there lately—"

"We go there constantly," we replied, with perhaps more enthusiasm than veracity, "and only yesterday we went to see the Whistlers. Before we got to them, we stopped to look at so many things that we felt the old familiar backache and neckache of European galleries, and perceived that here in powerful concentration, though perhaps in tabloid form, we had the effect of the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Pitti, and the Vatican. And the Whistlers, when we came to them, how they took the marrow out of our spine, as if they had been so many Tiepolos, Velasquezes, Van Dykes, Reynoldses! Yes, it is a marvellous place; but we are not getting on! Where is that brother, that man and brother, you put yourself in charge of?"

"Abandoned on any chair or bench that he could find. From time to time he followed hard upon the lovers' steps, and then again he lost them, and when he

hunted them up he found them rapt before some miracle of art, but really looking at each other and held in breathless wonder at such reciprocal miracles of nature. The brother hardly knew his sister in these transports—the keen-witted, humorous, satirical girl, the student of human nature, the observer of character, the somewhat haughty spectator of life, lapsed to the level of a *débutante*, and wreaking her delight like a village person flirting at a church fair, or a summer silly at a picnic or in a moonlight shadow on the veranda of a seaside hotel. He was not only sick, he was ashamed; he wanted to go away and leave them to their fate; but that would not do; and the forenoon dragged along with him through sloughs of exhaustion in which the pair seemed momently to renew their strength and youth. They talked gayly and incessantly; they whispered, they cried out, they laughed. To the brother it was simply loathsome, and he could scarcely keep his patience when, at the end of the long morning hours, he came up with them after a vain search and she suddenly asked what time was it, and being told it was one o'clock, declared she was hungry as a bear; and the young man, fixing her with a look of adoration, as if she had declared a supernal merit, said they would go to the Casino for lunch."

"Look out, now," we warned the narrator, "you're getting back to forbidden ground. The lovers, you know, have nothing to do with your story."

"Don't be afraid; my story has nothing to do with them, except pivotally. The brother is always the hero of my tale. He noted that though as hungry as a bear she ate no more than a bird, but chattered throughout the long lunch like an anthropoidal ancestress. But he himself ate for the pair, and he was glad the young man had ordered the lunch so ridiculously long and large. He enjoyed eating in the open as they were doing on that pleasant northward terrace, and he didn't mind the company being rather common, and tacitly dubious in some groups or couples; it was often so in Paris; and it was not lurid, as he knew it was apt to be in that place at dinner; it was saved to his respect by the harmless parental presences, with children rejoicing in a holiday, and going and coming with their mothers' leaves. The conversation of the lovers did not embrace him, except by compulsory fits and starts, and after catching himself in a doze, he said, if they did not mind, he would go off for a stroll in the Mall. If they minded, they did not say so; they did not say anything; and he went off to the Mall, where he found a shady seat, and watched the children roller-skating, and shouting and shrieking up and down the stretch of asphalt; and the nurses with their go-carts pushing their babies back and forth from the benches, and the goat-carriages making tours of the Mall with proud little boys and girls bound to the seats. It was not quiet, but it was peaceful, and the brother slumbered again. When he woke, he walked back to the terrace, but the pair looked as if they had not moved, and he instinctively felt that he had not been missed. He went for a stroll in the Ramble, and found the warm day friendlier to sitting than walking. He wished he had a newspaper, or even a book, but he managed to drowse again without one. He did not think he was very well used; but on the whole he decided not to go back at once. When he woke from one of these generous oblivions, he found it was four o'clock, and he hurried back to the Casino, for now surely they must have talked out and become aware that they had been talking solely to each other. When he saw them last, they were talking very seriously; he seemed to be laying down the law, and she taking it for gospel. Her brother disliked the bird-like gaping of her attentive mouth; but now he saw them very gay. They had long ago had demi-tasses, and apparently had lingered over them till it was time for afternoon tea. They had ordered tea, and they hailed him hilariously and said he was wonderfully opportune. But as they had to make the waiter bring another cup, they were apparently not expecting him, and he unmolestedly figured up the tip that the young man would have to give that waiter.

Editor's Study

ALMOST we might say that the writing of fiction is properly a feminine rather than a masculine accomplishment. The great story-tellers in prose and verse, where invention and a broad range of the constructive faculty are necessary to the entertainment, have always been men. But fiction, as we moderns understand it, is a more delicate and intimate portraiture of real life, quite alien to the story-telling art, and more native to women; it began in the kind of letters women wrote, naturally, picturingly, no stray thought interfering with direct embodiment.

In the play the story is removed by the dramatic art from the plane of ordinary life, and by the distinctive requirements of that art—elaboration of plan, concentration of action, and variety and detail of characterization—from the straightforward method of the story-teller. An illusion is to be created and maintained, involving the acceptance of the playwright's premises by the audience. Nearly all of the successful plays have been written by men.

The earliest fiction—all before the middle of the eighteenth century—was written by men, but it was not fiction in the modern sense; it did not attempt real social or individual portraiture. No woman would ever have been tempted to undertake what was so magnificently done by Apuleius, or Rabelais, or Cervantes, or Lesage, or by John Lyly and Robert Greene in the Elizabethan era, or by Defoe and Swift in the early eighteenth century. Even Steele's and Addison's character-sketches were as much beyond her natural inclination as all their essays were. Their essays were social, as distinguished from those of a more speculative order in the preceding century—such as Cowley's, Bacon's, and Sir Thomas Browne's—they dealt with manners and so inclined to the concrete presentment of types of human character, preparing the way for the social novel. "Isaac Bickerstaffe" is even concerned with affecting domestic scenes, feelingly portrayed, but always with the distinctly masculine detachment, which is still more evident in the portraits of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb. The humorous whimsicalities so characteristic of Addison in sketches of this sort, and perpetuated later, with variations due to individual temperament, by Fielding, Sterne, Lamb, and Thackeray, have never been adopted by women in essay or fiction. The few women who wrote essays in the eighteenth century, even after the essay had become more picturesque and concrete, were more formal and didactic and far less entertaining than men. In our own day Vernon Lee—not to mention other women who have won distinction in this field—has written essays which in matter and manner have not been surpassed by her masculine contemporaries.

It must be conceded that, as a rule, women, since their advent into literature, have shown an aversion to essay-writing—at least to that kind which gains a permanent place in literature. It is a fact significant of disinclination rather than of disability. Women have chosen to leap directly from letter-writing to fiction, finding no compelling allurement in the intermediate field of the essay.

Fiction, as we of to-day understand it, is an entirely new art of expression, meeting a new need; and what is new in it has been creatively developed chiefly by women. We do not mean that they initiated this new art, or each new note marking the points of departure from an older style of fiction; on the contrary, we think that such initiative must be conceded to men. In the generic sense men are more original than women, even determining feminine fashions. It is the originality of the master, and in the arts men have been the masters—in this new art of fiction as in all others. In the representative arts, including the drama, this mastery was essential to the supreme

effect. It was equally effective in story-telling for the simple purpose of entertainment. But in the representation of life by creative embodiment of its reality —by creative realism, for it comes to just that—this mastery was in the way; not because of it, but in spite of it, have men been creative realists in fiction.

When women began to write fiction they portrayed life as they saw it and felt it. They were quickly and keenly observant and had deep sensibility. They cherished intimacies with living things—brooding intimacies—and were naïvely creative of situation and character. They were not so much inclined as their brother novelists to freedom of adventure, to loose invention of incident, to elaboration of plot, or to the masterful exploitation of human passions. They were womanly, but they were eighteenth-century womanly, and we cannot say that they initiated or illustrated creative realism, or, indeed, that their work furnished convincing proof that fiction was distinctively a feminine accomplishment, though it strongly suggested woman's peculiar fitness for the deft, vivid, and truthful portrayal of social life.

Men had undertaken the novel of society and were followed by women who, in so far as they had any conscious aim, meant to follow in the path of Richardson. They were as much under the intellectual influences of their time as the men were, quite as sophisticated, within their range of thought, and not less the victims of the tyranny of abstractions. They were more formal moralists, and thus excluded from their fiction a wide range of vital human experience. They easily assumed the masculine detachment from the material they wrought with—though it was something less remote than the masculine—because the entanglements and involvements they bound and loosed were superficial, pertaining to social types in a rigidly classified order, and only lightly touching any adventure of the individual soul.

Woman had never got so far away from primitive naturalism as in that eighteenth century. Step by step she had been wrenched away from it by man's progressive civilization, until now she was stranded in the dry air of a Common Sense world which had accepted Pope as the greatest of poets and was now yielding to the literary dictatorship of Doctor Johnson. In such an atmosphere her fiction gave no clear prophetic intimation of a new naturalism to come.

But even out of this dry ground the fruit of woman's imagination yielded native flavors. Woman in any age, if she creates at all, must confess to her peculiar natural bond, whatever may be her conscious aim or her environment, including the stimulus of masculine fellowship and inspiration. She has, as we have said, a brooding intimacy with living things; she has always had it, else there would never have been possible the domestication of animals. It may be that, in the mysterious course of heredity, only a small proportion of women have it, growing perhaps less with every generation, but at least those women who create, in life or literature, must have it and, with it, the sense begotten of it which invests the commonest thing that life has dwelt in, or has touched, with the sacredness of an ancient familiarity.

In woman this heritage is one of feeling and, in her creative work, is shown in close and natural intimacies, vivid description and portraiture of what is nearly seen and felt, fancies bred in the heart, and an almost physiological architectonic. Her lightest gossip is born of vital sympathy. All this, along with animately natural graces and humors, is apparent in her eighteenth-century fiction, mingled with an intolerable deal of sophistry, for which she was not accountable. She dealt with life directly, though externally and in typical representation, and we have, therefore, a feeling of reality in the portraiture, with no dramatic exaggeration, no caricature or distortion or grotesque whimsicality of any sort. If she did not disclose a new art of fiction she made it seem new by bringing to it fresh resources from her own nature, and through the development of these resources she made a distinct departure from the methods employed by her masculine contemporaries in the depiction of social life. She did not revolt against the old devices and, herself abounding in artifices, she consciously reinforced rather than resisted the artificial in literature, so that her every departure from it was inevitable rather

than contemplated—a fresh path that she must take because she could take no other. This necessity proved to be a blessed limitation, a divine opportunity, the condition of a peculiar and surpassing excellence.

It might reasonably have been expected that the protest against the formal civilization of the eighteenth century would have come from woman; but it was Rousseau who sounded the note of revolt; and the new Romanticism was initiated and developed by men and reached its high tide in the first quarter of the nineteenth century with but a slight and passive response from women, except as its mystical side appealed to a few of them, notably to Mrs. Radcliffe. It was just this side of the movement—its reversion to medievalism—which repelled Jane Austen, the finest and sanest artist in pre-Waverley fiction, who gave the old type of social portraiture its utmost naturalness and charm.

Romanticism helped to give fiction its modern subjectiveness. It laid stress upon individualism, and it developed, in philosophy, poetry, and criticism, surprising variations of individual genius, contrasting with the manifest uniformities of eighteenth-century literature in these fields. Conventions were relaxed. Religious and political movements among the people showed new impulses at work, subversive of long-established forms. Poetry and philosophy were transformed. But fiction, as a portraiture of contemporary social life, was violently arrested. The story-teller reasserted his claim. He does so in every age; but here the story-teller was Sir Walter Scott, a master-magician for entertainment who for many years had the monopoly of this ancient art. Generous as Scott was in the confession of his limitations as compared with Jane Austen; modestly as he professed to follow Miss Edgeworth in an attempt to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland; gladly as he hailed Miss Ferrier as a sister artist in the Scottish field—yet he drove every woman novelist to cover, until the gentle emergence of Miss Mitford with *Our Village* in 1824, and, after that, there was no woman of distinction in English fiction before the middle of the century.

Scott, by virtue of his genius, deserved to hold the field which he so splendidly enriched and glorified. For the moment he paralyzed novel-writing of the Fielding and even of the Jane Austen sort—the sort which concerns itself with contemporary manners, with the comedy sense of life—he turned to the past and told stories; and there had been no such masterly creation, not only of a story but of the living men and women enacting it, between his historical romances and Shakespeare's historical plays.

He was followed, not by women, but by men who also were story-tellers rather than novelists, in our modern sense of the novel—men like Ainsworth and Lever, G. P. R. James and Marryat. The novel proper was continued by Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray, all of whom entered the field at the beginning of the Victorian era—none of them prophetic of the creative realism of the next generation, though widely differing from the eighteenth-century society novelists to whom they were the legitimate successors. They met the needs, emotional and intellectual, of a vastly more refined society, profoundly changed by the ferment of revived romanticism; but, while they were less superficial than Fielding and Smollett, they indulged in no subtle analysis of character and aimed at no intimate psychical disclosures. The fact that the dramatic and melodramatic Dickens was the dominant personality in the world of fiction, as Scott had been before him, shows how nearly allied the novel, as written by men, was to the older forms of masterly entertainment.

So, too, when we advance another step, to a wholly new order of creative work in George Meredith's fiction, while we feel ourselves lifted into a psychical world, where the comedy of life is heightened by poetry and illuminated by philosophy, and the whole entertainment is transformed, still under these so novel conditions we note not merely the old mastery which counted for greatness in masculine achievement since art was born, but the consciously brilliant trick of it. He penetrated to the minds of his men and women as no other novelist before him had, but often his philosophy obscured rather than illuminated, proving a will-o'-the-wisp to his own imagination and to his reader's. Thomas Hardy, in

his more gigantic and naturalistic dramatic mastery, was, if more modest, quite as wilful.

We ask ourselves, then, if there can be a new art of fiction quite free from the devices which men have used with more or less of magic since they began to give creative imagination embodiment in the set forms of human speech and for the purposes of human entertainment. Is creative realism, pure and simple, possible? Can there be a representation of life which does not lift it, by dramatic or poetic tension or picturesque enhancement, out of what we deprecatingly call its commonness—a representation of life creatively embodying its inherent charm, its native beauty, humor, bounty, and pathos, in all its commonness, and needing no didactic purpose, no speculative intention, for its justification? That would indeed be creative realism, but so remote from all which we have been accustomed to call art that we must refer it to the æsthetic of a new naturalism.

Every step in the advance of fiction since the middle of the nineteenth century has been toward this new naturalism—toward the representation of life in the light of its native unfolding, just as during the same period every advance in science has been toward the disclosure, not of wonders attributable to Nature, but of those which natively belong to her and which she herself reveals to man's waiting vision. Meredith and Hardy were, in different ways, the prophets of this ultra-modern fiction, and the disciples of Meredith, or at least his natural successors in the lines of his prophecy—such men as Conrad and Hewlett and Henry James—have been masterly creators and interpreters; but the real development in this new field has been due mainly to women, because of their more intimate sense of life in its near and common aspects and in its natural becomings, and because that kind of mastery which made the old art did not come in the way of their progress toward the new naturalism. They have given us, therefore, more examples of unadulterated realism since their fresh advent into fiction—after a considerable interval—at about the same time that Meredith appeared with his whimsical bravura, *The Shaving of Shagpat.*

We need not point to the work done by Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, and Mrs. Oliphant, dealing directly with contemporary common life within closely parochial limits, or show how natively real it was as compared with the examples furnished by Anthony Trollope and other men portraying life within such limitations. George Eliot's fiction, so far as realism is concerned, went to pieces when she wrote *Romola,* following the masculine fashion of art. The majority of women novelists since her time have attempted the same fashion with less admirable results, having little perception of what is distinctively the office of modern fiction—the disclosure of life as it is in its own natural procedure and not as we would sentimentally or with speculative ingenuity refashion it. Perhaps a true knowledge of heredity would show that most women are not born distinctively women—that is, as having the intimate sense of things in a creative way—and are to be regarded as a social class rather than as a sex, it being indifferent what place they take either in literature or in the world's business.

It seems almost paradoxical that in our own generation, when there seems to be an increasing number of women belonging to this indifferent class, there are more genuine examples of creative realism in women's fiction than ever before. This realism, in its simplest terms, has been exemplified chiefly in short stories, because the elaboration of the novel usually leads to the adoption of the old contrivances necessary to a "plot." These stories have shown what a range of variations is possible in the reaction of the creative imagination upon the common material of every-day life. The creations of Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Deland, Edith Wharton, Mary Austin, and Georg Schock stand out vividly in the American field; there are fewer in the English, but the work of Mrs. Dudeney most instantly recurs to our mind. If in some of these women's stories it is the native quality which impresses us, we feel that is born of life; and if in those of others it is a dramatic or poetic tension which heightens the charm for us, we feel that it is life's own tension. We are removed as far as possible from the old story-teller's art.

Beverly's Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"ALL that you have urged, Bishop, in regard to infusing practicality into philanthropy," said the Colonel, "would have been listened to with a warm interest by my friend Mr. Beverly."

"Unless Beverly 'd gone to sleep at the Bishop's 'fourthly,' same as I did," put in the Doctor, stretching himself and yawning.

"Practicality," continued the Colonel, ignoring the Doctor's interpellation, "was Mr. Beverly's dominant characteristic. Just as it was the essence of his many curious and useful mechanical inventions, so was it the essence of his many humane projects for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men. His Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society, for instance—"

"Pardon me, my dear Colonel," interrupted the Bishop. "Before we go farther I must beg that you will favor us with at least a partial explanation of the eccentric, I may even say the incongruous, name of Mr. Beverly's society. Frankly, I do not see how a hairpin can be benevolent. True," continued the Bishop, musingly, "we still find—lingering in obscure nooks and corners of the world—survivals of the medieval custom of endowing inanimate objects with vital characteristics. Equally, a like disposition is found everywhere among children. A child, for example, will assail with angry objurgation the knife with which it has cut its own fingers; precisely as though—"

"You needn't snip down that medieval survival to only children, Bish," interposed the Doctor. "I guess it's in the bed-rock of the race. You just ought to have heard me swearing away last night at a chair I banged into in the dark!"

"I am very well pleased, sir," replied the Bishop, stiffly, "that I was not in a position to overhear those regrettable lapses of speech on your part, which could not but have been most offensive to one of my cloth. I will admit, however, that your unhappy outburst of profanity, directed at an inanimate object, does illustrate the curious ethnological reversionary trait now under discussion."

"I beg your pardon, Bishop," said the Colonel, coldly. "I am under the impression that the matter now under discussion—at least, of elucidation—is the philanthropic project of my friend Mr. Beverly. I even venture to remind you that your request for an explanation of the name given by Mr.



"USEFUL EMPLOYMENT WAS PROVIDED FOR A NEGLECTED CLASS OF INDIGENTS"

Beverly to his society remains unanswered—awaiting the termination of your own and the Doctor's rambles in the mazes of your respective verbosities."

"My dear Colonel," replied the Bishop, with a genial courtesy, "we offer you our sincere apologies. Tell us, I beg of you, about Mr. Beverly's benevolent hairpins, and why and how they were reclaimed."

"Subject, of course, to further irrelevant interruptions," said the Colonel, his tone still chilly, "I shall endeavor to continue my little story. I must premise that in naming his society Mr. Beverly sought to exhibit its broad purpose in the fewest possible words. The outcome was a slight sacrifice of clarity to brevity. He did not mean, of course, that hairpins were benevolent, but that through the agency of a society organized on philanthropic lines their reclamation led directly to benevolent results.

"In effect, these results were dual: First, useful employment was provided for a neglected class of indigents. Second, from such employment a liberal fund was created by the indigents themselves for their own moral and material betterment. Mr. Beverly's plan, in brief, was that the hundreds of homeless little waifs unhappily existing in every great city should be drilled and organized, under the Society's officers, to reclaim—that is, to collect and to place in the Society's depositories, whence they would be withdrawn, refounded into merchantable pig-iron, and sold for the Society's benefit—the hairpins which are dropped in the streets of every great city and there go to waste. Obviously, this project—being, as were all of Mr. Beverly's projects, strictly practical—gave assured promise of benevolent results which fully justified the Society's name."

"About how many waifs did Beverly mean to keep on one hairpin?" asked the Doctor. "I reckon three waifs, putting in all their time at it, might find as much as one hairpin a day."

"Your trivial question, sir," replied the Colonel, "would be passed unnoticed did it not indicate a lack of observation on your part that, being common to minds of the medium order, must be reckoned with in properly presenting Mr. Beverly's scheme. Few people will observe the general prevalence of hairpins in the streets until they begin consciously to look for them; and even then no considerable numbers of hairpins will be noted until the eyes of the observer have been educated to the search. This secondary fact is in accordance with the law in optics that requires the eye to be taught, when search is made for small objects of an unusual sort, to convey notice of what it sees to the brain. Not until the education of the eye has been perfected will physical sight and mental perception go hand in hand. To be quite frank, I will admit that I myself did not perceive that the streets of New York literally are cluttered up with hairpins until, under my friend's guidance, I came to look for them with a trained eye.



"HE COUNTED ALL THE HAIRPINS THAT HE SAW"

"Believe me, Mr. Beverly's Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society was not a chimerical project, sprung from fancies for which support had to be created by a quibbling array of perverted facts. On the contrary, it was the sane outgrowth of substantial facts acutely observed; and then—in the crucible of his extraordinary mind—resolved into possibilities of benevolent usefulness. In other words, his carefully cultivated habit of minute observation having led him to note the hairpin-encumbered condition of the streets of this city, his natural detestation of waste instantly prompted him to search for some practical plan by which so considerable an annual loss of valuable metal might be stayed. Then, in one of the flashes of his inventive genius, came the thought of setting the waifs—he was deeply interested in waifs—to reclaiming the hairpins; and so—by

raising the funds necessary for the accomplishment of that benevolent purpose—to reclaiming themselves.

"Rashness, however, had no part in Mr. Beverly's composition. His conservative and cautious nature ever withheld him from essaying any venture until he had submitted its possibilities to the severest practical tests. While himself satisfied that his philo-economic hairpin-waif-redemption project rested on a secure foundation, he recognized the necessity of obtaining irrefutable data which would enable him to present it convincingly to minds of the average mediocre order—and so to win for it a generous financial support. To this end—painfully, laboriously, through many successive weeks—he counted all the hairpins that he saw in the course of his walks about the city; and, in keeping with his cautious habit, so arranged his walks as to time and locality and weather conditions—this last being a most important factor, because of the increased droppings of hairpins on windy days—as to make the details and the sum of his findings broadly exemplary.



TEN MILLIONS OF HAIRPINS A YEAR

"The data thus secured abundantly justified his intuitively perceived conclusion. Incidentally, it brought out a mass of curious and important facts, previously unknown to ethnological statisticians, in regard to the distribution of hairpin waste in New York. Fifth Avenue, he found, yielded incomparably the richest harvest—so extraordinarily rich in the gusty neighborhood of the Flatiron Building that Mr. Beverly decided to station a waif at that point permanently—but the hairpins observed on that fashionable thoroughfare, and throughout the fashionable portions of the city generally, for the most part were of a delicate thinness and small. On the East Side the findings, relatively, were few—possibly due to the frugal Old World habit of picking up dropped hairpins and using them over again—but the pins were of so massive a make, being adapted to the heavy hair of the foreign population there resident, that the scanty pickings to be had in that region fully equalled in weight the numerically far larger pickings to be had in the more elegant portions of the town. The region below the City Hall, he found, practically was negligible. It yielded almost nothing—implying a business-like tenacity in hairpin sticking on the part of lady typists that was in commendable contrast with the careless methods of their affluent sisters of the Avenue. One of Mr. Beverly's daily counts will exemplify this matter of distribution lucidly:

Below the City Hall	2
On the Bowery, Houston Street to Fourteenth Street	4
On Broadway, Seventeenth Street to Twenty-third Street	12
On Fifth Avenue, Twenty-seventh Street to Forty-seventh Street	45
Total	63

"The total of 63 hairpins observed on this occasion must not be regarded as exemplary. It was much in excess of the eventually determined daily average. Indeed, in the beginning—interestingly illustrating the law of psycho-physics in regard to the untrained eye to which I have made reference—Mr. Beverly almost was led to abandon his admirable project because of the smallness of the returns. Not until he had carried his daily countings through a lunar month—he adopted the lunar month as his statistical unit because of its ready divisibility into weeks—did he feel assured that the working basis of his scheme was sound. With his customary precise business methods, he tabulated his returns in such a way as to show the total findings

of each day, week, and lunar month at a glance. The record for that first month, so gratifying to him in its reassuring results, stood:

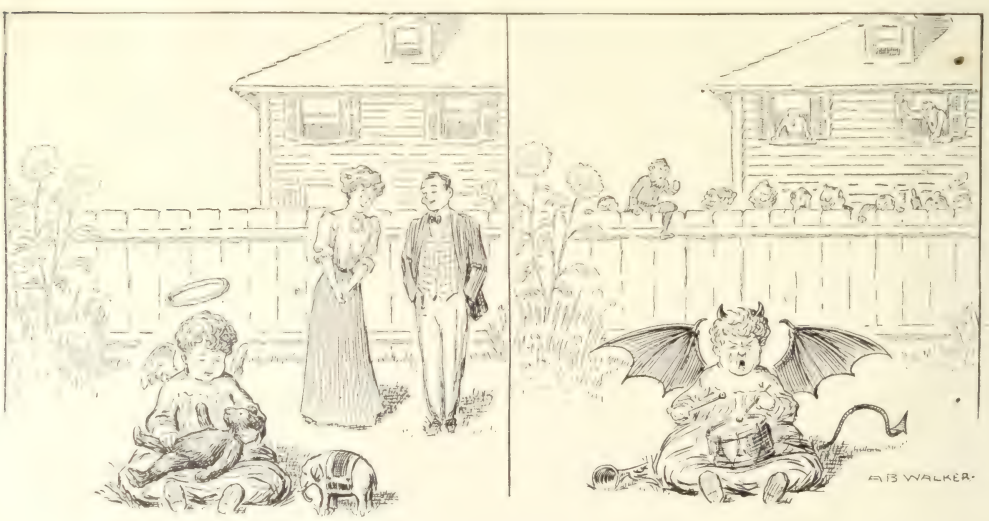
Days	First Week	Second Week	Third Week	Fourth Week	Totals
Sunday	8	1	7	11	27
Monday	18	83	39	69	209
Tuesday	16	10	69	12	107
Wednesday	1	22	22	60	105
Thursday	10	68	3	6	87
Friday	1	47	51	51	150
Saturday	5	11	11	62	89
Totals	59	242	202	271	774

"As in the case of the single day's count, 63, that I have cited in illustration of the important matter of hairpin distribution, even the highest of the weekly totals here noted frequently was exceeded in the course of Mr. Beverly's wearily continued months of exact enumeration. But—induced by his habitual conservatism to reduce his basic figures to the most cautious minimum—he accepted the result of his first four weeks as determinative: and thence drew the ultra-prudent conclusion, based on a simple arithmetical calculation (774÷28=27.64×), that each waif would find (for caution's sake he ignored the appreciable decimal) not less than 27 hairpins a day.

"As conservatively planned by Mr. Beverly, the Benevolent Hairpin Reclamation Society would give employment to not less than 1,000 waifs: whence it followed, as the result of a simple arithmetical calculation (27×1,000×28=756,000), that the net lunar monthly total of hairpins reclaimed by waifs (again for caution's sake he ignored the now very considerably increased decimal) actually would exceed three-quarters of a million. Adverting from the lunar monthly to an annual reckoning (admitting the previously ignored decimal, now so greatly augmented as no longer to be negligible; and allowing for the quadrennial increase, 27,640, incident to an extra day's collection) Mr. Beverly arrived, by a simple arithmetical calculation (27.64×1,000×365 +27,640=10,115,640), at the overwhelmingly convincing result that the 1,000 waifs, on an average, would reclaim—for conversion into merchantable iron, to be sold and the proceeds benevolently applied to the amelioration of their unhappy condition—not less, in round numbers, than ten millions of hairpins a year!"

Pausing for a moment impressively, the Colonel added: "These amazing figures, gentlemen—easily verified by any observant person who will devote a few days to hairpin counting—are a sufficient answer to the Doctor's characteristically coarse pleasantry as to one hairpin affording support for three waifs. I trust, indeed, before I go farther, that you, Doctor, will admit—and that you, Bishop, sympathetically will approve—and that you, Judge, from the standpoint of your exact legal training, will admire—the sane soundness, the severely uncompromising practicality, of Mr. Beverly's benevolent scheme?"

But the Colonel did not go farther. Receiving no response to his several appeals, he regarded his companions attentively—and perceived that, collectively, they were sound asleep. This fact also explained why no irrelevant interruptions—to his anticipation of which he had made caustic reference—had punctuated the latter portion of his discourse.



The First-Born

In the eyes of the Parents *In the eyes of the Neighbors*



Painting by Howard E. Smith. "Illustration for "Dear Annie"

"AREN'T YOU ENCOURAGING THEM IN EVIL WAYS?"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXI OCTOBER, 1910 No. DCCXXV

Dear Annie

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ANNIE HEMPSTEAD lived on a large family canvas, being the eldest of six children. There was only one boy. The mother was long since dead. If one can imagine the Hempstead family, the head of which was the Rev. Silas, pastor of the Orthodox Church in Lynn Corners, as being the subject of a mild study in village history, the high light would probably fall upon Imogen, the youngest daughter. As for Annie, she would apparently supply only a part of the background.

This afternoon in late July, Annie was out in the front yard of the parsonage, assisting her brother Benny to rake hay. Benny had not cut it. Annie had hired a man, although the Hempsteads could not afford to hire a man, but she had said to Benny, "Benny, you can rake the hay and get it into the barn if Jim Mullins cuts it, can't you?" And Benny had smiled and nodded acquiescence. Benny Hempstead always smiled and nodded acquiescence, but there was in him the strange persistency of a willow bough, the persistency of pliability, which is the most unconquerable of all. Benny swayed gracefully in response to all the wishes of others, but always he remained in his own inadequate attitude toward life.

Now he was raking to as little purpose as he could and rake at all. The clover-tops, the timothy grass, and the buttercups moved before his rake in a faint foam of gold and green and rose, but his sister Annie raised whirlwinds with hers. The Hempstead yard was large and deep, and had two great squares given over to wild growths on either side of the gravel walk, which was bordered with shrubs, flowering in their turn, like a class of children at school saying their lessons. The spring shrubs had all spelled out their floral recitations, of course, but great clumps of peonies were spreading wide skirts of gigantic bloom, like dancers curt-sying low on the stage of summer, and shafts of green-white Yucca lilies and Japan lilies and clove-pinks still remained in their school of bloom.

Benny often stood still, wiped his forehead, leaned on his rake, and inhaled the bouquet of sweet scents, but Annie raked with never-ceasing energy. Annie was small and slender and wiry, and moved with angular grace, her thin, peaked elbows showing beneath the sleeves of her pink gingham dress, her thin knees outlining beneath the scanty folds of the skirt. Her neck was long, her shoulder-blades troubled the back of her blouse at every movement. She was a creature full of ostentatious joints, but the joints were delicate and rhythmical and charming. Annie had a charming face, too. It was thin and sunburnt, but still charming, with a sweet, eager, intent-to-please outlook upon life. This last was the real attitude of Annie's mind; it was, in fact, Annie. She was intent to please from her toes to the crown of her brown head. She radiated good-will and loving-

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kindness as fervently as a lily in the border radiated perfume.

It was very warm, and the northwest sky had a threatening mountain of clouds. Occasionally Annie glanced at it and raked the faster, and thought complacently of the water-proof covers in the little barn. This hay was valuable for the Reverend Silas's horse.

Two of the front windows of the house were filled with girls' heads, and the regular swaying movement of white-clad arms, sewing. The girls sat in the house because it was so sunny on the piazza in the afternoon. There were four girls in the sitting-room, all making finery for themselves. On the other side of the front door one of the two windows was blank; in the other was visible a nodding gray head, that of Annie's father taking his afternoon nap.

Everything was still except the girls' tongues, an occasional burst of laughter, and the crackling shrill of locusts. Nothing had passed on the dusty road since Benny and Annie had begun their work. Lynn Corners was nothing more than a hamlet. It was even seldom that an automobile got astray there, being diverted from the little city of Anderson, six miles away, by turning to the left instead of the right.

Benny stopped again and wiped his forehead, all pink and beaded with sweat. He was a pretty young man, as pretty as a girl, although large. He glanced furtively at Annie, then he went with a soft, padding glide, like a big cat, to the piazza and settled down. He leaned his head against a post, closed his eyes, and inhaled the sweetness of flowers alive and dying, of new-mown hay. Annie glanced at him, and an angelic look came over her face. At that moment the sweetness of her nature seemed actually visible.

"He is tired, poor boy!" she thought. She also thought that probably Benny felt the heat more because he was stout. Then she raked faster and faster. She fairly flew over the yard, raking the severed grass and flowers into heaps. The air grew more sultry. The sun was not yet clouded, but the northwest was darker and rumbled ominously.

The girls in the sitting-room continued to chatter and sew. One of them might have come out to help this little sister toiling alone, but Annie did not think of that. She raked with the uncomplaining sweetness of an angel until the storm burst. The rain came down in solid drops, and the sky was a sheet of clamoring flame. Annie made one motion toward the barn, but there was no use. The hay was not half cocked. There was no sense in running for covers. Benny was up and lumbering into the house, and her sisters were shutting windows and crying out to her. Annie deserted her post and fled before the wind, her pink skirts lashing her heels, her hair dripping.

When she entered the sitting-room her sisters, Imogen, Eliza, Jane, and Susan, were all there; also her father, Silas, tall and gaunt and gray. To the Hempsteads a thunder-storm partook of the nature of a religious ceremony. The family gathered together, and it was understood that they were all offering prayer and recognizing God as present on the wings of the tempest. In reality they were all very nervous in thunder-storms, with the exception of Annie. She always sent up a little silent petition that her sisters and brother and father, and the horse and dog and cat, might escape danger, although she had never been quite sure that she was not wicked in including the dog and cat. She was surer about the horse, because he was the means by which her father made pastoral calls upon his distant sheep. Then afterward she just sat with the others, and waited until the storm was over and it was time to open windows and see if the roof had leaked. To-day, however, she was intent upon the hay. In a lull of the tempest she spoke.

"It is a pity," she said, "that I was not able to get the hay cocked and the covers on."

Then Imogen turned large, sarcastic blue eyes upon her. Imogen was considered a beauty, pink and white, golden-haired, and dimpled, with a curious calculating hardness of character and a sharp tongue, so at variance with her appearance that people doubted the evidence of their senses.

"If," said Imogen, "you had only made Benny work instead of encouraging him to dawdle, and finally to stop altogether, and if you had gone out directly after dinner, the hay would have been all raked up and covered."

Nothing could have exceeded the calm and instructive superiority of Imogen's tone. A mass of soft white fabric lay upon her lap, although she had removed scissors and needle and thimble to a safe distance. She tilted her chin with a royal air. When the storm lulled she had stopped praying.

Imogen's sisters echoed her and joined in the attack upon Annie. "Yes," said Jane. "If you had only started earlier, Annie. I told Eliza when you went out in the yard that it looked like a shower."

Eliza nodded energetically.

"It was foolish to start so late," said Susan, with a calm air of wisdom only a shade less exasperating than Imogen's.

"And you always encourage Benny so in being lazy," said Eliza.

Then the Reverend Silas joined in. "You should have more sense of responsibility toward your brother, your only brother, Annie," he said, in his deep pulpit voice.

"It was after two o'clock when you went out," said Imogen.

"And all you had to do was the dinner dishes, and there were very few to-day," said Jane.

Then Annie turned with a quick, catlike motion. Her eyes blazed under her brown toss of hair. She gesticulated with her little, nervous hands. Her voice was as sweet and intense as a reed, and withal piercing with anger.

"It was not half past one when I went out," said she, "and there was a whole sinkful of dishes."

"It was after two. I looked at the clock," said Imogen.

"It was not."

"And there were very few dishes," said Jane.

"A whole sinkful," said Annie, tense with wrath.

"You always are rather late about starting," said Susan.

"I am not! I was not! I washed the dishes, and swept the kitchen, and blacked the stove, and cleaned the silver."

"I swept the kitchen," said Imogen, severely. "Annie, I am surprised at you."

"And you know I cleaned the silver yesterday," said Jane.

Annie gave a gasp and looked from one to the other.

"You know you did not sweep the kitchen," said Imogen.

Annie's father gazed at her severely. "My dear," he said, "how long must I try to correct you of this habit of making false statements?"

"Dear Annie does not realize that they are false statements, father," said Jane. Jane was not pretty, but she gave the effect of a long, sweet stanza of some fine poetess. She was very tall and slender and large-eyed, and wore always a serious smile. She was attired in a purple muslin gown, cut V-shaped at the throat, and, as always, a black velvet ribbon with a little gold locket attached. The locket contained a coil of hair. Jane had been engaged to a young minister, now dead three years, and he had given her the locket.

Jane no doubt had mourned for her lover, but she had a covert pleasure in the romance of her situation. She was a year younger than Annie, and she had loved and lost, and so had achieved a sentimental distinction. Imogen always had admirers. Eliza had been courted at intervals half-heartedly by a widower, and Susan had had a few fleeting chances. But Jane was the only one who had been really definite in her heart affairs. As for Annie, nobody ever thought of her in such a connection. It was supposed that Annie had no thought of marriage, that she was foreordained to remain unwed and keep house for her father and Benny.

When Jane said that dear Annie did not realize that she made false statements, she voiced an opinion of the family before which Annie was always absolutely helpless. Defence meant counter-accusation. Annie could not accuse her family. She glanced from one to the other. In her blue eyes were still sparks of wrath, but she said nothing. She felt, as always, speechless, when affairs reached such a juncture. She began, in spite of her good sense, to feel guiltily responsible for everything—for the spoiling of the hay, even for the thunder-storm. What was more, she even wished to feel guiltily responsible. Anything was better than to be sure her sisters were not speaking the truth, that her father was blaming her unjustly.

Benny, who sat hunched upon himself

with the effect of one set of bones and muscles leaning upon others for support, was the only one who spoke for her, and even he spoke to little purpose.

"One of you other girls," said he, in a thick, sweet voice, "might have come out and helped Annie; then she could have got the hay in."

They all turned on him.

"It is all very well for you to talk," said Imogen. "I saw you myself quit raking hay and sit down on the piazza."

"Yes," assented Jane, nodding violently, "I saw you, too."

"You have no sense of your responsibility, Benjamin, and your sister Annie abets you in evading it," said Silas Hempstead, with dignity.

"Benny feels the heat," said Annie.

"Father is entirely right," said Eliza. "Benjamin has no sense of responsibility, and it is mainly owing to Annie."

"But dear Annie does not realize it," said Jane.

Benny got up lumberingly and left the room. He loved his sister Annie, but he hated the mild simmer of feminine rancor, to which even his father's presence failed to add a masculine flavor. Benny was always leaving the room, and allowing his sisters "to fight it out."

Just after he left there was a tremendous peal of thunder and a blue flash, and they all prayed again, except Annie, who was occupied with her own perplexities of life, and not at all afraid. She wondered, as she had wondered many times before, if she could possibly be in the wrong, if she were spoiling Benny, if she said and did things without knowing that she did so, or the contrary. Then suddenly she tightened her mouth. She knew. This sweet-tempered, anxious-to-please Annie was entirely sane, she had unusual self-poise. She *knew* that she knew what she did and said, and what she did not do or say, and a strange comprehension of her family overwhelmed her. Her sisters were truthful: she would not admit anything else, even to herself; but they confused desires and impulses with accomplishment. They had done so all their lives, some of them from intense egotism, some possibly from slight twists in their mental organisms. As for her father, he had simply rather a weak character, and was swayed by the majority. Annie, as she sat there among the praying group, made the same excuse for her sisters that they made for her. "They don't realize it," she said to herself.

When the storm finally ceased she hurried up-stairs and opened the windows, letting in the rain-fresh air. Then she got supper, while her sisters resumed their needlework. A curious conviction seized her, as she was hurrying about the kitchen, that in all probability some if not all of her sisters considered that they were getting the supper. Possibly Jane had reflected that she ought to get supper, then had taken another stitch in her work, and had not known fairly that her impulse of duty had not been carried out. Imogen, presumably, was sewing with the serene consciousness that, since she was herself, it followed as a matter of course that she was performing all the tasks of the house.

While Annie was making an omelet Benny came out into the kitchen and stood regarding her, hands in pockets, making, as usual, one set of muscles rest upon another. His face was full of the utmost good nature, but it also convicted him of too much sloth to obey its commands.

"Say, Annie, what on earth makes them all pick on you so?" he observed.

"Hush, Benny! They don't mean to. They don't know it."

"But say, Annie, you must know that they tell whoppers. You *did* sweep the kitchen."

"Hush, Benny! Imogen really thinks she swept it."

"Imogen always thinks she has done everything she ought to do, whether she has done it or not," said Benny, with unusual astuteness. "Why don't you up and tell her she lies, Annie?"

"She doesn't really lie," said Annie.

"She does lie, even if she doesn't know it," said Benny; "and what is more, she ought to be made to know it. Say, Annie, it strikes me that you are doing the same by the girls that they accuse you of doing by me. Aren't you encouraging them in evil ways?"

Annie started, and turned and stared at him.

Benny nodded. "I can't see any difference," he said. "There isn't a day

but one of the girls thinks she has done something you have done, or hasn't done something you ought to have done, and they blame you all the time, when you don't deserve it, and you let them, and they don't know it, and I don't think myself that they know they tell whoppers; but they ought to know. Strikes me you are just spoiling the whole lot, father thrown in, Annie. You are a dear, just as they say, but you are too much of a dear to be good for them."

Annie stared.

"You are letting that omelet burn," said Benny. "Say, Annie, I will go out and turn that hay in the morning. I know I don't amount to much, but I ain't a girl, anyhow, and I haven't got a cross-eyed soul. That's what ails a lot of girls. They mean all right, but their souls have been cross-eyed ever since they came into the world, and it's just such girls as you who ought to get them straightened out. You know what has happened to-day. Well, here's what happened yesterday. I don't tell tales, but you ought to know this, for I believe Tom Reed has his eye on you, in spite of Imogen's being such a beauty, and Susan's having manners like silk, and Eliza's giving everybody the impression that she is too good for this earth, and Jane's trying to make everybody think she is a sweet martyr, without a thought for mortal man, when that is only her way of trying to catch one. You know Tom Reed was here last evening?"

Annie nodded. Her face turned scarlet, then pathetically pale. She bent over her omelet, carefully lifting it around the edges.

"Well," Benny went on, "I know he came to see you, and Imogen went to the door and ushered him into the parlor, and I was out on the piazza, and she didn't know it, but I heard her tell him that she thought you had gone out. She hinted, too, that George Wells had taken you to the concert in the town hall. He did ask you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, Imogen spoke in this way." Benny lowered his voice and imitated Imogen to the life. "'Yes, we are all well, thank you. Father is busy, of course; Jane has run over to Mrs. Jacobs's for a pattern; Eliza is writing letters; and Susan is somewhere about the house. Annie—well, Annie—George Wells asked her to go to the concert—I rather—' Then," said Benny, in his natural voice, "Imogen stopped, and she could say truthfully that she didn't lie, but anybody would have thought from what she said that you had gone to the concert with George Wells."

"Did Tom inquire for me?" asked Annie, in a low voice.

"Didn't have a chance. Imogen got ahead of him."

"Oh, well, then it doesn't matter. I dare say he did come to see Imogen."

"He didn't," said Benny, stoutly. "And that isn't all. Say, Annie—"

"What?"

"Are you going to marry George Wells? It is none of my business, but are you?"

Annie laughed a little, although her face was still pale. She had folded the omelet, and was carefully watching it.

"You need not worry about that, Benny dear," she said.

"Then what right have the girls to tell so many people the nice things they hear you say about him?"

Annie removed the omelet skilfully from the pan to a hot plate, which she set on the range shelf, and turned to her brother.

"What nice things do they hear me say?"

"That he is so handsome; that he has such a good disposition; that he is the very best young man in the place; that you should think every girl would be head over heels in love with him; that every word he speaks is so bright and clever."

Annie looked at her brother.

"I don't believe you ever said one of those things," remarked Benny.

Annie continued to look at him.

"Did you?"

"Benny dear, I am not going to tell you."

"You won't say you never did, because that would be putting your sisters in the wrong and admitting that they tell lies. Annie, you are a dear, but I do think you are doing wrong and spoiling them as much as they say you are spoiling me."

"Perhaps I am," said Annie. There was a strange, tragic expression on her keen, pretty little face. She looked as

if her mind was contemplating strenuous action which was changing her very features. She had covered the finished omelet and was now cooking another.

"I wish you would see if everybody is in the house and ready, Benny," said she. "When this omelet is done they must come right away, or nothing will be fit to eat. And, Benny dear, if you don't mind, please get the butter and the cream-pitcher out of the ice-chest. I have everything else on the table."

"There is another thing," said Benny. "I don't go about telling tales, but I do think it is time you knew. The girls tell everybody that you like to do the housework so much that they don't dare interfere. And it isn't so. They may have taught themselves to think it is so, but it isn't. You would like a little time for fancy-work and reading as well as they do."

"Please get the cream and butter, and see if they are all in the house," said Annie. She spoke as usual, but the strange expression remained in her face. It was still there when the family were all gathered at the table and she was serving the puffy omelet. Jane noticed it first.

"What makes you look so odd, Annie?" said she.

"I don't know how I look odd," replied Annie.

They all gazed at her then, her father with some anxiety. "You don't look yourself," he said. "You are feeling well, aren't you, Annie?"

"Quite well, thank you, father."

But after the omelet was served and the tea poured Annie rose.

"Where are you going, Annie?" asked Imogen, in her sarcastic voice.

"To my room, or perhaps out in the orchard."

"It will be sopping wet out there after the shower," said Eliza. "Are you crazy, Annie?"

"I have on my black skirt, and I will wear rubbers," said Annie, quietly. "I want some fresh air."

"I should think you had enough fresh air. You were outdoors all the afternoon, while we were cooped up in the house," said Jane.

"Don't you feel well, Annie?" her father asked again, a golden bit of omelet poised on his fork, as she was leaving the room.

"Quite well, father dear."

"But you are eating no supper."

"I have always heard that people who cook don't need so much to eat," said Imogen. "They say the essence of the food soaks in through the pores."

"I am quite well," Annie repeated, and the door closed behind her.

"Dear Annie! She is always doing odd things like this," remarked Jane.

"Yes, she is, things that one cannot account for, but Annie is a dear," said Susan.

"I hope she is well," said Annie's father.

"Oh, she is well enough. Don't worry, father," said Imogen. "Dear Annie is always doing the unexpected. She looks very well."

"Yes, dear Annie is quite stout, for her," said Jane.

"I think she is thinner than I have ever seen her, and the rest of you look like stuffed geese," said Benny, rudely.

Imogen turned upon him in dignified wrath. "Benny, you insult your sisters," said she. "Father, you should really tell Benny that he should bridle his tongue a little."

"You ought to bridle yours, every one of you," retorted Benny. "You girls nag poor Annie every single minute. You let her do all the work, then you pick at her for it."

There was a chorus of treble voices. "We nag dear Annie! We pick at dear Annie! We make her do everything! Father, you should remonstrate with Benjamin. You know how we all love dear Annie!"

"Benjamin," began Silas Hempstead, but Benny, with a smothered exclamation, was up and out of the room.

Benny quite frankly disliked his sisters, with the exception of Annie. For his father he had a sort of respectful tolerance. He could not see why he should have anything else. His father had never done anything for him except to admonish him. His scanty revenue for his support and college expenses came from his maternal grandmother, who had been a woman of parts, and who had openly scorned her son-in-law.

Grandmother Loomis had left a will



Painting by Howard E. Smith

IT WAS SUPPOSED THAT ANNIE HAD NO THOUGHT OF MARRIAGE

which occasioned much comment. By its terms she had provided sparsely but adequately for Benjamin's education and living until he should graduate; and her house, with all her personal property, and the bulk of the sum from which she had derived her own income, fell to her granddaughter Annie. Annie had always been her grandmother's favorite. There had been covert dismay when the contents of the will were made known, then one and all had congratulated the beneficiary, and said abroad that they were glad dear Annie was so well provided for. It was intimated by Imogen and Eliza that probably dear Annie would not marry, and in that case Grandmother Loomis's bequest was so fortunate. She had probably taken that into consideration. Grandmother Loomis had now been dead four years, and her deserted home had been for rent, furnished, but it had remained vacant.

Annie soon came back from the orchard, and after she had cleared away the supper table and washed the dishes, she went up to her room, carefully rearranged her hair, and changed her dress. Then she sat down beside a window and waited and watched, her pointed chin in a cup of one little thin hand, her soft muslin skirts circling around her, and the scent of queer old sachet emanating from a flowered ribbon of her grandmother's which she had tied around her waist. The ancient scent always clung to the ribbon, suggesting faintly as a dream the musk and roses and violets of some old summer-time.

Annie sat there and gazed out on the front yard, which was silvered over with moonlight. Annie's four sisters all sat out there. They had spread a rug over the damp grass and brought out chairs. There were five chairs, although there were only four girls. Annie gazed over the yard and down the street. She heard the chatter of the girls, which was inconsequent and absent, as if their minds were on other things than their conversation. Then suddenly she saw a small red gleam far down the street, evidently that of a cigar, and also a dark moving figure. Then there ensued a subdued wrangle in the yard. Imogen insisted that her sisters should go into the house. They all resisted, Eliza the most vehemently. Imogen was arrogant and compelling. Finally she drove them all into the house except Eliza, who wavered upon the threshold of yielding. Imogen was obliged to speak very softly lest the approaching man hear, but Annie, in the window above her, heard every word.

"You know he is coming to see me," said Imogen, passionately. "You know —you know, Eliza, and yet every single time he comes, here are you girls, spying and listening."

"He comes to see Annie, I believe," said Eliza, in her stubborn voice, which yet had indecision in it.

"He never asks for her."

"He never has a chance. We all tell him, the minute he comes in, that she is out. But now I am going to stay, anyway."

"Stay if you want to. You are all a jealous lot. If you girls can't have a beau yourselves, you begrudge one to me. I never saw such a house as this for a man to come courting in."

"I will stay," said Eliza, and this time her voice was wholly firm. "There is no use in my going, anyway, for the others are coming back."

It was true. Back flitted Jane and Susan, and by that time Tom Reed had reached the gate, and his cigar was going out in a shower of sparks on the gravel walk, and all four sisters were greeting him, and urging upon his acceptance the fifth chair. Annie, watching, saw that the young man seemed to hesitate. Then her heart leaped and she heard him speak quite plainly, with a note of defiance and irritation, albeit with embarrassment.

"Is Miss Annie in?" asked Tom Reed.

Imogen answered first, and her harsh voice was honey-sweet.

"I fear dear Annie is out," she said. "She will be so sorry to miss you."

Annie, at her window, made a sudden, passionate motion, then she sat still and listened. She argued fiercely that she was right in so doing. She felt that the time had come when she must know, for the sake of her own individuality, just what she had to deal with in the natures of her own kith and kin. Dear Annie had turned in her groove of sweetness and gentle yielding, as all must turn who have any strength of character underneath

the sweetness and gentleness. Therefore Annie, at her window above, listened.

At first she heard little that bore upon herself, for the conversation was desultory, about the weather and general village topics. Then Annie heard her own name. She was "dear Annie," as usual. She listened, fairly faint with amazement. What she heard from that quartette of treble voices down there in the moonlight seemed almost like a fairy-tale. The sisters did not violently incriminate her. They were too astute for that. They told half-truths. They told truths which were as shadows of the real facts, and yet not to be contradicted. They built up between them a story marvellously consistent, unless prearranged, and that Annie did not think possible. George Wells figured in the tale, and there were various hints and pauses concerning herself and her own character in daily life, and not one item could be flatly denied, even if the girl could have gone down there and, standing in the midst of that moonlit group, given her sisters the lie.

Everything which they told, the whole structure of falsehood, had beams and rafters of truth. Annie felt helpless before it all. To her fancy, her sisters and Tom Reed seemed actually sitting in a fairy building whose substance was utter falsehood, and yet which could not be utterly denied. An awful sense of isolation possessed her. So these were her own sisters, the sisters whom she had loved as a matter of the simplest nature, whom she had admired, whom she had served.

She made no allowance, since she herself was perfectly normal, for the motive which underlay it all. She could not comprehend the strife of the women over the one man. Tom Reed was in reality the one desirable match in the village. Annie knew, or thought she knew, that Tom Reed had it in mind to love her, and she innocently had it in mind to love him. She thought of a home of her own and his with delight. She thought of it as she thought of the roses coming into bloom in June, and she thought of it as she thought of the every-day happenings of life—cooking, setting rooms in order, washing dishes. However, there was something else to reckon with, and that Annie instinctively knew. She had been long-suffering, and her long-suffering was now regarded as endless. She had cast her pearls, and they had been trampled. She had turned her other cheek, and it had been promptly slapped. It was entirely true that Annie's sisters were not quite worthy of her, that they had taken advantage of her kindness and gentleness, and had mistaken them for weakness, to be despised. She did not understand them no they her. They were, on the whole, better than she thought, but with her there was a stern limit of endurance. Something whiter and hotter than mere wrath was in the girl's soul as she sat there and listened to the building of that structure of essential falsehood about herself.

She waited until Tom Reed had gone. He did not stay long. Then she went down-stairs with flying feet, and stood among them in the moonlight. Her father had come out of the study, and Benny had just been entering the gate as Tom Reed left. Then dear Annie spoke. She really spoke for the first time in her life, and there was something dreadful about it all. A sweet nature is always rather dreadful when it turns and strikes, and Annie struck with the whole force of a nature with a foundation of steel. She left nothing unsaid. She defended herself and she accused her sisters as if before a judge. Then came her ultimatum.

"To-morrow morning I am going over to Grandmother Loomis's house, and I am going to live there a whole year," she declared, in a slow, steady voice. "As you know, I have enough to live on, and—in order that no word of mine can be garbled and twisted as it has been to-night, I speak not at all. Everything which I have to communicate shall be written in black and white, and signed with my own name, and black and white cannot lie."

It was Jane who spoke first. "What will people say?" she whimpered, feebly.

"From what I have heard you all say to-night, whatever you make them," retorted Annie—the Annie who had turned.

Jane gasped. Silas Hempstead stood staring, quite dumb before the sudden problem. Imogen alone seemed to have any command whatever of the situation.

"May I inquire what the butcher and grocer are going to think, no matter what your own sisters think and say, when

you give your orders in writing?" she inquired, achieving a jolt from tragedy to the commonplace.

"That is my concern," replied Annie, yet she recognized the difficulty of that phase of the situation. It is just such trifling matters which detract from the dignity of extreme attitudes toward existence. Annie had taken an extreme attitude, yet here were the butcher and the grocer to reckon with. How could she communicate with them in writing without appearing absurd to the verge of insanity? Yet even that difficulty had a solution.

Annie thought it out after she had gone to bed that night. She had been imperturbable with her sisters, who had finally come in a body to make entreaties, although not apologies or retractions. There was a stiff-necked strain in the Hempstead family, and apologies and retractions were bitterer cuds for them to chew than for most. She had been imperturbable with her father, who had quoted Scripture and prayed at her during family worship. She had been imperturbable even with Benny, who had whispered to her: "Say, Annie, I don't blame you, but it will be a hell of a time without you. Can't you stick it out?"

But she had had a struggle before her own vision of the butcher and the grocer, and their amazement when she ceased to speak to them. Then she settled that with a sudden leap of inspiration. It sounded too apropos to be life, but there was a little deaf and dumb girl, a far-away relative of the Hempsteads, who lived with her aunt Felicia in Anderson. She was a great trial to her aunt Felicia, who was a widow and well-to-do, and liked the elegancies and normalities of life. This unfortunate little Effie Hempstead could not be placed in a charitable institution on account of the name she bore. Aunt Felicia considered it her worldly duty to care for her, but it was a trial.

Annie would take Effie off Aunt Felicia's hands, and no comment would be excited by a deaf and dumb girl carrying written messages to the tradesmen, since she obviously could not give them orally. The only comment would be on Annie's conduct in holding herself aloof from her family and the village people generally.

The next morning, when Annie went away, there was an excited conclave among the sisters.

"She means to do it," said Susan, and she wept.

Imogen's handsome face looked hard and set. "Let her if she wants to," said she.

"Only think what people will say!" wailed Jane.

Imogen tossed her head. "I shall have something to say myself," she returned. "I shall say how much we all regret that dear Annie has such a difficult disposition that she felt she could not live with her own family, and must be alone."

"But," said Jane, blunt in her distress, "will they believe it?"

"Why will they not believe it, pray?"

"Why, I am afraid people have the impression that dear Annie has—" Jane hesitated.

"What?" asked Imogen, coldly. She looked very handsome that morning. Not a waved golden hair was out of place on her carefully brushed head. She wore the neatest of blue linen skirts and blouses, with a linen collar and white tie. There was something hard but compelling about her blond beauty.

"I am afraid," said Jane, "that people have a sort of general impression that dear Annie has perhaps as sweet a disposition as any of us, perhaps sweeter."

"Nobody says that dear Annie has not a sweet disposition," said Imogen, taking a careful stitch in her embroidery. "But a sweet disposition is very often extremely difficult for other people. It constantly puts them in the wrong. I am well aware of the fact that dear Annie does a great deal for all of us, but it is sometimes irritating. Of course it is quite certain that she must have a feeling of superiority because of it, and she should not have it."

Sometimes Eliza made illuminating speeches. "I suppose it follows, then," said she, with slight irony, "that only an angel can have a very sweet disposition without offending others."

But Imogen was not in the least nonplussed. She finished her line of thought. "And with all her sweet disposition," said she, "nobody can deny that dear Annie is peculiar, and peculiarity always makes people difficult for other people.

Of course it is horribly peculiar what she is proposing to do now. That in itself will be enough to convince people that dear Annie must be difficult. Only a difficult person could do such a strange thing."

"Who is going to get up and get breakfast in the morning, and wash the dishes?" inquired Jane, irrelevantly.

"All I ever want for breakfast is a bit of fruit, a roll, and an egg, besides my coffee," said Imogen, with her imperious air.

"Somebody has to prepare it."

"That is a mere nothing," said Imogen, and she took another stitch.

After a little, Jane and Eliza went by themselves and discussed the problem.

"It is quite evident that Imogen means to do nothing," said Jane.

"And also that she will justify herself by the theory that there is nothing to be done," said Eliza.

"Oh, well," said Jane, "I will get up and get breakfast, of course. I once contemplated the prospect of doing it the rest of my life."

Eliza assented. "I can understand that it will not be so hard for you," she said, "and although I myself always aspired to higher things than preparing breakfasts, still, you did not, and it is true that you would probably have had it to do if poor Henry had lived, for he was not one to ever have a very large salary."

"There are better things than large salaries," said Jane, and her face looked sadly reminiscent. After all, the distinction of being the only one who had been on the brink of preparing matrimonial breakfasts was much. She felt that it would make early rising and early work endurable to her, although she was not an active young woman.

"I will get a dish-mop and wash the dishes," said Eliza. "I can manage to have an instructive book propped open on the kitchen table, and keep my mind upon higher things as I do such menial tasks."

Then Susan stood in the doorway, a tall figure gracefully swaying sidewise, long-throated and prominent-eyed. She was the least attractive-looking of any of the sisters, but her manners were so charming, and she was so perfectly the lady, that it made up for any lack of beauty.

"I will dust," said Susan, in a lovely voice, and as she spoke she involuntarily bent and swirled her limp muslins in such a way that she fairly suggested a moral duster. There was the making of an actress in Susan. Nobody had ever been able to decide what her true individual self was. Quite unconsciously, like a chameleon, she took upon herself the characteristics of even inanimate things. Just now she was a duster, and a wonderfully creditable duster.

"Who," said Jane, "is going to sweep? Dear Annie has always done that."

"I am not strong enough to sweep. I am very sorry," said Susan, who remained a duster, and did not become a broom.

"If we have system," said Eliza, vaguely, "the work ought not to be so very hard."

"Of course not," said Imogen. She had come in and seated herself. Her three sisters eyed her, but she embroidered imperturbably. The same thought was in the minds of all. Obviously Imogen was the very one to take the task of sweeping upon herself. That hard, compact, young body of hers suggested strenuous household work. Embroidery did not seem to be her rôle at all.

But Imogen had no intention of sweeping. Indeed, the very imagining of such tasks in connection with herself was beyond her. She did not even dream that her sisters expected it of her.

"I suppose," said Jane, "that we might be able to engage Mrs. Moss to come in once a week and do the sweeping."

"It would cost considerable," said Susan.

"But it has to be done."

"I should think it might be managed, with system, if you did not hire anybody," said Imogen, calmly.

"You talk of system as if it were a suction cleaner," said Eliza, with a dash of asperity. Sometimes she reflected how she would have hated Imogen had she not been her sister.

"System is invaluable," said Imogen. She looked away from her embroidery to the white stretch of country road, arched over with elms, and her beautiful eyes had an expression as if they sighted system, the justified settler of all problems.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

A Royal Scottish Burgh

BY E. CHARLTON FORTUNE

THE towns of Fife, which border the shore of the North Sea, are like ancient jewels, linked together by the modern chain of the North British Railway; an incongruous piece of jewelry which only Progress, the master humorist, could have fashioned. Each little town is in many respects unlike the others; in some cases the accent of the people of one town is markedly different from that of a village ten miles farther down the coast; but there is one general characteristic, a simple dignity and grayness, which is shared by every town in the East Neuk. Andrew Lang, in writing of St. Andrews, has called this ancient metropolis "the gray old city by the sea," and no other name would suit it half so well. Gray houses, gray rocks, and the great bones of the ruined cathedral are shrouded in sea-fog that rolls inland from the German Ocean. In the summer-time, when the weather is fine, and light winds set the long grass in the kirkyard dancing joyously, there is a suggestion of unbecoming levity, which makes the old town look very weather-worn and old, robbing it of much of its dignity. When the sea-fogs envelop the town there is no place so grayly beautiful or so beautifully gray. For its history this old capital of the Kingdom of Fife is ever before the eyes of antiquarians, and because of its broad sea-bordering links it is the Mecca of golfers.

To the average visitor in Fife, St. Andrews sums up the entire shire, and most of the ancient towns on the east coast are as yet "undiscovered." Ten miles south of St. Andrews is a little seaport town, well known to painters, for it is singularly beautiful and unspoiled: this is the Royal Burgh of Crail. It is built on the edge of the sea, guarded by the Carr Rock on the north, and the beautiful island of May; it lies dormant like the undiscovered fairy princess, and the tourist guides have not yet awakened its deep sleep.

Long ago a royal castle crowned the brae-top, around which little sturdy houses grew like homely flowers in a king's garden; for the kings of Scotland have lived there and showed great love for the little town. King David called it "Mine owne Crailie."

All about the town lie broad fields of rich corn-land; for, unlike the northern part of Fife, which is somewhat barren, this part of the East Neuk is very fertile. The autumn fields lie close to the shore, like a great golden carpet sprinkled with poppies and blue corn-flowers. Long ago one of the Scottish kings wrote, "The east o' Fife is like unto a beggar's mantle fringed with gold."

The country is very beautiful in the early morning, when the light slants along the fields, casting pale autumn shadows across the road. The cottar-houses and bothies open their doors, sending forth busy men and women, for before the "Hairst" begins long roads must be cut by scythes through the fields to make room for the reapers.

If you approach the Burgh from Anstruther, you must leave the road, about a mile from Crail, and strike through the fields of Barnsmuir; as you leave the last field and climb the stone dike at the top of the links, you are at St. Adrian's Caves (or the Caves o' Caplie), but you cannot see them, for they are below you, set in the braeside. The dew has not yet dried on the thistle flowers, and there are some cattle pulling at the short grass. From where you stand at the top of the brae you look down on the rocks that go out into the water; little sunlit waves are breaking into millions of opals which scatter all over the rocks and the dewy grass. Away across the Firth of Forth you can see the Lothians and North Berwick Law, and the Bass Rock, a blue mass against a bluer sky. If you climb down through the gorse, you will see the caves. Here in the ninth

century came St. Adrian with a great company of monks to preach the Christian faith.

"Sayut Adriane wyth hys cumpany
Come off the land of Hyrkany,
And arryvyd into Fyffe
Quhare that thai chesyed to led thar lyff.
At the King than askyd thai
Leve to preche the Chrystyn fay.
Than Adriane wyth hys cumpany,
Togyddyr cum tyl Caplawehy—
Thare sum in to the He off May
Chesyd to byde to thare enday."

The caves are of yellow sandstone, and there are many traces of "Sayut Adriane": the walls are covered with rude crosses hewn in the stone; a pointed doorway leads from a small cave into the largest, where an altar was once erected, and where the pagan Scots came curiously to hear these strangers preach the "Chrystyn fay." In the summer-time the cattle from Barnsmuir sleep there, and only when a strange band of gipsies stop for the night is the place disturbed. Perhaps in the early dawn the clear waters of the "Hermit's Well" mirror the ghostly faces of the black-robed monks who come to drink of the magic waters. Their "enday" came very soon, for the Scots slaughtered them all suddenly—

"Upoim Holy Thurysday,
Sayut Adriane thai slew in May,
Wyth mony off hys cumpany
In to that holy Isle thai ly."

You might follow the foot-path by the sea (if you can find it), for all the grass is spread with daisies and sea-pinks, and after walking a short distance you will come to the Podley Rock. If you listen, you will probably hear a voice singing monotonously, and then a little later you will see the figure of a young woman standing, with a collie dog, perched on the topmost ledge against the sky. Her legs are bare, and the early sunshine turns her tangled red hair into a glory. She is strong, and in a weird way beautiful. Her chant, although unintelligible, must be full of passion, for her body sways with each rising cadence, and the collie whines impatiently. The level sunlight strikes the rock and gilds her ragged clothing. This is the "mad girl of Barns," and if you talk to her she will set her dog at you. Perhaps she is a descendant of the primitive Scots who slew St. Adrian and this is her pagan chant to the Sun God.

After you pass the empty salmon-fisher's hut, you return to the highroad through rye-fields. This is the best way to approach Crail, for you see the little old harbor first, and the two ancient lanterns that have shown generations of fishermen the safe entrance to it.

For more than nine hundred years this little village has clung to the braeside, like a storm-driven gull, and owing to its somewhat isolated position its character has remained unchanged. From the top of the Bank Head brae you watch the boats go out of the sunny harbor, and the sound of splashing and the creaking of sails comes up to you through the quiet stillness. One by one the little brown boats slip past, spreading in all directions, some to Fife Ness, others going west, down by Cellardyke and Anstruther. In the early morning the town is bravely beautiful, the sun shines on the white walls of the old Ship Inn, built almost on top of the harbor wall; behind it the sturdy houses climb up the brae, and the builders, mindful of the great storms that in winter sweep down the North Sea, have built them with strength, and without ornament, and small, so that on looking at the village one thinks of a rugged little old man given to much retrospection; for this Fifeshire town has had a long and kaleidoscopic past.

Crail has always been a fishing-village, and there is no place on the North Sea where fish are so plentiful as in the stretch of waters between the island of May and the town. In the year 450 A.D., King Leudonis, being angry with his daughter Thaney, set her adrift in a coracle from Aberlady, and left her to the mercy of the waves; but there were shoals of fish in the waters, and they, recognizing her as the mother of St. Mungo, followed after the little boat until it drove into the beach of the island of May. Since then they have remained there always, and because of these fish the east coast of Fife became famous, so much so that traders in the ninth century came across the seas from the Low Countries to purchase salt fish; but the Scots, ever canny, drove such hard bargains that the foreigners were obliged to return empty-

E. Charles-Lefranc

handed, and to learn to catch and to salt fish for themselves—fish less sanctified and less expensive than those which followed St. Mungo's mother.

Crail is so small and unostentatious that a casual observer would never dream of the lineage it bears—a lineage so long and noble that many a large town has been envious. It existed long before the eleventh century, although it was not till then that it was first raised to the dignity of a royal Burgh by Malcolm Can-More. Later, when David I. came to the Scottish throne, he built a castle at the top of the Nethergate Brae, overlooking the sea, and for many years this castle was a court residence. William the Lyon (1166–1214) granted a charter to Crail, which was sealed by him and likewise by Pope Innocent II. Robert the Bruce also granted a charter in 1306, followed later by one signed by Robert II., and finally in 1553 Queen Mary signed the last charter, granting the Burgh many liberties.

One of the "liberties" was for "holding of a free market on the Sabbath day in Crail," the permission duly signed by the Scottish sovereigns. These markets were held with great regularity, and from all parts of the East Neuk flocked anxious venders and purchasers, crowding the market gate. Carts full of merchandise rumbled down the long St. Andrews Road, and from towns as far west as Levin came gay crowds, bringing great prosperity to Crail, and filling the open space around about the town cross with noise and laughter and shrill bargaining.

It is strange to think that this sober little town was once so full of noise and bustle. Now it is always quiet except in the evening, when Robbie Kircaldy goes through the market gate beating his drum and calling "Notiz," announcing in a great voice some infinitesimal item of news from the daily paper. The castle and its gay company have almost been forgotten, and now the esplanade (where "guid King David" once walked) is used by sailors and fishermen; here they sit in the winter sunshine, or walk up and down, five paces in one direction and five paces back again, as they do on board their small ships.

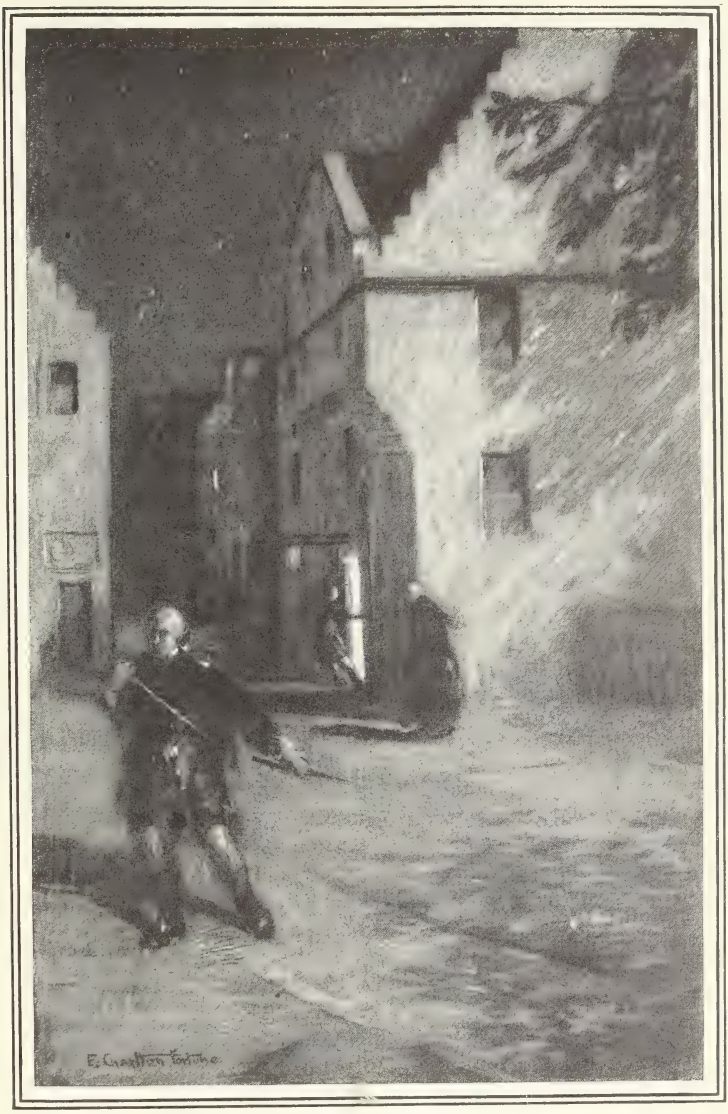
Crail prospered, and the free markets continued until the Protestant Reformation swept over Scotland; then an act of Parliament was passed prohibiting the Sabbath markets and directed especially against the "goings on" in Crail. This surprised and grieved the Crailites, who, an old chronicler says, "protested." After long years of uninterrupted royal favor the people acquired a certain bumptiousness, and apparently the "protestations" were long and loud, for the only way of stopping the markets, and the protests, seems to have been through the outlying towns. Thus it was that three years later the Kirk session in St. Andrews issued an edict to this effect: "All fleshers, linen-drapers, and merchants of St. Andrews, who habitually go down to Crail for the Sabbath market, are prohibited from repeating the offence under pain of exclusion, and debarring of themselves, their wives, bairns, and servants from all benefit of the Kirk in time coming, namely, baptism, the Lord's Supper, marriage." In order therefore to stop the Crail free market it was found necessary to debar the people of St. Andrews from their Kirk instead of stamping out the "goings on" in Crail itself.

In 1587 a sort of compromise was effected between the Scottish Parliament and this little gray town. The market day was changed from Sunday to Saturday, and perhaps to mollify the hornets a great privilege was granted, this being that on the day of the Crail market there should be no buying or selling outside of the town itself from the "Mid-Watter of Levin unto the Pitmilly Burn"; furthermore, if any one was found selling or buying within the twenty-five miles radius of the Mid-Watter and the "burn," his goods were confiscated, "one-half to go to his Majesty the King, and one-half to the common gude of Craille."

The dove of peace finally came again, but before she settled in the village her wings were bruised, for a final tussle ensued, and the market day was set back further in the week; for it was discovered that many hard bargains, begun on Saturday, lasted well into the Sabbath morning and up to the very door of the kirk.

The Auld Kirk, like the town, has weathered through centuries of prosperity and sorrow; the belfry tower has not been restored, and it rises up from the kirkyard over the tree tops, strong and beautiful, with great masses of ivy clinging

like old legends about it. No wonder it is strong; it has defied no less a destroyer than the devil himself. About thirty yards from the kirkyard gate is a great blue stone that was thrown at the church by Satan, who went to the Isle of May for the purpose of getting a long shot at the tower. St. Adrian and his many monks began building the auld kirk; and St. Adrian, having gone on a journey, left the work in the hands of his master workman. Now it so happened that the devil, disguised as an old man, came along the roadway at sundown, and being apparently very tired, sat down and listlessly watched the busy monks cutting and carving great stones and making mortar. The master workman, seeing the old man, asked him if he would like to work with the monks; whereupon the devil, saying he knew much about building, agreed to come back at daylight on the following morning. For three weeks things went well, and then one morning, when the builders came at sunrise to work, they found everything scattered, stones out of place, carved pillars chipped, the mortar spoiled. Everything was in confusion; but they worked all the harder, the devil working hardest of all. From that time it happened that every night when the work was completed to a certain point the following morning it had to be redone, and the monks, very much puzzled, still worked patiently. At last St. Adrian returned to see what progress had been made, and then the fat was in the fire for the devil.



THE GOLF INN

"Noo the saunt being ane o' the richt stamp,
Had the giftie to see far and near,
And bringing his staff ower his shinbanes,
'Fause loon,' says he, 'what seek ye here?'

"The carle was noo sair dumbfounert
At being sae easy fund oot,
And he swore, and so stamped and skirled,
That showed what he was wi'oot doubt.

"When his sauntship proceeded to beat him,
For an ill-faured iniquitous loon,

He raised sic rantin' and yellin',
As frighted and scaured the hale toon.

"When he saw sic a huddut and riot,
And likely to end in a fray,
His bit duddies he drappit and bolted,
Right aff to the Island of May.

"When he lichted he daunced and he
capered,
And put on such ameo' wry faces,
Then a muckle rock fittin', he cried out,
'I'll ding your bit Kirky in pieces.'"

The devil threw it, but he having lost his temper, and being handicapped by an intervening space of some seven miles, the rock went fortunately wide of the mark.

"Into two muckle pieces it brak,
Ane lichted near hannd Kellie Law,
At the auld Cross o' Crail, wi a crack,
Like thunder, the other did fa'."

Crail people are canny, and the writer, knowing this, ends with a final and conclusive argument.

"Noo if ony one questions the facts,
Or in aught would seek to deride it,
They may see't whaur it lies, with the
mark,
O' the deil's muckle thoom, til the
side o't."

In 1559 a more united and successful effort to destroy the auld kirk occurred. One hot June morning the town awoke full of unusual excitement. At a very early hour people were up and about, groups of excited men and women congregated, quarrelling as they toiled up the long brae-side from the harbor. Each port and wynd became the outlet of a stream of people, which emptied into the large river of townsfolk moving swiftly in one direction up the High Street toward the kirk; the body of the church was crowded to the doors, and many who came too late moved about anxiously in the kirk-yard, striving impatiently to see over the heads of the fortunates, who made a swaying group about each window. This was a great day in Crail, for no less a person than John Knox himself was to preach. The incorporated trades had all assembled, each in its respective loft—tailors, joiners,



CRAIL FISHWIVES



THE KIRKYARD

weavers, and smiths, for in those days this little seaport town had other industries than salting fish. Each of these lofts bore a suitable inscription; these have long since disappeared, but fortunately records have been preserved of some of them. Over the joiners' stall was this inscription: "Is not this the Son of Joseph the carpenter whose father and mother we know?" The tailors, not content with a text and possibly having more room to indulge their fancies, and likewise being very conceited, had the following verse carved for them:

"This ancient trade since Adam was a rebel,
Justly deserves the head of all the table,
For first in Paradise it did begin,
Which reminds us all of our original sin;
But since that sin, the case has altered so
Were it not for tailors we might naked go."

One can fancy the disgust felt by the shoemakers at so much vanity, for they wrote only this text: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes."

This particular morning of 1559 was the last of the old order of the kirk. The sun shone over the kirkyard, warming the flat stones under which so many of the old nobles lay who for generations had tended the nine altars,—"Schir Wilyem Myrton, Schir George Lummisden, and Schir Wilyem Dischington," all at one time or other chaplains of the kirk. But the Crailites thought little of the dead as they scrambled among the tombs for a better view of the open windows. Finally John Knox ascended the pulpit, and a great quiet, rivalling the hush of the kirkyard, fell upon the people. For an hour or more he thundered in a great voice against the iniquities of its former worship, and so kindled his hearers by the fire of his zeal that the whole congregation with shouts began immediately to destroy the church, pulling down the altars, smashing the statues, and breaking windows. When John Knox

departed from Crail that day, nothing was left of the grand old church but the tower and outer walls, the mutilated remains of hundreds of years of patient work.

Some years elapsed before the spirit of the Reformation controlled Crail, for the first minister, John Melville, complained bitterly that the Catholic lieges of the Burgh had threatened to "Tak hym owt o' the pulpot by the luggis [ears] and chais hym owt of the town." Archbishop Sharp tried to defeat the Presbytery, and evidently with some success, for a song, composed by some of the opposite party, is still preserved:

"When juggling Sharp his calling first began
To cheat the church with hocus tricks, he ran
To Crail by sea, a flock as he could wish
Them he did feed with wind, they he with fish."

For many generations Crail was rich and prosperous, but a great pestilence broke out in the seventeenth century, and frightful poverty and suffering followed. Ships were lost at sea, many of the men who were not stricken went to the wars, and at last the town council met to face starvation or appeal to Parliament; and now the once proud little town, which in earlier days had defied Parliament, must ask for help. The Baillies assembled together and drew up a piteous appeal: "We be bot verrie poore people haveing no miens to live upon but quhat the sea and our commers doth afford; yea for the most part of us, not a bitt of meat to put in our bellies quhill the samyn be furst gotten furth of the sea frae quich the pestilence and troubles did debarr us."

Parliament evidently heaped coals of fire on Crail, for the Baillies, emboldened by their success, made another appeal, sixteen years later, craving protection against intruding foreigners who "outreiked" ships for the Orkneys in preference to themselves.

There is no "out-reiking" done there now, for the little East Neuk town has gone quietly to sleep like an old man, to dream of the ingle-neuk of its former days of greatness.

The industries for which it was once famous have all gone, fishing alone surviving, and the incorporated trades have left the lofts in the kirk for a more quiet place in the kirkyard. The town of Crail has not altered very much in the centuries that have passed over it. This is perhaps due to its isolation, for until within the last few years you could only go there by stage-coach; therefore it became a synonym for inaccessibility. "Were ye ever in America?" asked a Glasgow body. "Na," replied his friend, "but I hae a brither wha was aince in Crail."

Time and Progress have fought for the town, but as yet the kindly hand of Time has guarded it from many destructive "modern improvements." The old "Town House," curiously Dutch in appearance, stands in the middle of the market gate. Over the doorway and bearing the date 1602 is the Crail Arms carved in the stone. To the initiated it is a rigged ship with four sailors, with a crescent on one side, and on the other six stars. Farther down the High Street is the old Golf Inn, rechristened when a little carving of two famous golfers in kilts was set above the old lantern. This inn has played an important part in the history of the town. It was and still is the meeting-place of the "characters" of Crail. Its position alone must have been a source of irritation to the guid wives who sat up into the night waiting the return of their husbands. It projects into the street in an inviting manner, and, go which way you will, you must always pass it. Many old Crailites, reeling home in the night, have come face to face with its western gable shining white in the moonlight. Perhaps they have made a circuit about it, but having done so, they would stumble up against the lighted doorway on the other side, and here they could see their less virtuous friends, and so cursing the inn for its ridiculous position in the street, stumbled inside in self-defence. Some of the characters who met in the Golf Inn have been immortalized by Sir Alexander Moneypenny, who wrote verses in the seventeenth century; "Schir Wilyem Dischington," chaplain of the auld kirk and a man of great circumspection, lies peacefully in the kirkyard. Clerk Dischington, realizing the hopelessness of keeping up family traditions, stepped aside and let "Schir Wilyem's" reputation do for both.

"Was ye e're in Crail Town,
Igo and ago,
Saw ye there Clerk Dishington,
Iram, corum, dago,
His wig was like a drookit hen,
Igo and ago,
Its tail hung down like a goose pen,
Iram, corum, dago.
Keep ye well frae Sir John Malcolm,
If he be canny mistaak him;
Keep ye well frae sandy Don,
He's ten times dafter than Sir John.
To hear them of their travels talk
Tae gang tae Lonon's but a walk."

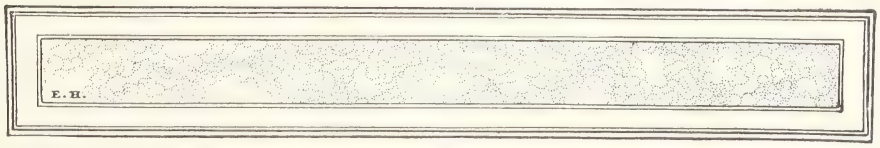
Sir Alexander Moneypenny, "Sandy Don," and Sir John, each in his turn, have been laid in the kirkyard. Clerk Dischington lies beside his pious ancestor, and now only the verses on the tombstones are left.

That the majority of ancient Crailites were virtuous almost beyond belief is attested by these same inscriptions. However, human weaknesses are seldom carved on tombstones for posterity to smile at, and the people who lie in Crail may have been as good as the verses on their graves; at any rate those who took part in the funerals were disposed to be forgetful of the shortcomings of the dead. A side-light is thrown on this by a statement by one Isobel Moncrieff, who complains that fifty pounds is altogether too much for funeral expenses for her brother: "There being brandy and other liquors in house sufficient for the occasion."

Perhaps the town is most beautiful in the autumn, when the land and sea harvests are gathered. For this is the time that artists come all the way from the south of England to paint the bonny town. The sunsets at this time of year are marvellous; land, sea, and sky become glorified by the splendor of the sun, and huge, ragged pieces of copper-colored clouds flame against the glowing sky like torches. Between the setting sun and the cliff on which you stand lie the waters of the North Sea, and seven miles from shore, rising out of the glittering waves, is the solitary island of May, where St. Adrian lies buried.

One by one the boats come into the harbor, laden with silver cargoes of herring. The apparently deserted town awakes from a day-long sleep; doors open, and groups of people come down the Nethergate brae. Yellow lights appear in the windows, for the vermilion glory of the sky gives place to clear twilight, and as the night slips over the braeside like a thin veil the town becomes ethereal, and you wonder how it is that this village, showing so delicately through the darkness, has remained there through these long centuries.

If you could see the town in the winter, when the summer visitors have gone back to their milder climate of the west coast, when the great northern gales come that shake the shore, churning the waters so that the harbor-wall must fight bravely; then it is that you would realize the hidden strength of the old houses, secure in their centuries of gales, which stand as immovable as the rocky coast. The fishermen fight their way through the gusty streets, their heads bent against the storm. Sometimes it takes hours to get out of the harbor, for angry waves shoulder themselves against the narrow opening, driving back the boats. The guid wives stand at the top of the Bank Head brae and watch anxiously until the outside of the enclosure is gained. On these stormy days Crail is very beautiful, the incarnation of strength. No gay gondoliers singing gay songs trip to the boats, but the grim Scots fishermen to the tune of the great psalms go out to fight the everlasting storms. The salt smell of the sea-kelp rises from the rock, and flocks of gulls, tired of being driven in circles, flutter inland, following the plough and filling the brown fields with sea cries.



Parting Friends

TRAGEDY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I

MISS EVELYN MATTHEWS, MR. RALPH WAYLAND

EVELYN: "But why, *why* did you put it off till last night—or this morning rather—when you knew I must sail to-day, and there would be no chance to—to—to— Oh, I don't see how I can ever forgive you! Didn't you *know?* Didn't I do everything that any human girl could, to *show* you?"

Wayland: "Yes, dearest, you did; and I can see it all, now, looking back. I knew, yes, but I didn't dare."

Evelyn: "That's what I can't forgive you for; your want of faith in me—in yourself. If I were a man—"

Wayland: "Oh, *don't* be a man, darling, not for a single instant; not even to convince me that I was *not* a man. I own it, now, but I want you just as you are, just as another woman!" He presses her hand hard as it lies on the seat next him and tenderly crushes her arm and fingers intertwined with his. They are seated on one of the most restricted sofas in one of the remotest embrasures of the music-room on the Anglo-Teutonic-Batavian triple turbine wireless 30,000-ton Ritz restaurant steamer *Merseyhaveldam*, which is to sail in half an hour. Around their feet, and bulking well up to their knees, lie packages and bundles of farewell offerings, the poignancy of grief in them subdued by the gay ribbons and silken cords of their wrappings; boxes and sheaves of flowers abandoned hopelessly on the floor exhale a rank sweetness. The music-room seats are all occupied by preoccupied passengers, and there is an incessant coming and going, and laughing and talking everywhere. Tides of leave-takers swell and choke the passages outside, and pass in and out of the music-room. From time to time a young man enters and passes round the place on an apparently unsuccessful tour of discovery, which the couple in the secret nook do nothing to promote. The young man is tall and gangling, with a face to match his figure and a smile of inexhaustible amiability. He carries aloft a long pasteboard box.

Evelyn, shuddering against the shoulder of Wayland with a deep sigh of escape, as the unsuccessful explorer makes one of his disappearances: "He's gone again! Well?"

Wayland: "Was I saying anything? I thought I was merely *feeling*. Oh yes! You do forgive me, don't you?"

Evelyn, smelling the bunch of violets which she presses to her nose with her free hand: "Oh yes, yes! A million times. I only had to have something against you to keep from simply melting and flowing away. Oh, dear, how nice you are, and how wise, even down to these violets! Any other flowers— 'Sh! There he is. No! He's gone again; he merely glanced in. I suppose, by the look of that long box, he's got long-stemmed roses—American Beauties, of course; possibly Jacks. He doesn't mean any harm, poor fellow."

Wayland: "Oh no, he's just a wandering idiot, and I shall not kill him—at least till you're gone."

Evelyn: "How funny you are! I didn't know you had so much humor—always so solemn and sententious, till last night. But last night you *were* funny! Do you suppose anybody ever made love before in a taxicab? Or not made it exactly, but worked up to it. With Aunt Bessie there, you couldn't really offer yourself, though I don't believe she'd have minded. She must have seen it was coming; she's always adored you; and I knew she asked to let us drop you just to give you a last chance. And when you came in to say good-night, and she went up-stairs *to put off her things*

and left us in the reception-room, you didn't lose *much* time, did you, darling? It was simply an explosion, that was all. But how much time you *did* lose before the explosion! No, I can't forgive you."

Wayland: "I don't expect it, I don't want it. If you forgave me you might forget me; the two always go together, and I want you to keep me in mind every breath, every pulse! I shall you, and I couldn't consent to excel you in anything; though I couldn't excel you if I did consent."

Evelyn: "Well, then, don't let's talk of it any more. We've only these few minutes left, and we ought to talk about something vital—make every word hold a lifetime of meaning; don't you think so?"

Wayland: "Yes, and how perfectly you say it, how—"

II

MRS. WELBY, MISS MATTHEWS, WAYLAND

Mrs. Welby, struggling through the riveted furniture of the music-room, and the flux and reflux of passengers and their laughing, shouting, and talking friends: "Ah! There you are at last! Oh, my dearest child, what a time I *have* had! I thought I never should find you, and the boat would carry you off and me with you. And Mr. Wayland, too! Well, I can certainly trust *him* to see that I don't get left. Guess what I've brought you! But no, you must wait to get off before you look." She disburdens herself of two boxes which she has been carrying, putting them into the eager hands of Wayland, and then recovering them from him as she sinks into an armchair facing Evelyn. "Oh, thank you so much. The whole joke is in not looking, now. But where's Mrs. Farlane?"

Evelyn: "Taking time by the forelock down in her berth. She's so determined to be sick, you know, that she's not going to lose a moment. She says if she isn't sick, it will be just so much pure gain."

Mrs. Welby: "Dear Mrs. Farlane, how funny she is! So much character, always. Has anybody brought you any of that new *mousse* chocolate yet? Not that—"

Evelyn: "I *love* it!"

Mrs. Welby: "I don't mind saying it's in one of them; but the other is strictly *between ourselves,* don't you know. Dear Mrs. Farlane! If I had only remembered her passion for seasickness, I should certainly have brought her some of those red tablets; I don't remember their name, but you know them by their being red. And now"—flinging herself back into her chair with a long sigh of expectation—"tell me all about your where, when, and how. You don't mean that Mr. Wayland is the only one of your young men that's come to see you off?"

Wayland: "No, Mrs. Welby; only the



"WHY DID YOU PUT IT OFF TILL LAST NIGHT?"

first of them." He exchanges a furtive hand-pressure with Evelyn.

Mrs. Welby: "And I'm the second. Well, that's something. *Sally!*" She launches this cry at a young girl, so long-legged that her skirts have not been able to reach her ankles, who has burst through the vermiculant crowd, and



"I THOUGHT I NEVER SHOULD FIND YOU."

flushed, rumpled, and panting, comes lugging a large basket of very large grapefruit, and stumbles with it at the feet of Miss Matthews. "Why in the world didn't you leave it with the steward?"

III

SALLY WELBY, MRS. WELBY, MISS MATTHEWS, WAYLAND

Sally, indignantly: "*What* steward, I should like to know? There are a thousand stewards, and you can't catch one of them. And besides, after I'd motored down with it in my lap from Sixty-seventh Street, and kept them from tumbling out with my own hands all the way, do you think I was going to let any steward gobble them? I don't call *you* much of a mother for suggesting such a thing." She casts herself upon Evelyn's neck, with many kisses and tender murmurs. "I picked them out myself, and there's one for every kiss; and—how do, Mr. Wayland! I didn't see you." She gives him her hand.

Wayland: "Oh, I wasn't here—compared with I—"

Sally: "*What?*"

Evelyn, hastening to cover his confusion: "And you were quite right, Sally, and how good and kind of you to think of grapefruit, of all things! My favorite fruit, and so refreshing, and the very thing at sea. How good and kind of you!"

Mrs. Welby: "Well, I must say she might have shown more originality. Why, child, don't you know that they fairly bathe you in grapefruit on these boats?"

Sally: "But they're not your own grapefruit, and—"

Evelyn, pulling her down and kissing her: "And that makes all the difference. We'll have yours at lunch and dinner, and the boat's at breakfast."

Sally, irrelevantly: "I saw Mr. Framer on the outskirts somewhere, with a box as long and narrow as he is, that I guess had American Beauties in it; and I guess he was looking for you. Oh, there it is now!" She indicates the box, held above the press and making its way irregularly about, as if seeking a positive direction.

Evelyn: "Oh, well, stoop, Sally dear, and don't let him see you! Let him go and leave it with the other things on the saloon table. Can't somebody tell him? Can't you, Ra— Or, no, that won't do! Oh, dear!"

Sally: "There! He's gone again. He went out of the door; you needn't

be afraid. But I don't wonder you were. Why, Nancy! Well, of all the people! What have *you* brought? But of course I'm not asking."

Mrs. Welby: "No, you don't seem to be, and I'm very glad you're so thoughtful, Sally."

IV

Mrs. Robert Effinger and the Others

Mrs. Effinger: "Merely a trifling *en tout cas,* if you *must* know, Sally, before the grateful recipient does." To Miss Matthews: "No cards. I couldn't think of anything you'd hate to have worse, Evelyn, and I trotted out all your *bêtes noires* and counted them. Bob's coming with something at the last moment, I suppose, but I beat him here, and I feel pretty sure I've beaten him on the *en tout cas.* Oh, how do you do, Mr. Wayland? You're such a shrinking violet I didn't see you behind that basket of grapefruit. Are you holding all the things? Then why not the *en tout cas?* Evelyn doesn't seem disposed to grab it."

Evelyn: "You haven't given me any chance to grab it yet, Nancy. Hand it over." She reaches for it.

Mrs. Effinger, giving it: "There. But why we haven't left all our offerings on the altar in the dining-saloon, I can't understand."

Mrs. Welby: "We have no confidence in the attendants of the temple. I feel that they'd have eaten up every bit of my chocolate *mousse*—"

Mrs. Effinger, with a cry to Evelyn: "Chocolate *mousse!* Oh, give me one, you greedy thing! When you knew how I adored them! Actually keeping the box shut!"

Sally: "Oh, there he comes again! Or *it* does!"

Mrs. Effinger: "He? It?"

Sally: "Mr. Framer, with a box of American Beauties, as long and lank as he is! See it moving through the air! It's coming this way." With a skilful reproduction of the motor-'bus conductor's manner: "'Elevated road! All keep your seats! Bat your heads!' There, he's gone again. Evelyn's saved!"

Mrs. Effinger: "Do I understand that Miss Matthews doesn't wish to meet the bearers of gifts? It seems to me that this is a hint to me. Good-by, you poor thing! *Bon voyage;* many returns of the same." She stoops over Evelyn and kisses her. "Good-by!"

Evelyn: "Oh, thank you, Nancy, so much!"

Mrs. Effinger: "For going?"

Evelyn: "For the *en tout cas.* Stay and see whether Cousin Bob can beat it!"

Mrs. Effinger: "For pure banality, it's inapproachable. But the fates may fight for Bob; he *may* bring you a shoe-bag!"

Mrs. Welby: "Oh, don't *say* such a thing!" She rises.



"Sally!"

Mrs. Effinger: "He *may*." To Mrs. Welby and Sally: "Coming, girls?" To Wayland: "Mr. Wayland?"

Wayland: "Yes, yes. As soon as I can catch a steward to give these things to."

Mrs. Effinger, subtly: "Oh."

Mrs. Welby and Sally, kissing Evelyn: "Good-by, dear. Don't be greedy with the chocolates. Eat all the grapefruit you can, Evelyn. It will do you good."

V

EVELYN, WAYLAND

Evelyn: "Oh, can you believe they're actually gone?"

Wayland: "It does seem too good to be true."

Evelyn: "Well, now let's don't lose any time! (You don't mind my grammar, or ungrammar?) They'll be back in hordes in a moment. Where were we?" She vividly presses his hand with each question. "Where were we?"

Wayland: "I'm with you, wherever you—"

Evelyn: "Oh, don't triv—be trivial, I mean. You were saying something vital; what was it?"

Wayland: "That I love you better than anything in the universe."

Evelyn: "And I you. But that goes without saying. Oh, I know, now!"

Wayland: "We must—*must*—MUST—somehow—*before* we part; I couldn't leave you without— It wouldn't be parting. But with these people—"

Evelyn: "Couldn't we bend our faces down—together—and pretend to be looking for something in this rubbish, and—"

Wayland: "Oh, you darling to think *how!*"

Evelyn: "And you don't despise me *for* thinking?"

Wayland, in inexpressible protest: "Oh!" They bend over, in pretended scrutiny of the packages at their feet; a loud, jovial voice arrests them.

VI

EFFINGER, EVELYN, WAYLAND

Effinger: "Hello! There you are at last! I thought you'd decided not to go, Evelyn; been all over the ship for you. Hello, Wayland! What are *you* doing here? *You're* not going?"

Wayland, fiercely: "Oh no, I'm just filling in the time between parting friends."

Effinger: "Well, you won't have much time to fill in between *me*. Ship sails in about ten minutes."

Evelyn, with a covert clutch of Wayland's hand: "Oh! In ten minutes?"

Effinger: "Well, about. Haven't you heard the warning voice of the steward?"

Evelyn, convulsively: "No!"

Wayland, indignantly: "How can we hear anything in this din?"

Effinger, glancing round at the dense laughing and shouting throng in the music-room: "They do seem to be having rather a good time." To Evelyn: "Guess what I'm holding behind my back, to comfort you on your long five days' voyage!"

Evelyn, wildly: "A shoe-bag?"

Effinger: "A shoe-bag! Is that some of Nancy's rot? Do I look like a man that would bring a shoe-bag to a lovely girl leaving friends and home on an oft-tried trip to the Old World? Why, they starve you on these boats: tea when you wake; breakfast at nine; bouillon at eleven; lunch at one; tea at four; dinner at seven-thirty: if you don't have something betweentimes, you simply perish. You can't live on flowers and chocolates and grapefruit and *en touts cases* (Nancy brought that, I'll bet); and I've been to Dream's, and got you one of his fairy copper baskets!" He brings it round in front of him, and Evelyn clasps her hands in a feint of ecstasy as he lifts the lid. "There! It's a Dream itself, isn't it?—full of dreams! Did you ever see such a load of indigesti-comestibles? Try one now—greatest prophylactic against sea-sickness, one of these gooey, frosted layer-cakes! No? Well, you'll come to it; I must be off; going ashore, Wayland? What's the matter?"

Wayland, with his eyes fastened on a tall form, moving on the skirts of the crowd, with a long narrow box borne aloft: "Yes, yes, I'm going—go—"

Evelyn: "Oh, what is it?"

Wayland: "It *is!*"

Effinger: "Framer? Why, he's been looking all over the ship for you. I'll just go and tell—"

Evelyn: "If you dare!"

Effinger, with intelligence: "Oh!

Well, I won't, then. Come along, Wayland. How do they put you ashore on this line? I've heard whistles and gongs and stewards—which sounds last? But no matter. Good-by, Miss Matthews; good-by to Mrs. Farlane, for me; good-by, Wayl— Why, no, you're going ashore, too!"

Wayland: "Yes, yes, as soon as I've signed for these things. Don't wait for me." To a district messenger, bearing a large jar of California figs: "For Miss Matthews?" and to a succession of messengers with armloads of tulips, branches of bananas, and baskets of oranges, grapes, and apples: "For Miss Matthews? For Miss Matthews? For Miss Matthews?" Signing: "Well, why didn't you leave them with the steward?"



"HELLO! THERE YOU ARE AT LAST"

Chorus of District Messengers: "Couldn't find no steward!"

Effinger, merging himself with the crowd: "Well, if you won't!"

VII

EVELYN, WAYLAND

Evelyn, bitterly: "But everybody seems to find *us!* Oh, I wish I hadn't a friend on earth!"

Wayland: "Well, they can't hold out much longer. The boat starts now in less than six minutes."

Evelyn: "Oh, I can't let you go!"

Wayland: "Nor I you. But I must, I must!"

Evelyn: "How cruel you are! Let me stay with you! I won't—I *can't* go!"

Wayland: "And I can't stay. I'm going with you."

Evelyn: "No, no. I'll stay."

Wayland: "But you can't stay now, dearest. Your *Not Wanted on the Voyage* luggage is all in the hold. You must go!"

Evelyn: "Why didn't you speak sooner—why didn't I make you, I mean? Now, to part only a few hours after we belong to each other. But I *won't* blame you, at the last minute, so!"

Wayland: "But you're not; I'm blaming myself."

Evelyn: "But I can't let you leave me here alone—without Aunt Elizabeth, or anything. Oh, where *is* she? How *can* she be down in her berth at such a time!"

Wayland: "I'll call her—get her—"

Evelyn: "No, there isn't time! Oh, hear those dreadful gongs and whistles and stewards all shouting at you to go ashore! *Where* is Aunt Elizabeth? Oh, there you are—just dropped from

heaven in the very nick of time! Oh, Aunt Elizabeth!"

VIII

MRS. FARLANE, EVELYN, WAYLAND

Mrs. Farlane: "What are you doing here, you crazy things? Mr. Wayland, I'm astonished at you. Don't you know the boat's just starting? They'll be pulling up the gangway. Why don't you go? Everybody else is going, and I've come up here from a sick—a seasick—bed to send you." The screaming, laughing crowd is, in fact, melting and ebbing away from the music-room. Mr. Framer vanishes through the door with his tall box of American Beauty roses. "What *are* you stopping for?"

Wayland, very seriously: "Mrs. Farlane, I am engaged to Evelyn—"

Mrs. Farlane, with astonishment: "Well, I should suppose so—after last night!"

Wayland: "I consider her my wife *now;* and yet—and yet—we must part like strangers."

Mrs. Farlane: "How, like strangers? What do you mean? Evelyn, is this some nonsense of yours?" With severity: "If it's a joke, Mr. Wayland—"

Evelyn, whimpering: "Oh, do you think he could joke on such a subject? People have been heaping themselves on us ever since he's been here, and they stare so—stare so—"

Wayland: "That we can't part as we should. If you would just stand a little nearer, so that I could—could—without making a show of it—kiss her good-by—just—once—"

Mrs. Farlane: "Oh, you poor, poor things! I'll stand as close as I can, and cluster round you as thick! Do you mean here?" She puts herself in position, and moves this way and that so as to intercept the view of the lingering witnesses in the music-room, and Evelyn and Wayland have risen for a parting embrace, when a joyous noise bursts upon them from a troop of young men and girls who come pushing into the place with incoherent cries.



"WE CAN'T! YOU MUSTN'T!"

IX

THE YOUNG MEN AND GIRLS; MRS. FARLANE, EVELYN, WAYLAND

The Girls: "There you are at last!" "Oh, Evelyn, such a time we've had, finding you!" "And we'll be carried off with you, now." "Here, last chance! All the latest publications!" "I knew you'd forget a steamer-chair cushion, and I've brought—" "Don't tell me anybody else has given you grapefruit!" "And a Dream basket? Oh, how cruel! But

mine's nickel-plated, anyway! I packed it myself, Evelyn!" "There isn't a moment!" "Hurry, girls!" "Oh, good-by." They drop their gifts at Evelyn's feet, and crowd Wayland from her with their multitude and successive embraces, while the young men shake hands with Wayland and Mrs. Farlane.

The Young Men: "Never got such time out of three taxies before!" "We shall all be up for speeding." "Real ambulance gait." "Told the mounted cops we had run over these girls, and were taking them to the hospital." "If I hadn't seen Wayland's head and shoulders through the window here, we should never have found you." "Come!" "That's the last call!" "We shall all be left—carried off, that is." "Come, come!" With wails from the girls and babbled and bubbled farewells, the party join in flight, and carry with them the tall figure of Mr. Framer, who has haunted the background with his box of roses, and without attempting to leave it now involuntarily vanishes.

X

A Steward, Mrs. Farlane, Evelyn, Wayland

The Steward: "All ashore, all ashore."

Evelyn, to Wayland: "Oh, go, go!" She glances through the window. "Oh, they're untying the gangway. Oh, dearest love, go! Don't wait for anything! Throw one to me from the pier!" She pushes him wildly from her. "Everybody's looking back, and waving. We can't! You mustn't!" Wayland wavers frantically and then rushes distractedly away. "Oh, oh! What have I done?"

XI

Mrs. Farlane, Evelyn

Mrs. Farlane: "A very silly thing; and he's done another! You don't deserve each other."

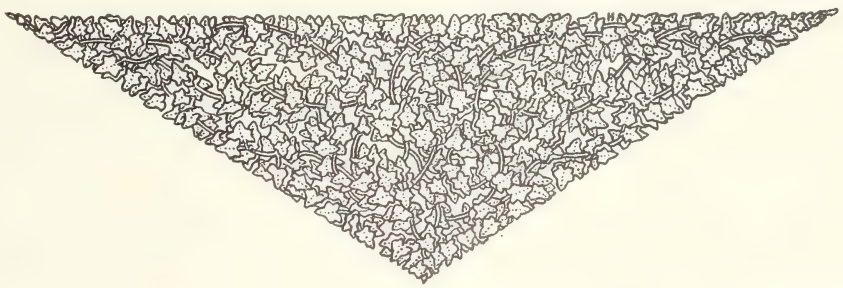
Evelyn, flying to the window: "Oh, there he is on the gangway, just behind Mr. Framer! And the sailors are lifting it and the men on the pier are pulling it down! How frightfully it swings in the air! Oh, I can't bear to look! But I must! I must! What a dreadful din the whistle makes! How can they? Look, look, Aunt Bessie! Can you see him from your window? Yes? I can't! Where is he—where is he?"

Mrs. Farlane, at the next window: "He's all right; he's on the pier, now. Don't you see him? Just beside that idiot with his box of roses."

Evelyn: "Yes, oh yes, *I* see him. How good you are, aunty, to find him. And he sees *me!* Yes, he does, he does! And he's kissing his hand to me! Oh, he remembered! Oh, you darling! Oh, my dear love! And I'll kiss mine to you; I don't care now if the whole world sees me." She kisses her hand; then she gives a cry of despair.

Mrs. Farlane: "What is it, Evelyn? Are you crazy? What's the matter? Has he fallen in?"

Evelyn: "No. But Mr. Framer's got in front of him and he thinks I'm kissing my hand to *him;* and he's kissing his to me. Oh, oh, oh!" She bursts into tears, and cowers away from the window, hiding her face in her handkerchief. Mrs. Farlane strikes an attitude of helpless and hopeless compassion.



A Portrait by Velasquez

THE great Italian painters had all gone when Velasquez came upon the scene. In the North, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and Franz Hals were his contemporaries, and although he was associated with Rubens during his nine months' stay in Spain, and enjoyed two long visits to Italy, no painter influenced his style. He had no affinity with artists of the past, but accepted himself and drew his own bow. In an age and country where great stress was laid on religious themes, he produced none of those fantasies in which Italian and Spanish painters took delight, setting forth their impressions of beatified existence. He was interested in life about him and seemed to doubt the existence of mysterious haloed saints, and angels with seraphic eyes, turning to his earthly fellows with less regular features, the infantas and courtiers, the dwarfs and imbeciles. Becoming court-painter at twenty-four greatly favored the development of his natural bent, for portraiture, which was his vocation, has ever kept art sincere and forcible. Hence we find in his work none of the languid dreaminess of the Southland, none of the mystic beauty and wistful mood which marks his great contemporary, Murillo. Coming with a gospel of the exact truth of things rather than of ideal beauty, Velasquez preconceived the most striking characteristic of modern art, but was not accepted for more than two hundred years. He showed an alert sense of his surroundings and gave a weight of meaning to externals. The gesture, the scene, the light, the color of life with its importunate reality, interested him deeply and he was never conscious of his limitations.

The identity of this portrait from the collection of the late William B. Elkins has been lost, but the richness of dress and elegance of manner proclaim the fact that the lady must have been a person of distinction and rank in her time.

W. Stanton Howard.



A PORTRAIT BY VELASQUEZ

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

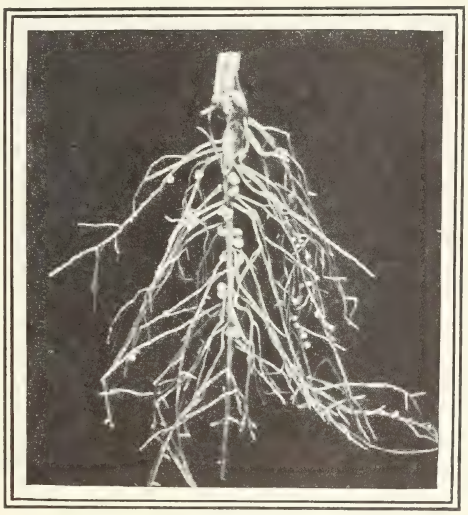
The Soil as a Battle-Ground

BY A. D. HALL, F.R.S.

Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, England

IT is now something like half a century since the discoveries of Pasteur taught men to regard bacteria as a factor in the universe, at times bringing disease and decay in their train, but in other cases effecting certain changes which are necessary to the well-being, if not to the existence, of men and animals. At first one only thought of these minute organisms as harmful, because Pasteur associated certain defects in beer and wine with bacteria, and Lister proved that inflammation, gangrene, and similar wound troubles came from their intrusion into the blood. In his demonstration of the universal distribution of bacteria Pasteur showed that liquids like meat extracts or hay broth might be exposed to the air among the snows and desolate rocks of the Alps without harm, whereas a moment's contact with the atmosphere of the streets or even with what is commonly regarded as pure country air resulted a few days later in putrefaction and decay set up by the bacteria carried in the air. "Dust and disease" was the phrase which summed up the situation, and so much did it seize on people's imagination that a man, one of those eccentrics so characteristic of England, is known to have exiled himself amid the highest and most remote of the Alpine solitudes in order to escape the contamination which lurked in the twice-breathed airs of his thickly populated home-land. Rapidly, however, it began to be realized that bacteria are also effective for good: the making of vinegar, the fermentation which gives rise to the special flavor of sauerkraut, the changes that go on in the ripening of cheese, were ascribed to particular bacteria, and later on a number of other industrial processes, like tanning, the retting of flax, the curing of tobacco, were similarly set down to bacterial actions, though the idea has not always been confirmed. While the actions of bacteria were thus so much in men's minds it was natural that they should be looked for in the earth, and only a very brief examination was necessary in order to ascertain that the upper cultivated layer of soil was swarming with minute organisms of all kinds. Most of these were recognized to belong to the class bringing about putrefaction, to which we have already alluded, and for some time little attempt was made to differentiate between the species. One notable discovery, however, was made by the Japanese savant, Kitasato, when he showed that tetanus, or lockjaw, was caused by a bacterium residing in the soil. But the first suggestion that the organisms in the soil possessed any agricultural significance came through the work of two French investigators, Schloesing and Müntz, who in 1878 established the fact that the process we call nitrification was brought about by living agencies. It had of course been known from time immemorial that rich earth will become impregnated with a kind of nitre. In fact, the best way of bringing about this change had been standardized by the chemists of the Napoleonic era in order to provide France with nitre for gunpowder-making at the time the continent of Europe was cut off from the usual Indian sources of that indispensable material for warfare. Chemically, the process is one of oxidation; the all-important element nitrogen is contained in such substances as flesh, skin, dung, urine, etc., and is there united to carbon in elaborate compounds which in the process of nitrification have to be broken down and burned, but in such a way as to leave the nitrogen combined with a maximum proportion of oxygen. In the laboratory such a change can only be effected with the greatest difficulty and very inefficiently, yet the bacteria in the soil can carry on the process slowly but

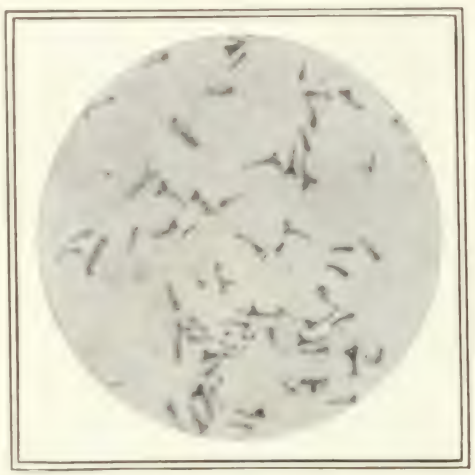
without waste. It is indeed of great agricultural significance, because the majority of our cultivated plants must have nitrogen, but are quite incapable of utilizing the compounds which are contained in manure until this preliminary change to nitrate has been brought about. Thus one of the factors in the fertility of the soil is the rate at which its bacteria will induce the formation of nitrates, and their development is so dependent on the operations of the cultivator that we thereby obtain an explanation of many of the traditional practices of the farmer. We need not, however, discuss in detail the part played by bacteria in the nitrification process; it has been worked out by an elaborate series of investigations, in which the English chemist Warington, the Russian Winogradsky, and the American King took honorable shares.



ROOT OF YOUNG BEAN PLANT
Showing nodules on the tap-root, with a few smaller ones on the side roots

The next chapter in the story of the soil bacteria was the discovery of organisms capable of building up the free nitrogen gas in the atmosphere into those compounds which are the starting-point for the nitrate-making bacteria. If, as we believe, our world has cooled down from a state of glowing gas, it must have been started with all its nitrogen in the free gaseous condition. Twenty-five years ago we knew of no natural agency beyond the lightning flash which could bring such nitrogen gas into combination, yet compounds of the element not only are found all the world over, but are absolutely indispensable to the existence of everything possessing life. But despite the dependence of animals and plants upon combined nitrogen, they only shift it from one state of combination to another; they possess no power of making new compounds out of the free gas in the air. Thus they cannot increase the stock of combined nitrogen in the world, nor do they in any way account for its origin. The first accepted step in the solution of this cosmic problem came when two German workers, Wilfarth and Hellriegel, in 1886, discovered that certain bacteria exist in the soil which strike up a partnership with plants like clover, peas, and beans, whereby they are able to bring into combination the nitrogen gas that has diffused into the soil from the atmosphere. This discovery of the nodule organisms, so called because their colonies induce the formation of little nodules on the roots of the particular leguminous plant with which they are associated, threw a flood of light upon agricultural processes and explained such hitherto incomprehensible facts as the value of clover and alfalfa as a preparation for other crops, facts which every farmer knew and had known from the time of the Romans. These crops, when provided with the proper bacteria, not only do not require to be fed with nitrogenous manures, but actually leave the soil the richer for their growth, so much nitrogen have their bacteria drawn from the air and left behind in a combined form in their roots and stubble. Readers of *Harper's Magazine* will be familiar with the success that has attended the attempts of the United States Department of Agriculture to domesticate, as it were, these all-valuable bacteria and introduce them into soils in which they are lacking, thus enabling the farmer to grow enriching crops like alfalfa on land where it had hitherto failed. The end of this work is not yet in sight, but it occupies

the attention of soil-investigators in all countries, not least in the United States, where the problem of conserving soil fertility, instead of wastefully spending the virgin accumulations into which the first settlers entered, is now becoming a matter of importance. Meantime a further large class of organisms have been discovered which reside in the soil and are independent of the leguminous plants, though like the nodule organisms they fix and bring into combination the atmospheric nitrogen. These latter organisms, we have reason to believe, are answerable for the great accumulation of nitrogen in the rich black soils of the prairies and the Northwest.



NITROGEN FIXING ORGANISMS FROM BEAN NODULES

The microscopic photograph represents the colonizing stage when the organisms are about a ten-thousandth of an inch long. When they enter the plant roots from the soil they are only one-third as large

Such have been the chief happenings in the work that has been done on the bacteria resident in the soil, the very existence of which was unrecognized a generation ago. We have spent so much time over a historical introduction in order to give the proper perspective to the account which follows of certain interesting new developments.

When one begins to study the bacteria that reside in any medium, naturally enough one of the first necessities is to get some of that medium into a sterile condition free from all bacteria. We can then reintroduce into the medium any particular species instead of the medley of races which normally inhabit it, and so follow up the changes that this single race brings about. We are all familiar with the methods adopted for sterilization—heating to the temperature of boiling water or treatment with chloroform and similar volatile antiseptics is generally effective. But it was found to be impossible to sterilize soil except by employing temperatures so high that the organic constituents of the soil began to break up, thus altering the essential properties of the soil. As a result, however, of their attempts some men reported that the soil actually became more capable of growing crops than before, but these observations were difficult to understand and were forgotten or were pushed aside into the limbo of the unexplained.

The next item in the chain of evidence was derived from a very unexpected source. In the third quarter of the last century the vineyards of Europe were overtaken by the phylloxera, a minute insect which lives upon the roots of the vine and eventually destroys it. At first it appeared as though no means could be found to combat the pestilence, but gradually various remedies have been discovered, of which the most widely applied has been the employment of American species of vine as the underground stocks, upon which the old varieties esteemed for making wine were then grafted. The American vine is strong enough to resist the attack of the parasite; it even confers a new vigor and yielding power upon the more delicate vintage grape that it carries, so that by its help many of the old European vineyards have not only been regenerated, but also made to produce more wine per acre than before the advent of the phylloxera. But the more famous vineyards, where are grown the *grands crus* that bear a name all the world over, have hesitated to use the American stock, fearing such a deterioration in the quality of the grape as would never be compensated for by any increase of quantity. The remedy against phylloxera on which they have chiefly relied has been the injection into the soil of small

quantities of carbon disulphide, a volatile liquid giving rise to a heavy poisonous vapor. It was found that this vapor diffused through the soil and killed the phylloxera, while the root of the vine took no harm. In this way the phylloxera can be kept in check if not actually stamped out, but the expense of the process limits its adoption except in the most valuable vineyards. The point of this story is that a certain Alsatian vine-grower before 1894 made the observation that land which had thus been treated with carbon disulphide became more productive than it was before, even when the destruction of the phylloxera was left entirely out of the question. But this observation remained unappreciated, just like the similar records of the gain in fertility brought about by heating the soil to the temperature of boiling water. However, confirmatory evidence gradually accrued, until such scientific men as concern themselves with the soil have within the last few years become convinced that there was a real and novel set of phenomena to be explained. Some of the United States station workers even began to advocate the steam heating of soil destined for the growth of plants in greenhouses; they maintained that not only was freedom from certain fungoid diseases and animal pests thus secured, but that the productiveness of the soil was sufficiently raised to pay for the treatment.



AZOTOBACTER

The nitrogen-fixing organism that is free in the soil. This cut represents a group of mobile form and shows the cilia by which they are propelled. Length rather more than one-ten-thousandth of an inch

As an illustration of the sort of change to be expected we may describe a particular set of experiments. A quantity of ordinary garden soil was put in pots and placed in a chamber to which steam was admitted and allowed to circulate for about three hours. After cooling, the pots were given a suitable quantity of water and planted with seeds, a like number of pots containing the same soil but in its natural state being similarly watered and sown. The two series of pots containing heated and unheated soil were then maintained under strictly parallel conditions; all were placed in the same greenhouse, duly changed in position lest any should receive some favorable influence unavailable to the others, and kept by constant weighings at the optimum content of water for the growth of their plants. In the end it was found that the yield from the heated soil amounted to just about double that from the natural soil. The result was found to be a general one holding for all the various types of soil examined and for all the plants employed, with the possible exception of those belonging to the leguminous family.

So much for the effect of heating: to test the effect of other methods of so-called sterilization the same fine earth was placed in closed vessels and a small quantity (half an ounce per pound of soil) of chloroform, carbon disulphide, toluene, or similar volatile antiseptic was then poured in. It would become converted into vapor almost immediately, and would then gradually diffuse throughout the whole of the soil. After forty-eight hours the soils were spread out on large sheets of paper and turned from time to time in order to make certain that every trace of the highly volatile liquid would evaporate. This done, the soil was put to grow plants, with check-pots of untreated soil alongside as before. At harvest an increase of crop

was always found, though it never reached the magnitude of that brought about by heating the soil, but rested somewhere in the neighborhood of a thirty per cent. excess over the yield from the untreated soil.

Similar results were obtained by many investigators in all countries, but the explanation has only recently been reached by two of the younger generation of investigators, Doctors Russell and Hutchinson, who are attached to the Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden, England, the oldest of all the scientific institutions devoted to the service of agriculture, and one which has always maintained the most friendly relations with the many similar stations existing in America. Doctors Russell and Hutchinson attacked the problem simultaneously from two sides, Russell working at the chemical changes which the heating or treatment with antiseptics had brought about, while Hutchinson dealt with the bacteria present in the soil before and after its treatment.



YOUNG WHEAT PLANTS

Grown in soil that has been subjected to heat or antiseptics. The same soil is used in each pot. In No. 67 it has been subjected to no treatment, in No. 79 the soil has been heated to the temperature of boiling water, in No. 65 it has been exposed to the vapor of toluene

As regards the chemistry, one striking fact soon became apparent—the treated soils showed a steady accumulation of ammonia such as is never apparent in natural soil. In fact, under normal conditions ammonia is only an intermediate stage in the breakdown of the organic compounds of nitrogen previous to the formation of nitrates. In the treated soils not only did ammonia accumulate instead of nitrate, but the amount formed was unprecedented, far greater than the sum of the ammonia and the nitrates that would be formed in the same time in normal soils. Clearly, then, one effect of the treatment had been to bring about an increased splitting up of the organic matter of the soil and liberation of ammonia, while at the same time the process of nitrification which would transform the ammonia a step further into nitrates had been suspended. Turning now to the changes in the bacteriological flora which accompanied this disturbance of the chemical actions normally going on in the soil, Hutchinson began by confirming the observation of previous workers that the soil had by no means been rendered completely sterile by its heating or treatment with antiseptics. There had been a considerable killing off of organisms, but those which remained took a fresh lease of life as soon as the soil was placed under proper conditions and multiplied enormously, to an extent that never prevailed in the natural soil. Moreover, the rate of increase in the number of organisms found in a unit of a treated soil followed closely the increase in the amount of ammonia produced, just as the final number reached by the organisms corresponded to the eventual accumulation of ammonia. To take an example, one of the soils under experiment contained in its untreated state about seven million bacteria per gram of soil, and though the soil was stored under conditions favorable to their multiplication, this number did not increase greatly; evidently it represented some natural condition of equilibrium at which lack of food or other factors limited the increase of the organisms. After the soil had been heated the number had dropped

to as few as four hundred per gram; four days later it had picked up again to six million, after which no more counts were possible, so numerous had the colonies become. Similarly, after treatment with toluene, the number of bacteria per gram fell to 2,600,000 as a result of the treatment, then when the antiseptics had been removed and the soil was moistened and put under proper conditions the numbers rapidly rose to 40,000,000 in nine days. It was thus evident that the two sets of phenomena, the increased production of ammonia in the treated soils and the much greater number of bacteria which the soil was carrying, should be connected together, though which was cause and which effect was not yet certain. An examination was then made into the nature of the bacteria remaining alive in the soil after the treatment, and it was found that there had been a certain though not great amount of selective killing. Certain groups of bacteria had been destroyed, but the organisms which split up organic matter and set free ammonia were far more abundant than before. Moreover, the experiments made it plain that the extra ammonia found in the soil must be wholly set down to the greater *number* of these ammonia-making bacteria. There was no evidence of a stimulus that had made the individuals more effective; no better race been bred by killing off the wasters.

The problem that now remained was to find the cause of the rise in the numbers of the ammonia-making bacteria in the treated soils. By steps which are too technical to be set out here it began to be clear that the determining factor must be looked for in the untreated soil. Instead of a factor promoting the growth of bacteria in the treated soils, it appeared more probable that the natural soil contained some negative agency which limited the multiplication of the bacteria and kept them down to a comparatively low level. The partial sterilization by heating or treatment with antiseptic cut out this limiting factor, thus allowing the bacteria to develop to a fourfold extent, accompanied by a fourfold production of ammonia for the uses of the plant. Search for anything of a chemical character, any toxic substance present in the ordinary soil and destroyed by heating, was unsuccessful; but under suitable conditions of experiment the presence was revealed, in the natural soil only, of a large group of new organisms whose presence had hitherto been ignored. These organisms are not bacteria, but are large and comparatively complex creatures of a distinctively animal nature, belonging, in fact, to the great group of Protozoa. The important point about them is that they normally feed upon bacteria; in fact, under artificial conditions of culture they cannot be grown and multiplied except in a medium in which a number of bacteria have first of all been worked up. These protozoa are much more sensitive than bacteria, and are completely destroyed by the partial

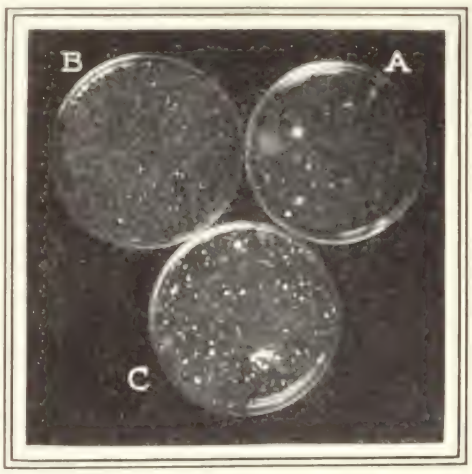


A similar Series of Rye Plants

The soil in these experiments was from an exhausted arable field

sterilization processes which leave some of the bacteria unhurt. Their removal is followed by a development of the surviving bacteria to an extent that was never possible in the untreated soil, where the protozoa kept the bacteria in check. Protozoa have now been found in all of the many types of soil examined; the species are very various, but as they belong to a class that has hitherto received little attention from scientific men it is impossible as yet to say much about their life history. Prominent among them are forms of that mobile organism known as Amœba, a speck of protoplasmic jelly of constantly changing shape, which moves by putting out arms and flowing into them, which has no mouth, but engulfs its bacterial food and then digests it. These amœba belong to the same family as the white corpuscles of the blood, the leucocytes which, according to Metchnikoff's vivid theory, are the guardians of our own bodies and preserve us from disease. In the blood the function of the leucocytes is to attack and consume any intrusive bacteria, such as either set up inflammation locally or give rise to certain fevers when they are diffused generally throughout the blood. We recover from the fever when the leucocytes gain the upper hand and get rid of the invading host of poison-making bacteria, so that it is one of the objects of modern medicine to stimulate them to their task. But in the soil the position is inverted; the bacteria are necessary to its fertility, for they have to convert otherwise unavailable material into plant food; consequently it is the amœbæ preying upon the bacteria which must be kept in check.

We may now resume the steps in the argument. We must begin with the fact that the fertility of the soil depends, other factors being equal, upon the activity of its bacteria reducing the residues of past vegetation or manure to simple compounds like ammonia or nitrates upon which plants can feed. When soils are partially sterilized by heating or treatment with an antiseptic their fertility is increased. This increase is due to a more rapid production within the soil of ammonia, caused by a multiplication of ammonia-making bacteria to an extent never experienced in the natural soil. These do not so multiply in the natural soil, because they are kept in check by certain large organisms which live upon the bacteria—a position of natural equilibrium being maintained between the two groups of organisms, the destroyers and their prey. The partial sterilization processes wholly or almost wholly wipe out the protozoa, whereupon the ammonia-making bacteria, of which a few survive, rapidly multiply, because they are relieved of the normal check to their numbers.



BACTERIA COLONIES DEVELOPED FROM SOIL

A photograph of gelatine plates showing the colonies of bacteria that have developed from a small unit quantity of soil.

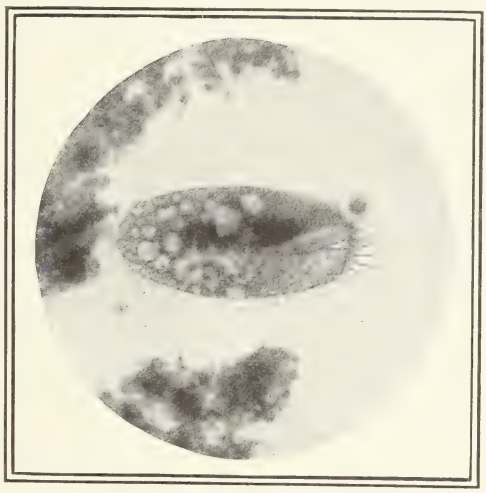
A—Untreated soil containing about 7 million bacteria per gram of soil. B—Soil that had previously been heated. It developed 37 million colonies per gram of soil. C—Soil that had been exposed to toluene vapor. It developed 104 million colonies per gram of soil

The theory is admirably consistent, and also finds support in a number of incidental facts which need not here be detailed; though it has not yet been found possible to demonstrate it positively—by adding protozoa to a soil previously free from the protozoa and finding that its fertility is thereby reduced. But from various lines of evidence we may assume with confidence that these large protozoan organisms do normally inhabit

soils and exert a very powerful and injurious influence on their fertility.

The question now arises whether any practical application can be made of the observations we have been describing; will it be possible on a field scale to get rid of these injurious organisms and so allow the beneficial bacteria to have a freer scope? Of course we should not thereby be adding in any way to the total amount of plant food in the soil; we should only be enabling the farmer to realize the inherent capital rather more rapidly. In any ordinary soil there exists enough nitrogen to supply the needs of fifty or a hundred full crops, yet because in any one year the bacteria cannot convert more than a small fraction of it into forms which the plant can use, the yield of our crops is kept down to a comparatively low limit. Moreover, when manure is put on to the soil it has to undergo similar bacterial transformations, with the result that a large portion is always left over in the soil. This residue not only remains unrealized until another year or more has elapsed, but to a large extent it is never recovered at all. To take an example: one of the plots on the experimental field at Rothamsted, which has been growing wheat for nearly seventy years, has annually been fertilized with barnyard manure containing about two hundred pounds of nitrogen per acre. Of this two hundred pounds about fifty-two has been recovered in the crop, thirty-four pounds is still in the soil and might be recovered by further cropping, but no less than one hundred and fourteen pounds has been wasted, and has gone either into drains or into the air.

This is an extreme case, but we have other evidence to prove that of the nitrogen furnished to the soil in such fertilizers as barnyard manure rarely more than about fifty per cent. is recovered in the crop. As nitrogen is the most expensive of all fertilizers, costing something like fifteen cents a pound, what a reward will there not be if the waste of the other fifty per cent. can be reduced even by one-half! This is the practical gain that is in sight; but it always takes some time before an experiment can be translated from the purely scientific stage to that of practice—from the scale of pots to that of acres. Moreover, the partial sterilization of the soil in the field is a pretty wholesale undertaking, because soil down to the depth only of eight or nine inches weighs one thousand tons to the acre. Still, sooner or later our trials will reach a cheap and practical issue.



PLEUROTRICHA

One of the large organisms in the soil, belonging to the *Protozoa*, which devour bacteria

But if we do succeed we shall have only added one more to the number of new discoveries which are as old as time: Virgil in his Georgics describes the advantages to be obtained by mixing the surface soil with weeds and rubbish and burning it gently, and the practice is still followed among the native cultivators in India. Success will only be the first step in that taming and domestication of the microscopic fauna and flora of the soil which will remain for many generations the problem of science applied to agriculture. We have before us the problem that confronted primitive man—we have to kill off the weeds, to repress the savage beasts, to encourage this kind of grass until it becomes a wheat plant, to domesticate that other wilding until it yields beef and milk, and all this work has to be done among an invisible population, and of which the very existence was unsuspected but a generation ago.

Keeping Up With Lizzie

BY IRVING BACHELLER

THE Honorable Socrates Potter was the only "scientific man" in the village of Fairview, Connecticut. In every point of manhood he was far ahead of his neighbors. In a way he had outstripped himself, for, while his ideas were highly modern, he clung to the dress and manners that prevailed in his youth. He wore broadcloth every day and a white choker, and chewed tobacco, and never permitted his work to interfere with the even tenor of his conversation. He loved the old times and fashions, and had a drawling tongue and often spoke in the dialect of his fathers, loving the sound of it. This satirical mood was sure to be flavored with clipped words and changed tenses. The stranger often took him for a "hayseed," but on further acquaintance opened his mouth in astonishment, for Soc. Potter, as many called him, was a man of insight and learning and of a quality of wit herein revealed. He was at times an engineer, an attorney and counsellor, and always a philosopher. He had an office over the store of Samuel Henshaw, and made a specialty of deeds, titles, epigrams, and witticisms.

He sat with his feet on his desk and his mind on the subject of extravagance. When he was doing business he sat like other men, but when his thought assumed a degree of elevation his feet rose with it. He began his story by explaining that it was all true but the names.

"This is the balloon age," said he, with a merry twinkle in his gray eyes. "The inventor has led us into the skies. The odor of gasoline is in the path of the eagle. Our thoughts are between earth and heaven; our prices have followed our aspirations in the upward flight. Now here is Sam Henshaw. Sam? Why, he's a merchant prince o' Fairview—grocery business—had a girl name o' Lizzie—smart and as purty as a wax doll. Dan Pettigrew, the noblest flower o' the young manhood o' Fairview, fell in love with her. No wonder. We were all fond o' Lizzie. They were a han'some couple, an' together about half the time.

"Well, Sam began to aspire, an' nothing would do for Lizzie but Miss Parmly's school at Hardcastle at seven hundred dollars a year. So they rigged her up splendid, an' away she went. From that day she set the pace for this community, Dan had to keep up with Lizzie, and so his father, Bill Pettigrew, sent him to Harvard. Other girls started in the race, an' the first we know there was a big field in this maiden handicap.

"Well, Sam had been aspirin' for about three months, when he began to perspire. The extras up at Hardcastle had exceeded his expectations. He was goin' a hot pace to keep up with Lizzie, an' it looked as if his morals was meltin' away.

"I was in the northern part o' the county one day, an' saw some wonderful, big, red, tasty apples.

"'What ye doin' with yer apples?' says I to the grower.

"'I've sent the most of 'em to Samuel Henshaw, o' Fairview, an' he's sold 'em on commission,' says he.

"'What do ye get for 'em?' I asked.

"'Two dollars an' ten cents a barrel,' says he.

"The next time I went into Sam's store there were the same red apples that came out o' that orchard in the northern part o' the county.

"'How much are these apples?' I says.

"'Seven dollars a barrel,' says Sam.

"'How is it that you get seven dollars a barrel an' only return two dollars an' ten cents to the grower?' I says.

"Sam stuttered an' changed color. I'd been his lawyer for years, an' I always talked plain to Sam.

"'Wal, the fact is,' says he, with a laugh an' a wink, 'I sold these apples to my clerk.'

"'Sam, ye're wastin' yer talents,' I says. 'Go into the railroad business.'

"Sam was kind o' shamefaced.

"'It costs so much to live I have to make a big profit somewhere,' says he. 'If you had a daughter to educate, you'd know the reason.'

"I bought a bill o' goods, an' noticed that ham an' butter were up two cents a pound an' flour four cents a sack an' other things in proportion. I didn't say a word, but I see that Sam proposed to tax the community for the education o' that Lizzie girl. Folks began to complain, but the tax on each wasn't heavy, an' a good many people owed Sam an' wasn't in shape to quit him. Then Sam had the best store in the village, an' everybody was kind o' proud of it. So we stood this assessment o' Sam's, an' by a general tax paid for the education o' Lizzie. She made friends an' sailed around in automobiles an' spent a part o' the Christmas holidays with the daughter o' Mr. Beverly Gottrich on Fifth Avenue, an' young Beverly Gottrich brought her home in his big, red runabout. Oh, that was a great day in Fairview!—that red runabout day of our history when the pitcher was broken at the fountain and they that looked out of the windows trembled.

"Dan Pettigrew was home from Harvard for the holidays, an' he an' Lizzie met at a church party. They held their heads very high, an' seemed to despise each other an' everybody else. Word went around that it was all off between 'em. It seems that they had riz—not risen, but riz—far above each other.

"Now it often happens that when the young ascend the tower o' their aspirations an' look down upon the earth its average inhabitant seems no larger to them than a red ant. Sometimes there's nobody in sight—that is, no real body—nothin' but clouds an' rainbows an' kings an' queens an' their families. Now Lizzie an' Dan were both up in their towers an' lookin' down, an' that was probably the reason they didn't see each other.

"Right away a war began between the rival houses o' Henshaw an' Pettigrew. The first we knew Sam was buildin' a new house with a tower on it—by jingo!—an' hardwood finish inside an' half an acre in the dooryard. The tower was for Lizzie. It signalized her rise in the community. It put her one flight above anybody in Fairview.

"As the house rose, up went Sam's prices again. I went over to the store an' bought a week's provisions, an' when I got the bill I see that he'd taxed me twenty-nine cents for his improvements.

"I met one o' my friends, an' I says to him, 'Wal,' I says, 'Sam is goin' to make us pay for his new house an' lot. Sam's ham is up two cents a pound, an' bacon, butter, an' flour in proportion.'

"'Wal, what do ye expect?' says he. 'Lizzie is in high society, an' he's got to keep up with her. Lizzie must have a home proper to one o' her station. Don't be hard on Sam.'

"'I ain't,' I says. 'But Sam's house ought to be proper to his station instead o' hers.'

"I had just sat down in my office when Bill Pettigrew came in—Sam's great rival in the grocery an' aspiration business. He'd bought a new automobile, an' wanted



With his Mind on the Subject of Extravagance

me to draw a mortgage on his house an' lot for two thousand dollars.

"'You'd better go slow,' I says. 'It looks like bad business to mortgage your home for an automobile.'

"'It's for the benefit o' my customers,' says he.

"'Something purty for 'em to look at?' I asked.

"'It will quicken deliveries,' says he.

"'You can't afford it,' I says.

"'Yes, I can,' says he. 'I've put up prices twenty per cent., an' it ain't a-goin' to bother me to pay for it.'

"'Oh, then your customers are goin' to pay for it!' I says, 'an' you're only a guarantor.'

"'I wouldn't put it that way,' says he. 'It costs more to live these days. Everything is goin' up.'

"'Includin' taxes,' I says to Bill, an' went to work an' drew his mortgage for him, an' he got his automobile.

"I'd intended to take my trade to his store, but when I saw that he planned to tax the community for his luxuries I changed my mind and went over to Eph Hill's. He kept the only other decent grocery-store in the village. His prices were just about on a level with the others.

"'How do you explain it that prices have gone up so?' I asked.

"'Why, they say it's due to an overproduction o' gold,' says he.

"'Looks to me like an overproduction of argument,' I says. 'The old Earth keeps shellin' out more gold ev'ry year, an' the more she takes out o' her pockets the more I have to take out o' mine.'

"Wal, o' course I had to keep in line, so I put up the prices o' my work a little to be in fashion. Everybody kicked good an' plenty, an' nobody worse 'n Sam an' Bill an' Ephraim, but I told 'em how I'd read that there was so much gold in the world it kind o' set me hankerin'.

"Ye know I had ten acres o' worn-out land in the edge o' the village, an' while others bought automobiles an' such luxuries I invested in fertilizers an' hired a young man out of an agricultural school an' went to farmin'. Within a year I was raisin' all the meat an' milk an' vegetables that I needed, an' sellin' as much ag'in to my neighbors.

"Well, Fairview under Lizzie was like Rome under Theodora. The immorals o' the people throve an' grew. As prices went up decency went down, an' wisdom rose in value like meat an' flour. Seemed so everybody that had a dollar in the bank an' some that didn't bought automobiles. They kept me busy drawin' contracts an' deeds an' mortgages an' surveyin' land an' searchin' titles, an' o' course I prospered. More than half the population converted property into cash an' cash into folly—automobiles, piano-players, foreign tours, vocal music, modern languages, an' the aspirations of other people. They were puttin' it on each other. Every man had a deep scheme for makin' the other feller pay for his fun. Reminds me o' that verse from Zechariah. 'I will show them no mercy, saith the Lord, but I will deliver every man into the hand of his neighbor.' Now the haram business has generally been lucrative, but here in Fairview there was too much competition. We were all barons. Everybody was taxin' everybody else for his luxuries, an' nobody could save a cent—nobody but me an' Eph Hill. He didn't buy any automobile or build a new house or send his girl to the seminary. He kept both feet on the ground, but he put up his prices along with the rest. By an' by Eph had a mortgage on about half the houses in the village. That showed what was the matter with the other men.

"The merchants all got liver-complaint. There were twenty men that I used to see walkin' home to their dinner every day or down to the post-office every evenin'. But they didn't walk any more. They scud along in their automobiles at twenty miles an hour, with the whole family around 'em. They looked as if they thought that now at last they were keepin' up with Lizzie. Their homes were empty most o' the time. The reading-lamp was never lighted. There was no season o' social converse. Every merchant but Eph Hill grew fat an' round, an' complained of indigestion an' sick-headache. Sam looked like a moored balloon. Seemed so their morals grew fat an' flabby an' shif'less an' in need of exercise. Their morals travelled too, but they travelled from mouth to mouth, as ye might say, an' very fast. More'n half of 'em give up church an' went off on the country roads every Sun-

day. All along the pike from Fairview to Jerusalem Corners ye could see where they'd laid humbly on their backs in the dust, prayin' to a new god an' tryin' to soften his heart with oil or open the gates o' mercy with a monkey-wrench.

"Bill came into my shop one day an' looked as if he hadn't a friend in the world. He wanted to borrow some money.

"'Money!' I says. 'What makes ye think I've got money?'

"'Because ye ain't got any automobile,' he says, laughin'.

"'No,' I says. 'You bought one, an' that was all I could afford.'

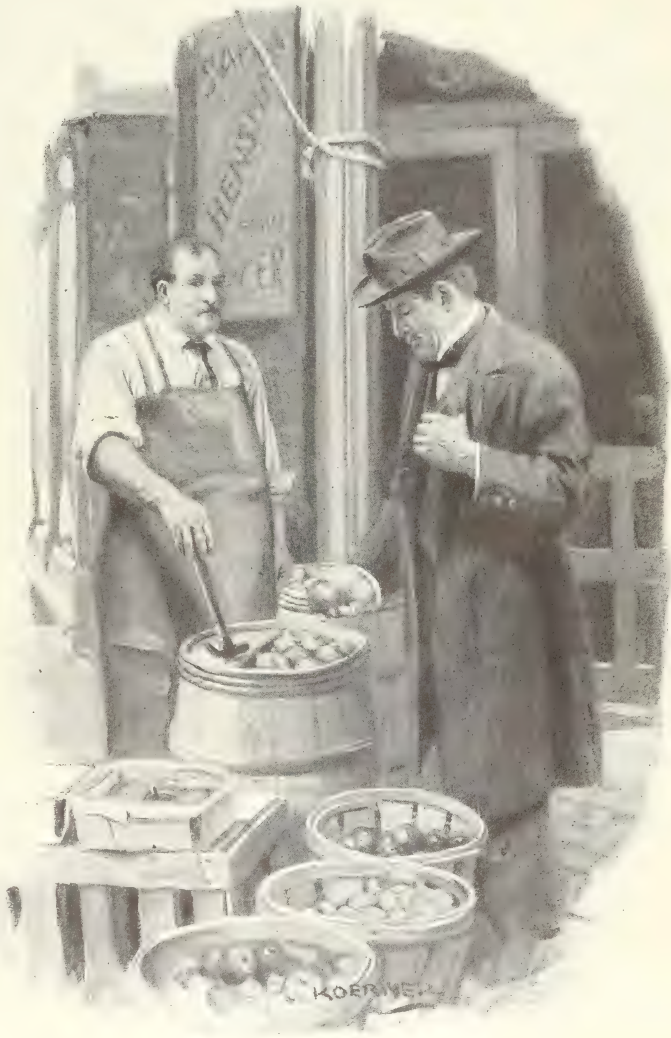
"He didn't git my p'int, an' went on: 'You're one o' the few sensible men in this village. You live within yer means, an' you ought to have money if ye ain't.'

"'I've got a little, but I don't see why you should have it,' I says. 'You want me to do all the savin' for both of us.'

"'It costs so much to live I can't save a cent,' he says. 'You know I've got a boy in college, an' it costs fearful. I told my boy the other day how I worked my way through school an' lived on a dollar a week in a little room an' did my own washin'. He says to me, "Well, Governor, you fergit that I have a social position to maintain."'

"'He's right,' I says. 'You can't expect him to belong to the 'varsity crew an' the Dickey an' the Hasty-Puddin' Club an' dress an' behave like the son of an ordinary grocer in Fairview, Connecticut. Ye can't live on nuts an' raisins an' be decent in such a position. Looks to me as if it would require the combined incomes o' the grocer an' his lawyer to maintain it. His position is likely to be hard on your disposition. He's tryin' to keep up with Lizzie—that's what's the matter.'

"For a moment Bill looked like a lost dog. I told him how Grant an' Thomas stood on a hilltop one day an' see their



"HOW MUCH ARE THESE APPLES?"

men bein' mowed down like grass, an' by an' by Thomas says to Grant, 'Wal, General, we'll have to move back a little; it's too hot for the boys here.'

"'I'm 'fraid your boy's position is kind of uncomf'table,' I says.

"'I'll win out,' he says. 'My boy will marry an' settle down in a year or so, then he'll begin to help me.'



LAID HUMBLE ON THEIR BELLIES IN THE DUST

"'But you may be killed off before then,' I says.

"'If my friends 'll stand by me I'll pull through,' says he.

"'But your friends have their own families to stand by,' I says.

"'Look here, Mr. Potter,' says he, 'You've no such expense as I have. You're able to help me, an' you ought to. I've got a note comin' due to-morrow an' no money to pay it with.'

"'Retrench,' I says. 'Cut down your expenses an' your prices.'

"'Can't,' says he. 'It costs too much to live. What 'll I do?'

"'You ought to die,' I says, very mad.

"'I can't,' says he.

"'Why not?'

"'It costs so much to die,' he says. 'Why, it takes a thousan' dollars to give a man a decent funeral these days.'

"'Wal,' I says, 'every man has to prepare for his own funeral. You've taxed the community for yer luxuries, an' now ye want to tax me for yer notes. It's unjust discrimination. It gives me a kind of a lonesome feelin'. You tell Dan to come an' see me. He needs advice more than you need money, an' I've got a full line of it.'

"Bill went away richer by a check for a hundred dollars. Oh, I always know when I'm losin' money! I'm not like other citizens o' Fairview.

"Dan came to see me the next Saturday night. He was a big, blue-eyed, handsome, good-natured boy, an' dressed like the son of a millionaire. I brought him here to the office, an' he sat down beside me.

"'Dan,' I says, 'what are your plans for the future?'

"'I mean to be a lawyer,' says he.

"'Quit it,' I says.

"'Why?' says he.

"'There are too many lawyers. We don't need any more. They're devourin' our substance.'

"'What do you suggest?'

"'Be a real man. We're on the verge of a social revolution. Boys have been leavin' the farms an' goin' into the cities to be grand folks. The result is we have too many grand folks an' too few real folks. The tide has turned. Get aboard.'

"'I don't understand you.'

"'America needs wheat an' corn more than it needs arguments an' theories.'

"'Would you have me be a farmer?' he asked, in surprise.

"'A farmer!' I says. 'It's a new business—an exact science these days.

Think o' the high prices an' the cheap land with its productiveness more than doubled by modern methods. The country is longin' for big, brainy men to work its idle land. Soon we shall not produce enough for our own needs.'

"'But I'm too well educated to be a farmer,' says he.

"'Pardon me,' I says. 'The land 'll soak up all the education you've got an' yell for more. Its great need is education. We've been sendin' the smart boys to the city an' keepin' the fools on the farm. We've put everything on the farm but brains. That's what's the matter with the farm.'

"'But farming isn't dignified,' says Dan.

"'Pardon me ag'in,' says I. 'It's more dignified to search for the secrets o' God in the soil than to grope for the secrets o' Satan in a lawsuit. Any fool can learn Blackstone an' Kent an' Greenleaf, but the book o' law that's writ in the soil is only for keen eyes.'

"'I want a business that fits a gentleman,' says Dan.

"'An' the future farmer can be as much of a gentleman as God 'll let him,' says I. 'He'll have as many servants as his talents can employ. His income will exceed the earnings o' forty lawyers taken as they average. His position will be like that o' the rich planter before the war.'

"'How shall I go about it?' he says, half convinced.

"'First stop tryin' to keep up with Lizzie,' says I. 'The way to beat Lizzie is to go toward the other end o' the road. Ye see, you've dragged yer father into the race, an' he's about winded. Turn around an' let Lizzie try to keep up with you. Second, change yer base. Go to a school of agriculture an' learn the business just as you'd go to a school o' law or medicine. Begin modest. Live within yer means. If you do right I'll buy you all the land ye want an' start ye goin'.'

"When he left I knew that I'd won my case. In a week or so he sent me a letter sayin' that he'd decided to take my advice.

"He came to see me often after that. The first we knew he was goin' with Marie Benson. Marie had a reputation for good sense, but right away she began to take after Lizzie, an' struck a tolerably good pace. Went to New York to study music an' perfect herself in French.

"I declare it seemed as if about every girl in the village was tryin' to be a kind of a princess with a full-jewelled brain. Not one in ten was willin', if she knew how, to sweep a floor or cook a square meal. Their souls were above it. Their feet were in Fairview an' their heads in Dreamland. They talked o' the doin's o' the Four Hundred an' the successes o' Lizzie. They trilled an' warbled; they pounded the family piano; they golfed an' motored an' whisted; they engaged in the titivation of toy dogs an' the cultivation o' general debility; they ate caramels an' chocolates enough to fill up a well; they complained; they



"'BUT FARMING ISN'T DIGNIFIED,' SAYS DAN"

dreamed o' sunbursts an' tiaras while their papas worried about notes an' bills; they lay on downy beds of ease with the last best-seller, an' followed the fortunes of the bold youth until he found his treasure at last in the unhidden chest of the heroine; they created what we are pleased to call the servant problem, which is really the drone problem, caused by the added number who toil not, but have to be toiled for; they grew in fat an' folly, but not in grace an' wisdom.

Some were both cx-eyed an' peroxide. They studied the beauty columns.

"'Now the organs of the human body are just as shiftless as the one that owns them. The systems o' these fair ladies couldn't do their own work. The physician an' the surgeon were added to the list o' their servants, an' became as necessary as the cook an' the chambermaid. But they were keepin' up with Lizzie. Poor things! They weren't so much to blame. They thought their fathers were rich, an' their fathers enjoyed an' clung to that reputation. They hid their poverty an' flaunted the flag of opulence.

"'It costs money, big money an' more, to produce a generation of invalids. The papas o' Fairview had paid for it with sweat an' toil an' broken health an' borrowed money an' the usual tax added to the price o' their goods or their labor. Suddenly one night the cashier o' the First National Bank blew out his brains. We found that he had stolen eighteen thousand dollars in the effort to keep up. That was a lesson to the Lizzie-chasers! Why, sir, we found that each of his girls had a diamond ring an' could sing in three languages, an' the boy was in Yale College. Poor man! he didn't steal for his own pleasure. Everything went at auction — house, grounds, rings, automobile. Another man was caught sellin' under weight with fixed scales, an' went to prison. Henry Brown failed, an' we found that he had borrowed five hundred dollars from John Bass, an' at the same time John Bass had borrowed six hundred from Tom Rogers, an' Rogers had borrowed seven hundred an' fifty from Sam Henshaw, an' Henshaw had borrowed the same amount from Percival Smith, an' Smith had got it from me. The chain broke, the note structure fell like a house o' cards, an' I was the only loser—think o' that. There were five capitalists an' only one man with real money.

"'Sam Henshaw's girl had graduated an' gone abroad with her mother. One Sunday 'bout a year later, Sam flew up to the door o' my house in his automobile. He lit on the sidewalk an' struggled up the steps with two hundred an' forty-seven pounds o' meat on him. He walked like a man carryin' a barrel o' pork. He acted as if he was glad to see me an' the big armchair on the piaz'.

"'What's the news?' I asked.

"'Lizzie an' her mother got back this mornin',' he gasped. 'They've been six months in Europe. Lizzie is in love with it. She's hobnobbed with kings an' queens. She talks art beautiful. I wish you'd come over an' hear her hold a conversation. It's wonderful. She's goin' to be a great addition to this community. She's got me faded an' on the run. I ran down to the store for a few minutes this mornin', an' when I got back she says to me:

"'"Father, you always smell o' ham an' mustard. Have you been in that disgusting store? Go an' take a bahth at once." That's what she called it—a "bahth." Talks just like the English people—she's been among 'em so long. Get into my car an' I'll take ye over an' fetch ye back.'

"Sam regarded his humiliation with pride an' joy. At last Lizzie had convinced him that her education had paid. My curiosity was excited. I got in an' we flew over to Sam's. Sam yelled up the stairway kind o' joyful as we come in, an' his wife answered at the top o' the stairs an' says:

"'"Mr. Henshaw, I wish you wouldn't shout in this house like a boy calling the cows.'

"I guess she didn't know I was there. Sam ran up-stairs an' back, an' then we turned into that splendid parlor o' his an' set down. Purty soon Liz and her mother swung in an' smiled very pleasant an' shook hands an' asked how was my family, etc., an' went right on talkin'. I saw they didn't ask for the purpose of getting information. Liz was dressed to kill an' purty as a picture—cheeks red as a rooster's comb an' waist like a hornet's. The cover was off her show-case, an' there was a diamond sunburst in the middle of it, an' the jewels were surrounded by charms to which I am not wholly insensible even now.

"'"I wanted ye to tell Mr. Potter about yer travels,' says Sam.

"Lizzie smiled an' looked out o' the window a minute an' fetched a sigh an' struck out, lookin' like Deacon Bristow the day he give ten dollars to the church. She told about the cities an' the folks



"'I WANTED YE TO TELL MR. POTTER ABOUT YER TRAVELS,' SAYS SAM"

an' the weather in that queer, English way she had o' talkin'.

"'Tell how ye hobnobbed with the Queen o' Italy,' Sam says.

"'Oh, father! Hobnobbed!' says she. 'Anybody would think that she and I had manicured each other's hands. She only spoke a few words of Italian and looked very gracious an' beautiful an' complimented my color.'

"Then she lay back in her chair, kind o' weary, an' Sam asked me how was business—just to fill in the gap, I guess. Liz woke up an' showed how far she'd got ahead in the race.

"'Business!' says she, with animation. 'That's why I haven't any patience with American men. They never sit down for ten minutes without talking business. Their souls are steeped in commercialism. Don't you see how absurd it is, father? There are plenty of lovely things to talk about.'

"Sam looked guilty, an' I felt sorry for him. It had cost heavy to educate his girl up to a p'int where she could give him so much advice an' information. He didn't say a word. He bowed his head before this pretty, perfumed casket of erudition.

"'You like Europe,' I says.

"'I love it,' says she. 'It's the only place to live. There one finds so much of the beautiful in art and music and so many cultivated people.'

"Lizzie was a handsome girl, an' had more sense than any o' the others that tried to keep up with her. After all, she was Sam's fault, an' Sam was a sin conceived an' committed by his wife, as ye might say. She had made him what he was.

"'Have you seen Dan Pettigrew lately?' Lizzie asked.

"'Yes,' I says. 'Dan is goin' to be a farmer.'

"'A farmer!' says she, an' covered her face with her handkerchief an' shook with merriment.

"'Yes,' I says. 'Dan has come down out o' the air. He's abandoned folly. He wants to do something to help along.'

"'Yes, of course,' says Lizzie, in a lofty manner. 'Dan is really an excellent boy—isn't he?'

"'Yes, an' he's livin' within his means—that's the first mile-stone in the road to success,' I says. 'I'm goin' to buy him a thousand acres o' land, an' one o' these days he'll own it an' as much more. You wait. He'll have a hundred men in his employ, an' flocks an' herds an' a market of his own in New York. He'll control prices in this county, an' they're goin' down. He'll be a force in the State.'

"'They were all sittin' up. The face o' the Lady Hunshaw an' her daughter turned red.

"'I'm very glad to hear it, I'm sure,' said her Ladyship.

"I wasn't so sure o' that as she was, an' there, for me, was the milk in the cocoanut. I was joyful.

"'Why, it's perfectly lovely!' says Lizzie, as she fetched her pretty hands together in her lap.

"'Yes, you want to cultivate Dan,' I says. 'He's a man to be reckoned with.'

"'Oh, indeed!' says her Ladyship.

"'Yes, indeed!' I says, 'an' the girls are all after him.'

"I just guessed that. I know it was unscrupulous, but livin' here in this atmosphere does affect the morals even of a lawyer. Lizzie grew red in the face.

"'He could marry one o' the Four Hundred if he wanted to,' I says. 'The other evening he was seen in the big red touring-car of the Van Alstynes. What do you think o' that?'

"Now that was true, but the chauffeur had been a college friend o' Dan's, an' I didn't mention that.

"The Lady Hunshaw rose with her chin in the air an' strode out o' the room. She'd had enough. Lizzie had a dreamy smile in her face.

"'Why, it's wonderful!' says she. 'I didn't know he'd improved so.'

"I thought I'd gone far enough an' drew out o' the game. Lizzie looked confident. She seemed to have something up her sleeve besides that lovely arm o' hers.

"I went home, an' two days later Sam looked me up again. Then the secret came out o' the bag. He'd heard that I had some money in the savings-banks over at Bridgeport payin' me only three and a half per cent., an' he wanted to borrow it an' pay me six per cent. His generosity surprised me. It was not like Sam.

"'What's the matter with you?' I asked. 'Is it possible that your profits have all gone into gasoline an' rubber an' silk an' education an' hardwood finish an' human fat?'

"'Well, it costs so much to live,' he says, 'an' the wholesalers have kept liftin' the prices on me. Now there's the meat trust—their prices are up thirty-five per cent.'

"'Of course,' I says, 'the directors have to have their luxuries. You taxed us for your new house an' yer automobile an' yer daughter's education, an' they're taxin' you for their steam-yachts an' private cars an' racin' stables. You can't expect to do all the taxin'. The wholesalers learnt about the profits that you an' others like ye was makin', an' they concluded that they needed a part of 'em. Of course they had to have their luxuries, an' they're taxin' you—they couldn't afford to have 'em if they didn't. Don't complain.'

"'I'll come out all right,' he says. 'I'm goin' to raise my whole schedule fifteen per cent.'

"'The people won't stand it—they can't,' says I. 'You'll be drownin' the miller. They'll leave you.'

"'It won't do 'em any good,' says he. 'Bill an' Eph will make their prices agree with mine.'

"'Folks will go back to the land, as I have,' says I.

"'They don't know enough,' says Sam. 'Farmin' is a lost art here in the East. You take my word for it—they'll pay our prices—they'll have to—an' the rich folks, they don't worry about prices. I pay a commission to every steward an' butler in this neighborhood.'

"'I won't help you,' says I. 'It's wicked. You ought to have saved your money.'

"'In a year from now I'll have money to burn,' he says. 'For one thing, my daughter's education is finished, an' that has cost heavy.'

"'How much would it cost to unlearn it?' I asked. 'That's goin' to cost more than it did to get it, I'm 'fraid. In my opinion the first thing to do with her is to uneducate her.'

"That was like a red-hot iron to Sam. It kind o' het him up.

"'Why, sir, you don't appreciate her,' says he. 'That girl is far above us all here in Fairview. She's a queen.'

"'Well, Sam,' I says, 'if there's anything you don't need, just now, it's a queen. If I were you I wouldn't graft that kind o' fruit on the grocery tree. Hams an' coronets don't flourish on the same bush. They have a different kind of a bouquet. They don't harmonize. Then, Sam, what do you want of a girl

that's far above ye? Is it any comfort to you to be despised in your own home?'

"'Mr. Potter, I haven't educated her for my own home or for this community, but for higher things,' says Sam.

"'You hairy old ass! The first you know,' I says, 'they'll have your skin off an' layin' on the front piaz' for a door-mat.'

"Sam started for the open air. I hated to be ha'sh with him, but he needed some education himself, an' it took a beetle an' wedge to open his mind for it. He lifted his chin so high that the fat swelled out on the back of his neck an' unbuttoned his collar. Then he turned an' said: 'My daughter is too good for this town, an' I don't intend that she shall stay here. She has been asked to marry a man o' fortune in the old country.'

"'So I surmised, an' I suppose you find that the price o' husbands has gone up,' I says.

"Sam didn't answer me.

"'They want you to settle some money on the girl—don't they?' I asked.

"'My wife says it's the custom in the old country,' says Sam.

"'Suppose he ain't worth the price?'

"'They say he's a splendid fellow,' says Sam.

"'You let me investigate him,' I says, 'an' if he's really worth the price I'll help ye to pay it.'

"Sam said that was fair, an' thanked me for the offer, an' gave me the young man's address. He was a Russian by the name of Alexander Rolanoff, an' Sam insisted that he belonged to a very old family of large means an' noble blood, an' said that the young man would be in Fairview that summer. I wrote to the mayor of the city in which he was said to live, but got no answer.

"Alexander came. He was a costly an' beautiful young man, about thirty years old, with red cheeks an' curly hair an' polished finger nails, an' wrote poetry. Sometimes ye meet a man that excites yer worst suspicions. Your right hand no sooner lets go o' his than it slides down into your pocket to see if anything has happened; or maybe you take the arm o' yer wife or yer daughter an' walk away. Aleck leaned a little in both directions. But, sir, Sam didn't care to know my opinion of him. Never said another word to me on the subject, but came again to ask about the money.

"'Look here, Sam,' I says. 'You tell Lizzie that I want to have a talk with her at four o'clock in this office? If she really wants to buy this man, I'll see what can be done about it.'

"'All right, you talk with her,' says he, an' went out.

"In a few minutes Dan showed up.

"'Have you seen Lizzie?' says I.

"'Not to speak to her,' says Dan. 'Looks fine, doesn't she?'

"'Beautiful!' I says. 'How is Marie Benson?'

"'Oh, the second time I went to see her she was tryin' to keep up with Lizzie,' says he. 'She's changed her gait. Was goin' to New York after a lot o' new frills. I suppose she thought that I wanted a grand lady. That's the trouble with all the girls here. There isn't one that has any sense. A man might as well marry the real thing as an imitation. I wish Lizzie would get down off her high horse.'

"'She's goin' to swap him for one with still longer legs,' I says. 'Lizzie is engaged to a gentleman o' fortune in the old country.'

"Dan's face began to stretch out long as if it was made of injy-rubber.

"'It's too bad,' says he. 'Lizzie is a good-hearted girl, if she is spoilt.'

"'Fine girl!' I says. 'An', Dan, I was in hopes that she would discover her own folly before it was too late. But she saw that others had begun to push her in the race an' that she had to let out another link or fall behind.'

"'Well, I wish her happiness,' says Dan, with a sigh.

"'Go an' tell her so,' I says. 'Show her that you have some care as to whether she lives or dies.'

"I could see that his feelin's had been honed 'til they were sharp as a razor.

"'I've seen that fellow,' he says, 'an' he'll never marry Lizzie if I can prevent it. I hate the looks of him. I shall improve the first opportunity I have to insult him.'

"'That might be impossible,' I suggested.

"'But I'll make the effort,' says Dan.

"As an insulter I wouldn't wonder

if Dan had large capacity when properly stirred up.

"'Well, anyhow, you don't want to fight a duel,' says I.

"'Oh, I wouldn't mind that a little!' Dan says. 'I could make him look like thirty cents.'

"'Then you'd improve his appearance,' says I. 'Better let him alone. I have lines out that will bring information. Be patient.'

"Dan rose and said he would see me soon, an' left with a rather stern look in his face.

"Lizzie was on hand at the hour appointed. We sat down here all by ourselves.

"'Lizzie,' I says, 'why in the world did you go to Europe for a husband? It's a slight to Fairview—a discouragement of home industry.'

"'There was nobody here that seemed to want me,' she says, blushin' very sweet.

"She had dropped her princess manner an' seemed to be ready for straight talk.

"'If that's so, Lizzie, it's your fault,' I says.

"'I don't understand you,' says she.

"'Why, my dear child, it's this way,' I says. 'Your mother an' father have meant well, but they've been foolish. They've educated you for a millionairess, an' all that's lackin' is the millions. You overawed the boys here in Fairview. They thought that you felt above 'em, whether you did or not; an' the boys on Fifth Avenue were glad to play with you, but they didn't care to marry you. I say it kindly, Lizzie, an' I'm a friend o' yer father's, an' you can afford to let me say what I mean. Those young fellows wanted the millions as well as the millionairess. One of our boys fell in love with ye an' tried to keep up, but your pace was too hot for him. His father got in trouble, an' the boy had to drop out. Every well-born girl in the village entered the race with ye. An era of extravagance set in that threatened the solvency, the honor, o' this sober old community. Their fathers had to borrow money to keep a-goin'. They worked overtime, they importuned their creditors, they wallowed in low finance while their daughters revelled in the higher walks o' life an' sang in different languages. Even your father—I tell you in confidence, for I suppose he wouldn't have the courage to do it—is in financial difficulties. Now, Lizzie, I want to be kind to you, for I believe you're a good girl at heart, but you ought to know that all this is what your accomplishments have accomplished.'

"She rose an' walked across the room, with trembling lips. She had seized her parachute an' jumped from her balloon and was slowly approaching the earth. I kept her comin'. 'These clothes an' jewels that you wear, Lizzie—these silks an' laces, these sunbursts an' solitaires, don't seem to harmonize with your father's desire to borrow money. Pardon me, but I can't make 'em look honest. They seem to accuse you. They'd accuse me if I didn't speak out plain to ye.'

"All of a sudden Lizzie dropped into a chair an' began to cry. She had lit safely on the ground.

"It made me feel like a murderer, but it had to be. Poor girl! I wanted to pick her up like a baby an' kiss her. It wasn't that I loved Lizzie less but Rome more. She wasn't to blame. Every spoilt woman stands for a fool-man. Most o' them need—not a master—but a frank counsellor. I locked the door. She grew calm an' leaned on my table, her face covered with her hands. My clock shouted the seconds in the silence. Not a word was said for two or three minutes.

"'I have been brutal,' I says, by an' by. 'Forgive me.'

"'Mr. Potter,' she says, 'you've done me a great kindness. I'll never forget it. What shall I do?'

"'Well, for one thing,' says I, 'go back to your old simplicity an' live within your means.'

"'I'll do it,' she says; 'but—I—I supposed my father was rich. Oh, I wish we could have had this talk before!'

"'Did you know that Dan Pettigrew was in love with you?' I put it straight from the shoulder. 'He wouldn't dare tell ye, but you ought to know it. You are regarded as a kind of a queen here, an' it's customary for queens to be approached by ambassadors.'

"Her face lighted up.

"'In love with me?' she whispered. 'Why, Mr. Potter, I never dreamed of such a thing. I thought he felt above me.'

"'An' he thought you felt above him,' I says.

"'How absurd! how unfortunate!' she whispered. 'I couldn't marry him now if he asked me. This thing has gone too far. I wouldn't treat any man that way.'

"'You are engaged to Alexander, are you?' I says.

"'Yes, we are to be married soon if—if—'

"She paused, and tears came to her eyes again.

"'You are thinking o' the money,' says I.

"'I am thinking o' the money,' says she. 'It has been promised to him. He will expect it.'

"'Do you think he is an honest man? Will he treat you well?'

"'I am sure of it.'

"'Then let me talk with him. Perhaps he would take you without anything to boot.'

"'Please don't propose that,' says she. 'I think he's getting the worst of it now. Mr. Potter, would you lend *me* the money? I ask it because I don't want the family to be disgraced or Mr. Rolanoff to be badly treated. He is to invest the money in my name in a very promising venture. He says he can double it within three months.'



"LIZZIE DROPPED INTO A CHAIR AN' BEGAN TO CRY"

"It would have been easy for me to laugh, but I didn't. Lizzie's attitude in the whole matter pleased me. I saw that her heart was sound. I promised to have a talk with her father and see her again. I looked into his affairs carefully and put him on a new financial basis with a loan of fifteen thousand dollars.

"One day he came around to my office with Alexander an' wanted me to draw up a contract between him an' the young man. It was a rather crude proposition, an' I laughed, an' Aleck sat with a bored smile on his face.

"'Oh, if he's good enough for your daughter,' I said, 'his word ought to be good enough for you.'

"'That's all right,' says Sam, 'but business is business. I want it down in black an' white that the income from this money is to be paid to my daughter, and that neither o' them shall make any further demand on me.'

"Well, I drew up that fool contract, an', after it was signed, Sam delivered ten one-thousand-dollar bills to the young man, who was to become his son-in-law that evening at eight o'clock.

"'Within half an hour Dan Pettigrew came roarin' up in front o' my office in the big red automobile of his father. In a minute he came in to see me. He out with his business soon as he lit in a chair.

"'I've learned that this man Rolanoff is a scoundrel,' says he.

"'A scoundrel!' says I.

"'Of purest ray serene,' says he.

"I put a few questions, but he'd nothing in the way o' proof to offer—it was only the statement of a newspaper.

"'Is that all you know against him?' I asked.

"'He won't fight,' says Dan. 'I've tried him—I've begged him to fight.'

"'Well, I've got better evidence than you have,' I says. 'It came a few minutes before you did.'

"I showed him a cablegram from a London barrister that said:

"'Inquiry complete. The man is a pure adventurer, character *nil*.'

"'We must act immediately,' says Dan.

"'I have telephoned all over the village for Sam,' I says. 'They say he's out in his car with Aleck an' Lizzie. I asked them to send him here as soon as he returns.'

"'They're down on the Post Road. I met 'em on my way here,' says Dan. 'We can overtake that car easy.'

"Well, the wedding hour was approaching an' Aleck had the money, an' the thought occurred to me that he might give 'em the slip somewhere on the road an' get away with it. I left word in the store that if Sam got back before I saw him he was to wait with Aleck in my office until I returned, an' off we started like a baseball on its way from the box to the catcher.

"An officer on his motor-cycle overhauled us on the Post Road. He knew me.

"'It's a case o' sickness,' I says, 'an' we're after Sam Henshaw.'

"'He's gone down the road an' hasn't come back yet,' says the officer.

"I passed him a ten-dollar bill.

"'Keep within sight of us,' I says. 'We may need you any minute.'

"He nodded an' smiled, an' away we went.

"'I'm wonderin' how we're a-goin' to get the money,' I says, havin' told Dan about it.

"'I'll take it away from him,' says Dan.

"'That wouldn't do,' says I.

"'Why not?'

"'Why not!' says I. 'You wouldn't want to be arrested for highway robbery. Then, too, we must think o' Lizzie. Poor girl! It's a-goin' to be hard on her, anyhow. I'll try a bluff. It's probable that he's worked this game before. If so, we can rob him without violence an' let him go.'

"Dan grew joyful as we sped along.

"'Lizzie is mine,' he says. 'She wouldn't marry him now.'

"He told me how fond they had been of each other until they got accomplishments an' began to put up the price o' themselves. He said that in their own estimation they had riz in value like beef an' ham, an' he confessed how foolish he had been. We were excited an' movin' fast.

"'Somethin' 'll happen soon,' he says.

"An' it did, within ten minutes from date. We could see a blue car half a mile ahead.

"'I'll go by that ol' freight-car o' the Henshaws',' says Dan. 'They'll take after me, for Sam is vain of his car. We can halt them in that narrow cut on the hill beyond the Byron River.'

"We had rounded the turn at Chesterville, when we saw the Henshaw car just ahead of us, with Aleck at the wheel an' Lizzie beside him an' Sam on the back seat. I saw the peril in the situation.

"The long rivalry between the houses of Henshaw an' Pettigrew, reinforced by that of the young men, was nearing its climax.

"'See me go by that old soap-box o' the Henshaws',' says Dan, as he pulled out to pass 'em.

"Then Dan an' Aleck began a duel with automobiles. Each had a forty-horse-power engine in his hands with which he was resolved to humble the other. Dan knew that he was goin' to bring down the price o' Alecks an' Henshaws. First we got ahead; then they scraped by us, crumpling our fender on the nigh side. Lizzie an' I lost our hats in the scrimmage. We gathered speed an' ripped off a section o' their bulwarks, an' roared along neck an' neck with 'em. The broken fenders rattled like drums in a battle. A hen flew up an' hit me in the face, an' came nigh unhorsin' me.



"Then began a Duel with Automobiles"

I hung on. It seemed as if Fate was tryin' to halt us, but our horse-power was too high. A dog went under us. It began to rain a little. We were a length ahead at the turn by the Byron River. We swung for the bridge an' skidded an' struck a telephone pole, an' I went right on over the stone fence an' the clay bank an' lit on my head in the water. Dan Pettigrew lit beside me. Then came Lizzie an' Sam—they fairly rained into the river. I looked up to see if Aleck was comin', but he wasn't. Sam, bein' so heavy, had stopped quicker an' hit in shallow water near the shore, but, as luck would have it, the bottom was soft an' he had come down feet foremost, an' a broken leg an' some bad bruises were all he could boast of. Lizzie was in hysterics, but seemed to be unhurt. Dan an' I got 'em out on the shore, an' left 'em cryin' side by side, an' scrambled up the bank to find Aleck. He had aimed too low an' hit the wall, an' was dead as a herrin' on the farther side of it. I removed the ten one-thousand-dollar bills from his person to prevent complications an' tenderly laid him down. Then I went back an' broke the sad news to them. Sam blubbered. 'Education done it,' says he, as he mournfully shook his head. 'These children have learnt more kinds o' deviltry than they can ever unlearn. We ol' folks ought to know better than try to go their pace.'

"'We knew better,' I says, 'but we had to keep up with Lizzie.'

"Sam turned toward Lizzie an' moaned in a broken voice, 'I wish it had killed me instead o' Alexander.'

"'Why so?' I asked.

"'It costs so much to live,' Sam sobbed, in a half-hysterical way. 'I've got an expensive family on my hands.'

"'You needn't be afraid o' havin' Lizzie on your hands,' says Dan, who had the girl in his arms.



Dan rides a horse all day

"'What do you mean?' Sam inquired.

"'She's on my hands an' she's goin' to stay there,' says the young man. 'I'm in love with Lizzie myself. I've always been in love with Lizzie.'

"'Your confession is ill-timed,' says Lizzie, as she pulled away an' tried to smooth her hair. 'Let us go and do what we can for poor Mr. Rolanoff.'

"'But I warn you that I'm goin' to offer a Pettigrew for a Henshaw even,' says Dan. 'If I had a million dollars I'd give it all to boot.'

"Sam rolled over, his face red as a beet.

"'The money,' he shouted. 'Get it quick.'

"'Here it is!' I said, as I put the roll o' bills in his hand.

"'Poor Aleck!' he says, mournfully, as he counted the money. 'It's awful hard on him.'

"The officer had stopped a passing car, that took us all home.

"So the affair ended without disgrace to any one, if not without violence, and no one knows of the cablegram save Dan an' me. But the price of Alecks took a big slump in Fairview. No han'some foreign gent could marry any one in this village, unless it was a chambermaid in a hotel.

"That was about the end o' keepin' up with Lizzie in Fairview. Aleck, who had perished near the wire in that race, was buried by Sam in the village cemetery, for he had only seven dollars (an' twenty-three pawn tickets) on his person, all of which was claimed by a lady with bleached hair, who proved to my satisfaction that she was his wife an' his main dependence in time o' need.

"Lizzie went to work in her father's store, an' the whole gang o' Lizzie-chasers had to change their gait again. She organized our prosperous young ladies' club—a model of its kind—the purpose of which is the promotion of simple livin' and a taste for useful work. Every Thanksgivin' Day they hold a big fair in one o' the churches, an' I distribute a hundred dollars in cash prizes —five dollars each for the best exhibits o' pumpkin pie, chicken pie, bread, rolls, coffee, roast turkey, plain an' fancy sewin', an' so on. One by one the girls have joined an' gone to work, an' every one o' the old set is either married or engaged, an' they're all healthy an' happy, an' the servant problem is solved.

"Within three months the story came to its climax. It was the day Dan an' Lizzie came into my office together.

"'Mr. Potter,' says Dan, with a happy smile on his face, 'we're goin' to be married next month.'

"Before I could say a word he had gathered Lizzie up in his arms an' kissed her, an' she kissed back as prompt as if it had been a slap in a game o' tag.

"'You silly man,' she says, 'you could have had me long ago.'

"'If I'd only 'a' known it,' he says.

"'Oh, the ignorance o' some men!' she says, lookin' into his eyes.

"'It exceeds the penetration o' some women,' I says.

"They came together ag'in quite spiteful. I separated 'em.

"'Quit,' I says. 'Stop pickin' on each other. It provokes me. I'm goin' to give a prize for the simplest wedding that ever took place in Fairview,' I says. 'It will be five hundred dollars in gold for the bride. Don't miss it.'

"'The marriage will occur at noon,' says Lizzie. 'There'll be nothing but simple morning frocks. The girls can wear calico if they wish. No jewels, no laces, no elaborate breakfast.'

"'An' no presents, but mine, that cost over five dollars each,' I says.

"An' that's the way it was—like old times. No hard work wasted in gettin' ready, no vanity fair, no heart-burnin', no bitter envy, no cussin' about the expense. There was nothing but love an' happiness an' good-will at that wedding. It was just as God would have a wedding, I fancy, if He were the master o' ceremonies, as He ought to be.

"They are now settled on a thousand acres o' land here in New England. Dan has eight gangs o' human oxen from Italy at work for him getting in his fertilizers. He rides a horse all day an' is as cordy as a Roman gladiator. Do you know what it means? Ten thousand like him are going into the same work, the greed o' the middleman will be checked, an' one o' these days the old earth 'll be lopsided with the fruitfulness of America."

Half-Way to Happiness

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

HALF-WAY to Happiness,
The whole way back again,
Stumbling up the stubborn hill
From the luring lane.

Little Sunset House of Hearts
Standing all alone,
I could come and sweep the leaves
From your stepping-stone.

I, and he, could light your fires,
Laughing at the rain;
But, oh, it's far to Happiness,
A short way back again.

We Take the Cure

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IT was in northern Italy, after we had done our duty by the lakes, that the Illustrator forced me to admit the necessity for one of us taking the Cure. Perhaps I should not limit this renovation of our system by the article "the"; it was a Cure—not two cures—on which the man insisted. His argument was that, in the pursuit of the correct thing, we should, at this time of the year, join the general exodus of Continentals to the high places, the low places, the grand places, or the simple places where could be found "les Eaux."

I was willing to countenance this three weeks' cessation of motoring joys on the condition that I was not to be the one to suffer the internal laving. And, while I think that this was the original intention of my companion, he accommodated himself to the new order of things with the usual facility for shaping events to his own good, which I ought to, but do not, appreciate. As we turned the nose of our engine northward in our search for a Cure, he began eating and drinking all the things he shouldn't—and all the things I couldn't—serene in the prospect of the scourging which was to come. More than that, as time went on, he adopted a languid manner, was often discovered peeping at his tongue, and left off polishing the brass of our automobile as one too exhausted for any unnecessary effort. Had he been in any way abetted in his mental suggestionings, I doubt if we could ever have climbed the Alps, but my private scorn of his growing ills, and the general public's acceptance of a Cure as a natural place to go to in July, kept him physically sound, although emotionally wounded.

There was no use in telling our friend, the Italian servant (which is a generic term covering all of those we encounter in our travels) that the Signor was going to take the waters. He had no sympathy for the sufferer, who was, from the European view-point, starting on a holiday. Besides, he might follow up his congratulations by an inquiry as to what waters were to be drunk, and this thought was disquieting to the Illustrator, for he could not yet decide what occasioned the ennui from which he was suffering, or, as I put it, "which would be the pleasantest Cure to take."

I remember our first discussion on this subject, our first plain discussion, and that means telling the truth at all costs. The surroundings were conducive to a kindlier topic, for we were dining most excellently at a little inn of unknown name in a town which shall ever remain a mystery. I know that we approached it at deepest dusk and looked down upon its few lights from a great height which we had climbed on the second speed after leaving Lake Maggiore. Even the peasants in the back seat gasped at the stern descent which lay before us, and essayed to walk, as they and their forefathers had safely done for centuries. The back seat, let it be interpolated, had been built originally for the accommodation of chance acquaintances. We had forgotten, when in America, our roadside comrades in Italy; but the two yawning places thumped us in the back from the hour that we tipped over the Maritime Alps, prodded our conscience into a remembrance of the old delightful friendships, and turned our car into a seeming hayrick, from under which our guests shrieked and chatted as we carried them and their head-burdens up the steep hills.

"It seems to me," I stormed between —and during—mouthfuls of delicious chicken at this dinner in the town of mystery, "that you ought to have some idea of the Cure you are going to take, and where it is going to be. We can't go through the country haphazard, shouting out, 'Cure, Cure Cure,' and expecting one to run down the road and drag us to its source."

The Illustrator looked at me reproachfully, then he coughed in a hollow way, and made as if to leave the table, but decided to stay on and try to eat a little more. It gave me small concern; he had done this for years whenever he could think of nothing to say, but the shabby old waiter, before whom we were speaking freely, confident that so obscure a person knew only his own tongue, broke into soft-voiced English from very sympathy.

We had known the waiter to be remarkable from the moment of our arrival. He had greeted us in the dim courtyard, wearing the bold green cloth of a porter, but after he had "descended the baggage" from the car he appeared in the bedrooms, thoroughly disguised as a chambermaid in a long white apron, bowed to us in welcome as though having met us for the first time, and added to the uncanniness of the situation by offering three large towels apiece.

The Illustrator became hysterical at this. Clutching his booty, he could do nothing but repeat: "Three large towels in Italy! Three large towels in Italy!" while I searched madly for the silk hat which must have produced this magical city, duplex servant and wealth of linen. The old man, replying to our strange variety of Italian with his own excellent speech, appeared deaf to our innuendoes, soberly discussed the menu, and shuffled off with "orders for the chef." On our way to the dining-room we passed the copper-hung kitchen, receiving a *salve* from him as he hid under a cook's cap, and again, for the fourth time, he gravely acknowledged us as strangers to him when he entered the dining-room as a waiter. But his costume for this rôle was not the meagre swallowtail we had expected—on his shrunken form hung an old threadbare Eton suit. "A suit with a history," my companion declared, "but, in the face of such magnificent pride, how shall we ever learn the story of it?"

Counting our mercies that night, we admitted to each other that had there been no quarrel there would have been no cough, and had there been no cough there would have been no sympathy, and had there been no sympathy the waiter would not have broken impulsively into English and brought to our attention the Alpine town of Courmayeur. From a discussion of Courmayeur we were able, by delicate stages, to lead up to the Eton suit, and then it was explained—the towels, the desire to do all things correctly, and the perfect discipline of the four servants—for our friend had been a steward on our transatlantic boats and knew the world.

As the dinner went on he became tremulously nervous, wishing to be a good steward and keep us stocked in forks, yet eager to ask us of the boats which he had left behind—and of the leviathans of to-day which he would never see. He produced a worn black book from his pocket—his sailing-papers—and showed us the good-conduct marks which he had received on every voyage he had made. We fished gingerly for the reason that kept him in this inland town. "Cherchez la femme," we tamely quoted. The steward smilingly admitted it, but the woman was his mother. It is the oldest story in Italy, this unquestioning sacrifice for the old ones. She had asked to see him, so he gave up his place. Then when she died there had been so little of his money left that he had taken service here as—a slight proud hesitation—as the waiter.

When we left in the morning he was in the steward's suit again, and fastened on our luggage, *sans* green apron, as a compliment to us. We paid our bill to him for the Signora we never saw, "and, since the others are not down," said the Illustrator, vaguely, "I'll leave these francs for all of them with you." The old steward acknowledged courteously the shining silver pieces for the porter, for the maid, for the chef, and—for himself.

It was at Pont-St.-Martin, in the foothills of the Alps, that the Illustrator descended and made a sketch. There was something of the solemnity of the making of a will about the deed; he called it his "last sketch," as though Courmayeur would engulf him in its waters altogether. He was doing it for me alone, he said, and while I knew that it would be used for reproduction at the first opportunity, I did not tell him so—which proved my schooling. As the sketch progressed, however, he became so gloomy that I was obliged to remind him that a Cure did not necessarily wash away all

artistic effort. Although the thought holds out pleasing possibilities if applied to the half-fledged art student trembling between a solid business career and the teetery profession of making pictures. Imagine what a scurrying to the waters of uncertain sons by anxious fathers if they could emerge after three weeks, eyes glistening for business, art forgotten!

The argument that ensued as the result of the promulgation of this thought was entirely unnecessary, for upon reaching Courmayeur we found that there were no waters at all. On the other hand, it was a place where one got over the waters—a Cureoure, in fact. As the Illustrator said, no one but ourselves could ever have managed to begin at the wrong end, and I admitted this, except that by no possible phrasing could the word "wrong" be applied to this wonderful little village.

It was the sort of place where the hotel-keeper opens the windows upon a View, and then gives the price of the room. The cost of living is not debatable when one looks upon Mont Blanc from the Italian side at five in the afternoon, with the one street of the village twisting itself into our line of vision as a cheerful reminder that we were well among the humans. Of course we admitted that we couldn't stay at Courmayeur—except for a night to watch the afterglow, and see the world roll over in its bed, blotting out the stationary stars; except for a morning to spy upon Mont Blanc as she tried on her many-colored robes before she chose her costume for the day.

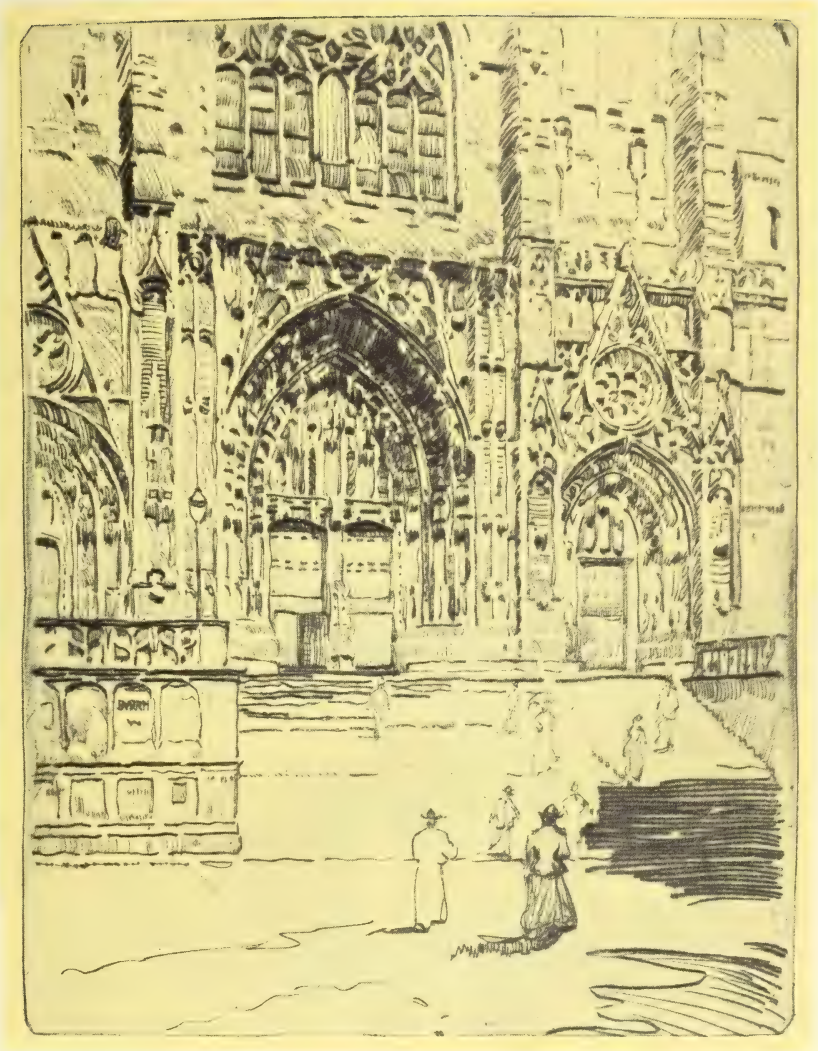
The twisted street was full of Alpine-climbers in the morning, ropes coiled about them, guides ahead. They clumped off sturdily, and as they passed a cross of stone at the end of the street each raised his hat. It is a very noble cross, placed there by Luigi di Savoia, as the inscription reads, but whom we best know as the Duke of the Abruzzi, to the memory of a guide of Courmayeur who was of the missing when the Duke and his men came scouting home from the frozen North. At the foot of the shaft a dog in bronze guards the knapsack and snow-shoes of his master who has not yet returned, and until his return the men of the village will lift their hats as they pass by the cross.

"The best guides on earth are from Courmayeur," said our concierge when we interrogated him. He was no longer the haughty official as he spoke, with shining face, of his own people. "And the Duke knows it, and gets them all from here for his many expeditions. Ah, he is a great man, Luigi di Savoia; all the guides love him—and all the world besides. Is it not so, Signora?"

It was up to the top and down again, French customs by the way, before we reached Brides-les-Bains of the Savoy mountains that afternoon. It was through snow-drifts at the peak of the Little St. Bernard, and with steaming engine for the valleys, coats discarded, ere we circled up to the Hotel of the Establishment, and waited about a little dust for the women and children to protest against as they sat in the charming park. The band was playing the flesh off its bones without the aid of the waters, and as the band is, as far as I can surmise, the most absolute indication of a Cure, we were glad to have arrived during one of the concert hours.

We were fairly sure from the start that we were going to like Brides, and after dinner the Illustrator was positive that it was the place for him. Although this may be foreign to the theme, there was an agreeable wine with the excellent meal which was put down as part of the Cure, and my companion, on the theory that the more one drank of it the more cured one would become, grew almost cheerful over the prospective treatment, and spoke as a man who might yet recover.

Of course he was obliged to leave to the examining physician the ailment which he hoped to overcome; but the good doctor, although short on English, was long on diagnoses, and as the Cure covered a multitude of difficulties, none but the most robust creature could escape a verdict favorable to drinking the waters. In the mean time "eef you like walk—walk," which was the extent of the physician's advice, was sternly followed by both of us. Indeed, I was thrust into the routine of the others perforce, as at five in the morning the water-drinkers began chattering toward the walls, and huge mountains of well-dressed flesh scuffled up the gravel of the park as they



A Church Door in the Vosges District

paraded, until scuffling back at them became a necessity.

July and August is the French season, not the English and American—which is in the spring—but all the more interesting to the traveller who knows little of the home life in the Latin countries. It was at Brides for the first time that I saw children with their mothers, although the Luxembourg Garden is my playground. Here they were caressed, laughed at, played with, and occasionally punished, but I have never yet seen a French child in the lap of a mother or father. To judge by the patrons of the Cures, the bourgeois father's lap is sacred to flesh, the mother's to crocheting. A stranger often wonders from what source rise the hideous hand-work emblems of the simple life which ornament the salons of French families, and not until he visits "les Eaux" will he see that between glasses of water these monuments of a race not given to idleness are evolved.

Now that we look back upon our experience, we realize that Brides-les-Bains is the most serious Cure of the many that we encountered. We are so apt to associate the Latins with a lightness of purpose that it took us two days to realize that the visitors did not arise at five in



Bourg-les-Bains

the morning with the sole intention of talking some more, nor that they went to bed at ten because the lights were turned out. More than that, while there was a casino and a band, there was no gambling, and the Frenchman who spends his holiday without the comfort of the "little horses" must have a very bad liver indeed. And more than all this, to prove the sincerity of the Cure, the consulting physician pronounced the Illustrator to be unfit for the drinking of the waters.

My companion and I drew in our breaths sharply at this announcement. My jaded conscience pricked me a bit—perhaps, after all, the man was ill! The man himself cast upon me a heterogeneous look of despair and triumph.

"You mean," he said to the physician, "that I am not well enough to stand the treatment?"

"Mon Dieu, no," replied the honest soul; "you are too well—you do not need the waters!"

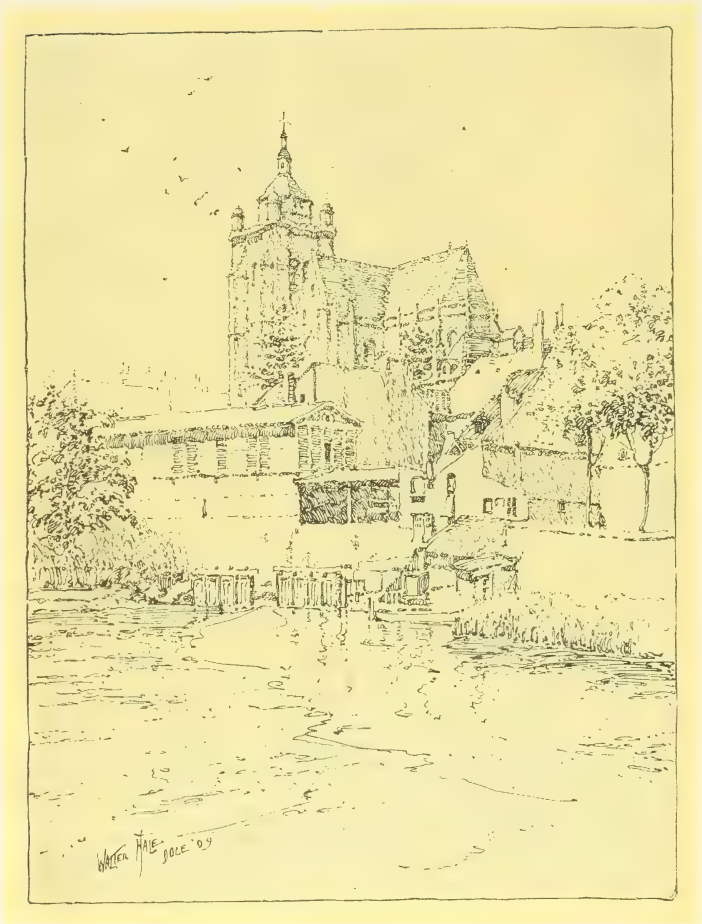
He paused dramatically, waiting for an ecstatic acceptance of his verdict. And he is still waiting, and wondering at the strangeness of the American who went away sorrowfully like the rich young man of the Bible, and, passing through the shaded walk, gazed wistfully at the mountains of flesh gathered about the source, mugs in their pudgy hands.

And so, after a half-day's descent, "going sweetly," as the French say when the grade is gentle, we came to Aix-les-Bains. Aix of the Lac du Bourget, Aix of Savoy, but, above all, Aix of Paris. Long before we reached its environments I instinctively felt for my powder-puff, the Illustrator whisked at his tie, and the hats in the back seat were heard to rustle expectantly.

I have not yet spoken of the hats, and this is an oversight, for a Continental may be cured of many ailments at the waters, but her hat is a necessary evil which she will not wash away. Mindful of this insistence of head-gear in the evening, we had both purchased new hats at Venice. Of course Venice is not the place to buy millinery unless it is made of beads. The Illustrator's brim was too narrow, and mine looked like an inverted gondola with seaweed clinging to the keel; still they were hats, and I could sweep my aigrettes into the eyes of my neighbor at the table d'hôte with the fattest of them. Since we had no definite

place in the car for this excess baggage, they were generally forgotten in the hour of our departure, and all through northern Italy the air rang with the cry of hotel servants as they ran up the street after us, waving the head-gear in their hands. The bystanders took up the far-off cry, unaware of the import of the matter, but just for the joy of screaming; and the police, with a duty to perform when peace was disturbed, generally performed it before the hats caught up with us and were stowed away under the tarpaulin in the rear.

As time went on, they developed a certain American sagacity and progressiveness which often extended to their creeping from out the tarpaulin, crowns lifted, to enjoy the scenery. Sometimes they leaped into the road and were returned to us after more halloing, and we relaxed in our anxiety over their safety only when two solid peasants were sitting on them. These happenings did not improve the appearance of the hats — as wrinkles are the penalties we pay for experience in life— and it was small wonder that they were endeavoring to gather themselves into some sort of shape as we approached Aix. They felt, although Venetian hats, that the water of their own city was but a drop in the bucket of fashion when contrasted with the effete stream which flows from the Source of Aix.



DOLE, FROM THE RIVER

We dined that night at Nicola's. If any one has been to Aix, even though he might, by some strange chance, have come to drink the waters, I need say nothing more than Nicola's—then watch the wave of reminiscence sweep across his face. He may be thinking of the dinner or of his companion at the dinner, or recalling with regret that he might have bettered his companion at the dinner; but at all events he will associate with the soft night the Continental charm of dining in the air, very near the pavement, music in red jackets, a clean sweep of asphalt between him and the park of the casino opposite, the perfume of *some* woman's hair, at least, and—since he is a little old and jaded—the icy coldness of the best cocktail in France.

Across the street, leaning against the railings of the casino, the working-

people gather to hear the band. Our hearts are not tortured by this sight in France. We are sure that they have dined as well as we are dining, and for much less money. There is no lack of dignity in these knots of men and women. The French artisan as artisan feels himself to be as good as you as—artist, let us say for the alliteration's sake. The blue *beret* of to-day is the *bonnet rouge*



"The Square of the Gentleman"—Plombières

of a century ago—the liberty-cap of peaceful times, and the proud head-covering of the first citizens of France.

At the table next us sat a grande dame no less simple in her manner—no less noble. Madame la Comtesse, the garçon called her, but the courtly gentleman across the lot of damask from her was addressed only as Monsieur; and perhaps it was his very lack of title which had kept them for each other through the many years, after the left-handed fashion of the Continent. From under a black hat of tulle—which, being in the possession of a great lady, treated mine with soft consideration—gleamed her white hair. His, too, was white, combed across from ear to ear, but his mustachios were still brave. Around her neck she wore a wide black velvet ribbon — that damning ribbon which, in the wearing, conceals the wrinkles of the throat while it admits them. His only decoration was the touch of red which France gives to those who are worth the turning round to see.

"Once a year," sighed the Comtesse, lifting her glass.

"Once a year," replied Monsieur, bowing over his.

Then they went on to speak most simply of their families—of the marriage of her daughter—of the illness of his wife — we stretched shameless ears. A red coat sang from *La Bohème*, and some Americans applauded. They were quite unabashed when no one else did, and we were glad of that. We travellers from home often struggle with the self-consciousness of a new country, fearing sometimes to do the thing that's wrong, and sometimes hiding our confusion with bursts of noise. The red coat bowed around the room; later, when the Americans departed, he stood with plate in hand before the exit. On the plate a louis stared up, yellow with insinuation; the Americans, still confident, covered the



THE RIVER AT VITTEL

coin with duller silver, and we were also glad of that.

Motors were turning into the casino gates, fiacres of the city, and the great omnibuses from the various hotels bringing to the doors a sweep of satins and a supporting background of black cloth. Big hats rubbed hats as large—not always the right way. Inquiring faces looked cold apologies at one another at these collisions. Monsieur and the Comtesse saw nothing of the passing show—the processional of a year's events was moving swiftly with the dinner.

"He is a brute to me," the Comtesse was confiding. Monsieur pressed a concerned toe upon another toe—above the table perfect decorum ate its artichoke for all to see.

The red-coated tenor on a high note proved why he was no longer singing under the arch of the proscenium. The French shrugged their shoulders and went on with the meal, the artisans on the pavement catcalled loudly, but all the Americans clapped their hands in passionate sympathy when he sat down. The tenor's face resumed its look of confidence; contempt for us who overlooked his weakness struggled with the singer's love of loud appreciation. The incident which made our hearts ache he buried in his self-complacency—after all, art is its own consolation.

The bill came, and the Illustrator bore it like a man. There are those who, regardless of the *addition,* place a note upon the table and leave the uncounted change to the waiters; but one is no less respected in frugal France who takes a serious interest in his expenditures. The red coats gathered about the door. The maître d'hôtel handled my wrap with deep concern, a near-by beauty looked upon the Illustrator with approval.

"Dost thou remember?" Monsieur was saying to Madame la Comtesse. Perhaps it was as well that we were leaving.

With a cold stare we passed a uniformed officer at the casino door. We had seen lords do that trick before. His hand was half extended either for the

stranger's fee or for an examination of the season's cards but at the stare the proud official bowed us humbly in—and my hat quivered with excitement.

By means of the "little horses" casual francs were going the way of the croupier. But at the first play my half-louis re-



NANCY, WHICH MODELED ALL THE CURES

turned to me like the well-invested talents. I gathered up my gains and turned away. The Illustrator was annoyed. "You must play on," he hissed.

My hat and I defiantly retreated to a far corner, and tied the gold pieces into my handkerchief. My companion was ashamed. His self-respect did not return to him until we reached the baccarat-room, and there at the most crowded table sat an American, exquisite in appearance and in dress, who for years had been used for decorative purposes at the far end of the first row. She was raking in gold pieces with her own little croupier—all eyes were turned on her. She looked up and nodded brightly to the Illustrator—all eyes were turned on him. The chest of my companion expanded happily—the same elation comes to us when policemen wave their hands as we pass by. Why is it?

As we walked through the brilliant streets at midnight, the motors were still flashing by, the cafés held their full complement, little tinkly music greeted us from every side, there was no hint of sickness in the air, here was abounding health and wealth; but when we put our hats away we thought that they looked worn and fagged, and it occurred to us that this keeping up appearances might leave a similar mark on us.

Then came the morning after, and so steady a roll of omnibuses outside my window that I was forced into an earlier rising than the night before would justify. As I made a simple toilet, I was filled with petulance at the thought of further encounters with more befeathered creatures. I stepped upon the balcony and found, to my surprise, that it gave upon the Establishment, and thus it was that I looked down upon the other side of Aix. Aix of disease and need and suffering—Aix of the morning. The patients crept into the baths, some dragged their twisted limbs, some were lifted

from fiacres; the hotel 'buses, which the night before carried a glittering freight to the casino doors, now bore tired men and women, eager to quit themselves of their miseries of last year and prepare for more miseries to come.

I rushed into the hallway that I might descend to investigate this strange other Aix. A litter, borne by two men, which came from the next room, blocked my way. It was of gay striped awning, the flap closed as though an Eastern lady was out to take the air, but through the curtains I heard a moaning. Out in the quiet streets many of these litters came and went. Monsieur of the night before, very old and rather shabby, marched bravely by the side of one from which a querulous voice was heard, but Madame la Comtesse descended from her motor and took the waters, still *en grande tenue*.

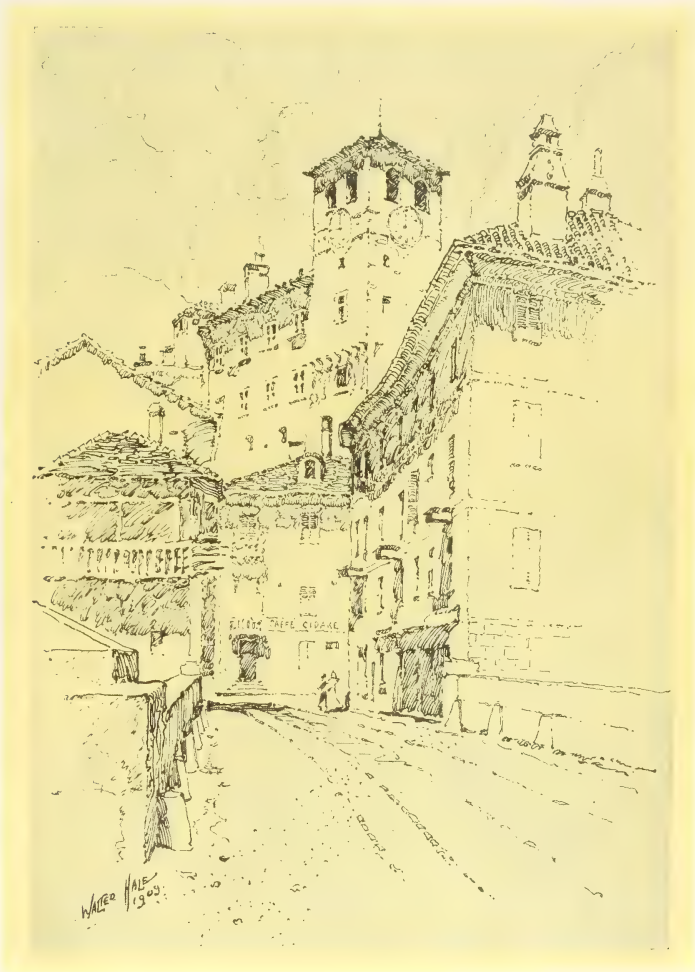
Together the Illustrator and I sought the house of the physician. At Brides I found difficulty in keeping pace with him, so great was his impetuous desire for health again; here he crawled. I feared he feared a similar verdict, but variability is one of the attributes which keeps an Illustrator young and charming. As we reached the polished door-bell, he stayed his hand.

"Aix in the morning—Aix at night," he mused. "The question is, Am I ill enough for the forenoon and—"

"Am I smart enough for night?" my hat completed it. In our close companionship we had become as one.

Two hours later threadbare Frenchmen dove into various restaurants, assumed their gay red coats, and emerged as Hungarian musicians—very carefree. Then they began to play Aix through its *déjeuner;* the wide gates of the Casino grated open, a few tables were uncovered, a few francs were lost. The other side of Aix turned twice in its soft bed and decided to get up; but long before the lining-pencil of the pretty ladies had emphasized their pretty eyes we were in the farming country of the Jura, making for a nest of Cures in the district of the Vosges.

The Illustrator's spirits soared aloft. The pursuit, which had grown a little tiresome, would now be at an end; from



PONT-ST-MARTIN IN THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE ALPS



The Casino at Contrexéville

now on, he confided, he would be the one pursued. The thought was satisfactory to him, as it is to every man. There were six Cures, all within a stone's throw of one another. We could motor around in a circle, he explained, and await capture. My private scorn was quieted by the beauty of this almost unknown country which lay before us.

Who has ever heard of Dole? And yet at Dole we spent the night, dining exquisitely, though the dinner was not forty but four francs apiece. The town was black with age, yet bright with the eternal youth of France. We walked along the ancient streets, strangers in a strange land, proud of our conspicuous isolation. We conversed in French, sure that there were no Anglo-Saxons near to laugh at our bad accent—the Latins we need never fear. A crowd had gathered at a street corner to buy something of a boy in spotless white, something that in a wire cage was swinging back and forth over a flame—something popping, something snowy. We shivered, but there was no disputing the American invasion of Indian corn.

Later, as we seated ourselves at a café table with a bag between us, a voice smote us on the ears. A voice choked with pop-corn, but asserting to his companion, in the language of the Hoosier, that he had lived there for five years, "and, my dear sir, I can make a cheaper bottle, and a better, and a bigger, and a—" we staggered off to our French bedsteads.

The next day we rioted in Cures. Plombières was first. I associated it with plumbing, which is not unwelcome after a long absence from the porcelain tubs of our meanest flats. True to its name, from every window of the crooked streets protruded bath-tub faucets. We felt that we were dreaming. Could this be France? Circumventing the physicians, we asked cautious questions of a porter, looking honest, who was, self-confessed, a stranger to the village also, and had no civic pride. Yes, it was true, they bathed who came there, as had the Romans "some time previously," but first they drank the waters of Contrexéville. An annual draught of water, an annual bath, but not at the same time—ah no! So

Plombières was a Cure-cure too? The porter, looking honest still, confessed it; and, more than that, after the bath there was a high place up on a near mountain which was a Cure-cure-cure.

We motored on, and I was sorry—the crooked streets of Plombières are full of shops, equally crooked maybe, yet delightful; but, as the Illustrator said, health must be considered first. Then came Vittel—a mere waiting at the railroad gates for the express from Nancy, which mothers all the cures, to pass us on its way to Paris. "Cured" was stamped upon the fat and smiling faces that peered at us from the windows. Bains-les-Bains we splashed in and out of; Martigny, also of the baths, and therefore an after-cure, we shrugged through. Until as night came on we found that by the process of elimination only Contrexéville was left to us.

"The first thing that we see," the Illustrator planned, "will be a sign, a definite sign, whether or not this is the place for me."

And being flabby-minded at this period also, I did not combat him. Only I noticed that the man appeared to look at nothing positively, yet seemed to be searching vaguely for something that he might want to see. Nor will I ever know whether the youth who wore upon his sleeve the potent words "Golf-links" sought out the Illustrator and stood insistently in front of him, or whether my companion, espying the lad loitering conspicuously alone in the centre of the little park, felt that the "sign" was found, opened his eyes wide, and nudged me madly. It was the golf-links boy who led him to a physician for consultation, waxing warm over the beauty of the course which, as a lover wears his heart upon his sleeve, he delicately advertised.

Then came the night and day of waiting while I fixed up the hats which were well satisfied with their surroundings, and sought to learn the manners of Contrexéville. It was not a complex life. Many arose at five, the band played in the park, and during the early hours there was much scuffling over the gravel and drinking of the waters, but, and I lay heavy stress on this, there was no eating. Not until ten was this fast broken; but, at the clanging of a bell, crocheting ladies, gouty gentlemen, children, and small, obese dogs made for the dining-rooms, where one egg course, four of various meats, and two of pastry were industriously put away as though the honor of Contrexéville depended on it. There was something noble in the visitor's attention to this part of the Cure; even the dogs upon their chairs beside their masters looked from out their puffy eyes and did not refuse the many viands cut up and pressed upon them.

"Oh, you little French dogs, and you fat families," I exclaimed to myself as I dragged my repleted body around the park, "why are you so delightful? Your table manners are bad, and you crochet too much; you, dogs—wheeze, and you, children, do not climb upon the laps of your mothers. As a nation you wear two kinds of clothes: the worst in the world, or the best. You have all the wisdom of the serpent, and you are as gay as possible over it. Why are you not ashamed? Why are you not revolting?"

It was certainly a bad attack of indigestion, and I tramped angrily about the paths, praying that the Illustrator, who had gone to learn the doctor's ultimatum, would again be found "not wanting." But that was before I saw the puppet show, saw the fat fathers there, the crocheting mothers, the rouged lonely ladies, the servant of the Indian Rajah, the Russian princess, and the little boots of our hotel with the Illustrator's trousers on his arm going off for a pressing. And, of course, the children.

It happened in the park, with a bed of glowing begonias for a back drop. One sat on camp-chairs or stood, just as one minded, but so moral was the play that no one walked off when the man came with the Guignol's hat held out for pennies.

He was a clever man, with an engaging tuft of hair growing out of his right cheek, after the fashion of young men of his ilk. When he had taken the pennies he played a few bars on the piano and sang a little song. It must have been a bad little song, but it put us all in a very good humor. After each act he asked if the Guignol should go on with the play, and when we besought him to make the Guignol do so, for we had become easily acquainted with him and

"talked back," he disappeared under the gay awning which upheld the puppet theatre, and became all things.

There was a thief in the play, and a bad old man whose servant the Guignol was, and the daughter of the house who wished to marry a handsome young fellow, but who was prevented, and there was—there was a stick! The Guignol held it mostly, but there were terrible moments when it seemed that he would never come sliding in with it and the girl might be carried off by the thief right under our noses. As the play progressed, the audience felt, as one man, that if calling out "Attention!" would be any help to the lagging Guignol we were willing to give it. So call we did, and the Guignol answered with the stick; but one time he beat the father, who, though bad, was old, so soundly that we were forced to cry "Enough, dear Guignol"; and at still another time I doubt if the girl, who had lain down in space to sleep, would have been spared by the advancing thief had not we echoed "*Le voleur*, Guignol!" to the very skies.

There may be those who would have thought that the girl's own lover might have done some of the rescuing, but he was only good to look at, and once in his excitement the Guignol struck even him with a resounding whack. It was an accident, of course, and then the stick fell down among the children, and the play delayed its action till a lad with pink silk socks handed over the instrument of torture. Oh, how we laughed! And at the end, when the thief was fairly caught, the Guignol tossed him high up in the air; not once, but many times, for we all shouted, "Bis, bis!"—but I can go no further and contain myself.

When it was over we wiped our eyes—we had simply let them run before, there was no time to bother—and looked about us. The rouged ladies (rather streaked now), the Russian princess, the bourgeois families, the small boots with the Illustrator's trousers, the little rigged-up children, all smiled at one another; and with my tears I wiped away a prejudice, seeing quite clearly that there can be no offence in those who have not yet grown up, and in that lies the charm of France—just fat boys and girl giants, all of them.

As the clever man who was all things was folding up the camp-stools, I approached him tremulously. "The marionettes, m'sieu, they go to-morrow?"

The young man arrested himself, and was astonished. "Ah no, Madame, we stay; for three weeks more we stay."

"And how long is the Cure?"

"That is three weeks, Madame."

With a high resolve I started toward the house of the physician. If the Illustrator's health again failed to serve him, perhaps—perhaps I could answer the requirements? But at the gate I met the man, his hat filled with emotion to the brim, and in his hand he held a paper.

"I'm in a bad way," said the Illustrator. "Where's my golf-bag?"



The Judgment of John Fairmeadow

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was now near noon of a hazy Sunday morning in the fall of the year. The earth was yellow and languid and sweet to smell. There was balsam—there was tempered sunlight—in the air. A forest smoke, the fragrant mist of the season in those woods, was opalescent under a flushed sun. A lazy little breeze flowed over the pines and splashed odorously into the clearing of Thirty Drinks. It sportively eddied for a bit—an inquisitive little wind, too—and with a song and a sigh idled on the shadowy forest reaches. In Pale Peter's bar the Saturday-night sots—a frowsy crew of lumber-jacks—were stirring on the floor. Dennie the Hump, the sweeper, being wise, had not disturbed them, but would return with his broom and dust-pan when these sleeping dogs had carried their aches and their growling ill-humor to the healing out-of-doors; he had left them lie in the litter and slime of the night where they had fallen. A breath of wind came in at the wide door, thrown open to the morning. It paused appalled beyond the threshold and fluttered back to cleaner places to gather resolution. Presently, however, confronted by plain duty, it returned in a dogged little rush: whereupon it swept the bar, and busily nosed the corners clean, and drove all the stale exhalations of debauchery out of the window, escaping disgusted in the wake. And off it whisked, with a sniff and a gasp, to the big odorous forest which encircled the clearing, glad to have this chance business satisfactorily accomplished.

Thirty Drinks gave no impression of having taken permanent possession of the clearing; in suggestion it was rather a lumber-woods settlement which had not quite made up its mind to settle, being for the moment too much preoccupied with a bottle. It seemed, on second thought, merely to have squatted in a mud-puddle in the midst of the woods to rest its inebriated legs. The thirty-two shanty saloons of the high street had certainly locked arms, the half to the west, and the half to the east, and gone into a drunken stupor in the cozy shelter of the pines. They leaned one against the other in singular and helpless dependence, necks limp, bodies lax and awry, hats cocked or gone. A push might have sent them sprawling. The ramshackle white hotel on the corner—Pale Peter's place—achieved an impression of sleepy sobriety: it was at least steady on its legs. What other habitations there were—a lesser crew, compounded of logs, turf, pine board and tar-paper, with a helpful addition of packing-boxes—squatted near in various attitudes of inebriety, now lying, all beggared and listless, in a glowing autumn haze and pause. The whole—the company of makeshift habitations no less than the folk who went in and out—was perigrinating west-by-north with the lumber camps. What broken bodies and souls might be left with the refuse of the sojourn in the balsamic clearing concerned nobody. The aspiring homesteaders would presently raise a city in that place and give it a new name.

When Rowl, the sentimental old scaler, growled, with a twinkling pretence of indifference, that the big stranger, amiably engaged with Pale Peter at the swing-shuttered door to the bar of the Red Tiger, was none other than John Fairmeadow, I attended intimately and with lively interest on this extraordinary fellow's appearance and behavior. The Reverend John Fairmeadow turned out to be a big man. I had known, of course, that he was a big man; he must needs be, indeed, to sanction the large tales that were told of him in these woods. But I had not conceived the clean strength of him: I had fashioned a hero of raw and hairy bulk, a low-browed, big-jawed

power, recklessly driven to good ends, rather than a young, rosy, bubbling giant with a sharp zest for righteousness. He was clad like a lumber-jack, boots, mackinaw (thrown wide in the warm wind), and cloth cap, with a woodsman's pack waiting at his feet: a man ready for the trail. I observed that he had a singular habit of snapping his teeth in talk—of drawing taut the cords of his neck, of shooting out his head in a defiant fashion, of glaring from beneath fallen brows—all as though he might be used to being in busy and difficult opposition. With this, when he spread his feet and squared his shoulders, he took on an appearance of savage truculence, which, however, a gray twinkle and a wry twitch of the lips could mitigate even when his aspect of countenance was the fiercest. He was not a sour and fearsome prophet: he was a jolly parson. His pugnacious exploits (I fancied) must be ascribed to the quest of efficiency in his profession of preaching the gospel.

"John Fairmeadow," observed Rowl, "is master in the house of his own soul."

It needed elucidation.

"A perfectly well-meanin' but industrious conscience," Rowl explained, "plays the devil with many a good man: John Fairmeadow is no servant of his, but master. I'm glad *I* ain't got none t' live an' quarrel with. I always pity the man," he added, "whose conscience wears the trousers."

John Fairmeadow put his pack on his back and shook it into place.

"So long, Jack!" said Pale Peter.

"So long, Peter, old man!" Fairmeadow heartily responded.

Pale Peter offered his hand for shaking. For a moment John Fairmeadow regarded the white fingers of the friendly saloon-keeper with a twinkle of disdainful amusement. He ignored the hand then, the wry twitch of his lips expressing a sneer, in which, however, neither malice nor contempt resided, but a nauseated pity, rather; and all at once he looked up, frank as a boy, and laughed in Pale Peter's face, who was not at all chagrined by this, but let his hand fall with an assenting and agreeable smile. Presently thereafter John Fairmeadow was striding down toward the tote-road to the Bottle River Camps—the Cant-hook Cutting—which were now fitting out for the winter. There was with him, by this time, a close-cropped, gray, grave man, in health and self-respect, of good stature, well and confidently carried: a lumber-jack or homesteader, it seemed, whose appearance in pious company impelled John Rowl to a philosophical utterance.

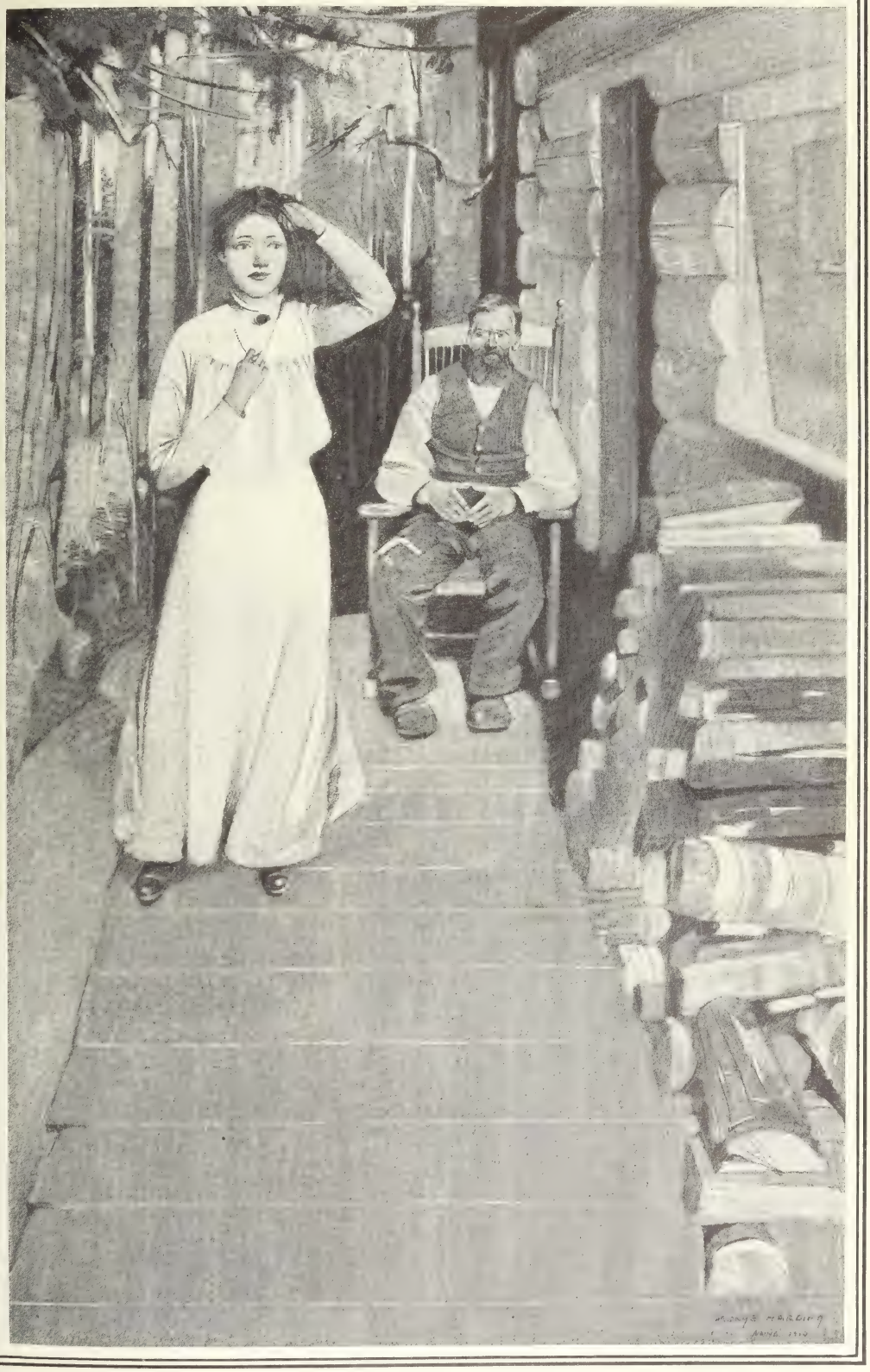
"I can't make out," Rowl observed, "jus' how a man *would* go about the savin' of his soul."

I could not help him.

"Anyhow," Rowl declared, "give a man a good resolution an' a bad memory an' he stands a fair show o' pullin' through."

The man was in earnest. . . .

"There's times," Rowl admitted, presently, with large liberality, "when I'm almost willin' t' give in to it that there is a God. Maybe I'm peculiar: I don't know. I've often wondered; an' many's the time I've been a bit afraid I wasn't quite usual on some subjects. Anyhow, it seems t' me, sometimes, when I've a fit o' this here peculiarity, that there jus' must be a Livin' Maker o' the World. There's so many dashed queer things goin' on down here below that it looks t' me as if Somebody was behind 'em. So when they told me on Bottle River that Plain Tom Hitch o' Thirty Drinks had quit treatin' his body an' soul like a poor damned fool, I made up my mind that I'd take a small squint at Plain Tom Hitch with my own eyes an' find out for myself. 'John Fairmeadow never managed that reformation,' thinks I; 'an' no more did Plain Tom Hitch. There's a sight more in this than appears on the surface o' things. In plain conversation, there's a nigger in the wood-pile. If Plain Tom Hitch has become separated an' divorced from a bottle o' whiskey,' thinks I, 'God Almighty done it by the Will and Mercy of Him. So,' thinks I, 'I'll take a run out t' Thirty Drinks on Sunday next, the weather bein' fine; an' I'll look the ill-bred fightin' beast over, jus' t' ease my mind on what can an' what can't be done. I'm the most curious man in the world,' thinks I, 'about the can an' the can't, when applied t' the souls o' men; an' I jus' got t' *see* Tom Hitch. Anyhow,' thinks I, 'I'm a friend o' Tom Hitch's.'



Drawn by George Harding

"JINNY WAS LOOKIN' AWAY AT THE SUNSET OVER THE PINES"

"In them days Plain Tom Hitch was livin' on a homestead grant—a lazy mite of a clearin' in the woods—two mile out o' Thirty Drinks on the Big River Trail. His wife had died, poor thing! o' the drink that Tom Hitch drank; but he'd a daughter left—a maid o' sweet age an' looks—she was turnin' seventeen—t' keep the cabin for him. He was t' home: I found him sittin' in a rockin'-chair on the porch, with that dear an' tender little Jinny o' his lookin' away at the sunset over the pines, jus' as if she might be waitin', maybe, for the image o' some shy dream t' come dressed in heavenly light to her little feet. 'Twas evenin' then: the spring day near done an' the last breeze blowin' soft an' warm.

"'Tom Hitch,' says I, when I got hold of his hand, 'what in the livin' thunder have you been doin' to yourself? Good Lord!' says I. 'Why, Tom,' says I, 'they'd lie who called you *Plain* Tom Hitch this day. You're borderin' on the handsome.'

"'Ain't been doin' much t' myself,' says he; 'jus' washed my face.'

"'Get out!' says I.

"'Don't remember nothin' more,' says he.

"'Soap an' water do *that* t' your face?' says I.

"'Didn't use nothin' else, Rowl.'

"'I wouldn't have believed,' says I, 'that carbolic acid could accomplish so much on the traces o' sin.'

"'No, Rowl,' says he; 'me neither.'

"'What you got there?' says I.

"'I got a flower,' says he.

"'For God's sake!' says I. 'A flower! What in blitherin' thunder are you doin' with a flower?'

"'I'm usin' it for a book-mark,' says he; 'but that ain't what I'm *doin'* with it.'

"'No?' says I.

"'No,' says he; 'not by no means. I'm *really* enjoyin' its society.'

"'Tom Hitch,' says I, 'have you lost your mind?'

"'No,' says he; 'not by no means. I jus' found out that there *is* flowers,' says he; 'an' I'm s'prised, an' I'm pleased. I like 'em: I'm glad I got t' know 'em.'

"'What you readin'?' says I.

"'I'm readin' my Bible,' says he.

"'What you doin' that for?'

"'I jus' been made acquainted with God,' says he.

"'Whew!' says I. 'Who done that to you?'

"'John Fairmeadow kindly introduced me,' says he, 'in the snake-room o' Pale Peter's place, a fortnight ago, come Tuesday, in the evenin'. John Fairmeadow introduced me; but I struck up the real friendship for myself. I'm glad I done it, too. I like God: I'm glad I got t' know Him. He's a poor reputation for sociability, 'tis true, especially among the young; but I'm in a position t' say that once you get really well acquainted with Him there's no end t' the sociability He's able for. He's good company. He's grand company. I enjoy His conversation. I'm glad I know Him. I'm glad I got Him for a friend. I tell you, Rowl,' says he, 'I'm almighty *fond* o' God!'

"'Are you a crazy fool?' says I.

"'Not at all,' says he; 'not by no means. That's jus' what I ain't.'

"'Then,' says I, 'what you talkin' like a crazy fool *for?*'

"'*I* ain't talkin' like a crazy fool,' says he.

"'You are, too,' says I. 'I never heard a preacher do worse.'

"'I'm not talkin' like a fool o' that sort at all,' says he. 'You on'y think so because you ain't been used t' that style o' conversation. Maybe you don't like the words I use; but if I was you I wouldn't let a little thing like that throw me off the track o' truth. I tell you, Rowl, I'm talkin' an almighty big wisdom that I jus' found out about! You think I don't mean what I say? I *do* mean it. You think I'm a dribblin' fool when I say that I enjoy God's conversation? Why, Rowl, that ain't foolishness; that's Truth. It says jus' 'xactly what I mean. It's real. God *is* my friend. I like Him: I'm wonderful fond of His company. "Hello, Tom Hitch!" says He, last night, when I was comin' out from Thirty Drinks in the starlight. "Goin' home? That's proper. What you been doin'?" says He. "Lookin' up at all them stars? I wouldn't do that too much, my boy," says He. "Them little stars," says He, "is a pretty tough proposition for a man like you. You'd find me there, all right, if that's what you was lookin' for;

but you might be frightened when you saw me. I'll tell you what you do," says He. "It looks t' me, jus' now, as if t'-morrow might be a fine sunny mornin' for this time o' the year. You go out in the woods. I'll be waitin' there; an' you an' me will have a nice quiet time t'gether, lookin' at the flowers I made. I'm proud o' them," says He. "They're lovely; an' I'm glad I have the power an' the heart t' think them into life. You'll enjoy yourself all alone in the woods with me," says He. "Anyhow," says He, "I'll enjoy myself with you." An' that's how,' says Tom Hitch, 'I happen t' hold this here little flower in my hand. All day t'-day,' says he, 'I've had a wonderful good time with the little thing.'

"'Ye poor fool!' says I.

"'That's awful funny, Rowl,' says he. 'I look like a poor fool t' you,' says he, 'an' you look like a poor fool t' me. Funny, ain't it? But *I'm* satisfied.'

"'What!' says I. '*Satisfied?*' says I. 'Where's your bottle o' whiskey, Tom Hitch?'

"'I've put my bottle o' whiskey,' says he, 'where it belonged before I got it.'

"'Then,' says I, 'it's not far from your gullet.'

"'It's jus' as far from here,' says he, 'as anywhere at all is.'

"'I hope you've chained it,' says I; 'it might get loose an' bite you.'

"'It won't be no trouble t' *me* no more,' says he. 'Why, Rowl, my soul is turned toward Light. I've found peace; an' jus' as long as I can fall asleep like a child at night—an' wake like a child t' the sunlight of mornin'—an' by day walk the open world with neither terror nor shame—I think I'll stand pat with the cards I hold, whatever any man may think the hand I got is worth in the game. Bottle o' whiskey?' says he. 'Look!' He held up the little flower for me t' see. 'Tis the handiwork o' my Friend,' says he. 'This mornin' He made me the gift of it. I love it. You've simply no idea, Rowl,' says he, 'how common an' ornery a bottle o' whiskey looks when you've once fell in love with a flower.'

"Jus' at that minute I heard Jimmie the Gentleman, Pale Peter's bartender, whistle on Tom Hitch's little Jinny from the Big River Trail.

"Maybe," Rowl resumed, after a wistfully smiling muse, speaking, now, with the eloquence which, when moved, he could command, "the flower that Plain Tom Hitch held an' loved *was* the handiwork o' God Himself. I don't know: I think so. Maybe 'twas a thing sweet t' smell an' lovely t' behold. Maybe, as He told Plain Tom Hitch in the starlight, 'twas a work o' the soul. Maybe He *was* proud of its perfection. Maybe, too, He was glad in His heart that He had the power an' the pure wish t' think it into life. I've no doubt of it: 'tis true. But no work that ever issued from God's heart, takin' life, in the world, when His wishes was most kind—none that ever fell perfect from His tender hands—was more lovely than little Jinny. Winsome, gray-eyed little Jinny of the blushes an' dimples, waiting, there on Plain Tom Hitch's porch, dainty in her fresh calico gown, for that bird-call from the trail! Ah! but she was a flower o' God's own soul an' highest vision—that shy, sweet-blooming little one, whose beauty was in innocence, whose fragrance was of love. 'Tis a marvel t' me that even with all His ages o' practice the good Lord could manage at last t' turn out a maid like that. Little heart o' joy! Sweet heart, turned t' loving service! Little body of slender an' soft fashioning! Little face o' love an' gentle wishes, starred, in the dusk, like the tender mystery o' the sky! Perhaps, when Jimmie the Gentleman called from the Big River Trail, she fancied that the image of her longing sunset dream had spoken. Ay; but from a shadow, an' come clad in shadows!

"Her little hand fell softly on her bosom t' ease its shy young beating.

"She listened.

"'It's Jimmie, father,' says she. 'Hark! That's Jimmie's call—for me.'

"'For you, Jinny?' says Tom Hitch. 'Is he callin' you?'

"'Why, yes, father! Of *course!* That's Jimmie—callin' me.'

"'I wouldn't go far, my dear,' says he, 'with Jimmie.'

"'Oh no, father!'

"'You see,' says he, 'you might get lost. You might get lost, somehow, you see, an' have t' wander, all alone, for a long, long time, if you was t' go so *very* far from home—with Jimmie.'

"Little Jinny laughed then, an' kissed Tom Hitch on the tip o' the nose. 'Jimmie,' says she, 'would bring me back.'

"'He mightn't be able,' says Plain Tom Hitch.

"'Then,' says she, '*you'd* find me.'

"'I'd try with all my might,' says he; 'but still I mightn't be able.'

"'Pooh!' says she.

"'There's no man,' says he, 'that's sure of the way—in the night.'

"'Pooh!' says she.

"'God knows I'd try!' says he. 'I'm wantin' t' live for that—if need comes.'

"'Pooh!' says she. 'But since you're frightened,' says she, 'I'll go but t' the trail. I'm sure,' says she, 'that *that's* not far from home.'

"'No,' says he; 'there's a trail near every home.'

"Jimmie whistled.

"'Hark!' says Jinny. 'That's Jimmie again—callin' me!'

"'It's Jimmie,' says Plain Tom Hitch, 'callin' you t' the Big River Trail.'

"'Father,' says Jinny, 'I'll go but t' the big stump at the edge o' the woods.'

"'Do, my dear!' says he. 'That's kind! An' the moon's showin' over the trees already. An' the little stars is out. So you'll not be all alone with Jimmie, after all. An' I'll be able t' see you from here, too. I'll like it,' says he, 't' sit here on the porch, in the dusk with ol' John Rowl, an' watch my little girl employed with courtin' at the edge o' the woods. Fly away!' says he. 'Little robin! Little robin! It's spring-time! Little robin, fly away!'

"Little Jinny fluttered off t' the edge o' the woods. The twitter of the Little Robin came back to us from the shadows through which she flew so joyously.

"It's a mean poor pastime for an old woodsman like me," Rowl went on, with a wry face, "t' sit here in God's clean sunlight an' tell of Raw Jack Flack o' Big Rapids. The very name tastes ill in the mouth of a man: faugh! my tongue itches. He was a big man, too, an' good t' look upon: well-kept, straight-backed, pink-an'-white, sober, genial in the open, clever as Satan. In them days he kep' a flashy saloon at Big Rapids, the county-seat—an' kep' more than that—for the use of the boys o' these woods. With a horde o' pink-eyed little runts, runners, pickpockets, an' tin-horn gamblers t' father business, he got rich; an' bein' rich, with a spider's lust for politics, he growed almighty powerful in the county, backed by the big fellers at the capital. I never could quite make out which was in the saddle hereabouts, the devil or Raw Jack Flack. Almighty God?—well, Almighty God had few acquaintances at Big Rapids those times, an' them not votin' Jack Flack's ticket. Police, judge, magistrates, mayor, juries, janitors, an' scavengers: Raw Jack Flack picked 'em, paid for 'em, an' possessed 'em; an' the only law that *was* law in this county was the wink an' nod of this same Jack Flack. He'd have no enemy alive in the county. Not him! 'Twas quit or git for *them.* Consequently, Raw Jack Flack had friends.

"I've no will t' talk about the late Jack Flack; but I will say, speakin' in a mild an' indulgent way o' the dead, that the devil was hard put to it t' keep up with Jack Flack's inventions.

"'Good Lord, Jack Flack!' says he; 'how'd you come t' think o' *that?*'

"'Think o' what?' says Jack Flack.

"'The dirty trick you just done. It never occurred t' *me.*'

"'That's nothin',' says Jack Flack. 'Watch me for a minute an' I'll show you what I *can* do.'

"'Whew!' says Old Nick; '*that's* a good one!'

"'That's nothin',' says Jack. 'I bet I could beat that if I tried.'

"'You make me ashamed o' myself,' says Ol' Nick. 'When you get down here t' look after things, Jack,' says he, 'I guess I better take a vacation an' study abroad.'"

Rowl laughed without mirth.

"Anyhow," he resumed, all at once growing grave, "Plain Tom Hitch jus' *would* hunt the saloons o' Thirty Drinks for good deeds t' do. There was no stoppin' him at all; he'd be there by night, when John Fairmeadow was away preachin', t' ease the boys in the snake-room, an' t' straighten 'em out on the floor, an' t' drag 'em where they wouldn't be kicked an' trampled on, an' t' send the sick t' the Sisters' Hospital at Big Rapids, jus' as John Fairmeadow done. An' one night at the Café of Egyptian De-lights, when

Raw Jack Flack was at Thirty Drinks with the sheriff o' the county—understand me?—one night Raw Jack Flack an' some o' the boys from the Bottle River Camps —the boys are a little bit rough when in liquor—one night Raw Jack Flack had 'em flatten out Tom Hitch on the bar, pry his teeth apart with a cold-chisel, an' pour liquor down his throat until poor Tom Hitch was able t' sit up an' help himself. Understand me, don't you? *They filled Tom Hitch up*—made him drunk against his will—Tom Hitch, who had fought for his soul these months gone by! Tom Hitch didn't thank the boys for it: Tom Hitch thanked Raw Jack Flack when he got up, an' said that he seen the fun o' the thing now, all right, an' that he felt a sight better than he had for a long time. After that it was Tom Hitch's own hand that tipped the bottle—Tom Hitch's hand that lifted the glass—Tom Hitch's lips that uttered the old abominations—Tom Hitch's heart that broke — Tom Hitch's soul that dropped back from the places o' light t' which it had attained. Raw Jack Flack an' the Sheriff o' Saw-log County done the laughin'.

"Four nights later poor Tom Hitch come a little to his senses in the snake-room of the Café of Egyptian Delights. Poor Tom Hitch! they'd throwed him there t' get him out o' the way, when he give signs o' the jumps. He wasn't sober yet; an' he stumbled all befuddled into the bar, where Raw Jack Flack was electioneerin'.

"The boys say he was cryin': Butcher Long o' the Cant-hook crew says, so help him God! that he seen tears as big as rain-drops streamin' from Plain Tom Hitch's eyes.

"Anyhow, Tom Hitch said:

"'Jack Flack, you robbed me!'

"'You lyin' hound!' says Flack.

"'What you want t' go an' rob me for?' says Tom Hitch. 'It didn't do *you* no good.'

"Flack caught him by the beard then, an' struck him in the face. 'Don't you say that about me, you pup!' says he.

"'Man,' poor Tom Hitch whimpered, 'you robbed me of all I ever had!'

"The boys crowded near t' see what Jack Flack would do. They say that fifty men—ay, a full fifty—heard him pass the threat. An' the sheriff o' Saw-log County was one; an', later, the sheriff remembered.

"'Get t' hell out o' this county!' says Flack. 'You *hear me!*'

"Tom Hitch begun t' cry. 'I got a nice little homestead here,' says he.

"Thank God, he didn't say that he'd a sweet little daughter, too!

"'It don't make no difference t' me what you got,' says Jack Flack. 'You'll be out o' my county in three days, you lyin'-mouthed dog, or I'll kill you on sight!'

"Nobody knowed whether he meant it or not. Not me: I wasn't there. But the sheriff o' Saw-log County was there—an' the sheriff heard what was said—an' the sheriff couldn't deny it when he come t' the point-blank question.

"It begun t' rain that night. It was rainin' then—the first big black drops o' that three days' gale. Plain Tom Hitch went home in the rain. A dark November night—black an' wet in the woods—with a storm o' cold wind comin' down from the nor'west. Jinny met him—took him by the hand at the cross-trails by Swamp's End—an' led him home by the hand like a child. Little Jinny o' the stanch an' tender heart, God bless her! An' God will: for God knows, well enough, her sorrows of that night—her waiting an' her fear.

"Three days later—in a sweep an' pour o' rain—a flooded, wind-blown world —I come t' Thirty Drinks from the Bottle River Camps. Lord! what a night! I mind it well: the wind—the rain—the black forest—the soggy trail from Thirty Drinks t' Plain Tom Hitch's little homestead in the woods.

"Tom Hitch wouldn't lift his face from his hands. 'Rowl,' he sobbed, in his hands, 'Raw Jack Flack went an' robbed me of my soul.'

"'No such nonsense!' says I.

"'He robbed me—he robbed me of my soul.'

"'No such nonsense!' says I. 'Raw Jack Flack ain't collectin' souls.'

"'I had something precious,' says Tom Hitch; 'an' Jack Flack took it away from me.'

"'Don't you be a blitherin' cry-baby no more,' says I.

"'It come t' me after fifty years o' sinful life,' says he. 'It was real—it was real—t' me.'

"'Ah, father,' says little Jinny, 'you're jus' as good as ever!'

"'Little Robin!' says Tom Hitch, lookin' up. 'The Lord's *always* been near t' you. You don't know what it means t' have Him turn His face away.'

"'No, no!' says Jinny. 'He'd never turn His face away—from you.'

"'He's no friend o' mine no more.'

"'Let Him do what He likes,' says Jinny, as she hugged Tom Hitch close to her heart. '*We* won't care. Father—father—you're just as dear as ever—t' *me!*'

"By an' by Tom Hitch stopped cryin' an' got up. He didn't say nothin' for a long time: he jus' walked up an' down—thinkin' almighty hard—with as gray an' harsh a cast o' face as ever I saw.

"It was gettin' late then.

"'Rowl,' says he, 'I guess I might as well go out t' town.'

"'Hark t' the rain!' says Jinny.

"There was a great noise o' wind an' rain in the world. 'I wouldn't,' says I; 'not t'-night.'

"'Little Robin,' says he, pattin' Jinny's head, 'I'll drink never a drop t'-night.'

"'I'm not afraid,' says she.

"'I got a little business in town, Rowl,' says he. 'You'll stay with Jinny, will you not?—'til I get back. It's jus' a little business that's heavy on my conscience; an' I guess I might jus' as well go out an' *do* it. It won't take long, an' it won't be hard; an' after I get it done I'll be easier in my mind.'

"By this time he had on his mackinaw an' cap an' big boots. He turned at the door; an' for a little bit he stood scratchin' his beard—thinkin' almighty hard.

"'Have you forgot something?' says Jinny.

"Tom Hitch looked at the gun on the wall. 'Oh no, I guess not,' says he. He let his eyes fall from the gun; an' he sighed twice. 'No, Little Robin,' says he. 'I guess I ain't forgot nothin'.' He stared at his hands then—turned 'em back an' pa'm, an' worked the fingers, an' looked at 'em for a long time. 'I guess,' says he, 'I got everything I need.'

"'Good luck, father!' says Jinny, when she'd kissed him.

"'Little Robin!' says he.

"Jus' before Plain Tom Hitch got back from the little business in town, John Fairmeadow come in from the Lost Chance Camps on Ragged Stream, where the news of Tom Hitch had gone. It's a matter of thirty mile from the Lost Chance Camps t' Thirty Drinks: John Fairmeadow had come it that day, God knows how! by the short cut through Cedar Long Swamp. A bad day for a man t' be abroad in the swamps: a worse night t' foot the trail from Dead Man's Ferry. There was now a rush of rain against the window-panes; there was now the patter of hail on the roof. And the big wind from the nor'west was threshing the forest an' cryin' at the door. I caught ear, once, of a rumble of thunder. I was troubled by it—a growl an' bark of unseasonable thunder. John Fairmeadow was wet t' the skin: he bled from the wounds o' the muskegs; he was splashed t' the eyes with the black mud an' dead leaves o' the last trail.

"Plain Tom Hitch broke in—weak an' white an' drippin'—with Raw Jack Flack's pistol in his hand. John Fairmeadow jumped from his chair, little Jinny cried out, a draught o' wet wind flared the lamps, the door was slammed; an' there all of a sudden stood Plain Tom Hitch, blinkin' in the light, an' lurched back against the door, a hand on the bolt.

"'Well,' says he, 'I done it!'

"No need t' tell what he'd done: 'twas writ plain enough upon him.

"'I killed him,' says he, gone hoarse an' breathless. 'I killed him with his own gun.'

"'Who seen you?' says I.

"'He was alone in the street,' says he. 'I waited; an' I slew him—there. I—I—*had* t' kill him.'

"'God forgive you!' says John Fairmeadow.

"Little Jinny ran straight t' Tom Hitch; an' she put her arms around his neck, an' she cried an' cried on his breast.

"'Sheriff's comin',' says Tom Hitch. 'They seen me—run away from—what I done.'

"'You better take t' the woods, Tom,' says I. 'Quick, man! I'll go with you.'

"Jinny hugged him closer.

"'No,' says he; 'none o' that for me, Rowl. I killed him. I slew him in the

street. I meant t' kill him. I wanted t' kill him; an'—I want t' pay.'

"'Take t' the woods,' says I; 'they won't give you a show if they get you.'

"'I don't want no show,' says he. 'I want t' pay.'

"'With you out o' the way, Tom Hitch,' says I, ''twill be easy pickin' for Jimmie the Gentleman.'

"Jinny pulled him down an' kissed him.

"'I guess I better dive, Rowl,' says he, after a bit, 'jus' as long as I can. I'll go.'

"Jinny kep' on kissin' his cheek.

"'Little Robin!' says Tom Hitch. 'Poor Little Robin!'

"'Give me that gun,' says John Fairmeadow. 'There's no clean justice here. My law's as good as theirs. I'll pass judgment in this case. Give me that gun. . . . One chamber empty. Good. The new circumstances call for two shots. The thing will adjust itself. . . . Are there lanterns coming up the trail? Not yet? Thank God, there's time! . . . A wet night. The trail's flooded. There'd be no trace of blood in that event. God Almighty's in this thing. No man could swear to a shot on a night like this. The gun? It can be found in the mud to-morrow. Rowl must attend to that. . . . Are there lanterns on the trail? Not yet? . . . Blood on the door-sill. Blood-drips on the floor. These will occur without arrangement. . . . Jinny, child—bandages an' water! And keep away from the door. . . . Are there lights on the trail? Not yet? God Almighty's surely in this thing. . . . And he *said* he'd kill him on sight. They heard him. Fifty men heard him. . . . The wind's in the northwest. Good! That brings the lee to the back of the cabin. The lamp will serve. It won't flicker. Jinny, child, keep away from the door. Rowl, you'll have to hold the lamp. . . . Stand up, Tom Hitch. Follow me.'

"We took Tom Hitch outside.

"'I can make a clean job of it at three paces, I suppose,' says John Fairmeadow. 'That's not too near for safety.'

"I held the lamp high.

"'What you goin' t' do?' says Tom Hitch.

"Fairmeadow paced off three paces.

"'What you goin' t' do with me?' says Tom Hitch.

"'Stand back against the cabin,' says Fairmeadow. 'There. Throw off your coat. That 'll do. Straighten up now. Let your arms fall. So. Don't move. Steady with that lamp, Rowl.'

"I steadied the lamp.

"'What you goin' t' *do*?' Tom Hitch whimpered.

"'Stand still, ye fool!'

"'For God's sake, Jack, don't shoot!'

"'John,' says I, 'what fool's-work is this?'

"Fairmeadow lowered Jack Flack's gun. 'Rowl,' says he, 'there's only one way to save this man. Just one. Rowl—just one. And he'll hang if we're not quick about it. There's only one way, I tell you; and that's by manufacturing evidence of self-defence. The only way to manufacture evidence of self-defence is by hurting Tom Hitch. I don't propose to stand by and see this man hanged. Consequently I propose to hurt him. A gun? It's a risk. But the thing has to be done with a gun. . . . You know those men back there. Will they give Tom Hitch a show? Not they! Take to the woods? Nonsense! He'd never get out alive. But there isn't a jury in this county would convict the devil himself of murder in a fair fight. . . . I know what I'm doing. This is no new business for me. I've—I've—handled these things before.'

"'Tom,' says I, 'stand back against the cabin.'

"Tom Hitch braced himself and looked John Fairmeadow in the eye.

"'Draw your shirt tight, Tom,' says Fairmeadow. 'I want the outline of your right shoulder.'

"I held the lamp close.

"'Ready,' says Tom Hitch.

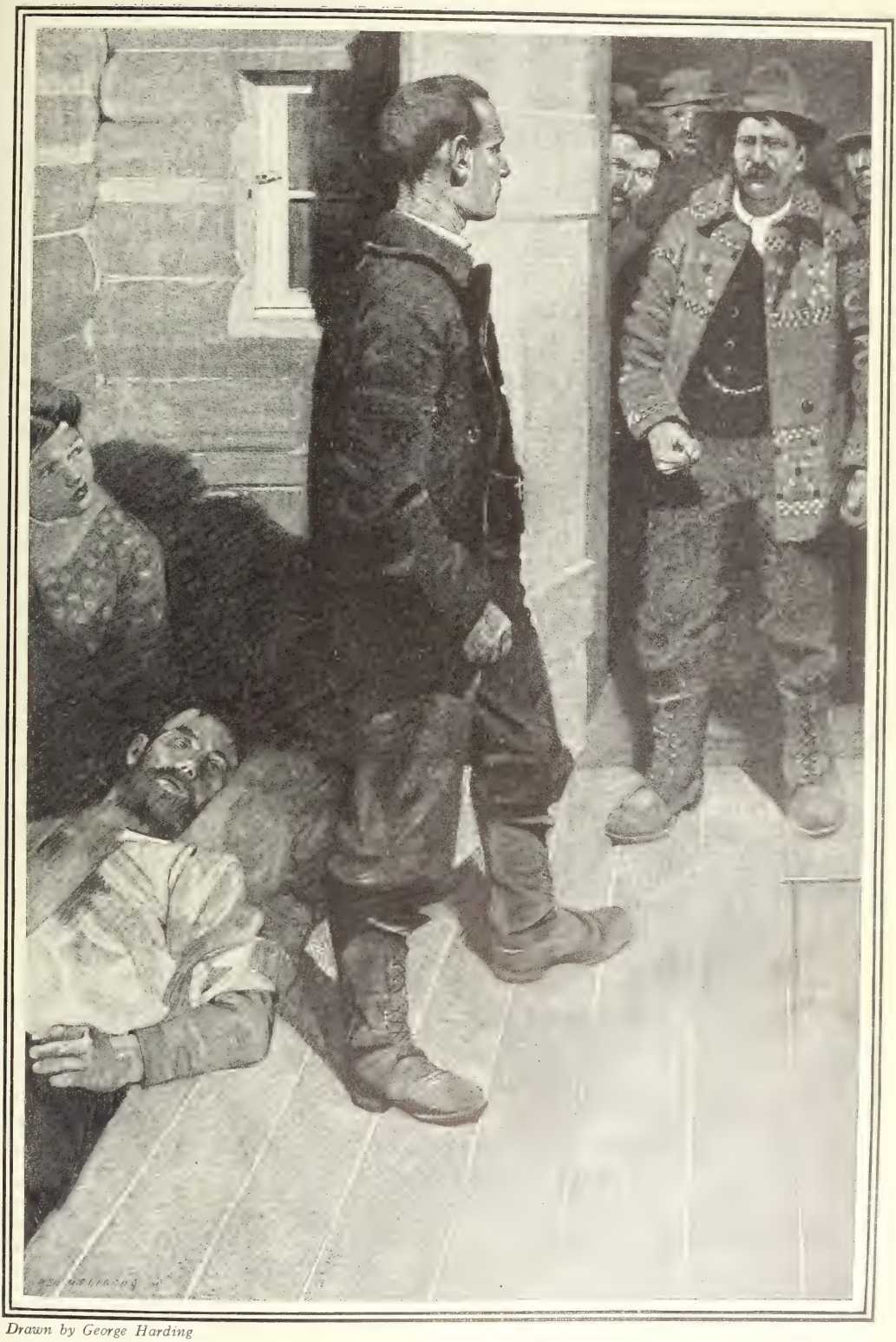
"Fairmeadow hit him in the right shoulder—a clean puncture above the lung, as it turned out when we got the doctor from Big Rapids—an' Plain Tom Hitch crumpled up without a sound.

"'Quick with him!' says I. 'There's lanterns on the trail!'

"Fairmeadow was fumblin' under Tom Hitch's shirt. 'Just a minute, Rowl,' says he. 'Thank God! I got him clean!'

"'God's sake, man!' says I. I put the lamp in the cabin. 'Make haste; they're comin' up the hill.'

"He jumped up. 'There's enough evi-



Drawn by George Harding

"'I WANT TOM HITCH,' SAYS THE SHERIFF"

dence of self-defence in that wound,' says he, 'to persuade any jury they can pick.'

"'Take him by the legs,' says I. 'Make haste.'

"'All right, Rowl,' says he; 'no hurry.'

"We had Tom Hitch laid out an' stripped t' the waist—an' the hole stopped up—before the sheriff o' Saw-log County hammered on the door.

"Fairmeadow faced him.

"'Well,' says the sheriff, 'I want Tom Hitch.'

"'Keep that crowd out,' says John Fairmeadow.

"The sheriff shut the door on the boys. 'Now,' says he, 'where's my man?'

"'Not so loud!' says Fairmeadow.

"'Be damned t' you, parson!' says the sheriff. 'This ain't no Sunday-school picnic. I want the man that killed Jack Flack.'

"'He's hurt.'

"The sheriff looked at the blood on Tom Hitch's breast. He tiptoed close. 'Who done that?' says he.

"'The man who dealt that wound,' says John Fairmeadow, 'will answer for the act in due time to Almighty God.'

"'The man's dead who dealt it,' says the sheriff.

"John Fairmeadow answered nothin'.

"'Good night,' says the sheriff. 'You'll remember that Tom Hitch is my man.'

"We turned in once more," John Rowl concluded, "t' patch up Plain Tom Hitch."

"Did they convict Tom Hitch?" I asked.

"No," Rowl drawled; "they didn't convict him. They wanted to; but you see," he added, "the evidence o' self-defence was almighty plain an' convincin'."

"And Tom Hitch?" said I.

"It wouldn't be too much t' say," he replied, "that Almighty God blesses these woods daily by means of His friend Tom Hitch."

"And the Little Robin?"

"Gentleman Jimmie didn't get *her*, thank God!" Rowl burst out. "Not with Plain Tom Hitch on the job!"

The Shining Path

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I CROSSED the orchard, walking home,
The rising moon was at my back,
The apples and the moonlight fell
Together on the gleaming track.

Then, speeding through the evening dews,
A dozen lighted windows glide—
The east-bound flyer for New York,
Soft as a magic-lantern slide.

New York! On through the sleeping flowers,
Through echoing midnight on to noon:
How strange that yonder is New York,
And here such silence and the moon!

Some Difficulties in Bible Translation

BY ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN, Ph.D.

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THE transference of thought from one age to another, or from one people to another, is the master achievement of mankind. How difficult such a task really is may be seen from a glance into some of the hundreds of translations of the Bible, whole or in part, into the languages of savage and barbarous tribes in all quarters of the earth, and lesser works of an allied nature, such as the versions in primitive tongues of hymns and other religious literature. These translations, of course, range from the crudest efforts, for the revision of which time and occasion seem never to have offered, to productions exhibiting not only wide ranging and intimate knowledge of the two languages in question, but likewise creative genius in the substitution of one idiom for another, and the rare gift of sprinkling the desert of literalness with the refreshing oases of interpretative transference that is at once both consummate and felicitous. Though all too often the Italian proverb is justified, and "the translator is a traitor," there are a few, "among the faithless, faithful," who have attained high distinction in this most difficult of all human arts.

Some of the difficulties in Bible translation are of a curious nature, being concerned solely with the form of the proper names of individuals, places, etc., occurring in the Old and the New Testament. In translating the New Testament into the Nama or Hottentot language of South Africa, the very name of Jesus creates a difficulty from which no escape is possible save by strict conformity with the grammatical and morphological peculiarities of this somewhat primitive form of human speech. The device, so commonly resorted to by Biblical translators, of simply transplanting the Latin *Jesus* and *Christus* (or Greek *Christos*) will not avail here. For in the Hottentot tongue *-s* is a suffix indicating the "female," and *Jesus*, or *Christus*, would really signify that the principal figure in the New Testament story was a "woman," a view that would certainly antagonize completely modern Christian theological doctrine. The Hottentot suffix which indicates the "male" is *-b*, and, therefore, *Jesub* and *Christub* are the forms which these names must take in order to be thoroughly exact and grammatical. And in line with *Christub* and *Jesub* must also be *Paulub*, *Moseb*, *Amob*, *Judab*, *Thomab*, *Zaccheub*, and many other Biblical names. Only *Ahab*, *Job*, *Beelzebub*, *Jacob*, *Moab*, and a few others would pass muster in the form best known to us. And *Rahab*, at whose house the spies of Joshua lodged, would find her name changed into *Rahas*, while the more famous *Sennacherib* could retain his with impunity.

In some languages of primitive peoples in all quarters of the globe there exist words that are peculiar to the speech of women and are used by them alone. The version of the Lord's Prayer in the language of the Kootenay Indians of southeastern British Columbia and northern Idaho, made by the celebrated missionary, Father De Smet, in the first half of the nineteenth century, begins thus, *Katitonatla naeta*, translating, "Our Father in Heaven." But only a man or a boy among these Indians could rightly and grammatically pray with those words. *Katitonatla* signifies "Our Father," but only when a male human being is speaking, and no woman or girl could properly use the term at all. For them, the right and only grammatically correct phraseology would be *Kasonatla*, literally "Father of us (a female speaking)." This because the Kootenay language does not possess a term of such wide and general significance as "Father of us all (a man or a woman speaking)," but simply two less inclusive words for "father," viz., *tito*,

used by men, and *so,* used by women only. Thus, from inspection of the first word of the Pater Noster in the Kootenay tongue, it is possible to discover whether the version was made with the assistance of a man or a woman. And no woman with a perfect linguistic sense could recite the Lord's Prayer in the form given by Father De Smet, but must modify the initial wording to suit the genius of the language.

In many languages, particularly certain tongues of the African negroes, there are many words tabooed to women, because they are identical with, resemble in whole or in part, or even suggest, the name of a man related to them by marriage, father-in-law, brother-in-law, grandfather, sometimes even husband and brother, and they must, therefore, coin new expressions on the spot, or resuscitate forgotten ones—a fact which gives rise to a "woman's dialect" of a certain sort in the course of a few generations, with the aid of other differentiating factors. And there are corresponding taboos for the man regarding his female relatives, especially the mother-in-law. In some cases, where conversation is not directly tabooed, the circumlocution permitted is quite out of the ordinary run of language. Some customs would seriously interfere with the exact translation of some passages in the Bible narrative, where conversations involving such relatives occur. Among the Zulus, *e. g.,* the system of *ukuhlonipa,* as it is termed, goes so far in compelling a daughter-in-law to cut off intercourse with her father-in-law and all her husband's male relations in the ascending line, that "she is not allowed to pronounce their names even mentally." This gives rise to "an almost distinct language among the women." In the Kele, a language of South Africa, the parable of the Lost Sheep (Matt. xviii:12; Luke xv: 3-7) could not at one time be given a version to be used by men and women alike, because of a taboo interfering with the native equivalent of "ninety-nine." It was noticed that the girls never took part in the singing of the hymn "There Were Ninety-and-Nine," and one day a mere child paddled a long way on the river to ask the missionary if he might not change the translation so that the hymn could be enjoyed by one sex as well as by the other. It turned out that the Kele numeral for "ninety-nine," as rendered by the translator, contained, as one of its elements, a sound very closely resembling a word the use of which was, for the time being, prohibited to women. When a change was made, everything went well. One far from complete list of words for which there must be an alternative set in the Kele tongue enumerates some thirty, including such common terms as *oil, meat, leaf, man, water, fire, ear, eyes, fish, path, market, tongue, breast,* etc. The extent of this *ukuhlonipaing* has been, in all probability, exaggerated by some of the earlier writers upon the languages of South Africa, but it exists in certain places to a sufficient extent to be quite a disturbing factor in the initial stages of race contact and thought transference, especially where matters of a religious nature are involved.

In some languages the differences between the speech of men and that of women are so marked that a "women's edition" of the Bible or of any other important literary composition might be justified. The old Carib language of the Antilles may well have been one of these, since nearly twenty per cent. of the vocabulary is said to have been different with the sexes, while there existed also a double series of pronominal suffixes and a twofold conjunctive verb, with some other duplicate morphological and syntactic peculiarities.

To return to the question of the translation of the Pater Noster. With some languages it is not the matter of sex that creates the difficulty, but the meaning of the term *our;* in using it, am I referring to "I he," or to "I you," or has the term some wider extension of meaning, as with us in "Our Father"? Often this broader meaning has to be skilfully inculcated by the missionary, as has, perhaps, happened in the case of the Blackfoot *Kinon,* which renders now the "Our Father" of the Lord's Prayer in that Algonkian dialect.

To the ordinary individual of our own race it appears astonishing that the translation into any other language of the commandment, "Honor *thy father and thy mother,* that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," should occasion any trouble. But the experience of a teacher among the

Iroquois of New York indicates how hard it is to make a statement universally applicable in such matters. While the children of European ancestry repeated the commandment as it stands written in our version of the Bible, the Indian children persisted in saying, "Honor *thy mother and thy father*," etc. Their sociological etiquette and linguistic sense of propriety caused them to speak as naturally of the *mother* first as we do of the *father;* and to them our wording of the commandment seems as impolite as would be to us the language of an orator who should begin his address to a mixed audience with "Gentlemen and ladies," instead of the formal phrasing customary among us. With certain of the Iroquoian tribes, women were the first mentioned by reason of their high status in society; they were really the "mothers" of the people, and language had to recognize this priority, as in the case under discussion. This was a peculiarity of the Iroquois, however, and by no means common among American Indians of other stocks, into the languages of most of which the commandment might be translated without this difficulty being raised. The environment, historical experience, and round of daily life and activities of many primitive peoples are such that certain passages in the Old and New Testaments, if translated at all literally, would largely or completely fail of effect. Thus, to the Lissoos of the Upper Salwen valley in Burmah, the austerity or asceticism of John the Baptist would in no wise be suggested by the statement (Matt. iii: 4) that "his meat was locusts and *wild honey*," for with them "wild honey" is the staple and every-day food. In like manner, the Lushais of the Bengal-Burmah hills would not be appealed to, as were the ancient Israelites, by the covenant of the rainbow, as described in the Book of Genesis (ix: 11-17), since they, as Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear tells us, say that "the rainbow is the lip of God as He drinks, being parched with thirst." On the other hand, however, the concept of the way of life eternal as expressed by Jesus, "narrow is the way which leadeth unto life" (Matt. vii: 14), would come quite naturally to them, because, "in the Lushai hills, there are, or were till a few years ago, only foot-paths, so that from long walking on such narrow ways the habit of walking in single file has so taken possession of the people that it is difficult to get them to walk in any other formation."

Among not a few peoples the episodes of Jacob at the well with Rachel (Gen. xxix: 10) and of Jesus with the woman of Samaria (John iv: 6-28) would be impossible, on account of the taboos of social etiquette, forbidding such intercourse of men and women. And so, too, with respect to many other actions in the Bible performed by women toward men, and *vice versa;* they could not be regarded by some savage and barbarous peoples as proper or becoming, and they would, therefore, injure the dignity of the general argument of which they form a part.

In a recent legend of one of the Indian tribes of Canada, based in part upon the story of the Fall of Man as given in our Bible, Adam is represented as giving the apple to Eve, because, in the opinion of these aborigines, for a woman to have been guilty of such a world-changing and momentous act would have been an insult to the dignity of the male half of the race. Deeds of evil consequence, if they are great, must not be attributed to women. This is especially true where the question is one of dealings with the supernatural powers, defiance of them, etc.

The abundant evidences of the experiences of pastoral life in the Bible make it no easy task to translate certain passages with any sort of exactness into the language of a people who have never been in what is called "the pastoral stage." This is particularly true of the many phrases and figures of speech derived from the contemplation of the shepherd and his flock. The Bible, or some parts of it, certain more or less primitive peoples now possess, who never had any conception of the *sheep* as a domestic animal, and to whom all the tender association of the child and the lamb could have no significance whatsoever. When the famous John Eliot made his version of the Bible in the language of the Algonkian Indians of Massachusetts, he fell back on the common device of transplanting the English words, and so his pages are spotted with "*sheep*sog" (sheep, plural) and "*lamb*sog" (lambs, plural), like

"*horses*og" (horses), etc. Others, less than he, have done the same thing. By the time translations of the Bible or its parts were made for some of the other Algonkian dialects, the natives had become more or less acquainted with the domestic sheep of the whites, but no unitary concept of its nature and social significance prevailed among them. Thus, the Ojibwa term for sheep is *manishtanish—i. e.,* "the animal whose hide is not durable," and "lamb" is simply *manishtanishens,* or "little sheep"; in Lenâpé, the sheep is *memekis,* "the bleater"; the Micmac word for "lamb" is *chechkelooaoocheech,* a diminutive of the term for "sheep." In none of these cases has time enough elapsed or the experience of the people been sufficient to give rise to the associations that would make such expressions as "the Lamb of God," "the Good Shepherd," and all they mean to us, or all they meant to the people of Palestine, commonplaces of folk-thought and folk-imagery, a result which would long be delayed also by the fact that the Indian terms in question are still understood in their etymological suggestiveness. Hence the mistaken literalness of the Ojibwa version of the New Testament, published about 1875 by the American Bible Society, in rendering the phrase "the Lamb of God" by *Kishemanito Omanishtanishens—i. e.,* "God His Lamb"—is not to be commended, although Rand in his Micmac version of the Gospel of John (1871) does exactly the same thing. The missionaries among the Lenâpé or Delawares, whose work is represented by the *Lenâpé-English Dictionary* published by Brinton and Anthony in 1889, do not seem to have fallen into this error, for by them the phrase "the Lamb of God" is translated *Tekauwontowit,* which really signifies "the patient, meek, mild God."

Some of the missionaries who have endeavored to preach the gospel to the Eskimo, however, have shown real genius in translation. How difficult it was to achieve any such results by literal translation in many languages has already been noted. To the Semites, and to the Aryans who have adopted their religion from them, "the Lamb of God" was a natural figure of speech. But change the scene to the arctic wastes of Greenland and Labrador, and what significance could a *lamb* have to the uncivilized Eskimo? The good Moravian Brethren were at a loss what to do. But at last one of them, undaunted by theories of literal and verbal inspiration, proposed to substitute for "the Lamb of God," in the Eskimo version of the New Testament, the phrase "the Little Seal of God," and all went well. Every one of the missionaries knew what love the Eskimo children bore to the delightful little creature, with such beautiful eyes and such soft fur. It was their pet, even as the lamb was to the children in far-off Europe and Asia. By this stroke of genius, for such we must term it, the converts entered by the children's road—the only real road—into some understanding of the beauties of the new faith thrust upon them.

Such happy turning of a difficult idiom does not, apparently, characterize all the works of these missionaries. One might have expected a correspondingly illuminating translation of the phrases, "as sheep in the midst of wolves" and "as lambs among wolves," but, in the Labrador version already cited, the first passage is rendered *sauketut tillivapse amerkut,* a mere literal translation, and the second by exactly the same words, no effort at all being made to find a figure of speech of equivalent value from the Eskimo environment itself.

In translating passages relating to shepherds, particularly such as the story of the birth of Jesus, the missionaries to the Eskimo met with difficulties. The Bible had grown up under the inspiration of the hillsides of Palestine. There shepherds became kings, and flocks and herds furnished some of the most beautiful of its figures of speech, which were extremely effective in their appeal to shepherds and their children. But what shepherd was there in the Eskimo country? In this case, too, genius failed to come to the aid of the missionaries.

In the Kacongo dialect of the Fjort language in West Africa there is no word to express our "shepherd," the nearest approach to a translation in that tongue being *i lungo mbizi*—"he who keeps animals"; but this is not at all satisfactory, since *mbizi* really means "wild animals." It therefore happened, Mr. Bennett informs us, that "a native missionary, or

priest, in preaching in native-mouth to the children at the mission here in Loango, talked of the 'shepherds' who came to visit the Christ-child and His Mother as the *galigneru,* from the Portuguese *gallinheiro,* 'one who looks after the fowls.'" And missionaries in some other regions of the globe have gone farther and fared worse in this respect.

And if there is difficulty in translating such a term as "shepherd" into the languages of the uncivilized races, one may imagine what will happen in the attempt to transfer from English into some American Indian or primitive African tongues ideas such as "God," "heaven," "hell," "Holy Ghost," "cherubim," etc. —indeed, a special monograph is necessary for the consideration of the terms for "God" alone, which are to be found in Bible translations. So, too, with the words for "virgin" and "virginity," the use of which, in reference to an adult woman especially, is something very difficult to make clear to the minds of certain peoples. In one translation of the Gospels into the language of the Fjort the word *virgin* is rendered by *ndumba,* which, as a matter of fact, signifies absolutely the opposite of the English word in question. And there are even worse pitfalls than this for the careless or the unwary translator.

Dogmatic disputes, such as have sometimes rent the Christian Church in twain, must be decided one way or the other before an accurate translation of certain parts of the Bible or of certain passages in the confessions and the creeds can be made. Professor Max Mueller, who befriended at Oxford the young Mohawk, Oronhiatekha, was surprised to learn from him that, in the Indian language which was his mother-tongue, one had to say, not "I believe in God the Father, I believe in God the Son, and I believe in God the Holy Ghost," but, "I believe in God, *our* Father; I believe in God, *his* Son; and I believe in God, *his* (or *their*) Holy Ghost." As the great English philologist remarks, upon this discovery, "language would force a Mohawk to declare himself for the single or double procession, a question which most of us may have to be settled by professional theologians." Before a Mohawk could make his profession of faith grammatically he must decide between "*his* Holy Ghost" and "*their* Holy Ghost"—a Gordian knot of theology must be cut by the sword. It is quite evident that some of the questions concerning the Trinity could never have arisen on the basis of a Mohawk translation of the New Testament, for the necessity of their settlement before the translation could be made at all is self-evident. Nor in many American Indian languages could the *homoousian-homoiousian* controversy have so easily found fat food whereon to thrive. Exactness and definiteness of speech would have cut short also many another theological dispute. It has, doubtless, more than once happened that the aboriginal helper or interpreter of the Biblical translator has settled the matter unconsciously according to the genius of his mother-tongue, without the representative of the "higher civilization" at all knowing what was really going on, until a more intimate acquaintance with the native speech has later on revealed it to him. And then his orthodox sense has sometimes been quite rudely shocked. With the Latins *amor Dei,* and with us "the love of God," with their ambiguity of meaning, were not banned, although the context not infrequently fails to determine which of their two significations is to be insisted upon. But the very precision of certain languages of uncivilized peoples effectively prevents such indefiniteness of speech. In many American Indian tongues the two ideas involved, viz., "our love toward God" and "God's love toward us," could not possibly be confused, for they "are so clearly distinguished that, as Father Carochi (1645) warns the readers of his *Mexican Grammar,* to confound them would not merely be a grievous solecism in speech, but a formidable heresy as well." A hundred other ambiguities of modern European languages would also vanish in the primitive dress of the thoughts which they were intended to convey.

While we are discussing such an expression as "the love of God," it may be well to dispose of the absurd statement, to be found every now and then in the newspapers, and sometimes even in approved psychologies, to the effect that the American Indian languages do not possess a word for "love," and that conse-

quently such phrases and sentences as "God is love," "passing the love of woman," "the love without fear," "greater love hath no man," could never be translated into any one of them. This is, of course, untrue, for some of the aboriginal tongues of the New World are linguistically and psychologically capable of giving expression to these ideas quite as accurately as do many languages of the civilized nations of the Old World; and in the Quichua of Peru, the missionaries found, or introduced, quite in harmony with the genius of the language, *runaccuyay,* a term which renders effectively "the love of mankind." In the languages of the Algonkian stock, there is considerable variety in the way in which the idea of "love" may be expressed, yet even a student of the Indian like Schoolcraft was responsible for the utterly false opinion that Eliot found in the language of the Algonkian Indians of Massachusetts no word for "to love," and took, therefore, the English word *woman,* adding to it the proper native prefixes, suffixes, etc. But the word for "love" in the Massachusetts tongue, *womonaonk,* which occurs frequently in Eliot's translation, is a regularly formed derivative from a root *wom.* Schoolcraft simply looked at *womantam* (he loves) and *noowomantam* (I love) in the pages of Eliot, and rushed to the conclusion that the translator had Indianized our familiar word *woman.* Had this been so, Roger Williams must have duplicated the operation for the Narragansett Indians, another Algonkian people, in whose language derivatives from the same root *wum, wom,* or *waum,* are to be found. Some one, equally blundering, is responsible for the statement that in rendering the sentence (Judges v: 28), "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice," Eliot had mistranslated "lattice" by "eel-pot." As eel-pots were made of latticework, such a translation might not have been so bad, after all, but the fact is that Eliot, as he often did in other cases, got out of the difficulty here by introducing the English word *lattice,* as any one can see by turning up the proper reference in the famous Indian Bible, where the reading is *papaspe latticeut*—"through the lattice." Indeed, an interesting article might be written on "ghost-words" in Eliot, or the linguistic mythology of the Indian Bible, so numerous are the things "not so" attributed to the great Puritan missionary and translator.



The Way of Diane

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

IN August there was no place in Freyr so cool as the terrace of the Hôtel d'Italie et d'Angleterre. Only when the breeze lifted the leaves of its closely woven roof of vines could a few flecks of sunshine find their way to the gravel below. At the dinner hour the tables in the arbors next the railing along the river wall were always in demand, for there one could see the lights on the bridge dancing in the water-mirror and the fainter reflections from the windows of the château in the background. Even at midday, when the morning breeze had died away and the river had settled into sleep, one often had to wait for some old habitué lingering persistently over his coffee and cognac. Something in the lapping of the little waves against the foot of the wall and the shimmer under the willows that fringed the meadows rendered the busiest indifferent to the flight of time.

Under such circumstances it was no wonder that M. Achille, the proprietor, pictured to himself with satisfaction the deserted tables of the Café de la Régence in the hot, dusty square. In winter, however, the Hôtel d'Italie et d'Angleterre retreated into itself like a snail, and the Café de la Régence had its revenge.

On this particular morning the garden was almost deserted. In one of the arbors an officer and his wife were finishing their early breakfast. Beyond, quite hidden by the screen of leaves, a priest was sitting, sipping a glass of sugared water. It was the hour when M. Achille made his rounds, inspecting the arrangement of the tables, moving here a napkin, there a menu, on the white cloths, making sure, like a good general, that all was ready for the assault of noon.

Only in this quiet morning hour did the Abbé d'Arlot permit himself the luxury of the terrace at the price of his glass of sugared water. From his own little garden, enclosed as it was by high walls, he loved to escape from time to time to sit beside this river flowing out from the stillness of Freyr to great cities and the sea. Perhaps in some measure it symbolized for him the life of the race, or even his own. For time was when it ran joyous and free, forcing its way through the hill barriers as in olden days the northern hordes had forced their way through its valley to southern lands. Tamed now, it ran, obedient, between the stone quays of the sleepy town, by the prim rows of clipped willows as little free to bud at will as the river to change its course. Only in the eddies under the black rock of the château was there any sign of revolt or discontent. If these existed in the Abbé's heart, they were not visible on his placid face as he sat this August morning, forgetting in the call of the river the open book on his knee. Now and then a voice from the adjoining arbor roused him from his reverie, and he lifted his head, listening for a moment, as if recalling vaguely something once familiar.

"He is abominable, your Minister!" The clear, insistent voice seemed to quicken his memory, for a bright smile illuminated his thin face. Then, lest he should become an unwilling listener, he changed his seat.

Crumbling M. Achille's bread to the minnows at the foot of the wall, her face reflected in the water, her shoes projecting through the railing, the author of this explosion had clearly reached the limit of self-restraint. From time to time she threw a crust at the minnows with an energy which scattered them in a flurry of fear. She had come with her husband to spend his month's leave of absence in the quiet of Freyr, and he had just received a telegram from the War Office summoning him to Paris. What for? Were they going to send him away again? Such a procedure, after three years of separation, filled her with indignation. Would they never allow her little girl to become acquainted with

her father? And in an hour he would be gone!

"Abominable!" she repeated, "and unjust."

At this reiterated denunciation her companion, who, having finished the feuilleton of the *Echo de Paris,* was endeavoring to extract a last crumb of interest from the advertisements, laid down his paper.

"Be a little reasonable, Diane. How can you say a thing is unjust of which you know nothing?" The blue eyes, following the retreating minnows, smiled. Raoul was so logical! "After I have seen the Minister we shall know, and I will telegraph you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, to-morrow! I am tired of to-morrow. Three years of it is quite enough. I want to-day."

"Well, we shall have had half of it at all events," said the Captain, who was apt to be literal as well as logical.

"And I want to-day to-morrow too. Please tell *that* to your Minister."

At that instant a young girl, her face framed in a long veil, appeared in the terrace doorway. Something in her carriage and gray eyes suggested qualities and privileges which M. Achille had hitherto associated only with the married state. It was, however, to her and not to the elderly persons accompanying her that he was rendering the things that are Cæsar's.

"Would Mademoiselle sit here, by the fish-pond, or here, behind the box trees?"

As the gray eyes wandered from table to table they met the blue ones at the railing.

"Take this one, I beg of you," said Diane, rising and gathering up her gloves. "From here one can see the river—we have finished."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite, I assure you. Raoul, you are forgetting your paper."

"Diane," said her husband, as they passed out between the box trees, "what possessed you to speak to those people! The English do not like to be addressed in that way."

"English! She is American."

"You think so?"

"I do not think, I know—by ten thousand signs I know. First, no Englishwoman can tie a veil like that. Second, she did not wear an assortment of bracelets—nor furs, though it is August. Third, she spoke French without an accent. Fourth, she paid us the compliment of acknowledging that we were human beings. Fifth—shall I go on?"

"Diane, you are incorrigible. Nothing escapes you, even that which does not exist."

She laughed—her laugh of pure pleasure—and took his hand. "Come, we have barely an hour left." And they went up the stairs hand in hand.

An hour later, when Diane returned to wave a good-by to her husband as he crossed the bridge in the yellow omnibus, except for the Abbé and a solitary waiter laying the covers on the table just abandoned, the terrace was deserted.

"You will reserve this table for me," she said. "I shall be alone."

"Yes, Madame."

The yellow omnibus was returning now, and a white trail of smoke marked the vanishing train.

"Does any one live in the château?"

"Oh yes, Madame, the Countess Anne."

"Who?"

"The Countess Anne, Madame."

"Yes, but—she has a name, I suppose."

"I will ask, Madame."

What an ignoramus! she thought.

Presently came M. Achille.

"What does Madame desire?" he asked.

"Really it was not worth the trouble. I asked who lives in the château."

"The Countess Anne, Madame."

"Yes, I know. But afterward? Not Anne Boleyn, for example, nor Anne of Austria."

M. Achille was visibly perplexed. Every one in Freyr had always said "the Countess Anne."

"Madame is quite right," he stammered, rubbing his hands together, "only —I had not thought of it. You see, being always accustomed—"

"She has lived here long?" interrupted Diane.

"Oh, many years, Madame."

"And you mean to say— How extraordinary!"

"Perhaps Monsieur Baudoche, the notary, or the Abbé d'Arlot"—turning to the priest. "I will ask him."

"Oh, by no means. I am not so curious as that," said Diane, quickly, becoming aware of her neighbor.

At the mention of his name the Abbé had risen. He looked for a moment inquiringly into the blue eyes, then his face brightened, and he came forward with extended hands.

The next evening Captain de Wimpffen, dining at the Cercle Militaire, received the following letter:

"Imagine whom I have found here! An old friend, the Abbé d'Arlot, who knew me when a little girl in the Convent of the Rue Maure—before you did! He has interceded for me with the Countess Anne, who lives in the château we saw on the big rock. Who is the Countess Anne? I do not know. When I asked the Abbé he replied, 'She was a Motte-Salignac.' What a singular answer! Never mind. The essential is that she has invited a poor widow and fatherless child to visit her till you return, and that she is charming. As I write, your telegram arrives: 'A mere matter of routine. Will be back in a week.' Mere! and how nonchalantly you erase a week from our calendar! Nevertheless, give my compliments to your Minister. He also is charming. Your—Oh, how carelessly we write that word! therefore I repeat it—do you hear?—

Your Diane."

And two days later:

"I am happy. Mind, I say happy—not absolutely happy. It seems the Countess is an old friend of General Texier, and that she often heard him speak of my father. She inspires me with the feeling that I have known her for years. The Abbé dines here once a week, but in my honor is now permitted to come every night. Last evening there was also a Doctor Leroux. I like him. He speaks his mind bluntly. The Abbé told me an amusing story about him; that a traveller, taken suddenly ill here, telegraphed to Paris for some celebrity, and received the reply: What do you want of me, since you have Leroux! Yet he is content to remain here—one, at least, whom that monster, Paris, cannot devour! Little Diane plays all day in the garden and adores the gardener, who is a murderer. It seems the Countess rescued him in some manner from the police. Every one adores him, he is so good. You remember what my father used to say: to be good one must have a chance. How many have I given you!

"There is a portrait of the Countess at eighteen, the year of her marriage, in a room which is not used, as if one wished to put the self of that day out of mind. I see no great resemblance between the two women. The one on the wall would make every woman envy her; the one sitting near me makes every one love her. But why should the one wish to forget the other?

"This morning I went to see Madame Leroux. You know I am not curious. But between women there is a sort of freemasonry. I spoke of the portrait. She had never seen it! But, I said, in those days you saw the original—was she so beautiful? For answer she raised her eyes and both hands. And the Count? I asked; I do not see any portrait of him. She shook her head. Ah, what manner of wretch must a man be that a wife should flee from him on her marriage day as from the pestilence! But all this is a kind of myth, without substance. One wishes to ask, to know more, but does not dare to. Who was this man whose very name is forbidden? Ask M. de Sade. He knows everything. No, on second thought, do not ask him. I look up from this page into the face of the woman beside me, and I wish to know nothing."

"How industrious you are!"

Seated in the big chintz chair beside the desk where Diane was writing, the Countess had taken out the knitting which lay in her pocket, always ready for an idle moment like that of any bourgeoise of Freyr.

"One would say you were writing a book."

Diane laid down her pen. "No, only a letter, to my husband. But, indeed, once I did begin a book—a journal," she said, sealing her letter.

"Ah!"

The monosyllable was so charged with interest and encouragement that Diane settled herself in her chair. "It happened in this way," she began. "Before

I went to my father in Africa I read books under compulsion, at appointed times, as one eats." Looking up over her knitting, the Countess smiled. "They did not interest me, those books, of counsel and meditation, those lives of saints like wooden dolls. I used to say to myself: Of what use is a saint in a cell?"

"It is easier to be a saint in a cell than in life, my dear. Did you not learn that with the army in Africa?"

"Oh, but I saw saints there," cried Diane, sitting up erect, "the real ones. The nuns used to say war was the maker of demons, but I am of my father's opinion."

"What was your father's opinion?"

"That war made men, that all great qualities were born in conflict." She paused. The window where she sat was open. Not a leaf was stirring, not a shadow moved. From the little town whose lights would soon begin to twinkle through the trees not a sound arose. And the peace on the face into which, unobserved, she was gazing seemed a part of the peace of Freyr. It was not possible for such peace, she thought, to be the child of conflict or pain.

"There is some truth in what you say. But tell me about this book, this journal —it must be interesting. Not every woman makes a campaign in Africa."

"At all events it is not like Raoul's," said Diane, with her flashing smile. "Imagine, the day we were married he wrote: Left Bordeaux at 3 P.M. Arrived Biarritz 7."

The Countess looked up again. "The important thing is that he loved you at seven as he did at five."

"That is true," replied Diane, in quick assent, "and now, as then."

The Countess's eyes turned back from the fresh young face to her knitting. The audacious confidence and happiness of youth! How poor in contrast seemed any other, how artificial and unreal the substitute offered by resignation! "What sort of a journal, then, is yours?" she asked, needles and hands moving again regularly.

"Shall I tell you? You see, when I first went to Africa I found in my father's chest books very different from those in the convent. One of them was the cause of my beginning my journal. It was called *The Literary Remains of*— some one whose name I have forgotten. But that does not matter, for the book itself did not interest me. It was the title which captivated me. Literary Remains! I said to myself: Diane, you too will some day die. It may be you will never marry. You will have no children, and there will be absolutely nothing left unless you also have literary remains. So I began my journal, and I assure you," observing the amusement on the Countess's face, "there are some interesting things in it. Do not imagine it is like Raoul's. I reserve it for great events only."

"Such as?"

"Well, for example, once I fought a duel with M. de Sade. If you knew, if I could explain—"

"You need not explain. General Texier told me the story. If I had the courage, perhaps, under like circumstances, I should have done as you did— at your age. And you still write in your journal?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Sometimes it happens, after marriage, when children come, that one thinks less of literary remains."

"Oh," cried Diane, "I do not permit that to make any difference. Raoul has added to my life, but he has taken nothing away." She stopped abruptly, conscious that she had said something she would recall. She was glad when the silence was broken.

"You are fond of your husband, I perceive. You must bring him to me when he returns. He, too, was in Africa?"

"On my father's staff, yes."

"And he fell in love with you there?"

Diane laughed joyously. "I helped him a little. I believe I fell in love with him first. It was in the campaign of Kabylia. He was to command the battalion designated for the assault of a village. All those Kabyle villages, you know, are on the crests of the hills. There was a council in the evening. Some favored the attack; others thought it impossible, a waste of life, a folly. My father asked the opinion of each in turn. Last of all he asked Raoul. There were no doors in that house, and I heard everything. In that moment before Raoul spoke my heart was torn in two.

I thought: If he says 'yes' he will be killed; if he says 'no' I shall be humiliated. In either case I shall be miserable. Why? Then I knew. There came to me a saying of our surgeon, that a man may be a dead man without knowing it. I said to myself: Diane, you were in love without knowing it—and suddenly I found myself in the presence of all those men." She paused unconsciously, as if waiting again for the answer she had waited for in the mud hut in Kabylia.

"And his answer," said the Countess's voice beside her, "was it yes or no?"

"Neither. He said it was not for him to pass judgment on orders which he was to execute."

"And that satisfied you."

"Absolutely," replied Diane, with decision.

"And then?"

"Then"—the firm little mouth broke into a smile—"then he knew also. I am sure," she added, presently, "you will like Raoul, he is so straight—even when he blunders. He usually begins his letters: As I have nothing else to do. How that exasperated my cousin Célimène! When he was in Tonkin I used sometimes to read her parts of his letters. What a stupid brute! she would say. 'My dear Célimène,' I said to her, 'if you only knew how easy it is for men to find something else to do.'" She shot a swift glance at her listener's face. Whatever she saw there instantly sobered her. For a reason she only vaguely divined she found herself again on the boundary of a zone of danger.

"I heard Doctor Leroux invite you last night to visit his hospital. Did you go this morning?"

"No. I hope he was not offended. I cannot bear them. The very odor of one makes me faint."

"But in the army—"

"Oh, that was quite different. *Then* I had to. We were always short of nurses, and our surgeon preferred me to all the others."

The Countess's knitting fell into her lap. "I should not have the courage," she murmured, leaning back in the deep chair and looking into Diane's face, "no—never."

"You would have the courage whenever you could be of assistance," said Diane, quietly. "It becomes a passion to save life. Courage fails when one can do nothing. To stand beside some poor fellow over whom the surgeon is bending, to see the surgeon rise—oh, how well I know the gesture!—and hear him say, Nothing to be done—and pass on—pass on, to one for whom there was hope and forget the one for whom there was none—that broke my heart. And those last messages—"

"Yes, that must be terrible."

"I used to put them all down, word for word, in my journal. Whenever possible I delivered them."

"That part I could do," said the Countess Anne.

"Yes—but sometimes— I remember one man, in the Foreign Legion—it would require courage to deliver his message—to a woman—they were all to women. We stumbled on him at night, in the field—"

There was a knock at the door, and a servant announced the Abbé d'Arlot.

"Go down, my child; I will join you presently."

Diane rose, obedient. Was she indeed a child? Had she always lived in this house? The illusion was so strong that for a moment she almost believed it.

"You say 'my child' as my father used to," she said, touching her lips to the white hair.

The Countess took the hand at Diane's side in hers. "It may be that only those who have no child can say it as I do," she smiled. "But run; you keep the Abbé waiting."

At eleven o'clock that evening, just as Diane was about to extinguish the candles on her dressing-table, there was a knock at her door.

"What, at this hour!" she exclaimed, as the maid handed her a letter.

"Madame said you were expecting a letter from Monsieur this evening, and sent into town. Usually the mail is brought in the morning. Good night, Madame."

How thoughtful! Yes, there was no doubt about it—Raoul's handwriting, and, to judge by the weight, a long letter, too. She wheeled the high-backed chair close to the candles, curled herself

up in its deep recess, pulled the hem of her night-dress over her slippered feet, and broke the seal.

"My Diane—[for one brief moment the hand which held the page fell into her lap and the eyes closed],—It is terribly hot here. As it is Sunday and I have nothing to do, I will write you. I saw de Sade last night at the Club. Though he was winning, he left the table at once to inquire for you. The admiration he has for you is inconceivable [a smile crept into the blue eyes]. Most men certainly, especially a man who prides himself on being one of the first swords in France, would sulk after being disarmed by a woman. On the contrary, he boasts of it. He says illusions are dangerous, and that you destroyed the last one he cherished. Have I told you it is atrociously hot here? In spite of all I could do I fell asleep in my chair on the terrace after dinner. De Sade wished to drag me to the opera. As you well know, there is but one person who can do that. When I woke he was at my elbow again. He proposed a ride in the Bois. We returned at two in the morning. By the way, I forgot to say I received your first letter. It is extraordinary, that habit of yours of finding friends everywhere—or shall I say making them? And in Freyr! De Sade asked what the devil you were doing in that hole. He is an amusing fellow, and kept me from falling, out of sheer weariness, from my saddle with gossip of what has occurred during my absence. Your Abbé is quite right—she was Anne de la Motte-Salignac, and married that Count de Lussac who was obliged to leave the country. I cannot remember the half of what de Sade told me. There are times when, to speak plainly, he bores me. But he has a curious story about this Lussac—that, after dragging one of the first names of France through all the gutters of Europe, he turned up with the army in Africa. Do you remember that man who defended the priest's house in Palestro? whom we found shot through the lungs when our relieving force came up from Alma? Was not his name Lussac, or Brissac, or something of that sort? What a coincidence if he should be the husband of your châtelaine! De Sade says as a child he remembers her well—that when he wore curls he was in love with her. He had an idea she was dead. Paris forgets quickly. I expect to finish to-morrow. If possible I shall take the noon train. This place is given over to Americans, whom I am learning to distinguish after your method. Every one has left town except, as de Sade says, a few old bachelors who cannot live beyond the odor of the asphalt. Kiss little Diane. Raoul."

Her eyes had followed down the page mechanically, because it was there before her. But her mind had stopped at the words, *Do you remember that man*— Indeed, yes, she remembered him well. His name was Lussac, not Brissac. He had confided it to her just before the blood bubbled up from the lungs in that awful moment after the surgeon had said, Nothing to be done—and had passed on to his work of rescue, leaving to her the woman's work of consolation. For a long time she sat motionless, the letter in her hand, her eyes staring through the open window, without seeing the stars twinkling above the trees or the vines swaying to and fro in the warm night. *What a coincidence if he should be*— A little shiver finished the thought. She rose quickly, closed the window with an instinctive desire for privacy, and went to the small morocco case on her dressing-table. While unlocking it and lifting the tray her mind went on working. A common soldier—oh, a brave one, a hero, but a common soldier. She had never connected him with the de Lussacs. She took out the red leather volume at the bottom of the case and went back to her chair, turning the leaves rapidly. It was easy to find the page, for the torn fragment fastened to it bore a red stain. It had lain next his heart, and the hand in its failing strength had groped for it in the night as he lay alone under the stars of Africa. The handwriting was firm and clear, with a character of irrevocableness:

"Some day you will ask for forgiveness —take it now—I give it freely, if only because to carry this weight of hate is more than I can bear. But ask no more —for on that day, if it should come to you, when you will ask for love, though

you ask it in tears, it will not be mine to give—"

And then the red stain and ragged edge, as if the bullet had purposely blotted out forever the name of the writer.

She gulped down a little sob and read on, though she had no need to. Could she ever forget it? that last message, written by the light of a lantern, after covering the dead face.

"Write it down," he had said; "don't forget it—write it down, as I say it. Tell her that that day is come—and the tears—tell her forgiveness is not enough—that—" That what? She had written it as he had wished, word for word, to the last one the soul had uttered on the brink of the precipice.

Her head slipped back in the curve of the chair, the mind still working on. Raoul had always been astonished at the rapidity of its action and the clearness of its vision. Even when they had disagreed he had been forced to admit, after time had given him the truer perspective, that her quickly reached conclusion had been just. What she saw now was Raoul, tearing the blood-stained page from its place, twisting it in his fingers, and holding it to the flame of the candle till its last shred was ash. In his every motion she followed the train of his thought: This woman had banished the past and was at peace. By what right would she, the stranger, at the whim of chance, roll the stone of oblivion from the closed tomb? To whom did she owe loyalty, mercy, the living or the dead? for the peace of the dead nothing now could disturb forever. That was unquestionably what Raoul would do. Let the dead bury the dead.

She sat up quickly, tore the page from its fastenings, opened the door, and started down the corridor, a candle in one hand, Raoul's letter and the stained page in the other. No, she did not argue with Raoul. She did not deny that he was right, always tender of woman, and incapable of a cruel word. What is more lawful, more charitable, than to deceive happiness! God Himself withholds the truth. But she also was right, and Raoul, he would have the truth at no matter what cost of pain. With that eclipse of every justifying reason which characterizes the decisions of instinct, she knocked at the door under which she saw with relief a thin line of light. At the same time her hand trembled. Her courage came in crossing the threshold.

The Countess Anne was reading. She looked up, to see a pale little figure advancing resolutely, with a letter in its hand. Instantly, in a flash of thought, she knew that some great trouble had come—not to herself, but to Diane.

"I have a letter from my husband," said Diane. "I wish you to read it"—unconsciously she had crushed the torn page out of sight within its folds—"he is coming to-morrow—to take me away—"

"My dear child—"

"Don't, please don't; but to-morrow, if you will only say that to-morrow—please let me go; you don't understand—" and the little white figure released itself and vanished like a vision in a dream.

Herself white and startled, the Countess Anne sprang to follow it, when a ragged, blood-stained page fluttered to the floor, and she recognized, as in another stranger dream, her own handwriting.

The yellow omnibus of the Hôtel d'Italie et d'Angleterre rumbled over the bridge under the clock tower of Freyr. When in its deepest shadow Raoul lifted the hand in his to his lips.

"Diane, I haven't told you. It was lucky Texier was in Paris. But for him I might be on the way to Senegal."

"It doesn't matter — you're here, Raoul." He thought she would be more surprised. Calm little woman!

The omnibus clattered into the great square.

"By the way, that Lussac—"

"It wasn't Lussac; it was Brissac," she said, quickly.

"Oh, was it? It would have been a coincidence, though, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Diane.

"You like her—the Countess?"

"I adore her."

"You're as mad as de Sade. He raved over her."

Silence.

"You must, too, Raoul."

He laughed. "I will if she adores you."

"She does," said Diane, simply. "This morning she called me her dear child."

Raoul laughed again, a little proudly, as men will.

A Garden in the Fern

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

MAKE thyself lowly for this garden laid
In the clear stillness of the beech-tree shade.
Make thyself lowly; lie amid the fern;
Forget the size of men and tree trunks; learn,
With eyes attuned to daintier scale, to see
What the green garths of fairy-land may be.

Hollowed atop is this gray stone. Its bed
Is moss, and the enwalling fronds are spread
A space apart that so, untouched, may rise
The white wood-sorrel's delicate surprise
From the deep emerald floor. Come close and know
How triple leaflets on each thin stalk grow,
Drooping together at the touch of night,
How the snowflakes of flowers, so exquisite
They shame the wild rose as too large and bold,
Are crimson-threaded and are eyed with gold.

Dark trefoil and white blossom—see, they press,
A tremulous company of loveliness,
Trusting frail feet to nook and crevice, up
The lichened stone to find and wreathe its cup,
Its moss-lined cup that soft and diligent wings
Of winds have sown with seeds of tiny things.

There are no words minute and sweet enough
To tell how flourishes upon its rough
Rock-base this garden plot. Here too are ferns
But miniature: e'en the wood-sorrel turns
Downward to them its golden glance. Inch-tall
And scarcely more the grasses grow, and all
Their bonny neighbors of the broader leaf—
Minim parterres where one small scarlet sheaf
Of strawberries seems statured like a tree,
And gauzy flies as birds for bigness be.

Why seek far grandeurs? Wash thy lids with dew
Of the accustomed morning, line thy shoe
With fern-seed from the well-known woodland path,
And go—invisibly to him who hath
Proud eyes for the remote and large—where stand,
Frequent, unfenced, the garths of fairy-land.

E.H.

The Making of a Great Telescope

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE WILLIS RITCHEY

Superintendent of Construction, Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

MANY widely different types of telescopes are in use in the various observatories. The great visual refractors of Washington, Lick, and Yerkes observatories in America, and of Vienna, Nice, and Pulkova in Europe, are among the noblest examples of a modern type which has made possible many of the great advances in astronomical knowledge during the past half-century. The double or twin equatorial refractors, so much used in Europe, represent a later type; these have double tubes, containing both visual and photographic lenses; the two largest and finest examples of this type are at Potsdam and Meudon. The equatorial Coudé of the Paris Observatory is the finest example of a still later form, in which the focus of the telescope is always at one and the same point, and the observer looks down into the telescope as he would into a stationary microscope.

At the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution are three great instruments which are so different from the more familiar types that few people would recognize them as telescopes. One of them is a *horizontal* telescope of two feet aperture and sixty feet focal length, which lies stationary in a horizontal position, the light of the heavenly bodies being reflected into it by optically plane silvered glass mirrors moved by clockwork. The second is a *vertical* telescope; it is of the same general character as the horizontal one, but is carried in a vertical steel tower sixty feet high. The third great instrument is an equatorially mounted reflecting telescope of sixty inches aperture, which is the most complete and refined and powerful photographic telescope yet constructed. In the shops of the same observatory the construction of a reflecting telescope of one hundred inches aperture, of the same type as the sixty-inch, is now being undertaken; this unprecedented instrument has been inaugurated through the generosity of Mr. John D. Hooker, of Los Angeles.

In telling about the making of a great telescope I shall confine my description to instruments of the type of the sixty-inch and the one-hundred-inch. This for the following reasons: First, the largest instruments in use to-day are of this type. Second, this is the form which is most efficient for astronomical photography—which enables us most effectively and in the greatest variety of work to avail ourselves of the enormous and many-sided powers of the photographic plate. Third, since it is the most efficient type for photography, this form of telescope should enable us to make the greatest advances in our knowledge of the sidereal universe. While *vertical* or *tower* telescopes like those at Mount Wilson are better adapted for the photographic study of solar phenomena, and while *horizontal* telescopes of special design would probably be more effective for the photographic study of the surface markings of the planets and the moon, the equatorial reflector designed for photography, of the type of the sixty-inch, is incomparably more efficient than any other form now known for the study of the fainter and more distant objects of the stellar universe—the nebulæ, the star-clusters, and the innumerable suns of the Milky Way. This is true in regard to both the direct photography and the spectroscopic study of these objects.

A century ago Sir William Herschel erected at Slough, near London, a four-foot reflector which was the marvel of his time. In 1845 Lord Rosse erected at Parsonstown, Ireland, a six-foot reflector, which has never yet been surpassed in size. A brief comparison of these famous instruments with the great photographic reflectors of to-day will illustrate most effectively the advance made in design and construction.



DOME OF THE SIXTY-INCH REFLECTING TELESCOPE—MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY
The outer framework of steel pipe is for supporting the white canvas sun-shield

First of all, the mirrors or specula of the old reflectors were made of speculum metal, an alloy of copper and tin. Not only were these specula very heavy, and therefore subject to serious flexure due to their own weight, but their polished surfaces were not highly reflective, more than half of the incident light being lost at the two reflections which occur in such an instrument. The specula of modern reflectors are of glass, silvered on the front side; such specula are light, extremely rigid, and susceptible of such an exquisite polish that not more than fifteen per cent. of the incident light is lost at the two reflections; furthermore, modern reflectors, when used for photography, can be so modified that only one reflection occurs, thus reducing the loss of light still further.

Again, the methods of testing the optical surfaces of the old reflectors were comparatively crude. Testing was done in the open air, with the speculum near the ground, and consisted in noting the sharpness of the reflected image of a



STARTING FOR THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WILSON

On the motor-truck is loaded the tube and pieces of the mounting of the 60-inch mirror-telescope

distant object, such as a watch-dial, which was sometimes placed at the top of a tree on a neighboring hill. The testing of the specula of modern reflectors is done indoors, in apartments where temperature and atmospheric conditions are under perfect control. And modern optical tests not only allow the sharpness of the reflected image to be noted; they also locate precisely any errors of surface. A part of the reflecting surface which is too high or too low by so much as one-millionth part of an inch can be readily detected and located.

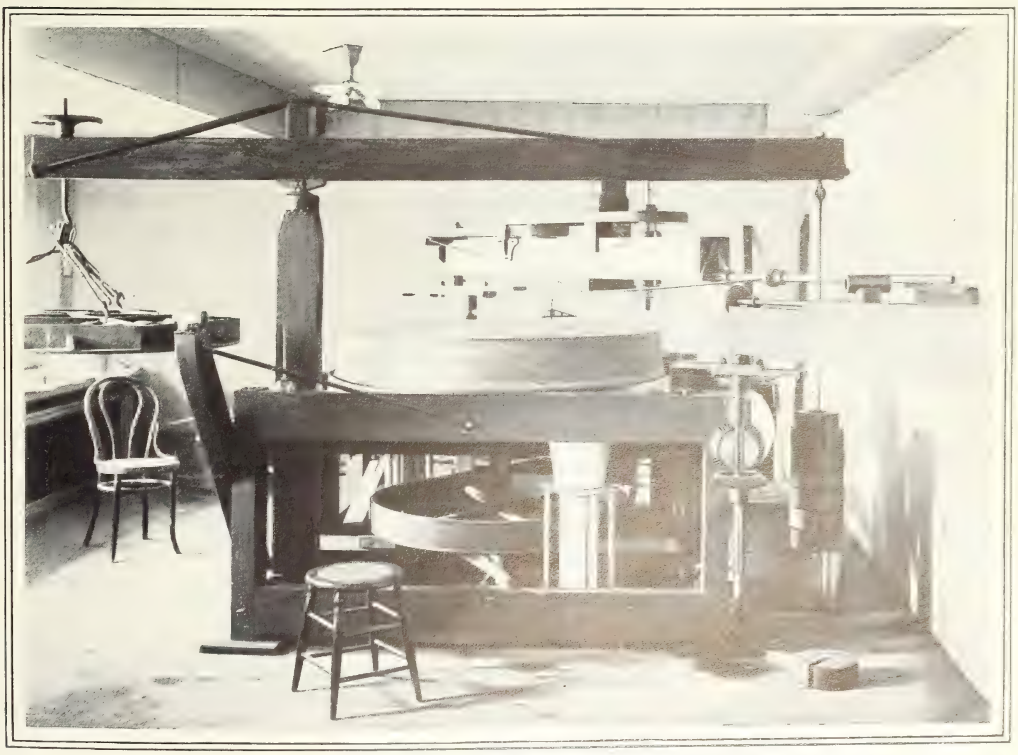
The old reflectors had heavy wooden tubes consisting of a continuous cylindrical wall, and open at the upper end; such tubes store heat during the day and slowly radiate this heat at night, thus disturbing the incident beam of light and injuring definition; the continuous tube, open at the top, is conducive to internal air-currents, which further injure the definition. Modern reflectors have a light skeleton framework of steel instead of a continuous tube; this responds quickly to temperature changes, and, being open all around, causes no internal air-currents, so that definition is not injured by local conditions in the immediate vicinity of the incident beam and the reflected cone of light.

The old reflectors were set up practically on the level of the ground; the incident light was therefore subject to the disturbance due to heat-radiations from the ground. These instruments were used in the open air, and hence were subject to tremors from wind. They were often unprotected from the weather—were exposed to sun, rain, and snow, to wind and dust. Imagine the enormous distortion of form of one of these old specula, extremely sensitive to temperature changes, when the adjacent tube and mounting were exposed during the day to the sun's heat. Or imagine the disturbance of the local atmospheric conditions at night in the case of Lord Rosse's great reflector, which was mounted between two massive walls of masonry thirty feet apart; these walls being exposed to the sun's heat during the day, and radiating this heat all night. A modern reflector is protected from weath-

er, dust, and temperature changes during the day, and from wind at night, by a light steel dome, which in turn is shielded from the sun's heat by an outer screen of white canvas. The glasses, tube, and mounting are still further protected from the daily rise of temperature by being enclosed during the day in a room or canopy with insulating walls, which is held automatically throughout the day at the expected night temperature.

The old reflectors had large metal bearings, often without anti-friction devices; the heavy tubes were hauled about, to point in the desired direction, by means of ropes, chains, and windlasses; many of the old instruments were entirely without clockwork for following the diurnal motion of the heavens. Modern reflectors have rigid axes of nickel-steel, accurately ground and polished; practically all of the friction of the bearings is relieved by balls or rollers, or, better still, by flotation in mercury, so that the massive instruments move with exquisite smoothness and ease. The diurnal rotation of the telescope can now be controlled by clockwork so refined that the motion does not vary so much as one-tenth of a second of time in twenty-four hours.

But, most important of all, the old reflectors were available only for visual observations; their powers were definitely limited by their size and by the keenness of vision of the observer who used them. Modern reflectors are designed for long-exposure photography. To such a point of refinement and accuracy have methods and mechanism now been developed that the same photographic plate can be exposed not only for six or eight hours on a single night, but for six or eight successive nights if desired, on such a celestial object as a faint nebula or star-cluster; and this with the assurance that no change of focus and no shifting of position of the images on the photographic plate can occur without being instantly detected and corrected for. Extremely faint stars and nebulæ can now be photographed in this way which are from twenty to forty times fainter



THE SIXTY-INCH GLASS ON THE GRINDING AND POLISHING MACHINE

One of the large grinding-plates is shown suspended at the left

than those which are at the visual limit of such great telescopes as the Lick and Yerkes refractors.

Let us now consider briefly the work of making the various parts of a modern reflecting telescope designed for photography. First, the glasses; then the mounting, and the photographic plate-carrier.

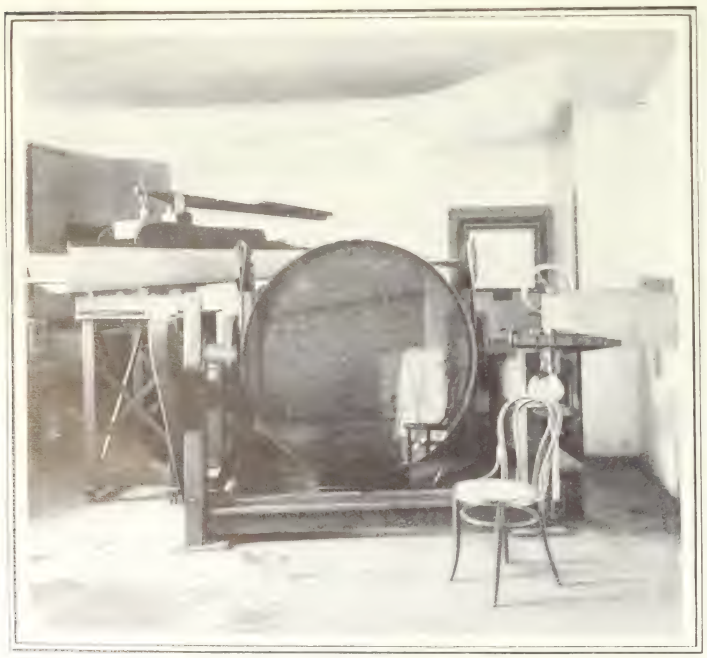
The factory which most successfully casts the rough disks of glass for the mirrors is the ancient and famous one at St.-Gobain, France, which was established in 1665. The writer had the rare privilege of visiting this old walled town last year, and of studying there the details of this difficult work. This firm has successfully made for us two nearly perfect disks sixty inches in diameter and eight inches thick, weighing two thousand pounds each, together with a large number of smaller disks. They are now engaged in making for us a disk one hundred inches in diameter and fourteen inches thick, weighing ten thousand pounds, for the mirror of the Hooker telescope. Disks up to sixty inches diameter are poured from the large fire-clay melting-pots which are used for melting and pouring plate-glass. The one-hundred-inch glass is so large that it cannot be poured from the usual pots; hence a special furnace with a melting-tank capable of holding forty thousand pounds of molten glass has been constructed for it. Innumerable precautions are necessary in order to prevent the presence of air-bubbles and of striæ or pouring-marks in the resulting disks.

After a disk is successfully cast, and before it is removed from the mould, it is placed in the annealing-oven. Disks up to three or four feet in diameter are annealed by being cooled slowly and uniformly for several days or several weeks, depending upon their size. A special method of annealing, the result of long experimenting, is used for such great disks as the sixty-inch and the one-hundred-inch; the annealing of the latter requires about one hundred days.

The rough disks when successfully cast and annealed are shipped in very strong wooden cases cushioned on the inside. We have never had a disk injured in shipment.

A very important feature in preparing for the grinding and polishing of the glasses is the optical room or building. This must be so constructed that it can be kept scrupulously free from dust, and that the temperature can be under perfect control. Our optical rooms in Pasadena are well protected from temperature changes; they can be closed air-tight, and are supplied with fresh air at a constant temperature and washed free from dust.

Another important item is the grinding and polishing machine. The machines which I use at present are the result of twenty years' experience and gradual improvement. By



THE REFLECTOR READY FOR TESTING

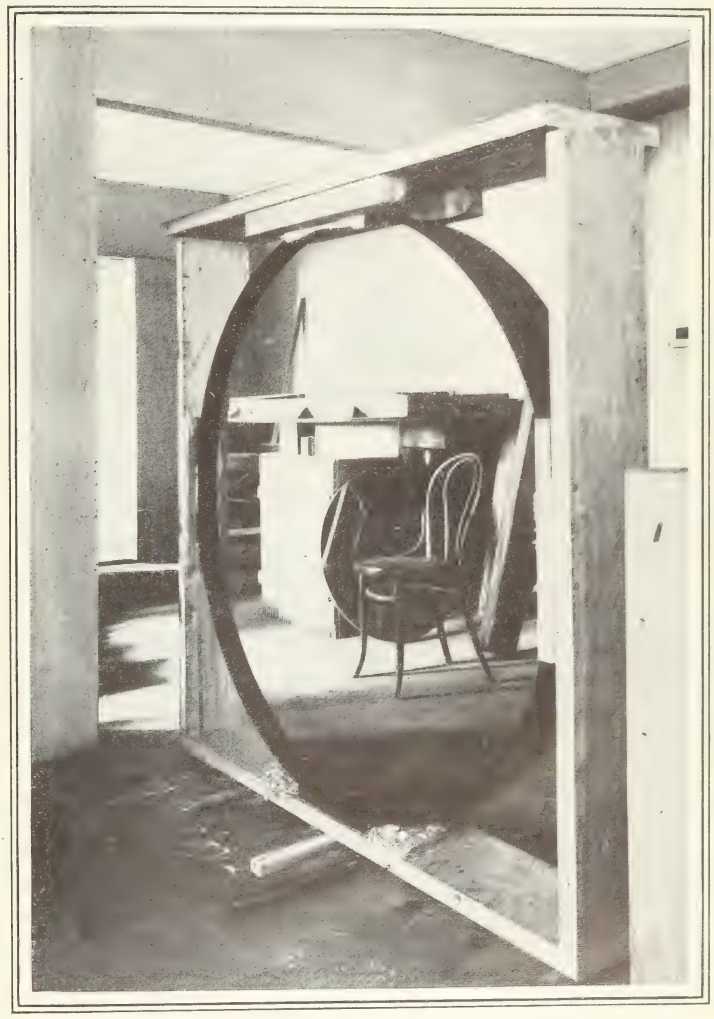
The silvered glass is here shown turned to a vertical position, ready to be optically tested

their aid the glass disks are changed from rough castings with ragged edges and irregular surfaces to brilliantly polished optical mirrors, their surfaces correct in form to within much less than one one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch. After this the final correcting and retouching of the surfaces are done mainly by hand, and the machine plays a less important part.

The optical work is divided into four marked stages as follows: Rough-grinding; fine-grinding; polishing, figuring, and testing; and finally silvering.

The grinding is done by means of large plates or "tools" of cast iron, which are first turned and ground to the proper curvature. The abrading material used between the tools and the glass may be either sand, emery, or carborundum grains, mixed with an abundance of water. Carborundum grinds most rapidly, because it is extremely hard and sharp. The glass lies in a horizontal position on the slowly rotating turntable of the machine, while the grinding-plates are moved about upon its surface, in elliptical paths or strokes, by the action of the machine. Rough-grinding is comparatively simple, and consists merely in giving the glass its approximate form; this must be done very deliberately, however, to prevent heating and consequent cracking of the glass.

The principal glass of a reflecting telescope is flat on the back and concave on the face. The form of the back need be only approximately true, but the form of the concave face must be optically perfect. The back is, of course, ground with a flat tool or plate, and the face with a convex one.



THE SIXTY-INCH GLASS BEFORE GRINDING

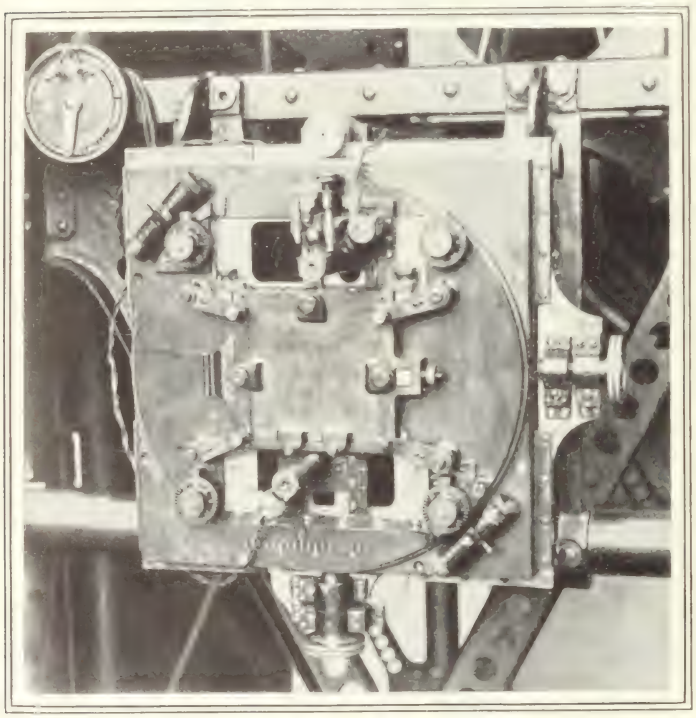
It measures eight inches in thickness, and through it may be seen the chair and other objects in the room

Fine-grinding is much more difficult, since at this stage the accurate surface of revolution of the concave face must be secured. Every precaution is now necessary to insure uniform temperature conditions and uniform speed of rotation of the glass beneath the grinding-plates. Fine-grinding gives a surface which is almost mathematically true, and which is exquisitely fine and smooth, ready for polishing. This is accomplished by using with the iron grinding-plates a succession of finer and finer grades of

carborundum powder with water. These powders, of any desired degree of fineness, are easily prepared by a method of washing or elutriating in water.

The tools or plates used for polishing are very different from the grinding-plates; they are much lighter, being constructed of a basis of aluminum or wood, coated on one face with small squares of moderately soft rosin or pitch, which in turn is coated with a thin layer of beeswax. The polishing-powder used is soft red optical rouge mixed with an abundance of clean water. The polishing-tools are moved about upon the glass by the same machine with which the grinding is done. At this stage, as well as in the fine-grinding, the utmost care and cleanliness are needed to prevent scratches. If the fine-grinding has been well done, eight or ten hours' work is usually sufficient, in the case of a large glass, to bring the surface to a perfect brilliant polish.

As soon as the polish begins to appear, the exact form of the concave surface can be determined by optical tests. As the polishing proceeds, this testing is done several times a day, and the stroke of the polishing-tools is modified so as to produce more and more nearly the exact form of surface desired. This operation is called *figuring* the surface. It will be seen that polishing, figuring, and testing are carried on simultaneously, and that the production of the optically perfect surface is accomplished with polishing-tools instead of with grinding-tools. Even the finest grinding would be too crude for the purpose; and besides, the surface must be a polished one in order to be tested frequently.



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE-CARRIER

Showing the guiding microscopes and other instruments for delicate adjustment

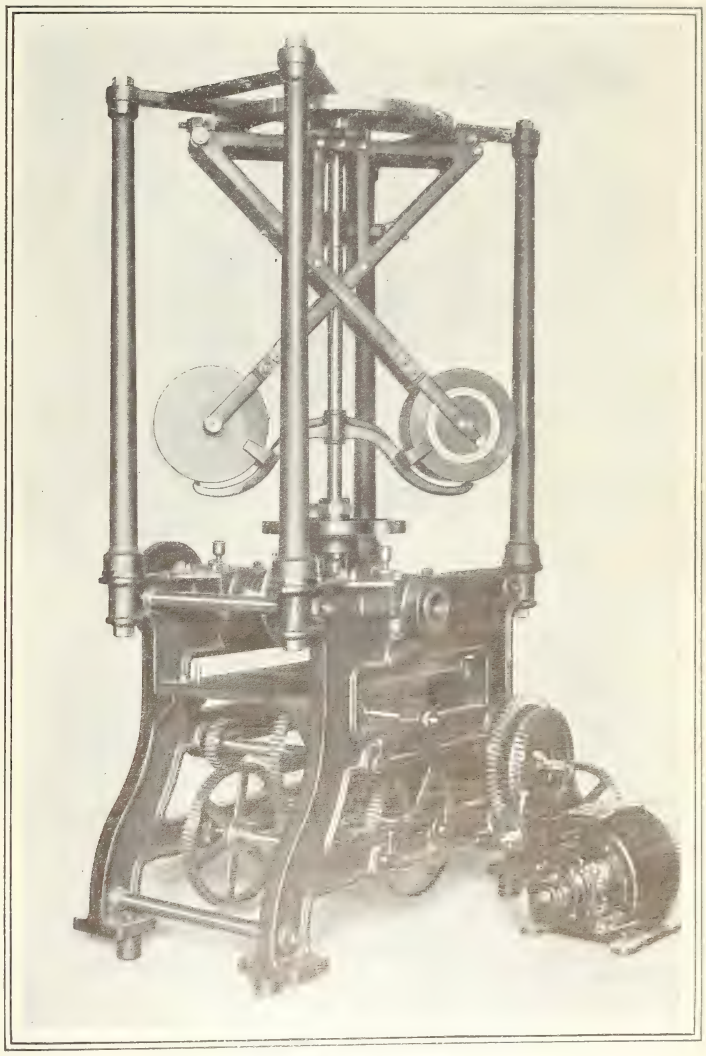
The optical testing may be briefly described as follows: The polishing-machine is so designed that the glass can be turned down on edge for testing, as shown on page 766; in this position it hangs in a strong steel edge-band, and faces down the long testing-room. Near the centre of the curvature of the concave surface (which in the case of the sixty-inch mirror is fifty feet from the glass) a small brilliant point of light is produced, which is called the artificial star, or technically the "pinhole." The light shines from this point, strikes the polished concave surface of the glass, and is reflected to a focus or image close by the side of the pinhole. This reflected image is now examined with a microscope, or, better still, by means of a sharp opaque edge, technically called the "knife-edge." If the concave surface be a spherical one, that is, of perfectly uniform curvature throughout, the reflected image is a sharp and perfect reproduction of the pinhole

itself. A concave mirror is usually figured to a perfect spherical surface first, and is then changed to a paraboloid, which is the geometrical form required for the principal mirror of a reflecting telescope. The testing of the paraboloidal surface may be done at its *centre of curvature,* in which case the test is considerably more complicated than that of a spherical surface; or, if a fine optically plane mirror be available which is sufficiently large, the paraboloid may be tested at its *focus,* where the test is comparatively easy and extremely rigorous.

In polishing and figuring the sixty-inch mirror the surface was brought to an approximate paraboloid with no errors so large as one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, by the use of the polishing-machine and the large polishing and figuring tools alone. The surface was then finished by the use of very small figuring-tools of two, three, and four inches diameter, upon several zones of the surface which were slightly too high. In this final retouching the small tools were moved by hand, while the glass slowly revolved. After several weeks of this treatment, with very frequent testing, the high zones were so reduced that no part of the twenty-eight hundred square inches of reflecting surface differed from a true paraboloid by a quantity greater than one five-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

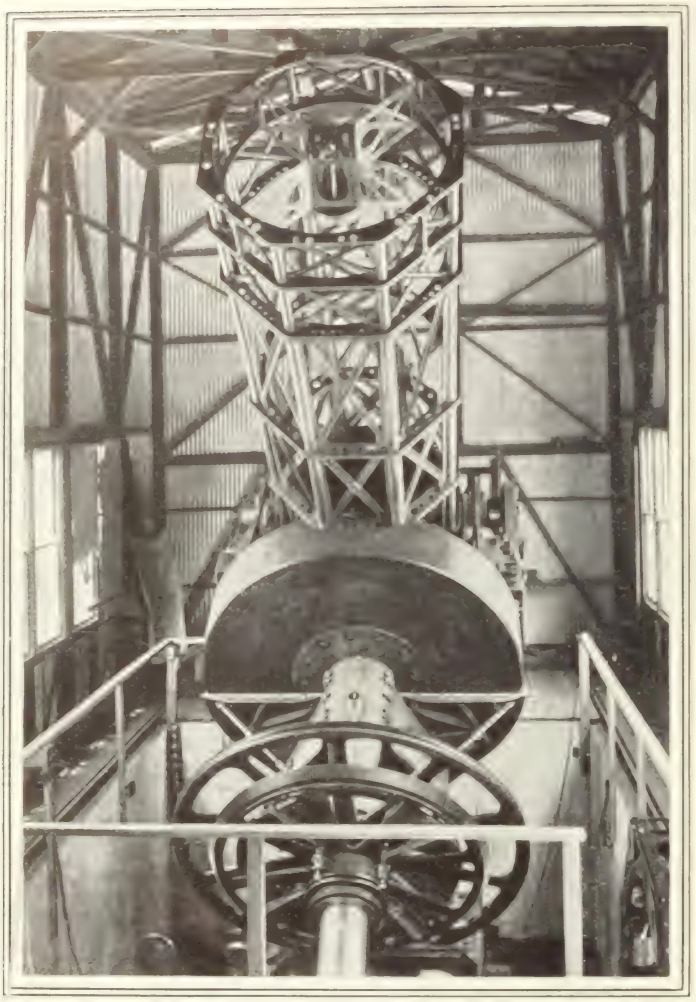
After the figuring is completed the concave surface is silvered in a chemical bath. This gives an exceedingly fine film of pure silver, which is only three or four millionths of an inch thick, and yet is so hard and opaque that the sun's disk can barely be seen through it. When this film is slightly burnished with fine chamois-skin and the softest dry rouge, an exquisitely perfect and brilliant reflecting surface is produced. This is the speculum or mirror of the modern reflecting telescope.

In the case of the sixty-inch reflector five small auxiliary mirrors are provided, to be used in conjunction with the large



THE DRIVING-CLOCK

This machine, which causes the telescope to follow automatically the movement of the stars, stands six feet high. The driving power is equivalent to one ton



THE MOUNTING OF THE GREAT REFLECTOR
Showing the skeleton tube of the telescope, the polar axis, the float, and large worm-gear

for photographing small brilliant objects, such as the planets and the details of the moon.

The general appearance of the mounting or mechanical parts of a great modern reflector is shown on this page. The polar axis, on which the telescope rotates east and west, is a hollow forging of nickel-steel, oil-tempered, and turned and ground all over; in the case of the sixty-inch reflector the polar axis alone weighs five tons. At the upper end of this axis is the cast-iron fork, between the two arms of which the skeleton tube turns north and south, on nickel-steel trunnions. All the moving parts of the telescope are carried on the polar axis, which in the most modern instruments is floated in mercury to insure the utmost smoothness of rotation. This smoothness of motion is of vital importance in the case of a photographic telescope, because it is the rotation on this axis which causes the telescope to follow the apparent diurnal motion of the heavenly bodies. In the case of the sixty-inch reflector the moving parts weigh twenty-four tons, of which twenty-three tons are carried by mercury flotation.

one. Two of these are optical planes; the remaining three are convex, of hyperboloidal form, and serve as magnifying mirrors. These small mirrors greatly extend the usefulness of the telescope by adapting it for many kinds of work in both photography and spectroscopy, thus making it a universal photographic telescope. For example, while the principal focal length of the telescope is twenty-five feet, in which form it is very highly efficient in photographing extremely faint objects, the use of one of the small convex mirrors in combination with the sixty-inch concave one gives an equivalent focal length of one hundred feet; in this form the telescope is best adapted

The machine which gives the diurnal rotation of the telescope is called the driving-clock. That of the sixty-inch reflector stands nearly six feet high, and has a large conical pendulum or governor which makes one revolution per second; the governor-balls weigh sixty pounds each. When the greatest attainable accuracy is required, the speed of

the governor is rigorously controlled, electrically, by a fine pendulum-clock which is thoroughly protected from, and compensated for, changes of temperature and of barometric pressure.

The rotation of the clock-governor is communicated to the telescope through the medium of worm-gears. The large worm-gear on the polar axis of the sixty-inch reflector is ten feet in diameter and has one thousand and eighty teeth cut in its circumference. These teeth are first spaced, then cut, then hobbed (that is, trimmed to the required helical form), by means of a special hob which prevents any loss of accuracy of the spacing; they are then ground, with finer and finer grades of grinding-powder similar to those used in grinding the glasses; this gradually corrects any minute irregularities of spacing of the teeth; they are finally polished with rouge and oil. When we remember that this large worm-gear defines the diurnal rotation of the telescope, to follow the apparent motion of the heavens, the necessity of all this refinement is readily understood.

In addition to the motion given by the driving-clock, the telescope can be turned quickly *east* and *west* by electric "quick-motions," and it can be slowly moved and set so as to point very accurately in the desired direction by means of electric "slow-motions." Electric quick-motions and slow-motions are also provided for turning the telescope tube *north* and *south*.

Another illustration of the refinement necessary for the best performance of the telescope is afforded by the support system of the mirror. It does not seem possible that the sixty-inch glass, which is eight inches thick, could bend of its own weight sufficiently to affect its optical performance. But the extremely sensitive optical tests show that such bending does occur to a very marked degree unless the mirror is properly supported. Hence a mechanical flotation system consisting of metal levers and plates is used to support the mirror in all positions which can occur in actual use. This practically floats the glass, preventing any mixture great enough to be detected by the most sensitive tests, and at the same time defining its position rigorously with reference to the tube and axes.

We now come to the photographic plate-carrier—the attachment which the observer uses when making celestial photographs, and which enables him to introduce continually small corrections both of "focus" and of "following." Small changes of temperature during the night, by affecting the length of the skeleton tube, cause slight changes of focus—that is, of the plane of the sensitive plate with reference to the true focal plane of the telescope. It has been necessary to devise a method by which errors of focus as small as one one-thousandth part of an inch can be detected and corrected, during the very long exposures needed in celestial photography.

Again, however perfect the driving-clock and its connecting mechanism may be, there is always a slight *lateral* wandering or displacement of the star images, due to both the *progressive* change and the small *irregular* changes in atmospheric refraction. In the case of a very long exposure the total displacement of the star images would not be greater than a few hundredths of an inch, but this would entirely ruin the photograph. So the astronomer watches, in two "guiding" microscopes, two "guide-stars," which he chooses just outside of the field which is being photographed; and by means of two slides at right angles to each other, controlled by two fine screws, the milled heads of which he turns with his fingers, he is able to correct continually for the small lateral displacements.

On page 768 is shown the double-slide plate-carrier of the sixty-inch reflector. To illustrate the effectiveness of this attachment it may be stated that the writer has recently made with it an exposure of eleven hours, during three successive nights, on the globular star-cluster *Messier 13 Herculis*, and that in the resulting photograph fifty thousand stars are shown in an area of the sky which would be entirely covered by the full moon.

In a later article I shall describe some proposed instruments and methods for astronomical photography which are readily attainable now, in so far as technical difficulties are concerned. These achievements direct attention to some of the great possibilities of astronomical photography which are as yet practically untouched.

The Treasure

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

THE air was so wondrously clear and every object so plainly defined, the beautiful Andalusian valley seemed to lie beneath a spell of enchantment. Through the pellucid medium the peaks of the distant, snow-capped mountains startled the gaze with their nearness; white, majestic, they looked down upon a world bathed in a flood of sunshine. In that lovely vale, where every twig or leaf stood out as if insistent of its place and part in the holy harmony of things, four men, bearing a large, heavy box along a rough road in one of the open spots could not hope to escape observation from any one, afar or near, who chanced to look that way. That they were well aware of the fact and felt themselves conspicuous, the furtive glances which at least three of them cast around made plainly manifest.

"Santa Maria!" muttered one—a thin, saturnine-looking man. "But I shall rest easier when it is delivered!"

"If ever it is," in a somewhat melancholy tone observed his companion at the front of the box. "For my part"—the small eyes of the speaker shot suspiciously toward a clump of shrub to the right—"after so many vicissitudes, I confess to a feeling not over-sanguine."

"True; we're more like to get our throats cut for our pains!" assented one of the men in the rear, he whose right shoulder was bent to a corner of the burden. "I'm of Juan's opinion." His great square jaws closed. "Eh, Angelico?" Turning to his neighbor. "What think you?"

The fourth, not yet twenty, golden-haired, blue-eyed, who bore himself with the tranquil composure of youth that marches anywhere, with no thought of danger, looked around at the question. "What do I think?" he repeated, throwing back a head singularly pure and spiritual in outline. "I was but thinking of the poor sick child we passed in yonder hut, and how, if the blessed Christ had been there, He would have laid on it His hand—"

The saturnine-looking man involuntarily crossed himself; there was a chastened expression on his features as he now regarded the boy. "*Mea culpa!* Angelico is right," he muttered. "While we think of danger, he recalls but the afflicted we have met: the beggar with sores, the poor dog whose broken leg he bandaged and bound. Small wonder the painters and sculptors of Italy use him for their model of the Sacred One! Have I not even seen the sick arise after Angelico's prayers? What divine secret do you breathe into them, Angelico?"

"Secret?" The boy looked puzzled. "I only pray that all may be well with them and—and beautiful—everything should be that. Beautiful," he repeated, his lips curving to a smile.

The party again walked on in silence, making good progress along the road through the valley. But fast as they went, some one they saw not travelled faster. Clinging to the shady sides of the way, some distance ahead of the four men, half hopped, half ran, a ragged, wretched specimen of varlet, one of whose legs had been crippled at his birth to fit him for his trade of mendicant. Despite this physical infirmity, however, the fellow moved with extraordinary nimbleness, although the effort it cost him to do so evinced itself in labored breathing and panting. Occasionally he stopped to look back, peering, like an animal, from behind a screen of fig or olive branches. To him, then, were the four plainly visible, and as he regarded them and their load the pupils of the mendicant's eyes dilated, his hands clutched, and his dry tongue shot in and out as if seeking to moisten his parched lips.

Not long, however, did he permit himself at any time thus to pause; but a moment's regard, and again would he be

off — half hopping, half running — a strange, grotesque form, whose thin chest ever rose and fell with audible sounds of protest. Only when, from afar, he saw the four figures stop, deposit their burden at the roadside, and sit down near it to rest, did the cripple seem glad to take advantage of the circumstance. Then, presumably reasoning that, as the sun was now at its height, the quartette, after the fashion of their countrymen, would sleep a brief period at that siesta hour, the mendicant willingly suffered his own pace to relax, for the balance of his journey went on as if satisfied with the distance he had put between himself and the others.

At the end of about an hour's walk he emerged from the vale and, following a turn in the road, found himself before a broad stone house set back amid dark foliage, as if shunning the attention of those travellers the partly obliterated sign over its door half-heartedly welcomed. Toward this ample, albeit dilapidated, ancient hostelry the cripple hobbled like one road-worn but still well content.

"Eh? — Ah!— Here's a landlord asleep! — and every one else!—or dead! A fine inn! A brave place for illustrious travellers!"

"Like yourself!" said a sneering voice almost at his elbow, and, turning with a start, the cripple beheld a large, powerful-looking man with gold rings in his ears. His thick lips seemed to claim kinship with the Moors, but otherwise his physiognomy was that of the low-born Spaniard of the hills. From his position at the window where he stood he regarded the newcomer with no high favor. "Like yourself!" he repeated. "What"—with a frown—"are you pleased to desire?"

"The honorable Señor has a short memory; has forgotten many good deeds of the past. The venerable merchant I induced to stop at this inn; the miserable mendicant whose *marsellés* were lined with fruits of his stealings— But it behooves me not to recall those services; only to say—farewell, Señor!"

"Stay!" cried the man at the window. "Too great haste ill befits any one's dignity. What came you to tell me?"

"Four travellers draw near with a box. A big box that contains treasure. For the King of Spain himself."

"The King!" The landlord started. "You are sure? But how—?"

"Haven't I been following them these many weary miles? Haven't I crept up unobserved and listened to their talking? 'A great, great treasure!' one night I heard one of them call it. But I was not satisfied; bestowed on a brat-boy of a herdsman, where they stopped for a *bota* of wine, a copper to bore a hole in the box they left near the door."



FOUR MEN, BEARING A LARGE HEAVY BOX

"And you peeped?" eagerly.

"Not I—but the boy—and saw—"

The two men looked at each other; in the host's gaze was a gleam as from a coal. "Not gold?" he breathed, softly.

"What else? A part of the booty for King Philip for keeping his troops out of Italy: tribute from Milan! At least so think I, one of God's afflicted! Who now once more begs to wish the honorable Señor farewell—"

But the landlord moved from window to door; threw the latter wide open. "Come in!" he said. "In the name of the saints, why tarry you without? Enter, he whom God hath afflicted! A glass of wine will not harm you. Meanwhile I'll send to the hills and summon some of our friends; our merry friends! 'Tis not only the bodies of our guests must be looked to; a good landlord"—with sinister accent—"thinks, too, of their entertainment; and an inn without other people would be but a dreary place at best."

"Dreary indeed." The cripple nodded. "I saw José in the pasture while coming down the road. A fine fellow, José; prince of all bull-keepers. You will include him, of course. And Papita—do not forget Papita! A wench sent by Heaven to regale dull, weary travellers. Papita! Beautiful Papita! With eyes like night and a foot no larger than will cover a man's heart. Papita! who dances like an angel; a beautiful black angel!" He made a few grotesque movements, as to the strumming of a guitar—"Tra, la, la!"—and blithely entered the house.

The supernal whiteness of the aspiring peaks had given way to a heavenly pink, and the spirit-like fingers of dusk had begun to trail in the recesses of the valley, when the four travellers, wending slowly their way, paused at the roadside before the rambling, ancient tavern, set back among the trees. To men for the most part weary and footsore its appearance should have been gratifying; a reassuring glimmer shone from its windows; the front door stood partly opened. And though the trees looked dark and ominous, like funeral plumes nodding in the gathering night, from behind came a merry note of laughter. For the moment three of the travellers regarded the hostelry, and then one another.

"The night promises to be cold," observed the saturnine-looking man.

"And an honest bed's preferable to a ditch," added he of the square jaw. "Still, it is well to consider—"

"That we are hungry," said the man with the small eyes.

Whereupon they turned to the lad; but he, comparatively fresh and standing with vigorous pose, did not speak; watching the changing hues on the mountain tops, he seemed immersed in a secret joy of contemplation. The pink—the beautiful pink—the pink turning to rose! Its reflection was on his features—the hue of youth—that becomes youth! Involuntarily his lips parted and he breathed deeper.

"Surely," he murmured, "'tis around such heights the blessed angels dwell!"

"Angels!" said he of the square jaw. "And we encounter nothing worse than angels—"

"Welcome, Señores!" The voice of the landlord, who at that moment stepped out of the gloom, interrupted. "Thrice welcome!" His hospitable manner dispelled hesitation on their part. "Deign to precede me! My house is yours, and—all it contains!" Which figurative proffer they, entering shortly after, discovered included a company of seven or eight friends and neighbors—swarthy-looking fellows from the hills—and a gipsy girl. "Good children!" The landlord nodded carelessly. "Somewhat overgiven to music and averse to labor, but— Ho, there! Some of you take the señors' box."

"No, no: we ourselves—"

"What! Shall guests carry their own burdens?"

"To our room, then!"

"To their room; the best room in the house." But, the landlord noticed, he of the square jaw followed closely to direct—or to watch.

Meanwhile had the innkeeper's mother, an ill-looking, shrivelled old woman, provided her best for the travellers' supper. A shoulder of kid and a deep dish of *olla podrida*, if not calculated to appeal to the epicure, at least would serve those whom hunger had made not too fastidious. The three commenced to eat with relish; in the midst of the landlord's assurance there were fruits—figs and pears—to follow, the fourth traveller came down and crossed to his companions in the corner. Before beginning to eat, however, this man looked carefully about him, as taking stock of the company.

A mixed gathering, clad in primeval



SHE WAS DANCING – FROM HER FINGER-TIPS TO HER FEET

costumes of lamb or skin of savage beast, they presented a wild, picturesque, if not altogether reassuring aspect. Still, they acted not quarrelsome; if noisy, seemed not hostile; and, apparently satisfied with his brief survey of the company, he of the square jaw looked down at the *olla podrida,* while a softened expression passed slowly over his stern features.

"Who is he? The youngest?" the gipsy girl asked of the cripple at her side; then, leaning her head on her hand, directed her velvety dark glance toward the newcomers in their corner across the room.

"I thought you'd be asking that, Papita!" the afflicted one, drinking, replied. "You haven't taken your eyes from him these last five minutes."

"How can I help it?" Laughing, she threw back her head with its thick, silky hair; stretched her lithe, slender figure, and showed her white teeth. "He has eyes like an angel, hair like gold, and a face that glows like a rose-leaf. I have never seen any one like that before."

"Ho! ho! Angels!—gold!—rose-leaves! José had better look out! What if I tell him?"

"José?" she repeated. "He is black! —black—"

"Angels!—gold!—rose-leaves!" The cripple continued to mutter. "Angels!"

"What are you saying?" A man, tall, thin, with eyes keen as a wild bird's, had suddenly approached and bent his fierce look on the cripple.

"Nothing, José! Only a little magic to conjure with, and—"

"Well, I like it *not!*" Restlessly the man twirled his round hat, glanced at the girl, when the loud twanging of a stringed instrument interrupted further talk. At the same time snapping fingers started to imitate castanets, sandalled feet to beat upon the floor.

"Seguidillas! Seguidillas!" Impatient voices called out.

"Eh, *my* dove!" Standing over the gipsy girl, José looked down; but she did not at once answer, and—"Eh, my dove!" he repeated, more loudly. Whereupon she made a quick, petulant gesture.

"No, no!"

But the man at the guitar played louder, the arpeggios in the minor fell faster, and savage, insistent eyes turned toward her.

"When before last thou refused to dance?" demanded José.

She seemed about to reply, thought better of it, and arising suddenly, advanced. At once he opened the theme; but the girl waited; with easy swaying hips, prolonged the *misreo*.

Oh! Oh! Her look passed over the company; lingered on the youth.

"'What shall I die of?'" chanted the gipsies. "'The conjuror said—Love!'"

Her face changed; she was dancing—from her finger-tips to her feet. No one now could be cognizant of her rags; only of the fire, grace, and rhythm of the supple-waisted, swaying form.

"*Bien parada!*" "Well stopped!"

She seemed not to hear; her lips, red as the juice of pomegranates, parted to her quick breath; her breast rose and fell. Otherwise, motionless as an odalisque, the girl stood, with gaze, straight—fixed—like one searching the future. Low murmurs arose; grew louder. An unresolved chord continued to vibrate on the air.

Twang! Twang! "'What shall I die of?'" Again the gipsies' harsh voices resounded.

"'—Die of?'" howled the old hag, mother of the landlord.

Papita stirred; her lips smiled; a thrill of light in her gaze played on the lad. Dissonances, strange, exaggerated, fell from the strings of the instrument; odd successions of chords leaped from beneath the short stubby fingers of the musician. Whirling now faster, the dark eyes of the girl sought ever the blue ones; withdrew as if loath to leave; returned with a flash. On the boy's face vague wonder mingled with pleased and innocent surprise; but José's expression was ominous. He spoke to his partner; she threw back her head. The black muscular hand closed hard on the girl's wrist; she gave a slight cry—of anger—pain. At that moment the chords ceased.

"Bravo, Papita! Well danced, Papita!"

"But José? Did you see him? Had the music not stopped?"

"True; who can tell? He's a terrible fellow—"

"Papita, though, wields magic she got from the caves—"

"And has but to look at a man—to tie him to her tatters!"

"Tatters!" The angry, defiant look faded from the gipsy girl's face; her shoulders lifted to a shrug. "Tatters!" she laughed. "And I wished I could have dresses of gold. Did not the sorceress promise, by the side of the tomb of the white-haired Moor? Tatters!" She flaunted the rags wide. "Oh, I could tell you; and you! and you!"

She looked toward the travellers; one of them arose.

"It is time to retire."

"Quite time!" Two followed his example.

"Good night, friends!" called out a bold contrabandista. "Rest well! But you're sure to do that—after your long walk!"

"You wish for anything further, Señor?" As the three travellers mounted the stairway, the landlord walked over to the boy, who still remained seated near the table.

"No, Señor."

"And are not likewise weary?"

"I never felt more wide awake." The host looked at him; but there was naught covert in the lad's tone. "Perhaps a little fresh air." As he spoke he arose, and moving toward the door, stepped lightly out.

"Now what does he mean by that?" With a frown the landlord turned to regard the others; they, too, looked at him; Papita walked to the other end of the room.

"Where are you going?" an ugly look in his eyes, José called after her.

"To help in the kitchen, of course!"

"To help?" The man growled. "What has come over her?"

But the host looked the other way. "Patience, my children! Soon will the boy go to bed, and then—"

"We'll tuck him in!" laughed the cripple, shrilly.



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"'EYES OF GOD,' WE CALL THEM IN ITALY"

"You find it—amusing here?"

The youth, standing motionless in one of the open spaces between the trees and looking up at the sky, let his eyes fall, with the look of one startled from a train of quiet meditation, to those of the gipsy girl, who had unobtrusively approached.

"Not amusing," he answered, with a touch of constraint.

"No? You like to look at the stars, perhaps?" Her tone was half jeering. "Is that it?"

"Yes," simply. "Never have I seen them brighter. You, too, like to look at them, and read what they say?"

"I?" She gave a low laugh; the great dark eyes fixed themselves steadily upon him. "I like to look at things nearer—and more beautiful!"

"Why—what could be?—more beautiful? 'Eyes of God,' we call them in Italy."

She made a movement. "You were brought up in a monastery?" abruptly.

"Yes."

"Where women are not allowed?" she observed, with light, scornful accent. "Or not supposed to be! For I have heard—" She left the sentence unfinished; began softly to hum. "But you, I suppose, think only of—well, stars, or"—with a sudden swift look—"treasures!" He made a quick movement. "Gold, for example?"

"Why—should I think of—gold?" he said, in a low tone.

"Why? What is it you carry?"

He did not answer; she came nearer, a subtle persuasiveness in her manner. "Is it very valuable? How much is it worth?"

On the clear white forehead a troubled look gathered. "I—don't—know."

"You mean you have never counted it. Good!" Her tone conveyed a sense of comprehension. "You are very discreet, my friend. He who selected you did well to trust you. I wonder, though, if I could guess where you go? Old books for a monastery, forsooth! As one of your comrades gave out! Do you take old books to his Majesty, the—"

"His Majesty? Then you know—"

"Ah, that pricked you! But look not so troubled." Her expression changed. "How liked you my dancing?"

"Your dancing?"

"How liked you it?" impatiently.

"It—it is different from other dancing I have seen."

"Different? Is that the best you can say?"

"I understood not the words."

"And he understood not the words!" she repeated, half angry, half piqued. "Poor *coplas!* But they teach not gipsy talk, I suppose, where you come from? Oh no! only the language of stars. *El Niño!* Baby!" She struck the ground with her foot.

"You are not pleased?" said the boy, hesitatingly.

"Pleased? The others called out, when I danced; but you— Well, saint or no saint, to-morrow—" She paused.

"What mean you?"

"Why should I tell?" defiantly. "What should it matter to me?" And in the next breath, "If they kill you!" she breathed, fiercely.

"Kill—me?"

"And your comrades! For the treasure!"

"The treasure!" he cried. "Ah, the treasure! No, no!" with sudden vehemence. "They would not dare; could not—"

She looked at him. "Blue eyes, then, *can* lighten!"

"It would be—"

"Not the first time," she interrupted, "nor the second, travellers have stopped here, and—never gone on!"

He continued to regard her. "I can't believe— The landlord seemed honest—"

"Seemed!" She laughed.

"What wickedness! It is impossible—"

"You fear? You aren't above that? Baby!" With her hands on her hips she studied him disdainfully. "Why should I care? Why, indeed? Except— The madness is on me and"—she threw back her head—"Papita will give you a chance. They expect you at the inn. You need not return. Get you away—before I change my mind. You"—with sudden fierce scorn—"look as if you could run."

But he continued to stand motionless.

"Why don't you go?" she spoke once more, sharply. Her words seemed to awaken him; he moved toward the house. "Why, where are you going?" she called out, in surprise.



"I'll teach thee seguidillas"

"Where should I?"

"Not back to the inn!" Springing toward him, the girl caught his arm. "You, then, aren't—afraid?" Gently he strove to walk on; her gaze shone with sudden new lustre. "Come, my fine fellow; do you know—I've taken a fancy—and—well, get you into the house if you will. But—listen carefully!" The words fell fast. "In your room is a window; when your comrades are asleep, go to it, and you'll find a ladder without. But first take as much of the treasure as you can carry and—bring it down. They denied me my share last time because—I was a woman! A woman!" She laughed savagely. "They shall see. And you? Not far off is José's horse—such a jest it will be! No steed can match it in swiftness and strength. Well, when you're astride I'll jump up behind, and—who could catch us? Besides, I know places—such places—and when we're far in the mountains"—her voice grew tender and caressing—"I'll teach thee seguidillas—and the *coplas*—the verses—you shall learn—not star language!"

The moonlight played on her face, enhancing its wild mysterious beauty; the dark liquid eyes shone with languorous lustre. Like a reed swayed by the night wind the slender body inclined to him. "El Niño!" Her lips lifted; her arms, too. "I love thee!—love thee!"

In the tavern now, about the tables, the men spoke in low tones; from their eyes shone impatience; on their faces was expectancy. Often they turned from their cups to glance at the landlord, but he shook his head.

"Wait! The saints reward patience, and—a knife gently drawn over the throat before one is awake— So a guest may not complain of rough treatment—"

"Nevertheless, 'tis tiresome waiting, with the treasure right within reach," murmured the cripple.

"When we get it, 'twill pay for the waiting," said another. "Half a saddlebagful of gold at least for each of us."

"Better than last time," muttered a third. "A copper or two and old clothes! That was foul picking."

"But how he bled!" The old woman twisted her features at the recollection. "As if he'd the horn of a bull in him."

The night breeze arose, and swept around the eaves; strange rustlings filled the air. "Dead men rattling their bones,"

went on the old creature. "Santa Maria! A fine bolero for those about to join them."

"Almost as blithe as Papita's mad tripping."

"Papita? She seems not so gay now—only angry. What means it, José?"

He, without answering, walked over to the corner where the travellers had eaten; looked at the girl, now seated there—sombre lights in her gaze, a frown on her face.

"I take the young one!" he said, after a moment regarding her.

"And you do—stab straight," she returned, briefly.

"How you say that! Only a little while ago you would have killed him with—soft looks. Santa Maria! I believe you were in the garden with him. Made but pretext of going into the kitchen."

"Would I, then, say to you—what I have just said?"

"Perhaps—if—"

"If—?"

"You made love to him—and he—"

She threw back her arms. "Fool!"

José drew his poniard. "I wait no longer," he said, stepping to the innkeeper. "I beg to inform the illustrious Señor the moment for action has arrived."

"As God wills!" That person made a gesture and the company arose, moved toward the stairs. From the corner, with eyes like stars, the girl watched; on her swarthy cheeks two roses burned bright. Suddenly she, too, got up; over her breast the rags throbbed.

Softly the men mounted the stairway; at the top the landlord paused, looked down the long, dark hall toward the room occupied by the travellers, and back to his followers.

"What now?" José demanded.

The landlord's thick finger pointed—to a narrow yellow streak that shone from beneath the distant door.

"They are up!" Glances, now, alone spoke—an instant; then like shadows noiselessly they moved on. A sharp clicking sound greeted them.

"Locking the door!" José's hot breath swept the landlord's cheek.

"No; unlocking," a hot breath replied. "It was—locked before!"

"But—" In the faint light eyes like flames asked a question. The landlord shrugged; his nostrils were expanded. "Spendthrifts! They dare thus to burn late my lights!" he muttered, and gave a command, when something extraordinary happened. From the room before them a voice, soft, silvery, distinct, fearless, arose, "*In nomine Patris.*" Behind, some one laughed—hysterically.

"You witch!" Angrily they turned.

"Do you want them to hear?" hissed José.

"To hear?" She tossed her wild head; from her breast the rags had fallen. "They have heard—and know—and are saying their prayers!—that they may go to the stars!—or he may, when ye have done—have stabbed!—stabbed—!"

"Hush!"

"'Tis the mass!" unheeding, she went on. "Once heard I it, in Sevilla—"

"*Judica me Deus—*"



FROM THE CORNER THE GIRL WATCHED

"The foul fiend take their gibberish!" Further pretext for caution or secrecy the landlord discarded. "And they will not be killed quietly—in orderly fashion. Must make of my inn a disorderly place! Have done with the business, my children!"

"No, no!" The girl caught at José's arm.

"Devil!" He struck with his knife; threw her off.

Papita leaned against the wall; over the white breast drew the rags, held them there tight to stifle the crimson flood that followed the deep stab of José's blade. Then dully, like a creature hard stricken, she watched the landlord and his fellows rush toward the door, prepare to throw themselves against it—only to see it suddenly opened wide from within.

"Enter."

Heard she aright? A deep, masculine voice, tranquil, assured. Wonderingly she stared straight before her. Was it magic?—Moor's magic, they taught in the mountains?—or sorcery from the stars? The last seemed dancing before her eyes now; white, red; large, small. Yes; it must have something to do with the stars.

"Enter."

Why did they not obey? Why stood they as if palsied; robbed of power of motion? From José's hand fell the blade; she saw it; heard it clatter. That certainly was strange! José?—so ready to strike stranger or her. She looked at the tip of the weapon—her own hand, red from her breast. More bewilderingly the stars moved; she *would* see; staggered forward. There *were* stars before her; or were they candles? bright lights, illumining something—a figure, fashioned in marble; white, ghost-like, beautiful.

"The treasure?" Who stammered the words—the landlord? His face was sallow; its expression? She wanted to laugh, but the pain would not let her. And the cripple? How absurd! Crouching back, like some wild creature from whom a blood-red morsel had been wrested; not daring to spring, but wishing to. She had seen thus in the mountain the old witch's pet, in a dark corner of the cave, snarling, showing its teeth.

"Is that the treasure?" The cripple's voice, angry, disappointed, arose in increasing crescendo. "That?" He started to raise his arm; let it fall. "Santa Maria! Santa Maria!" Broken words fell from his lips. "That!" he repeated. "And I hopped—hopped—hopped! How many miles—how many miles!"

"Ha, ha!" She did manage to laugh now; but a sob followed. "Sharpen your teeth on nothing, friend One Leg!" The old witch's curses she had long ago listened to seemed to ring again in her ears, to buzz about like a thousand angry bees. At the same time sharper pains seized her, but she thought not of them; standing in a shadow, nearer—nearer—saw more plainly now—the white marble figure—the candles, not stars, that illumined it; the travellers, four, all in priests' garb; the youth in the background.

"Yes; that is the treasure!" He of the square jaw, who had bidden them enter, again spoke. "The treasure beyond compare! The marvellous Christ designed by Cellini, acquired by King Philip, and now being borne by us to the Escorial, royal monastery and tomb, near Madrid! What would ye with it? Unless—" the trenchant voice grew soft with subtle irony. "Came ye, my friends, to wonder—adore—before it?"

"Adore?" she heard the landlord stammer; as through a crimson mist saw his fingers mechanically making signs on his breast. "What else? Of course—"

"What else?" stammered other voices. "Yes; we heard you, and—" Their hands, also, were now moving—like automatons! Even the cripple lifted his hideous, twisted fingers.

Papita's heart leaped; blind rage swept over her. "Liars! They came to steal—what? Cravens! They came to murder—for what?"

The words surged in her brain, but she uttered them not; only the soft measures of a song that came like an answer formed themselves on her lips—the weird, crooning lullaby of the gitanos:

"Into the stable of Bethlehem
Have crept the gipsies, wild;
And they would steal the swaddling-clothes
Of the new-born Holy Child!"

"Swaddling-clothes!" He of the square jaw smiled. "Does the darkness speak?"

In the background the boy looked around. It annoyed her she could not see him more plainly; could distinguish only an impression, vague and shining; a face behind whiteness, that seemed to melt into distance. But not before she caught an expression.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

NEAR BY, IN THE ROOM, SOUNDED THE LOW MISEREATUR

"Ah, you do understand, then, those verses!—el Niño!" She dared whisper the word. "El Niño!" she murmured to herself.

"Ye base-born!"

Papita started; the face of the stern man with the square jaw had changed. "Good!" she told herself; that was better. "Honey for gipsies? No; a whip!" His voice snapped like a lash; the stings were for her as well as for them; but she was accustomed to being beaten—often by José—and had fought until consciousness had left her. She experienced now, however, no desire to resist; only to listen; welcome the pain.

"Dogs!" Yes; that's what they were—dogs and gipsies! "Base as in Judas's time." Instinctively she heard; she had thought him ordinary-looking below, but now—men cowered before him; thieves and murderers bent to that stern, impassioned eloquence. Why, even the brave driver of bulls—the conqueror of *toros bravos!*—the master of women!—even José trembled. Oh, she would not have missed seeing that. And hearing him seek to deny—

> "They would steal the swaddling-clothes
> Of the new-born Holy Child!"

She endeavored to call out the words once more, but could not, and, "Holy Child!" she repeated.

"Do not lie." The stern man had obviously need neither for her verses nor her warning. Before the savage denunciation of his words José dropped to his knees; his teeth chattered. Ah! Ah! it was cold! thought, derisively, the girl. The snow was coming down from the mountains now. She, too, felt its chill, but cared not. Only a mocking sense of triumph surged in her bosom—to see the others, her brave companions, follow José's example. *Certes,* had the whiteness descended on the roof of the *venta.* The landlord himself shook; the cripple cringed abjectly. But the inexorable voice went on:

"When first we entered this accursed land, with *arrieros* and guard of honor, we hesitated not to let it be known what was the treasure: the mission that was ours. Did they believe? Vile bandoleros! Miserable contrabandistas! No; the story spread 'twas gold. . . . In the mountains like wolves they fell upon us; our soldiers fought bravely, but were dragged to the earth—slain. The battle lost, we fled, bearing with us the white Christ to a cave. There reptiles, hideous things hissed, but, unlike men, harmed not; with them, the despised creatures of the earth, we reposed in peace—until obliged to move on. Again bearing our burden we crossed in safety frightful passes; were engulfed not by terrible chasms. But these hazards of nature were as naught to the greater dangers we had to encounter from man. . . . Suspicion dogged ever before—behind! Venal lust trailed us. . . . The heights gave way to the valley; but the bleakness and horror remained. Faces, hell-born, seemed to look out from green places; to gibe from behind rocks; in the dark, bony strangling fingers ever reached out to seize us. . . . Then would we lift the cover; regard the treasure. And lo! from the blackness of night, a halo that sprang to crown the full glory of a majesty divine bade us be of good cheer; go on! Once, even in the wilderness, we heard a voice. . . . Ah, you seem moved? Fear, perhaps, the consuming flame—Heaven's wrath? Is it so? Poltroons! Why hesitate ye? Be not infirm of purpose, ye who resemble those who spat and mocked!—who struck with the spear! We wait—for you to do—what ye came to do! My friends—my *dear* friends—!"

His arms extended themselves like those of a cross; his fingers moved—as if to call down benediction—or curse.

"Spare!" The girl strained to hear the cripple's affrighted moan. "I am but part of a man; not wholly answerable—"

"Spare! Had it not been for the temptation, the trap set by the Evil One, in this case a mendicant whom I took in out of compassion—I, a poor landlord—"

"Spare! Or if you must call down the fires of hell—let it be on this inn—not on me, José, humble keeper of bulls—"

"Nay; spare not!" The gipsy girl tried to cry out, but was unable. "Thieves! That would cheat even the devil." She reached gropingly; the stars had become but pin-points of light. Grew smaller. She could no longer see them—the people. What were they doing?

"Well?" Again the voice, grating, sardonic. "My friends—my *very* dear friends!"

No one answered; no one moved. How long lasted the terrible silence? Suddenly she heard once more the tones—the clear, silvery tenor of the boy. Ah, how sweet! And the words of the prayer? For them? Thieves, murderers! For them?

She strove to draw nearer, but felt her head reeling; next became conscious she was lying on the floor—in the darkness! She did not remember falling. Only recalled her fingers sliding along the wall; down! down! trying to grip something; finding nothing.

"*Adjutorium nostrum*—" The voice—the silver voice, she heard it no longer now. Only the tones of the others, harsh, hard. Where was he? Had he gone? She tried vainly to raise herself. Then she saw—bending over her—him she sought, horror in his eyes.

"You! I thought I heard some one fall. You are hurt. I will summon them—your friends—to help."

But her fingers closed to detain him; life, like a sudden draught of air, seemed to pass over her; his presence to revive her. "Wherefore?" she managed to say. "I am dying—have but a few moments. Stay thou."

"Dying! You!—all life—"

"One dances—to death, sometimes—Baby," she returned, with an effort.

"Death— No, no! It cannot be."

"You—care?"

He did not answer; then his lips moved. "The last rite—I must administer them." And he began to murmur.

But Papita smiled. "Tell me first—thou forgivest! It was I told Jose to stab you, because—you know! But when he drew knife"—the words came with greater difficulty—"'twas I, also, held him—and he—"

"Struck you—poor one!" The blue eyes were misty.

"Near the heart—deep. Wouldst look?"

"Oh!"

"My blood—for thee."

"For me—for me!" he stammered. "I, unhappy one—"

"Why shouldst thou be unhappy? Never was Papita so happy!" She pressed softly the hand he had forgotten to withdraw. "'Tis but a gipsy girl's life! Not worth the remembering. Papita, child of the devil—daughter of evil—"

"Nay; that cannot be. At this moment is your face—beautiful!"

"Ah!" A faint radiance came—passed over her features. She sighed heavily. "Death—come. Adios."

"Death!" The word seemed forced from his lips. "And you give your life—for me. Oh, Papita! Die not!"

"Papita fights—but death fights harder. Such blows! Alas, a few moments longer. No more—"

"A few moments!" Her words suddenly awoke him to a sense of something forgotten. "Your soul! There is yet time—there must be to save it—to absolve—"

"No—no! Papita—will pay—"

But already, again, were his lips murmuring—unsteadily—almost incoherently.

"I—cannot—hear," the girl whispered. He bent lower. "Lower—still," she said. He obeyed, and as he did so her cold lips, like a chilly breath, suddenly touched his. "El Nino!" For a moment strength seemed abruptly to return to her. "You do not mind? It is not like—in the garden. Then were there—perfumes—and flowers—and life ahead. Now—Ah, you do not repulse me. Say that you do not—"

"Repulse? No, no."

The pale mouth curved to a smile; a flash of light lit up for an instant the wonderful dark eyes, as quickly faded. The girl lay still.

"Papita!" She made no movement. "Papita—beautiful Papita!" The boy's lips swept wildly hers. "Dead! Dead!" Long he looked at her; then—"Unshriven!" he cried, in an agony.

Near by, in the room, sounded the low *miserentur:* the moans and contrite murmurings of the murderers. They might be absolved of their sins; before the white marble face, listen to the *Indulgentiam.* But she?—she lay all in darkness—darkness like the pit. Nay; not all!

One hand, flung out, brown, small, beautiful, extended over the threshold—reached—reached into the light!

Timothy Webster: Spy

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

CIVILIANS fell in the great war. They fought in an army that was without flags or uniforms, without stirring music or flashing arms; an army ever in an enemy's country, surrounded and outnumbered. Theirs was an army of individuals; in little groups, in couples, or alone they fought against cities and communities, against whole armies, in one great, silent, unending conflict of wit and subterfuge and cunning. When they fell their death was not a swift blotting out as in battle, but it was made a ceremony of horror and shame; for the men and women of this civilian army were spies—soldiers set apart from soldiers by the stern rules of war; sowers, whom we, the complacent reapers, "damn with faint praise"; patriots, sacrificing their innermost selves to a military necessity that is as old as war is old, that has been justified since the day when Moses "by commandment of the Lord" sent his twelve spies into the land of Canaan.



TIMOTHY WEBSTER

Several months before Sumter was fired on, the Civil War had begun for Timothy Webster. At no time after the actual outbreak of war was he more liable to the fate of a spy than at Perrymansville,* Maryland, early in February, 1861, when he quietly took up his regular duties as detective of the private agency of Allan Pinkerton, of Chicago. At the outset his visit to Perrymansville was commonplace enough and quite within his routine—merely to expose the suspected plot of malcontents to damage railroad property. And then of a sudden the situation became of national—more, of world-wide—importance, and for a time Allan Pinkerton and Timothy Webster held History in the making.

Had not the Maryland plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln, while *en route* through Baltimore to his inauguration, been discovered and frustrated, what, today, would be the history of the American nation? And to Timothy Webster, Allan Pinkerton thus generously accredits the major portion of the achievement:

> He, amongst all the force who went with me, deserves the credit of saving the life of Mr. Lincoln, even more than I do.

Webster at this time was a man of forty; good-looking, tall, broad-shouldered, of great physical strength and endurance, skilled in all athletic sports, a good shot, strong-willed, and absolutely fearless. His face indicated a character of firmness and amiability, of innate force and gentle feeling, of frankness and resolution; a thoughtful,

* Now Perryman.

self-contained man of an appearance at once to attract attention. Such was Timothy Webster as Allan Pinkerton describes him.

As a boy of twelve he had emigrated with his parents from Sussex County, England, to Princeton, New Jersey; at thirty-two, some latent craving for excitement drew him from his trade of machinist to become a policeman at the World's Crystal Palace Exposition in New York City; there he was introduced to Allan Pinkerton, and with him went to Chicago.



ALLAN PINKERTON

Pinkerton's shrewd estimate of Webster's probable ability as a detective was more than correct; with experience he developed into a star agent of the force, so that when the call came from S. M. Felton, president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, asking protection for his railroad property, Webster was detailed to Perrymansville, which was believed by Allan Pinkerton to be one of the chief danger points.

In 1861 President Felton's road was the only direct line connecting New York City and the New England States with Washington; that this railroad should be kept unbroken at this critical time was of the utmost importance. It was readily discovered that a plot existed among the Maryland secessionists to cut the line by burning the bridges; but the first hint of the real purpose of the conspirators came to Pinkerton in a letter from the master machinist of the railroad, Mr. William Stearns; he wrote:

> I am informed that a son of a distinguished citizen of Maryland said that he had taken an oath with others to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he gets to Washington.

This letter was received on February 10th—the day before Mr. Lincoln left his home in Springfield, Illinois, and started on his eastern tour *en route* for Washington.

Pinkerton sent for more of his men, and redoubled his efforts to learn something tangible of this or any other plot. Time passed rapidly. Such a conspiracy, well organized, did exist—he learned enough in Baltimore to convince him of that; also—through Stearns—that a branch of the organization was at Perrymansville in the guise of a cavalry company. Webster, who had been withdrawn from there, was hurried back, and within twenty-four hours had been enrolled as a member of the company. Then, handicapped by the shortness of time, he made a supreme effort to gain the confidence of the inner circle of conspirators, who alone were in the principal plot. Few men could have succeeded as Webster did, few have such a personality as his. Naturally he was of a quiet, reserved disposition, seldom speaking unless spoken to, and never betraying emotion or excitement under any pressure of circumstances; but with the need, his reserve would vanish, and he would become a genial, jovial, convivial soul, with a wonderful faculty for making every one admire and like him. In a few cunningly worded sentences he would rouse the blood of his hearers until it fairly boiled with indignation against the Yankees and Abe Lincoln.

"Webster's talent for sustaining a rôle

of this kind amounted to positive genius; in a lifetime of detective experience I have never met one who could more readily adapt himself to circumstances," Allan Pinkerton has written.

It was with such a weapon that Webster was making his great fight.

The tour of the President-elect was rapidly drawing to its end. Webster, consummate actor, was making haste slowly; grave, fiery, serious, boisterous—each at the golden time, he played with a masterful hand upon the excited, high-strung conspirators. From the first his efforts had been covertly directed against the cavalry company's officers: they were in the secret or no one was. At last, one morning after drill, the captain with much secrecy asked him to call that night at his house, "and say nothing about it." How the time must have dragged till the appointed hour! But with the first step he made into a room whose windows were hung with heavy quilts and blankets he knew that success had come at last. Webster was introduced to three strangers in the group, members of the league from Baltimore; then took his place at the table with the rest and listened—joining in now and then with a word or two—as they discussed the plans for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln at the Calvert Street Depot in Baltimore, on February 23d. The plans were fully matured except for the selection of the person to fire the shot.

The story of how Allan Pinkerton placed his proofs of the conspiracy before Lincoln in the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, on the night of February 21st; of the spiriting of Mr. Lincoln out of Harrisburg next evening back to Philadelphia in a private train—while Harrisburg, with telegraph wires secretly grounded, lay cut off from all communication with the outside world; of the passage through Baltimore in the dead of night; and the safe arrival of the President-elect, accompanied by Allan Pinkerton and Colonel Lamon, in Washington at six o'clock in the morning of the day he was expected in Baltimore, has been told again and again, but Timothy Webster's part is known to but few.

Just two months later Webster was back in Maryland; Sumter had been fired upon; the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment had been attacked in the streets of Baltimore; the war had begun. On April 21st several prominent men of Chicago entrusted the Pinkerton Agency with the delivery of some important communications to President Lincoln, and Pinkerton selected Timothy as his messenger. The papers were sewed into his coat collar and his vest lining, and he set out.

Washington was to all intents a beleaguered city; every railroad bridge about Baltimore had been burned by the order of the Baltimore authorities; tracks were torn up, telegraph wires cut, and the Potomac blockaded; even the wagon roads were picketed, the countryside swarmed with spies and zealots of the Southern cause; practically all communication with the North was destroyed, and no one might pass in the direction of Washington or Baltimore without a rigid examination.

At the Susquehanna the train could go no farther, and Webster, with the few passengers, was rowed across the river to Havre de Grace; from thence each man had to shift for himself. For fifty dollars the driver of a covered road-wagon agreed to take Webster and an Englishman, who said he was bearer of despatches to the British consul, as passengers to Baltimore. At Perrymansville they were halted by a cavalryman in the uniform of Webster's old company, but a stranger to him; before they could be questioned or searched, a second cavalryman rode up, and to Webster's great relief recognized him, and hailed him genially, and, what was better, unhesitatingly gave a pass to Baltimore. So impressed was the Englishman that as they journeyed along he grew more and more friendly, until at length, led on by Webster, he confided that he too was engaged in the cause of the South, and bore with him important papers to Southern sympathizers living in Washington.

Baltimore—and the two were boon companions; they spent the night there, and Webster, meeting many of the acquaintances of two months previous, had no difficulty, with their ready help, in procuring another wagon to carry them on to Washington. All morning they drove,

and still the spy could find no opportunity to betray his companion. But as they ate their dinner at the Twelve-Mile House, with the end of their journey almost in sight, the chance came. Across the long table from them sat a man whom Webster recognized and whom he knew to be a Union man; fortunately the recognition was not mutual. The meal ended; the unsuspecting Englishman was got out of the way, and then Webster hurriedly told this acquaintance who he was and what he wished done. The man galloped away toward the city. Presently decoy and decoyed leisurely drove on again—toward a trap; at the outskirts of Washington they were halted.

"No one is permitted to enter the city without being examined," politely explained the lieutenant of the guard. The Englishman saw the indignant Webster locked into a cell; then, in spite of his protests, he too was led away and locked up. In a few minutes Webster was released, and he hurried into the city, direct to the White House. President Lincoln with amused interest watched him take off his coat and vest, rip them open, and remove the letters. When, at the President's request, Webster returned the following morning, he received the thanks of the President, not alone for the letters he had brought, but for the arrest of the Englishman, whose despatches, President Lincoln said, were of the greatest importance, and revealed menacing disaffection in Washington itself. He then gave Webster several messages, and asked that they be telegraphed as soon as he should reach an office from which they could be sent in safety. One of these telegrams was to George B. McClellan, president of the Eastern Division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, who had just been appointed Major-General of Volunteers in Ohio; the other message was a request that Allan Pinkerton come to Washington to confer with the President and the Secretary of War on the question of organizing a military secret service.

Fate from the very first seems to have marked this man, Timothy Webster, for a great war spy. At every turn his destiny flung down before him some new strand, which he unhesitatingly picked up and twisted into the rope of circumstance which one day was to hang him: the temporary laying aside of his trade to become a special policeman during the gayety of the Exposition; the chance introduction there to Allan Pinkerton—the master who was to train him in his craft; the simple assignment to guard railroad property—by which he had been swiftly shifted into the heart of a great conspiracy and to the position of an all but military spy; then—while still in private employ—a mere carrier of letters—he had been forced by chance, in the case of the Englishman, again to turn informer and spy for his government; and now, by the order of the President of the United States, he bore the very telegram which was to result in the establishment of that service in which he was to perish.

Allan Pinkerton, under the *nom de guerre* "Major E. J. Allen," organized and commanded the first military secret service of the Federal army. Timothy Webster, without question, followed his chief and former employer into the new field; within a few days he had begun one of the most remarkable careers of which there is record in that remarkable service. Almost from the first he occupied that most dangerous position known in warfare, the double spy, the man who serves two masters, who carries water on both shoulders. He served the South with the knowledge of the North; he gave that he might in greater measure take; he betrayed, with permission, the Federal government in little things, in order that his opportunities in the Confederacy might be for a more complete betrayal. He was all things to all Southern men—an actor of a thousand rôles; unerringly he read character almost at a glance, shrewdly chose his rôle—his bait—as an angler selects his fly from the many in his fly-book, and cunningly made his cast of that personality which bid fair to entice his quarry into trustfulness; wherever he would he hooked his man.

In Alabama they would have made him colonel of a regiment; in Baltimore he was a member of the "Knights of Liberty"; Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, Maryland—he was known to the foremost citizens of the principal cities, and to the commanding

officers of camps and fortifications and armies, as an ardent Confederate who was doing important work for the Cause; until at last, as his position strengthened and as those persons who vouched for him were men of greater influence, he became a trusted emissary of the Confederate War Department in Richmond. There was no more dangerous Union spy within the Confederacy.

His connection with the Lincoln assassination conspirators was the chief, almost the sole, means of accomplishing this result. For the most part the members of the plot were men of position and of wide acquaintance throughout the South; and Webster, who was believed to have fled to avoid arrest, as had many of the others, now went to those of his fellow conspirators who had returned to Perrymansville and Baltimore. He did not ask for their help—instead:

"I am going to attempt to get South," said he; "perhaps I can do you some favor there—at least carry letters to where they may be safely posted; perhaps bring others back to you."

And they gladly gave him letters to be posted, or to be delivered in person in those cities to which he was going—letters that in effect said, "Open sesame; this, our friend, is already proved." And the Confederates of Memphis and Bowling Green and Louisville, Mobile and Nashville, and later of Richmond itself, welcomed him, and he charmed them until he was introduced among their friends, and loaded down with letters to be delivered when he should go north again. He was working within a circle, operating an endless chain; it seems very simple—credentials for any time or place! But all these letters, whether going south or coming north, stopped in transit at the headquarters of Allan Pinkerton, and were read, and their contents copied, before being resealed and allowed to continue on their journey. There was no limit to his capacity for gaining information for the Union. Yet each trip that he made was like a cumulative poison—only a question of repetition to result in certain death.

Timothy Webster served the Union for just twelve months; and the record of each month would in itself furnish ample material for an entire story.

In a Pennsylvania city—Pittsburg—he was mistaken for a Confederate spy and nearly lynched by a hot-headed mob, from which he was saved only by the opportune arrival of Allan Pinkerton. Together, backed against the wall, with drawn revolvers, they held off the mob, until the chief of police rescued and identified them.

In Tennessee, on his very first trip into the Confederacy, he incurred the suspicion of a member of a committee of safety—of which each community was well supplied to investigate and question strangers. He was "shadowed" from city to city; and at last took a train for Chattanooga, though he did not wish to go there; he dared not start north until the man had been disposed of. It almost seemed as though his mind had been read; the man—he had entered the same car with Webster—was now for the first time in company with another. The train had gone but a few miles when a lady came and sat down beside Webster. Presently, without looking at him, she whispered: "I am no enemy to a Union man. I have overheard two men say that if you try to go north they will 'get' you; they believe you are a Yankee spy." He whispered his thanks, but she did not speak to him again. At a way-station he got off and walked up and down beside the train. The two men also got off, and he felt them stealthily watching.

"Conductor," he said, in a loud voice, "tell me a good hotel in Humboldt; I must stop there several days."

The train reached Humboldt in a deluge of rain. Webster and those passengers alighting there scurried for the shelter of the station; almost at the door there stood a heap of baggage, and Webster darted behind it; he saw his men—blinded by the dashing rain, and certain that he was ahead of them—run across the street and into the hotel. He had intended to take his old train the moment it should start; but when it was about to pull out, a north-bound train arrived, and when it left Humboldt for the north Timothy Webster was on board. He never saw the two men again.

Back in Baltimore once more, Webster, his position greatly strengthened by the results of his Southern trip, assumed the

part of a gentleman of wealth and leisure; he lived in the best suite of rooms at the best hotel, and drove a fine span of horses. There was a special purpose for assuming such a rôle; Baltimore, though under martial law, and with several of her leading citizens confined in Fort McHenry—because of their too openly expressed Southern sentiments—was still dangerously active in secret aid to the Confederacy. Webster, as in the case of the Lincoln conspiracy, was expected to reach the leaders of whatever organizations might be there. He gave blockade-running as his ostensible business, and was thus enabled, while making Baltimore his headquarters, to travel about through lower Maryland, where he added many useful dupes to his staff of Confederate assistants, and gained much information for Pinkerton in Washington. Dangerous though it was, necessity compelled him to report frequently to Pinkerton and receive his instructions. At last there occurred the very thing that was most to be feared: he was observed going stealthily into the secret service headquarters; and next day, in Baltimore, as he stood in the centre of a group of friends gathered about the bar, the door opened, and there entered a man known to all present as a brawler, a "rough"—Zigler by name—one of the leaders in the attack on the Massachusetts troops.

"Ha! Webster!" he cried. "I have been looking for you!" Then, turning to the group "This man has fooled us in Baltimore long enough. He is a spy." There was a moment of absolute stillness, then half a dozen voices cried: "He's drunk! Put him out! We know Webster!"

"Ask him where he was last night," Zigler sneered, and there was silence again—a silence of involuntary suspicion.

"In Washington," Webster said, calmly. "These gentlemen all knew I had been there."

"I saw him"—Zigler pointed his finger dramatically—"go into the office of the chief of the Yankee detective force!"

Webster stared at him coldly. "You lie!" he said.

And then there occurred the most fortunate thing that could have happened; Zigler sprang furiously at Webster, who struck him a swift, clean-cut blow in the face which sent him rolling on the floor, and, as he leaped up with a knife in his hand, Webster drew a revolver and stopped the man before he could take a step.

"Go!" he said, in a tense, even voice. "Go! or I will surely kill you!" Without a word Zigler turned and left the room. A dozen hands clapped Webster on the shoulder, his trusting friends cheered him enthusiastically.

"Gentlemen," he said, sorrowfully, "I cannot imagine what I have done to that man that he should try to injure me so."

But so far from injury the affair greatly increased the respect and admiration in which he was held. In a short time he was invited to join the "Knights of Liberty."

This organization, together with the mummeries of a secret society, combined a deadly intent against the Union and some very effective work for the Confederacy. Webster was initiated with much ceremony.

Before the meeting was over he was astounded to learn the extent to which this organization had been advanced; the room in which he sat was the wooden horse within the walls of Troy; the men about him, the dragons' teeth sowed in Northern soil. The "Knights of Liberty" were in direct communication with the Confederate authorities in Richmond; branch organizations of more or less strength were scattered throughout Maryland; in Baltimore were hidden six thousand stands of arms, which, at the signal, would be put in the hands of ten thousand men of Maryland, who would sweep down on Washington from the north as the Confederate army advanced upon it from the south; all that was needed was the landing of a Southern army on the Maryland shore. Such were the statements of the Knights, and such their plans. Webster attended the meetings for several weeks, and became known as an impassioned speaker who was eagerly listened to. He was able to work several of the secret service agents into the league by directing them to make the acquaintance of several of the members whom Webster had marked as being less shrewd than the others and more liable to vouch for newcomers; when his men had so established themselves in the so-

ciety as to be accepted, in their regular turn, as doorkeepers of the outer door, Webster's plans were complete. On the night when these men were standing guard, Webster made an address; the room was crowded; the speech grew more and more flamboyant, until the peroration ended with the shouted words "—the smoking ruins of the city of Washington!" It was the cue; the room was instantly filled with Federal soldiers. There was no resistance—only a tumult of cries and a scurrying about in the trap. The "Knights of Liberty" as an organization was destroyed.

The months passed swiftly; the summer was gone and the autumn was midway to its close before Timothy Webster entered Richmond for the first time; he had left Baltimore for Richmond almost immediately after the betrayal of the "Knights of Liberty"; his friends—those who had not been imprisoned—in the belief that he was fleeing to escape Federal arrest, aided him to the utmost of their ability. When he ran the blockade of Union gunboats and patrols in the Potomac, he carried a heavy mail with him into Virginia—mail from which the fangs had been extracted in the office of the chief of the secret service. The results of this trip are embodied in a statement by Allan Pinkerton:

> This first visit of Timothy Webster to Richmond was highly successful. Not only had he made many friends in that city, who would be of service to him on subsequent trips, but the information he derived was exceedingly valuable. He was able to report very correctly the number and strength around the rebel capital, to estimate the number of troops and their sources of supplies, and also the forts between that city and Manassas Junction, and his notes of the topography of the country were of the greatest value.

Four times he made the trip from Baltimore to Richmond. He never made use of the Federal aid which was at his command, but he risked death from Union guns as surely as did any Confederate blockade-runner. In Baltimore he was looked upon as a hero; in Richmond, as a valued employee of the Confederate War Department; for, after his second trip there, he was employed by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, to carry despatches and the "underground mail," and to obtain information in Washington and Baltimore; on one occasion he received the personal thanks of the "great Secretary of the Confederacy." The passes furnished to Webster by the Confederate War Department enabled him to go wherever he wished, and he made a long journey into Kentucky and Tennessee. There seemed to be no limit to his audacity, no measure to his success.

Once only—until at the very last—was he in imminent danger of arrest. In the fortifications of Richmond he met Zigler face to face—Zigler, whom he had struck and to whom he had given the lie and discredited in Baltimore; now, the spy met him, a Confederate lieutenant at his post. Both men stood looking at each other, their hands on their revolvers.

"What are you doing here, Webster?" Zigler slowly asked.

"I am here to deliver a letter from his father to your friend John Bowen; as you probably know, he is ill of fever at Manassas," Webster said, pleasantly.

"Let me see the letter!"

As he returned the letter, Zigler held out his hand. "Webster," he said, "I once thought you were a spy: I was wrong."

Webster heartily grasped his hand; he used Zigler as he would use an information bureau, and laughed as he went away.

It was the same wherever he went, whatever he did—all things worked for his advantage; unsought information, invaluable to the Union, came to him at least expected moments; he had only to stretch out his hand to take it. A surgeon deserting from the Union army became his companion in an effort to cross into Virginia. The landlord of the hotel at Leonardtown, Maryland, to whom Webster was well known, urged him to help the surgeon in every way, for—"He is carrying letters to our War Department!" The letters never got any nearer to Richmond; in fact, next day they went the other direction—to Washington. In Leonardtown there was stationed another member of the secret service, John Scobel—a negro. That evening as Webster chatted with the landlord—establishing a solid alibi—the doctor, strolling about in the dusk, was seized from behind and robbed; he staggered

back to the hotel in terrible distress and excitement.

"But," said Webster, soothingly, "you can doubtless give a verbal summary of what was in your papers?"

"They were sealed," the surgeon groaned. "I know no more of the contents than you do." Thus, Secretary Benjamin forever missed some information which would have been extremely useful had it reached him. The surgeon and Webster, who still proffered consolation, proceeded arm in arm to Richmond.

In finding a trusty messenger to carry the stolen letters to Washington, Webster met with one of the strangest experiences of his career. At midnight he had slipped away from the hotel and had joined his negro spy, Scobel, who could not be spared from his own work in Leonardtown to deliver the papers. Together they passed out of the sleeping town and into the dark fields; at a ruinous house, with boarded windows and sagging roof, they stopped and knocked softly; Scobel's whispered password admitted them, and they entered. The staircase was gone, but a rope ladder was let down to them; the room to which they climbed covered the entire second story; the only light came from a lantern which stood on a barrel draped with an American flag. They carefully picked a way between huddled figures; they were negroes. Webster could see those seated close about the lantern—the rest merged into the gloomy shadows until only a rolling eyeball or a slight movement showed that the room was filled with men, silent, watchful men, seated row after row upon the floor. It was a meeting of one of the branches of the "Loyal League"—the secret organization of slaves banded together against the Confederacy. Reports were made by those who had had commissions assigned them or who had visited other lodges of the League; then Webster was called on for an address. Here at last he might be eloquent for, instead of against, the Flag, and his low-spoken, burning words roused the emotional negroes to an intense pitch of excitement; they gathered about him, each trying to catch his hand—some weeping, some calling on God to bless the work of this man who fought for them and for the Union. For two hours the meeting continued, then broke up in order that those who had come from miles away might steal back to their quarters before dawn. The president of the League took the stolen papers and carried them safely to Washington.

So perilous was Webster's position, even from the very beginning of his work, that, for his greater safety, he was known to but few of his fellow operatives. Thus it happened that in Baltimore, after his return from his first Richmond trip, he was arrested as a spy—as a Confederate spy—by a Federal agent; Webster was in a cell for a day and a night before he could get word to Pinkerton to order his release; when the order came it was not for a release, but for an escape. To avoid suspicion Webster was permitted to make a sensational break from the wagon in which he was being driven ostensibly to Fort McHenry; there was a mock pursuit, and at midnight he crept to the home of one of his Confederate friends and begged shelter from the Yankees. To his friends he was as one returned from the dead; they feasted and fêted him in secret, and kept him hidden until he could make his "escape" to Richmond.

The accounts of his capture and escape as printed in the Baltimore *American* and the *Gazette* of November 22, 1861, must have given Timothy huge amusement.

Christmas morning Webster left Washington for his third journey to Richmond. He had climbed the hill of Success, had passed, unwitting, over the crest, and now commenced the journey down the side upon which rested the shadow.

At Leonardtown, Maryland, his old starting-point, he was met by bad news; his usual route across the Potomac had been discovered by the Federals, and was watched. But his stanch friend, landlord Moore, assured him that all was not yet lost—a new route had been developed; only, in return for its being shown him he must escort to Richmond the families of two Confederate officers, which had been entrusted to the care of the worthy landlord of Leonardtown.

That night, after a hard ride, the little party—Webster, two ladies, three young children, and the boatman—put out from

the swamps and thickets of Cobb Neck in an open boat in the attempt to cross the Potomac. The clear, frosty weather had come to an end; all afternoon the clouds had been banking over Virginia, and a gusty wind had moaned in the pines and scrub-oak thickets; the wind had risen with the coming of night, and now, as the little craft caught its full force, it rolled and pitched wildly. The women, mute with terror, clung to the wailing children, and cowered in the bottom of the boat. Midway across, the boatman shouted that the storm was coming. Webster flung a tarpaulin over the women and children, and then gave aid to the managing of the sail; the rain and sleet cut and blinded like salt; the wind veered, and rushed the boat to the land. All but helpless in such a wind, and bewildered by the lashing rain, the boatman lost his bearings and drove full upon a sand-bar within a hundred feet of shore. The boatman had all he could do to save his little craft from being swamped with all on board, and Webster caught two of the children in his arms, leaped overboard, and struggled ashore with them; the water was only waist-deep, but it was icy cold. Four times he made the trip from boat to shore; then, chilled through, and shivering so that he scarce could walk, he led his wretched party toward a distant light. For more than a mile they toiled through the underbrush and over the rough, soggy ground, and at last, utterly exhausted, reached an old negro's two-room cabin. They passed a miserable night—the women and children in the only bed; Webster, wrapped in a tattered blanket on the floor before the fire. Half unconscious of what he did, he picked up a small packet wrapped in oiled silk; it had evidently been dropped by one of the ladies when she removed part of her wet clothing; he noted dully that it was addressed to Secretary Benjamin, and he thrust the packet into a slit in his coat lining.

At Fredericksburg, which they reached next day by steamer, Webster could go no farther; he was seized with inflammatory rheumatism, and was ill for days; the women heartlessly left him behind—the women whose lives he had saved, virtually at the cost of his own. It seems no more than just that he should have found their packet of papers—it was little enough reward, though it gave him the opportunity to strike a stout blow for the Union; for the packet contained complete maps of the country surrounding Washington, an accurate statement of the number and location of the Federal troops, and the probable plans of the spring campaign—indubitable evidence that some Federal officer had gone wrong. When Allan Pinkerton received the papers, he was able, by identifying the writing, to arrest the author—a clerk in the office of the Provost-Marshal of Washington—who narrowly escaped being hanged.

Webster at last proceeded to Richmond, and, though still suffering from rheumatism, indomitably continued from there his journey south.

By the middle of January he was back in Washington with a large mail, which included letters and despatches from Secretary Benjamin, General Winder, and others high in the Confederacy; also he brought reports of conditions, and military information, from as far south as Nashville.

He was still physically unfit for duty, but at once prepared to return to Richmond on what was to be his last journey. This time he did not go alone; he had need of Hattie Lewis, a young woman member of the secret service; she had already been in Richmond several times, and had been of help to Timothy on one of his previous visits. Webster, when he asked that Hattie Lewis might accompany him, received his chief's ready assent, and he and the girl crossed the Potomac together—that much "Major Allen" was able to trace weeks later; for, from the time they crossed the river, Timothy Webster and Hattie Lewis had disappeared completely.

The days passed into weeks, and still no tidings.

"My anxiety," Mr. Pinkerton writes, "was equally shared by General McClellan, with whom Webster was a great favorite, and who placed the utmost reliance on his reports. One evening, early in February, the General called on me, and advised the sending of one messenger, or two, for the sole purpose of hunting up Webster, or finding some trace of him."

Pryce Lewis and John Scully—old members of the Chicago force—were

chosen; they knew Webster well, and they were experienced spies, men who had already proved their worth in the service. Yet in this case a worse choice could not have been made; for these men had been used in the early days of the war to search the houses of families suspected of disloyalty to the government; several of these families had been required by the authorities to leave Washington, and had been transported South: this was the flaw in the armor of Scully and Lewis. Their particular danger was appreciated by their chief, who questioned deserters, prisoners, and contrabands from Richmond regarding these expelled families; he learned that the Morton family of Florida had returned to that State, and the Philips had left Richmond for South Carolina. This cleared the way for Lewis and Scully; they safely crossed into Virginia, then they, too, disappeared. It was two months after Webster had left Washington before Allan Pinkerton heard of any of his agents again.

Lewis and Scully had little difficulty in reaching Richmond, and still less in finding Webster's whereabouts. Elated by the ease with which they had found him, the two, without waiting to communicate secretly with Webster, hurried to the Monumental Hotel, and were shown to his room. They found him in bed, the mere shadow of his former self, weak and emaciated, and still suffering intensely from rheumatism—still making payment for his rescue of helpless women and children. Let it be remembered that the presence of Scully and Lewis in Richmond had been brought about thereby.

Hattie Lewis, who posed as Webster's sister, and who had nursed him during his entire illness, sat sewing by the window, and at his bedside was one of his stanch Richmond friends, come to cheer the invalid. The two secret service men, in the presence of the unsuspecting Confederate, were greeted formally—as mere acquaintances; they gave Webster a letter written by Allan Pinkerton—a letter purporting to come from one of Webster's Baltimore friends, warning him to return by another route, as the Yankees were watching his old one to capture him. Webster read the letter and passed it to his friend Pierce. "I'm being well taken care of, you see!" he said, lightly. But he was secretly dismayed at the coming of his fellow spies, and they, intuitively feeling that they had in some way run counter to his plans, were ill at ease and constrained in manner; the call was short and cold, and they made the additional mistake of leaving before Pierce did, thus giving Webster no chance to warn them to keep away.

With rare fatuity they returned next morning, and again had the misfortune to find a Confederate visitor, no less than an officer from the Provost-Marshal's office, Captain McCubbin, a man whose friendship the politic Webster had diligently cultivated and entirely won. The interview was more pleasant than that of the previous day. McCubbin was a friendly soul and a good talker; it was not until he was leaving that he inquired pleasantly whether they had reported themselves to the office of the Provost-Marshal. They had not—they had been examined by Major Beale at the Potomac, and their passports having been approved, they had not thought it necessary, they said. It was most necessary, McCubbin told them—but any time within a day or two would do. McCubbin left, and Webster urged them to see the Provost-Marshal, obtain his permit, and at once leave Richmond.

They called next day at the office of General Winder, commander of the city of Richmond; his examination was a searching one, as was to be expected, but his manner pleasant and courteous; their story was thoroughly prepared, and they answered his questions readily; the General expressed himself entirely satisfied, shook hands with them, and wished them good day. Greatly pleased, they hastened to relieve Webster's anxiety by telling him their success, and to bid him good-by. Hardly were they seated, when an officer—who had undoubtedly followed them from General Winder's office—called to question them regarding some trivial point in their examination. When the man had gone Webster struggled to a sitting posture. "Leave the city! Leave the city!" he cried. "The coming of that man means that you are certainly suspected!"

They tried to reassure him, dwelling

on their interview with Winder, but while they spoke, the door opened and one of the provost's detectives entered, accompanied by Chase Morton, whose home in Washington had been searched by Lewis and Scully. They had dreamed of danger, they awoke—and found their feet on the trap of the gallows; in that instant three men and a woman felt the rope about their necks.

Scully completely lost his wits; without a word he rose and walked out of the open door; Lewis stolidly faced an introduction and joined in commonplaces of the talk, until presently he said good-by to Webster and left the room. In the hall he was joined by Scully, who had in a measure recovered his composure; as they were about to descend the stairs the Confederate detective stepped out of Webster's room and quietly placed them under arrest; other detectives, by whom the house had been surrounded, closed about them and they were escorted to General Winder's office. There young Morton with positiveness identified them as Federal secret service agents, and they were sent immediately to Henrico Jail; for days they lay there, apparently forgotten; then Scully was taken away, and he did not return.

Lewis, half crazed by the uncertainty of Scully's fate and his own ultimate fate, joined with his fellow prisoners in a mad plan to break from the poorly guarded jail; most of them escaped into the country, where they wandered for several days, suffering horribly in the half-frozen swamps of the Chickahominy; in little groups they were recaptured—Lewis and three companions last of all—brought back to the city, placed in solitary confinement, and heavily ironed. Two days later Lewis was led to trial.

Webster—not daring to make inquiries—knew absolutely nothing of his two friends from the time that the detectives had followed Lewis and Scully out of the room, until, days afterward, he read in a newspaper that they had been arrested and were accused of being Federal spies; then came an order from the Provost-Marshal, demanding the letter which had been brought to him by the men. Scully was the first to be placed on trial, and Webster was called on to testify; but Webster was too ill to be moved, and the court adjourned to his bedside to take his evidence. He had known the men slightly since April, 1861, in Baltimore, he testified; there they were regarded as earnest secessionists; he knew nothing of their being connected with the United States government in any way, knew nothing further than that they had unexpectedly appeared in Richmond with the letter; that was all. When the members of the court had gone, Webster fainted.

The positive identification of the two prisoners by members of the Morton family convicted them; Webster, a few days later, read that his friends had been sentenced to be hanged within one week from the passing of sentence. His own position had been compromised, and some of his friends began to fall away, but no charge was made against him, and it seemed that he was to escape.

After sentence was passed, Lewis and Scully were confined in Castle Godwin, in separate cells; they had not seen each other since they had been parted in Henrico Jail, and Scully, feigning serious illness, pleaded to be allowed to see his comrade. Lewis was brought to him. The condemned men were left alone, and presently Scully, with some hesitation, said that he had sent for a priest, that, as a Catholic, he must confess and receive absolution before he died. Lewis took instant alarm. Would Webster's name have to be mentioned, he asked. Scully did not know; he grew sullen and was greatly disturbed.

Pryce Lewis pleaded with him. "Do not speak of Webster, John!" he begged.

"I tell you I do not know what I will have to say," Scully answered, irritably. And while they still argued, a man of priestly appearance came and Scully followed him away. Lewis was not taken back to his own cell for several hours. As at last he was being hurried through the halls, Lewis passed detectives bringing in two prisoners—a man and a woman. In the dim light of the lanterns, with their shifting shadows, he could not be sure—could only be afraid: *was* it Webster and Hattie Lewis? What had Scully done?

Allan Pinkerton—"Major Allen"—with the Army of the Potomac, was before

Yorktown on the Peninsula; in the midst of a hard campaign he scarcely for an hour forgot his missing men, but all his inquiries failed, until in a captured Richmond paper he read that the Yankee spies, Scully and Lewis, were sentenced to be hanged. Then, before he could make a move in their behalf, came the more bitter news that they were respited for having implicated the chief spy of them all—Timothy Webster. Immediately Mr. Pinkerton, accompanied by Colonel Key of General McClellan's staff, hurried to Washington.

Mr. Lincoln was readily seen, and he, too, filled with sympathy for the unfortunate man, promised to call a special session of the Cabinet to consider the case that evening. . . . In the evening the Cabinet was convened, and after a full discussion of the matter it was decided that the only thing that could be done was to authorize the Secretary of War to communicate with the rebel authorities on the subject. He was directed to authorize General Wool to send by flag of truce boat, or by telegraph, a message to Jefferson Davis, representing that the course pursued by the Federal government toward rebel spies had heretofore been lenient and forbearing; that in many cases such persons had been released after a short confinement, and that in no instance had any one so charged been tried for his life, or sentenced to death. The message concluded with the decided intimation that if the Confederate government proceeded to carry their sentence of death into execution, the Federal government would initiate a system of retaliation which would amply revenge the death of the men now held.

Secretary Stanton expressed in strong terms his willingness to assist Webster to the extent of the resources of the government, but he was but little disposed to assist the others, who had betrayed their companion to save their own lives.

Did they, of a certainty, "betray their companion to save their own lives"?

Scully was a Catholic, and, under seal of the confessional, said to a man whom he believed to be a priest (and who was not) something which implicated Webster.

Lewis and Scully did confess, and their confession saved their lives—after the harm innocently had been done.

Let this terrible story be brought swiftly to its more terrible end.

The trial of Timothy Webster, civilian spy, was immediately begun by a civil court; the man was still so sick that he could not be moved, and his trial was at first held in the prison. From the beginning there was no hope and he had none; yet instead of sinking he struggled up, grew physically stronger until able to take his place at the bar. His bearing made a wonderful impression upon all; he became magnificent in his calm dignity and his quiet, simple fearlessness. He was what he was, and had done that which he had done, for a mighty principle, and now he was given strength greater than his own to bear him up until the end.

So different from the swift, decisive—thereby more merciful—court martial, this trial "by process of law" dragged its weary length for three weeks; witness after witness was examined; Lewis and Scully on the stand faced their comrade, and by their testimony—wrung from them and given in anguish—he was hanged. And though he had able lawyers who fought an able fight for him, and though the Federal government convened a special session of its Cabinet and threatened bitter reprisals, and though the woman who loved him—Hattie Lewis—besought the wife of the President of the Confederacy to intercede for him, yet Timothy Webster, spy, was justly convicted and justly hanged.

On the 29th of April, 1862, surrounded by a great concourse of soldiers and citizens at Camp Lee—the old Fair Grounds of Richmond—the first spy of the Rebellion was executed.

". . . The knot came undone . . . and they carried him back upon the scaffold; as he stood swaying on the trap for the second time, he cried, from under the black hood, 'I suffer a double death!'"

Hattie Lewis was imprisoned for a year, Lewis and Scully for twenty-two months, and were then set free.

"Sisters Under Their Skins"

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE light March rain, which had been intermittent all the morning, ceased falling before Minnie Henryson and her mother had reached Sixth Avenue. The keen wind sprang up again, and a patch of blue sky appeared here and there down the vista of Twenty-third Street, as they were walking westward. There was even a suggestion of sunshine far away over the Jersey hills.

The two ladies closed their umbrellas, which the west wind had made it hard for them to hold.

"I believe that we are going to have a pleasant afternoon, after all," said Mrs. Henryson. "Perhaps we had better lunch down here and get all our shopping done to-day."

"Just as you say, mamma," the daughter answered, a little listlessly, accustomed to accept all her mother's sudden changes of plan.

They turned the corner and went a little way down the avenue, as the brakes of an up-town train scraped and squeaked when it stopped at the station high above their heads.

Mrs. Henryson paused to look into one of the broad windows of a gigantic store.

"Minnie," she said, solemnly, "I don't believe hats are going to be any smaller this summer, in spite of all they say in the papers."

"It doesn't seem like it," responded her daughter, perfunctorily. She had already bought her own hat for the spring, and just then her mind was wandering far afield. She was dutifully accompanying her mother for a morning's shopping, although she would rather have had her time to herself, so that she could think out the question that was puzzling her.

Her mother continued to peer into the window, comparing the hats with one another, and Minnie's attention was arrested by a little girl of eight who stopped almost at her side and stamped three times on the iron cover of an opening in the sidewalk, nearly in front of the window where the two ladies were standing. After giving this signal the child drew back; and in less than a minute the covers opened wide, and then an elevator began to rise, bringing up a middle-aged man begrimed with oil and coal-dust.

"Hello, dad!" cried the child.

"Hello, kid!" he answered. "How's mother?"

"She's better," the girl answered. "Not so much pain."

"That's good," the man responded.

"An' the doctor's been, an' he says she's doin' fine," the child continued. "Maybe she can get up for good next week."

"That 'll be a sight for sore eyes, won't it, kid?" the father asked. "What you got for me to-day?"

Minnie was listening, although she was apparently gazing intently at the shop-window. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the child hand a tin dinner-pail to the man who had arisen from the depths below. Then she heard the young voice particularize its contents.

"There's roast-beef sandwiches — I made 'em myself—and pie, apple pie—I got that at the bakery—and coffee."

"Coffee, eh?" said the man. "That's what I want most of all. My throat's all dried up with the dust. Guess I'd better begin on that now." He opened the dinner-pail and took a long drink out of it. "That's pretty good, that coffee. That went right to the spot!"

"I made it," the child explained, proudly.

"Did you now?" he answered. "Well, it's as good as your mother's." Then a bell rang down below; he pulled on one of the chains and the elevator began to go down slowly.

"So long, kid," he called, as his head sank to the level of the sidewalk.

"Good-by, dad," she answered, leaning forward; "come home as early as you can. Mother 'll be so glad to see you."

The child waited until the covers had again closed over her father, and then she started away. Minnie Henryson turned and watched her as she slipped across the avenue, avoiding the cars and the carts with the skill born of long experience.

At last Mrs. Henryson tore herself away from the window with its flamboyant head-gear. "No," she said, emphatically, "I don't really believe they're going to be any smaller."

The daughter did not answer. She was thinking of the little domestic episode she had just witnessed; and her sympathy went out to the sick woman, laid up in some dark tenement and waiting through the long hours for her husband's return. Her case was sad; and yet she had a husband and a child and a home of her own; her life was fuller than the empty existence of a girl who had nothing to do but to go shopping with her mother and to gad about to teas, with now and then a dinner or a dance or the theatre. A home of her own, and a husband!—what was a woman's life without them? And so it was that what Minnie had just seen tied itself at once into the subject of her thoughts as she walked silently down the avenue by the side of her mother.

The trains rattled and squeaked on the Elevated almost over their heads; the clouds scattered and a faint gleam of pale March sunshine at last illumined the grayness of the day. The noon-hour rush was at its height, and the sidewalks were often so thronged that mother and daughter were separated for a moment as they tried to pick their way through the crowd.

When they came to the huge department store they were seeking, Mrs. Henryson stood inside the vestibule as though deciding on her plan of campaign.

"Minnie," she promulgated at last, "you had better try and match those ribbons, and I'll go up and pick out the rug for your father."

"Shall I wait for you at the ribbon-counter?" the daughter asked.

"Just sit down and I'll come back as soon as I can. You look a little tired this morning, anyhow."

"I'm not the least tired, I assure you—but I didn't sleep well last night," she answered, as she went with her mother to the nearest elevator.

When she was left alone, she had a little sigh of relief, as though she was glad to be able to let her thoughts run where they would without interruption. She walked slowly to the ribbon-counter in a far corner of the store, unconscious of the persons upon whom her eyes rested. She was thinking of herself and of her own future. She wondered whether that future was then hanging in the balance.

She had early discovered that she was not very pretty, although her mother was always telling her that she had a good figure; and she had reached the age of twenty-two without having had any particular attention from any man. She had begun to ask herself whether any man ever would single her out and make her interested in him and implore her to be his wife. And now in the past few months it seemed to her as if this dream might come true. There was no doubt that Addison Wyngard had been attentive all through the winter. Other girls had noticed it too, and had teased her about it. He had been her partner three times at the dances of the Cotillion of One Hundred. And when some of the men of that wide circle had got up the Thursday Theatre Club, he had joined only after he had found out that she was going to be a member. She recalled that he had told her that he did not care for the theatre, and that he was so busy he felt he had no right to go out in the evening. The managing-clerk of a pushing law firm could not control his own time even after office hours; and there had been one night when he was to be her escort at the Theatre Club a box of flowers had come at six o'clock, with a note explaining that unexpected business forced him to break the engagement. And the seat beside her had been vacant all the evening.

Even when she came to the ribbon-counter she did what she had to do mechanically, with her thoughts ever straying from her duty of matching widths and tints. Her mind kept escaping from the task in hand and persisted in recalling the incidents of her intimacy with him.

After she had made her purchases, she took a seat at the end of the counter, which happened to be more or less deserted just then. Three shop-girls, who had gathered to gossip during the noon lull in trade, looked at her casually as she sat down, and then went on with their own conversation, which was pitched in so shrill a key that she could not help hearing it.

"She says to him, she says, 'Willy, I'll report you every time I catch you, see?' and she's reported him three times this morning already. That ain't what a real lady ought to do, I don't think."

"Who'd she report him to?" one of the other "salesladies" asked.

"Twice to Mr. Maguire. Once she reported him to Mr. Smith, and he didn't take no notice. He just laughed. But Mr. Maguire, he talked to Willy somethin' fierce. And you know Willy's got to stand it, for he's got that cross old mother of his to keep; he has to get her four quarts of paralyzed milk every day, Sundays too."

Then the third of the group broke in: "Mr. Maguire tried it on me once, but I gave it to him back, straight from the shoulder. I ain't going to have him call me down; not much. I know my business, don't I? I don't need no little snip of a red-headed Irishman to tell me what to do. I was born here, I was, and I'm not taking any back talk from him, even if he has a front like the court-house!"

The second girl, whose voice was gentler, then remarked: "Well, I wouldn't be too hard on Mr. Maguire to-day. I guess he's got troubles of his own."

"What's that?" cried the first of the three, whose voice was the sharpest. "Has Sadie Jones thrown him down again?"

"I didn't know a thing about it till this mornin', when I saw the ring on her other finger," the second saleslady explained, delighted to be the purveyor of important information. "Mazie says Sadie didn't break it off again till last night after he'd brought her back from the Lady Dazzlers' Mask and Civic. And she waited till they got into the trolley comin' home. An' he'd taken her in to supper, too."

"That's so," the third girl said, "and Mr. Maguire's takin' it terrible. He came across the street this morning just before me, and he had his skates on. I was waitin' to see him go in the mud-gutter. Then he saw the copper on the beat, and he made an awful brace. Gee, but I thought he was pinched sure!"

"Mr. Smith caught on to him," said the first, with her sharp voice, "and Willy heard him say he'd be all right again, and he had only the fill of a pitcher."

"And Sadie's goin' to keep the ring, too. She says she earned it trying to keep him straight," the third girl went on. "It's a dead ringer for a diamond, even if it ain't the real thing. He says it is."

Two customers came up at this juncture, and the group of salesladies had to dissolve. A series of shrill whistles came in swift succession, and a fire-engine rushed down the avenue, followed by a hook-and-ladder truck; and the girl with the kindly voice went over toward the door to look at them, leaving Minnie Henryson again to her own thoughts.

She asked herself if she was really getting interested in Addison Wyngard. And she could not answer her own question. Of course it had been very pleasant to feel that he was interested in her. And she thought he really was interested. He had told her that he did not like his position with Smyth, Mackellar & Hubbard, and a classmate at Columbia had offered him a place with a railroad company down in Texas. But he had said that he hated to give up the law and to leave New York—and all his friends. And as he said that, he looked at her. She had felt that he was implying that she was the reason why he was unwilling to go. She remembered that she had laughed lightly as she rejoined that she would feel homesick herself if she went out of sight of the Madison Square Tower. He had answered that there were other things in New York besides the Diana, things just as distant and just as unattainable. And to that she had made no response.

Then he had told her that he had another classmate in the office of the Corporation Counsel, Judge McKinley; there was a vacancy there, and his name had been suggested to the judge. She had

smiled and expressed the hope that he might get the appointment. And now, as she sat there alone, with the stir and bustle of the department store all about her, she felt certain as never before that if he did get the place he would be assured that he had at last money enough to marry on, and that he would ask her to be his wife. If she accepted him, she would have a husband and a home of her own. She would have her chance for the fuller life that can come to a woman only when she is able to fulfil her destiny.

Later he had found a chance to say that he was going to stick it out in New York a little longer—and then, if the Texas offer was still open, he'd have to take it. He had paused to hear what she would say to that. And all she had said was that Texas did seem a long way off. She had given him no encouragement; she had been polite, nothing more. If he did ever propose and if she should refuse him, he could never reproach her for having lured him on.

Suddenly it seemed to her that this chilly attitude of hers was contemptible. The man wanted her—and for the first time she began to suspect that all the woman in her wanted him to want her. She hated herself for having been so unresponsive, so discouraging, so cold. She knew that he was a man of character and of ability, a clean man, a man his wife might be proud of. And she had looked ahead sharply and realized how desolate the Cotillion of One Hundred and the Thursday Theatre Club would be for her if Addison Wyngard should go to Texas, after all. She began to fear that if he did decide to leave New York, he would never dare to ask her to marry him.

Then she looked around her and began to wonder what could be keeping her mother so long. She happened to see the door of the store open, as a tall girl came in with a high pompadour and an immense black hat adorned with three aggressive silver feathers.

The newcomer advanced toward the ribbon-counter, where she was greeted effusively by two of the salesladies.

"For pity's sake," cried one of them, "I ain't seen you for a month of Sundays!"

"Addie Brown!" said the other. "And you haven't been back here to see us old friends since I don't know when."

"Addie Cameron now, if you please," and the newcomer bridled a little as she gave herself her married name. "An' I was comin' in last Saturday, but I had to have my teeth fixed first, and I went to dentist after dentist and they were all full, and I was tired out."

"Well, it's Addie, any way you fix it," responded one of the salesladies, "and we're glad to see you back, even if we did think you'd shook us for keeps. Is this gettin' married all it's cracked up to be?"

"It's fine," the bride replied, "an' I wouldn't never come back here on no account. Not but what things ain't what I'd like altogether. I went to the Girls' Friendly last night, and there was that Miss Van Antwerp that runs our class, and she was so interested, for all she's one of the Four Hundred. An' she wanted to know about Sam, an' I told her he was a good man an' none better, an' I was perfectly satisfied. 'But, Miss Van Antwerp,' I says to her, I says, 'don't you never marry a policeman—their hours are so inconvenient. You can't never tell when he's comin' home.' That's what I told her, for she's always interested."

The other two salesladies laughed, and one of them asked, "What did Miss Van Antwerp say to that?"

"She just said that she wasn't thinkin' of gettin' married, but she'd remember my advice."

"I ain't thinkin' of gettin' married, either," said one of the salesladies, the one with the gentler voice, "but I've had a dream an' it may come true. I dreamed there was a young feller, handsome he was too, and the son of a charge customer. You've seen her, the old stiff with those furs and the big diamond earrings, that's so fussy always and so partic'lar, for all she belongs to the Consumers' League."

"I know who you mean; horrid old thing she is, too," interrupted the other; "but I didn't know she had a son."

"I don't know it, either," was the reply. "But that's what I dreamed—and I dreamed it three nights runnin', too. Fierce, wasn't it? An' he kept hangin' round and wantin' to make a date to take me to the opera. Said he could talk French an' he'd tell me what it was all about. An'—"

Just then the floor-walker called "Forward!" as a customer came to the other end of the counter; and the girl with the gentle voice moved away.

Minnie Henryson wondered whether this floor-walker was Mr. Maguire or Mr. Smith. Under the suggestion of his stare, whichever he was, Addie Cameron and the other shop-girl moved away toward the door, and the rest of their conversation was lost to the listener.

She did not know how long she continued to sit there, while customers loitered before the ribbon-counter and fingered the stock and asked questions. She heard the fire-engines come slowly back; and above the murmur which arose all over the store she caught again the harsh grinding of the brakes on the Elevated in the avenue. Then she rose, as she saw her mother looking for her.

"I didn't mean to keep you waiting so long," Mrs. Henryson explained; "but I couldn't seem to find just the rug I wanted for your father. You know he's always satisfied with anything, so I have to be particular to get something he'll really like. And then I met Mrs. McKinley, and we had to have a little chat."

Minnie looked at her mother. She had forgotten that the wife of the Corporation Counsel was a friend of her mother's; and she wondered whether she could get her mother to say a good word for Addison Wyngard.

Mother and daughter threaded their way through the swarm of shoppers toward the door of the store.

"By the way, Minnie," said her mother, just as they came to the entrance, "didn't you tell me that young Mr. Wyngard sat next you at the theatre the other night at that Thursday Club of yours? That's his name, isn't it?"

"Mr. Wyngard did sit next to me one evening," the daughter answered, not looking up.

"Well, Mrs. McKinley saw you, and so did the judge. He says that this young Wyngard is a clever lawyer—and he's going to take him into his office."

And then they passed out into the avenue flooded with spring sunshine.

Minnie took a long breath of fresh air and she raised her head. It seemed to her almost as though she could already feel a new ring on the third finger of her left hand.

The Schooling of Typhœus

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

'TWAS he who mocked, this many a year:
"If Ye who hide and hold aloof
Are Gods indeed, I curse Ye here,
That death may bring its proof!

"So strike, Most High, whom now I curse!
Strike, Gods! Your vengeance I invite,
That in my heart some proof I nurse
As Ye abstain, or smite!"

And by the hand and riven veil,
The grim bolt from the open day,
He, when his gift could not avail,
Dead in his wisdom lay!

A Group of Pre-Raphaelite Poets

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

IT has always seemed at first sight a mystery to me how in the seventies and eighties such an inordinate number of poets managed to live in the gloom of central London. Nowadays, English poets live—and I have reason for knowing the addresses of an infinite number of them—English poets live, they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to flourish, unless they have what is called private means—they live in Bedford Park, a few in Chelsea, and a great many in the country. Bedford Park is a sort of rash of villas crowded not so very close together or so very far out of town; Chelsea has the river to give it air. At any rate the poets of to-day crowd towards the light.

But in those old days they seemed filled with a passion for gloom. For I cannot imagine anything much more Cimmerian than Bloomsbury and the west central districts of the capital of England. Yet here—I am speaking only impressionistically—all the Pre-Raphaelite poets seemed to crowd together, full of enthusiasms, pouring forth endless songs about the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, about music and moonlight. You have to think of it as a region of soot-blackened brick houses, with here and there black squares whose grimy trees reach up into a brownish atmosphere. What there is not black is brownish. Yet here all these dead poets seemed to live. Fitzroy Square, of which I have written, is such a square; the Rossettis always circled round Bloomsbury. Though D. G. Rossetti travelled as far afield as Chelsea, William Rossetti until very lately lived in Euston Square, which, to celebrate a murder, changed its name to Endsleigh Gardens; and Christina—who for me is the most satisfactory of all the poets of the nineteenth century—died in Woburn Square.

I suppose they sang of Lancelot and Guinevere to take their own minds off their surroundings, having been driven into their surroundings by the combined desire for cheap rents and respectable addresses. Some of them were conscious of the gloom, some no doubt were not. Mr. Joaquin Miller, coming from Nicaragua and Arizona to stay for a time in Gower Street—surely the longest, the grayest, and the most cruel of all London streets—this author of *Songs of the Sierras* was greeted rapturously by the Pre-Raphaelite poets and wrote of life in London as a rush, a whirl, a glow—all the life of the world. He wrote ecstatically and at the same time with humility, pouring out his verses as one privileged to be at the table with all the great ones of the earth. In the mornings he rode in the Row among the "swells," wearing a red shirt, cowboy boots, and a sombrero; in the evenings he attended in the same costume at the dinners of the great intellectuals, where brilliantly he was a feature. Had he not been with Walker the filibuster in Nicaragua? I can dimly remember the face of Mark Twain—or was it Bret Harte?—standing between open folding doors at a party, gazing in an odd, puzzled manner at this brilliant phenomenon. I fancy the great writer, whichever it was, was not too pleased that this original should represent the manners and customs of the United States in the eyes of the poets. But Mr. Miller did them good, if it were an injustice to Boston. He represented for the poets Romance.

But if Mr. Miller saw, in London, life, light, and the hope of fame, and if some others of the poets saw it in similar terms, there were others who saw it in terms realistic enough. Thus poor James Thomson, writing as B. V., sang of the City of Dreadful Night and, we are told, drank himself to death. That was the grisly side of it. If you were a poet, you lived in deep atmospheric gloom, and to relieve yourself, to see color, you must

sing of Lancelot and Guinevere. If the visions would not come, you must get stimulants to give you them. I remember as a child being present in the drawing-room of a relative just before a dinner at which Tennyson and Browning had been asked to meet a rising poet to whom it was desired to give a friendly lift. It was the longest and worst quarter of an hour possible. The celebrities fidgeted, did not talk, looked in Olympian manners at their watches. At last they went in to dinner without the young poet. I was too little and too nervous to tell them that half an hour before I had seen the poor fellow lying hopelessly drunk across a whelk-stall in the Euston Road.

But I think one of the grimmest stories that I have ever heard of that time and neighborhood was told me by the late Mr. William Sharp. Mr. Sharp was himself a poet of the Pre-Raphaelites, though later he wrote as Fiona Macleod, and thus joined the Celtic school of poetry that still flourishes in the person of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Sharp had gone to call on Philip Marston, the blind author of *Song-tide* and of many other poems that in that day were considered to be a certain passport to immortality. Going up the gloomy stairs of a really horrible house near Gower Street Station, he heard proceeding from the blind poet's rooms a loud sound of growling, punctuated with muffled cries for help. He found the poor blind man in the clutches of the poet I have just omitted to name—crushed beneath him and, I think, severely bitten. This poet had had an attack of delirium tremens and imagined himself a Bengal tiger. Leaving Marston, he sprang on all-fours toward Sharp, but, bursting a blood-vessel, he collapsed on the floor. Sharp lifted him on to the sofa, Sharp took Marston into another room, and then rushed hatless through the streets to the hospital that was round the corner. The surgeon in charge, himself drunk, and seeing Sharp covered with blood, insisted on giving him in charge for murder; Sharp himself, always a delicate man, fainted. The poet was dead of hemorrhage before assistance reached him.

But in gloom and amid horror they sang on bravely of Lancelot and Guinevere, Merlin and Vivien, ballads of staffs and scrips, of music and moonlight. They did not, that is to say, much look at the life that was around them; in amid the glooms they built immaterial pleasure-houses. They were not brave enough—that, I suppose, is why they are very few of them remembered and few of them great.

I have, however, very little sense of proportion in this particular matter. There were Philip Bourke Marston, Arthur O'Shaughenessy, "B. V.," Theo Marzials, Gordon Hake, Christina Rossetti, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Hall Caine, Oliver Madox Brown, Mr. Watts Dunton, Mr. Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, Robert Browning! . . . All these names have been exceedingly familiar to my mouth and ears ever since I could speak or hear. In their own day each of them was a great and serious fact. For there was a time—yes, really there was a time! —when the publication of a volume of poems was still an event—an event making great names, and fortunes not merely mediocre. I do not mean to say that in the seventies and eighties carriages still blocked Albemarle Street, but if Mr. O'Shaughenessy was understood to be putting the finishing touches to the proof-sheets of his next volume there arose an immense excitement among all the other poets and all the Pre-Raphaelite Circle and all the outsiders connected with the Circle and all the friends of all the outsiders. What the book was going to be like was discussed eagerly. So and so was understood to have seen the proof-sheets, and what the *Athenæum* would say, or what the *Athenæum* did say, excited all the circumjacent authors quite as much as nowadays the winning of the Derby by a horse belonging to his Majesty the King. Nowadays all these things are most extraordinarily changed. Small volumes of poems descend upon one's head in an unceasing shower. They come so quick that one cannot even imagine that the authors have time themselves to read the proof-sheets. How much less, then, their friends! But as for fame or fortune! . . .

I am acquainted with an author—I am much too well acquainted with an author who one day had what in the language of the nineties was called "a boom." At the height of this agreeable period he

published a volume of poems. It cannot be said that the press did not receive him rapturously: he received a column and a half of praise in the *Daily Telegraph*, something more than a column in the *Daily Chronicle*, just over two columns in *The Times* itself, and three lines of contempt in *The Spectator*, which alone in the eighties would have sufficed to make the fortune of any poet. Of this volume of poems, heralded and boomed as it was and published in the year 1908, the public demanded seventeen copies. Exactly seventeen! I remember being informed by a person in authority that the sale of the last volume of poems that Swinburne published was exactly six hundred copies, of which four hundred and eighty were bought in Germany, leaving one hundred and twenty enthusiasts for the British Isles and the rest of the Continent. And this seems to me to be a record of indifference heroic in itself. I do not know that it is a record particularly interesting, however, to anybody who is not interested in poets. But faced with these facts, both of the outside and inside, I may well be excused if I say that I have not any sense of proportion, or any but the remotest idea as to the relative value of the Pre-Raphaelite or semi-Pre-Raphaelite poets.

My childhood was in many respects a singular one. The names of these distinguished persons were as much in daily use in my grandfather's house when I was a child, and many of the distinguished persons were nearly as often in the house itself as are in England such ordinary household things as Black's mustard, Dash's Worcestershire sauce, or as, in the case of the United States, that beverage which lately I saw everywhere advertised in enormous letters that seemed to flame from New York to Philadelphia conveying the command: "Drink Boxie. You will not like it at first." I could not, that is to say, think that D. G. Rossetti was a person any more remarkable than the gentleman with gold braid round his hat who opened for me the locked gates of Fitzroy Square, or that when I shook hands with a clergyman called Franz Liszt it was any more of an event than when, as I was enjoined to do, I performed the same ceremony, politely, with the cook's husband. Dimly, but with vivid patches, I remember being taken for a walk by my father along what appeared to me to be a gray-stone quay. I presume it was the Chelsea Embankment; and there we met a very old, long-bearded man who frightened me quite as much as any of the other great Victorian figures, who, in the eye of a child, appeared monumental, loud-voiced, and distressing. This particular gentleman, at the instance of my grandfather, related to me how he had once been at Weimar. In a garden restaurant beneath a may tree in bloom he had seen Schiller and Goethe drinking coffee together. He had given a waiter a thaler to be allowed to put on a white apron and to wait upon those two world-shaking men, who, in court dress with wigs and swords, sat at a damask-covered table. He had waited upon them. Later, I remember that while I was standing with my father beside the doorstep in Tite Street of the house that I was entering, I fell down and he bent over to assist me to rise. His name was Thomas Carlyle, but he is almost confounded in my mind with a gentleman called Pepper. Pepper very much resembled Carlyle, except that he was exceedingly dirty. He used to sell penny dreadfuls, which I was forbidden to purchase; and I think the happiest times of my childhood were spent in a large coal-cellar into which I used to lock myself to read of the exploits of Harkaway Dick, who lived in a hollow tree, possessed a tame, black panther, and a pair of Winchester repeating rifles, with which at one sitting he shot no less than forty-five pirates through a loophole in the bark of the tree. I think I have never since so fully tasted of the joys of life, not even when Captain Hook . . . but what was even Peter Pan to compare with Harkaway Dick!

There were all these things jumbled up in my poor little mind together. I presume I should not remember half so vividly the story of Carlyle and the author of *Wilhelm Meister* if my father had not subsequently frequently jogged my memory upon the point. My father was a man of an encyclopædic knowledge, and had a great respect for the attainments of the distinguished. He used, I remember, habitually to call me "The patient but exceedingly stupid donkey." This phrase oc-

curred in Mavor's spelling-book which he read as a boy in the city of Münster in Westphalia, where he was born. He had a memory that was positively extraordinary and a gift of language no less great. Thus, while his native language was German, he was for a long course of years musical critic to *The Times,* London correspondent to *The Frankfurter Zeitung,* London musical correspondent to *Le Ménestrel* of Paris and of the *Tribuna* of Rome. He was also, I believe, in his day the greatest authority upon the troubadours and the Romance languages, and wrote original poems in modern Provençal. He was, moreover, a favorite pupil of Schopenhauer, and the bad boy of his family. He was a Doctor of Philosophy of Göttingen University, at that time premier university of Germany, though he had made his studies at the inferior institution in Berlin. From Berlin he was expelled because of his remarkable memory. The circumstances were as follows:

My father occupied a room in a hotel which had a balcony overlooking the Spree. In the same hotel, but in the next room, there dwelt the rector of the university, and it happened that one of the Prussian princes was to be present at the ceremony of conferring degrees. Thus one evening my father was sitting upon his balcony, while next door the worthy rector read the address that he was afterward to deliver to the prince. Apparently the younger members of the institution addressed the prince before the dons. At any rate, my father, having heard it only once, delivered word for word the rector's speech to his Royal Highness. The result was that the poor man, who spoke only with difficulty, had not a single word to say, and my father was forthwith expelled without his degree. Being, though freakish, a person of spirit, that same day he took the express to Göttingen, and as a result in the evening he telegraphed to his mother, "Have passed for Doctor with honors at Göttingen," to the consternation of his parents, who had not yet heard of his expulsion from Berlin. The exploit pleased nobody. Berlin did not desire that he should be a Doctor at all; Göttingen was disgusted that a student from an inferior university should have passed out on top of their particular tree, and I believe that in consequence in Germany of to-day a student can only take his Doctor at his own particular university.

It was, I think, at the suggestion of Schopenhauer, or possibly because his own lively disposition made parts of Germany too hot to hold him, that Doctor Hueffer came to England. He had letters of introduction to various men of letters in England; for, for a time out of mind, in the city of Münster the Hueffer family had belonged to the class that battens upon authors. They had been, that is to say, printers and publishers. Following his intention of spreading the light of Schopenhauer in England, that country for which Schopenhauer had so immense a respect, Doctor Hueffer founded a periodical called *The New Quarterly Review,* which caused him to drop a great deal of money and to make cordial enemies among the poets and literary men to whom he gave friendly lifts. I fancy that the only traces of *The New Quarterly Review,* except for the several poets whom it helped to obtain comfortable berths in government offices, are contained in the limerick by Rossetti which runs as follows:

"There was a young German called Huffer,
A hypochondriacal buffer;
To shout Schopenhauer
From the top of a tower
Was the highest enjoyment of Huffer."

In London Doctor Hueffer lived first in Chelsea, half-way between Rossetti and Carlyle, who were both, I believe, very much attached to him for various reasons. Indeed, one of the first things that I can remember, or seem to remember, for the memory is probably inaccurate, is that I lay in my cradle among proof-sheets of Rossetti's poems which my father was amiably occupied in reading for the press.

In their day Rossetti's limericks were celebrated. I do not know whether they have ever been collected. I certainly seem to remember having heard that some one was, or is, engaged in collecting them. In that case I may here make him a present of one more, which was written on the fly-leaf of a volume of *Lear's Nonsense Verses* presented by the poet to Oliver Madox Brown:

"There was a young rascal called Nolly
Whose habits though dirty were jolly,
And when this book comes
To be marked with his thumbs
You may know that its owner is Nolly."

This engaging trait may perhaps be capped by an anecdote related of another poet, a descendant of many Pre-Raphaelites, of whom it was related that while reading his friend's valuable books at that friend's breakfast table he was in the habit of marking his place with a slice of bacon.

This excellent and touching anecdote I know to be untrue, but it is to this day being related of one living poet by the wife of a living painter of distinction, she herself being to some extent of Pre-Raphaelite connection. Such as it is it goes to show how the habit of anecdote, incisive, however wanting in veracity, is still remaining to the surviving connections of this Old Circle. For whatever has been the value of the poetic talents of these poets, there cannot be any doubt that in their private conversations they had singular gifts of picturesque narration. And certainly picturesque things were in the habit of happening to them—odd, irresponsible, and partaking perhaps a little of nightmares. I remember as a boy being set somewhat inconsiderately the task of convoying home a very distinguished artist—practising, however, an art other than that of poetry. We had been at a musical evening in the neighborhood of Swiss Cottage, and arrived at the Underground station just before the last train came in. My enormously distinguished temporary ward was in the habit of filling one of his trousers pockets with chocolate creams and the other with large, unset diamonds. With the chocolate creams he was accustomed to solace his sense of taste while he sat in the artists' room waiting for his turn to play. With the diamonds on similar occasions he solaced his sense of touch, plunging his hand among them and moving them about luxuriously. He would have sometimes as many as twenty or thirty large and valuable stones. On this occasion M.—always an excitable person—was in a state of extreme rage. For at the party where he played M. Saint-Saëns, the composer, had also been invited to play the piano. As far as I can remember, Saint-Saëns was not a very excellent pianist; he had the extremely hard touch of the organist, and M. considered that to have invited him to sit down on the same piano-stool was an insult almost beyond bearing.

The platform of the Underground Railway was more than usually gloomy, since, the last down train having gone, a lamp upon the other platform had been extinguished. M. volleyed and thundered, and at last, just as the train came in, he thrust both his hands into his trousers pockets and then waved them wildly above his head in execration of my insufficient responsiveness. There proceeded from the one pocket a shower of chocolate creams, from the other a shower of large diamonds. M. gave a final scream upon a very high note and plunged into a railway carriage. I was left divided as to whether my duty was toward the maestro or his jewels. I suppose it was undue materialism in myself, but I stayed to look after the diamonds. It was a long and agonizing search, for the station-master, who imagined that I was as mad as the vanished musician, insisted that there were no diamonds, and extinguished the station lamps. A friendly porter, however, assisted me with a hand-lantern, and eventually we recovered about five diamonds, each perhaps as large as my little-finger nail. Whether any more remained upon the platform I never knew, for M. also never knew how many jewels he possessed or carried about with him. It was a night certainly of nightmare; for, being so young a boy, I had not sufficient money to take a cab, and the last train into town had gone. I had, therefore, to walk to Claridge's Hotel, a distance of perhaps four miles, and arriving there I could not discover that the porter had seen anything of M. I therefore thought it wise to arouse his wife. Madame M. was accustomed to being awakened at all hours of the night, for her distinguished husband was in the habit of dragging her perpetuously out of bed to listen to his latest rendering of a passage of Chopin, and, indeed, upon this account, she subsequently divorced the master, such actions being held by the French courts to constitute incompatibility of temperament. She did not, however, take my arousing her

with any the greater equanimity, and when I presented the diamonds she upbraided me violently for having lost the master. There ensued a more agonizing period of driving about in cabs before we discovered M. detained at the police station nearest Baker Street. He had in his vocabulary no English at all except some very startling specimens of profanity, and upon arriving at Baker Street Station he had spent a considerable amount of time and energy in attempting to explain to the ticket-collector in French that he had lost a sacred charge, a weakly little boy incapable of taking care of himself. Since he did not even know the name of his hotel the police had taken charge of him and were attempting kindly to keep him soothed by singing popular songs to him in the charge-room, where we found him quite contented and happy, beating time with his feet to the melody of *Two Lovely Black Eyes.* I think this was upon the whole the most unhappy night I ever spent.

The mention of chocolate creams reminds me of another musician who was also a Pre-Raphaelite poet—Mr. Theo Marzials. Mr. Marzials was in his young days the handsomest, the wittiest, the most brilliant, and the most charming of poets. He had a career tragic in the extreme, and, as I believe, is now dead. But he shared with M. the habit of keeping chocolate creams loose in his pocket, and on the last occasion when I happened to catch sight of him looking into a case of stuffed birds at South Kensington Museum he had eaten five large chocolates in the space of two minutes. As a musician he wrote some very charming songs, of which, I suppose, the best known are *Twickenham Ferry* and the canon *My True Love Hath My Heart.* He wrote, I believe, only one volume of poems, called *A Gallery of Pigeons,* but that contains verse of a lyrical and polished sort that, as far as my predilections serve, seems to me to be much the most exquisite that was produced by any one of the Pre-Raphaelite poets. As the volume is perhaps quite unknown nowadays, I venture to reproduce a couple of his miniature poems called "Tragedies." They have lingered in my memory ever since I was a young child:

"She was only a woman, famish'd for loving,
Mad with devotion, and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
And used to finger his fiddle-strings.

"Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
For a look, for a touch,—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician,
Grimacing and fing'ring his fiddle-strings."

"In the warm wax-light one lounged at the spinet,
And high in the window came peeping the moon;
At his side was a bowl of blue china, and in it
Were large blush-roses, and cream and maroon.

"They crowded, and strain'd, and swoon'd to the music,
And some to the gilt board languor'd and lay;
They open'd and breathed, and trembled with pleasure,
And all the sweet while they were fading away."

And here is a third little poem by Marzials, which I quote because it is headed simply "Chelsea":

"And life is like a pipe,
And love is the fusee;
The pipe draws well, but bar the light,
And what's the use to me?

"So light it up, and puff away
An empty morning through,
And when it's out—why love is out,
And life's as well out too!"

But I do not know whether this was suggested by Rossetti or Carlyle.

Another of these forgotten, or not quite forgotten, geniuses was Oliver Madox Brown, who, though he died at the age of eighteen, had proved himself at once a painter, a novelist, and a poet. Before his death he had exhibited several pictures at the Royal Academy, and had published with considerable success one novel, leaving two others to be produced after his death. He must, indeed, have been a very remarkable boy if we are to believe at all in the sincerity of the

tributes to his memory left by the distinguished men of the Pre-Raphaelite group, and Madox Brown remained passionately devoted to his memory until his dying day. Just before his death Oliver complained that his father smelled of tobacco, whereupon Madox Brown said, "Very well, my dear, I will never smoke again until you are better." And he never again did smoke, although before that time he had been a perpetual and very heavy smoker. He had, indeed, one singular accomplishment that I have never noticed in any other man. With the palette fixed upon his left hand he was able to charge and roll a cigarette with his right, rubbing the paper against his trousers, and doing it with extraordinary rapidity, so that the feat resembled a conjuror's trick. Oliver Madox Brown died of blood-poisoning in 1875, and it was not till many years after his death that it was discovered that beneath his study, which was at the bottom of the old house in Fitzroy Square, there was a subterranean stable, whose opening was in the mews behind the house, and which had neither drains nor ventilation of any kind. So that there cannot be any doubt that the emanations from this ancient place of horrors were responsible for Oliver's death—so frail a thing is genius and so tenuous its hold upon existence.

As a boy I had a similar study at the back and bottom of another old house of Madox Brown's. And one of the other most unpleasant memories of mine were the incursions made upon me by another of the old Pre-Raphaelite poets, Miss Mathilde Blind. Miss Blind was descended from a distinguished family of revolutionaries. Indeed, one of the brothers attempted to assassinate Bismarck, and disappeared, without any trace of him ever again being heard of, in the dungeons of a Prussian fortress. She was, moreover, a favorite pupil of Mazzini, the liberator of Italy, and a person in her earlier years of extreme beauty and fire. Upon the death of their son and the marriage of their two daughters, the late Mrs. William Rossetti and Mrs. Francis Hueffer, the Madox Browns adopted Mathilde Blind, who thenceforward spent most of her time with them. As a boy—I wrote my first book when I was sixteen, and its success, alas! was more tremendous than any that I can ever again know—I would be sitting in my little study intent either upon my writing or my school tasks, when ominous sounds would be heard at the door. Miss Blind, with her magnificent aquiline features and fine gray hair, would enter with ominous and alarming slip proofs dangling from both her hands. "Fordie," she would say, "I want a synonym for 'dun.'" On page 152 of her then volume of poems she would have written of dun cows standing in green streams. She was then correcting the proofs of page 154, to find that she had spoken of the dun cows returning homeward over the leas. Some other adjective would have to be found for this useful quadruped. Then my bad quarter of an hour would commence. I would suggest "strawberry-colored," and she would say that that would not fit the metre. I would try "roan," but she would say that that would spoil the phonetic syzygy. I did not know what that was, but I would next suggest "heifers," whereupon she would say that heifers did not give milk, and that, anyhow, the accentuation was wrong. I would be reduced to a miserable muteness; Miss Blind, in any case, frightened me out of my life. And rising up and gathering her proof-sheets together, the poetess, with her Medusa head, would regard me with indignant and piercing brown eyes. "Fordie," she would say, with an awful scrutiny, "your grandfather says you are a genius, but I have never been able to discover in you any signs but those of your being as stupid as a donkey." I never *could* escape from being likened to that other useful quadruped.

But they took themselves with such extreme seriousness—these Pre-Raphaelite poets—and nevertheless I have always fancied that to my mind they are responsible for the death of English poetry. My father once wrote of Rossetti that he put down the thoughts of Dante in the language of Shakespeare, and the words seem to me to be extremely true and extremely damning. For what is wanted of a poet is that he should express his own thoughts in the language of his own time. This the Pre-Raphaelite poets never thought of, with perhaps the solitary exception of Christina Rossetti.

I remember once hearing Stephen Crane—the author of *The Red Badge of Courage* and of *The Open Boat,* which is the finest volume of true short stories in the English language—I remember hearing him, with his wonderful eyes flashing and his extreme vigor of intonation, commenting upon a sentence of Robert Louis Stevenson that he was reading. The sentence was, "With interjected finger he delayed the motion of the timepiece." "By God, poor dear!" Crane exclaimed. "That man put back the clock of English fiction fifty years." I do not know that this is exactly what Stevenson did. I should say myself that the art of writing in English received the numbing blow of a sandbag when Rossetti wrote at the age of eighteen *The Blessed Damozel.* From that time forward and until to-day—and for many years to come!—the idea has been inherent in the mind of the English writer that writing was a matter of digging for obsolete words with which to express ideas forever dead and gone. Stevenson did this, of course, as carefully as any Pre-Raphaelite, though instead of going to medieval books he ransacked the seventeenth century. But this tendency is unfortunately not limited to authors misusing our very excellent tongue; for the other day I was listening to an excellent Italian conferencier who assured an impressed audience that Signor d'Annuncio is the greatest Italian stylist there has ever been, since in his last book he has used over 2,017 obsolete words which cannot be understood by a modern Italian without the help of a medieval glossary.

The Voice of the Clover-Wind

BY MARY MADISON LEE

WHEN the wind comes over the clover fields,
All sweet with the breath of June,
When the world is white
With the magic light
Of the stars and the half-blown moon,
Then it seems to me that his melody
Brings a message from you, my own,
When the wind comes over
Far fields of clover,
And meadows newly mown.

When the wind comes over the clover fields,
All dank with the midnight dew,
When the tree-tops croon their ancient rune
He sings to my soul of you,
And the heart from my breast
To share his quest
Out into the night has flown,
When the wind comes over
Far fields of clover,
A Voice from the vast Unknown.

How Danvers Saved the Regiment

BY CLARE BENEDICT

COLONEL DAUBIGNY was bidding farewell to Mrs. Lisle: his absence might be a long one; it would certainly be one full of incident, since the Colonel was bound for the front, and the war had reached a critical point.

Mrs. Lisle lived in Washington with her only son, and as the Colonel was stationed at the capital he had been daily at the house. His visits were dearly prized by both mother and son, and now that these visits were about to come to an end, the mother felt inexpressibly downhearted. Nevertheless, she did not alter her resolution—for three years she had been refusing Colonel Daubigny. The subject, indeed, was still open to discussion; they usually discussed it whenever the Colonel could manage it.

"For a small and very gentle-looking woman, you have the strongest will that I have ever come in conflict with."

It was Colonel Daubigny who spoke; his eyes rested discontentedly on his companion.

"I know what must be," she replied, in a low voice. "In my place, you would feel just the same."

"No, I shouldn't," he retorted, promptly; "your point of view is all wrong. The boy needs bracing, not mollycoddling."

"Bracing?" she echoed, reproachfully.

He flushed. "You know I didn't mean it that way! I meant that in the midst of stirring life he would feel that he was in things, whereas here with you he is practically isolated. It's not wholesome."

The mother shook her small head. "You don't see that the 'stirring life' would depress him—it would make him realize his physical limitations. His spirit, as you know, is intensely active—in your house he would be miserable because he couldn't do things. Here with me he is protected from sharp contrasts, he sees the world through my eyes; he is happy—temporarily. If we went to you, it would be taking a great risk, and I have no right to take any risks with Danvers. It is bad enough that he is different from other boys." Her voice shook.

Colonel Daubigny caught her hand. "It's not your fault, dear," he murmured, with infinite tenderness, "though if it had been, you would have made up for it by your devotion."

She gave him a tremulous smile. Her hand still lay in his; she loved the strong pressure of his fingers; Danvers loved it also.

"We shall miss you every minute," she said, unsteadily; "we shall think of you and talk of you constantly."

He dropped her hand with an exclamation. "We?" he repeated, significantly; "that's about as bad as saying you will love me as a sister!"

They both laughed, the tension relaxed; it was a relief to talk nonsense at the last—for this would be their last talk alone; up-stairs, there would be Danvers.

"We *shall* miss you constantly," Mrs. Lisle insisted; "your visits are the best things we have. If I thought they would ever cease, I believe—"

"That you would marry me?" he took her up. "Then I'm a fool not to try it. Well, now's my chance; my visits must cease for some time, and if I come back I shall expect—"

She shivered, moving nearer to him instinctively. "If anything should happen," she faltered, "I should go to you at once."

"And leave Danvers? My dear, you are not consistent; perhaps if you were you wouldn't be—what you are! Please wish me luck," he added, with forced cheerfulness. But Mrs. Lisle could not find any words.

He stooped and kissed her hand silently.

The clock struck. "Now I must go up and say good-by to Danvers."

"Don't tell him where you are going," she begged; "I will break it to him gradually."

Colonel Daubigny confronted the speaker. "Your method is wrong, Rose; all boys are better for the truth. Believe me, Danvers is able to bear things—much better able than we are, probably; he has been trained to it, poor little chap."

The mother's face quivered, but she was not thinking of her boy.

When Mrs. Lisle and Colonel Daubigny had mounted three flights of stairs they paused a moment to take breath. They were standing in a large entry, from which only one door opened. Mrs. Lisle moved forward noiselessly and turned the door-knob without making any sound; the door opened, revealing a spacious room—a studio it might have been called, for it occupied the whole top of the house. But it was not a studio; it was a kind of splendid play-room, from which a short flight of steps ascended to the roof, where there was a pretty miniature garden, also a small tent as a shelter from wind and sun.

The room was furnished entirely in light yellow; in winter it was a veritable treasure-house of sunshine. Against the walls there were several large chests with shelves to hold the boy's various collections; there was a bookcase, filled with gayly bound volumes, and a couch, on which were many cushions; on the other side of the room there was an open fireplace, near which stood a dainty tea table. On the walls there were pictures in gilt frames, mostly hunting prints and military scenes. A long table extended nearly across the whole length of the room; the table was broad, and it was made of light wood. At the table sat a little boy—he might have been ten or he might have been younger; in front of him were spread out whole regiments of tin soldiers; and not only soldiers, but camps and houses, and trees and mountains and domestic animals. The whole presented a complicated appearance, yet it was evident that there was order in everything. To the right and left of the boy, as far as he could reach, were boxes, apparently containing further supplies.

Colonel Daubigny and Mrs. Lisle stood watching him for an instant; he was so absorbed in his game that he had not heard them come in. At their first step forward, however, he gave a cry of joy, turning himself quickly in his chair.

"I'm awfully glad you've come," he ejaculated, holding his hand out eagerly. The Colonel took it, pressing it hard, as was his habit.

"I like the way you shake hands," the boy remarked; "it's great—it hurts a lot."

The man laughed, patting the boy's shoulder. "So you like to be hurt? Your mother does not; she thinks I shake hands too hard."

"Oh, do you do it to her too?" the boy asked, disappointedly. "I thought you only did it to—to—me." He wished to say men, but refrained in sudden shyness.

The man took his seat beside the boy; his eyes rested thoughtfully on the toy troops. How many times he had played soldiers with Danvers, teaching him tactics and showing him military manœuvres! To-day, however, he felt restless and upset; he could not fix his mind on anything. Mrs. Lisle, who had seated herself opposite them, felt likewise, nor could she think connectedly; one vision was constantly before her eyes—the Colonel wounded, and she not at his side!

Danvers, however, was not conscious of their abstraction; he, for his part, was keenly alert.

"You see what an *awful* fix they're in?" he began, pointing to a troop of tin infantry, which apparently was trying to cross a bridgeless river. "The enemy is over there on the plain," the boy continued, in growing excitement; "they've got a splendid position, and my people want to attack them. But they've destroyed the bridge, and the river is too deep to ford. What *is* to be done?"

"Swim across," the Colonel suggested, absently.

"That's impossible, in the face of the enemy—I can't risk so many lives. We must think of something else."

Colonel Daubigny looked across at Mrs. Lisle; his eyes said much, and the lady replied in like manner.

Meantime the boy was thinking diligently. "They can't use rafts," he sighed, "because the current is too strong."

His dejection was so real that the Colonel roused himself. "Make the cur-

rent less strong," he advised, perfunctorily.

The boy gave him a frown of surprise. "That wouldn't be fair—I've been playing that the current was strong. The enemy had to fight against that—there wouldn't be any fun unless things *had* to be as they were."

The sense of this was rather confused, but the officer understood the boy's meaning.

"That's right," he said, heartily; "always play fair—never shirk difficulties."

His eyes wandered back to Mrs. Lisle. She braced herself, feeling that something was expected of her.

"I should think, dear, that you would call the regiment beaten if they can't cross the river, and if it is necessary that they should."

"Beaten?" the boy interrupted, indignantly; "my best infantry—the best troops I ever had? Never—they will get across somehow—I thought *surely* the Colonel would know how."

Thus appealed to, Colonel Daubigny tried to rally his faculties.

"Let me see; no bridge—the current dangerous—the crossing necessary—but why is it necessary?" he demanded, with sudden briskness.

The boy brightened; his friend's apathy had been incomprehensible.

"Because my men are getting discouraged," he explained, eagerly; "the Colonel knows that if he waits much longer they will get worse; the enemy knows it, too—so they are trying to put off the battle. You see, my men are short of provisions, and they've had a terrible march across that mountain," he pointed to a small mound on the table; "their only chance is to fight right away."

The Colonel glanced straight before him; Mrs. Lisle was clutching her scarf nervously. This war talk was extremely ill-timed, yet they had not the heart to dampen the boy's enjoyment.

"If they wait any longer," Danvers continued, "I can't answer for the consequences. The Colonel feels the same—here he is, trying to think of some plan." He took up a tin soldier as he spoke. "He's the one I call you," he confessed, touching the small image lovingly. "He's my best officer—he hasn't a single dent, and he's *awfully* brave. His position is desperate, but he would rather die than be beaten. I can tell you!"

Both listeners started involuntarily.

"I don't see," his mother cried, sharply, "why you let the Colonel's namesake get into such a position—why don't you make him win?"

Danvers stared; his mother had never been sharp with him. "I can't *make* him win," he said, slowly, then he glanced appealingly at the Colonel.

"No, of course you can't," the latter agreed, with an effort; "you have to play as the cards turn up."

Danvers fingered the tin officer doubtfully; there was something wrong with things to-day. "I am always on his side underneath," he assured his friend, in an anxious tone, "though of course I don't give him any advantage. But when he beats, I am *awfully* glad. That's why I'm so sorry about to-day. But he *may* think of something—he's going to hold a council of war now—it's his last hope. Perhaps we'd better not talk." He made a deprecatory gesture toward his mother.

Mrs. Lisle leaned back in her chair; she was glad of any respite. Colonel Daubigny stared gloomily at the table; he could not shake off the feeling that the game might contain an evil omen.

There was a pause, during which no one spoke; then the boy's face suddenly lit up. He stretched his hand out quickly toward one of the boxes, taking something out of it and placing it carefully near the tin commander, after which he rearranged his whole regiment. This required patience and no little manual dexterity, for many of the soldiers had to be handled with infinite tenderness. These were the veterans, those who had lost various members, mostly legs, and in consequence had to be propped against comrades. Danvers was an adept at hiding their deficiencies; he loved the battered men with a kind of fierce partiality, perhaps because he feared that no one else would love them, nor could he be induced to replace them, for he cherished his veterans much as a real commander might cherish his.

When the troops were at length in marching order, half of the regiment advanced toward the river, making as if they would swim across it.



Drawn by John A. Williams

"MY BEST INFANTRY BEATEN?—NEVER!" THE BOY INTERRUPTED

"So they are going to swim it, after all," the Colonel observed, involuntarily.

The boy lifted excited eyes. "Wait," he said.

The Colonel's interest was keenly aroused. He was ashamed to admit that the outcome of a game could mean so much to him; yet, in spite of himself, he connected this toy encounter with his own impending adventures. He wondered if the same thought had occurred to her. He glanced at Mrs. Lisle. She was watching the boy's movements in evident suspense. He smiled at her, with the hope of dispelling her apprehensions. But Mrs. Lisle did not try to return his smile.

Danvers meantime was working feverishly, shifting his men, and bringing the enemy forward in full force. His manipulations were both elaborate and complicated. His mother did not follow them, but Colonel Daubigny did, in silent wonder.

At last Mrs. Lisle gave a cry.

"Oh, is that what you were doing?" she exclaimed.

The boy nodded, the manœuvre was completed, the youthful tactician gave his friend one glance of triumph.

"You see, he *did* think of something —I knew he would. Now see them go over!"

They watched the tin regiment make the difficult crossing—man by man; when the operation was safely accomplished, the boy sighed with happy fatigue.

The Colonel sighed too; the relief was intense. "That was fine, Dan," he said, grasping the boy's hand. "A brilliant idea, that about the rope, and making the veterans pretend to swim across—that fooled the enemy. You've got the mind of a soldier—and the heart of one, too! Now I'm going to tell you something—I'm off for the front; they only gave me six hours, and I've spent one with you. I shall be back before long, I hope. In the mean time I count on you to take splendid care of Mother—don't let her worry about anything."

The boy had grown very pale. His mother fixed anxious eyes on his face; she disapproved of these drastic methods.

"I'm awfully sorry you're going," he said, in a choked voice; "but it's great for you, and it's great for them, too—they had to send for you to help them out. I'm awfully sorry you're going," he repeated, unsteadily, "but Mother and I will get on all right. Oh, do you think you will fight right away?" His eyes were passionate with suppressed emotion.

Colonel Daubigny rose. "I don't know," he replied, evasively; "but in any case I'm glad my namesake got across that river. Well, Dan, heads up, hearts firm—that's our motto, remember."

The boy followed the Colonel with his gaze. He wondered whether any other officer had ever looked so splendid—it was not the clothes, for Colonel Daubigny was not in uniform; it was his manner, his voice, his bearing.

"When you come back," Danvers begged, "will you tell me all about it—everything you do—every littlest thing? I am *terribly* interested in war."

Mrs. Lisle made a gesture of sharp protest. "How can you say that now, Danvers?" she panted.

The boy's lips trembled, but he controlled himself resolutely.

"I *am* terribly interested, and so is the Colonel. Ladies can't understand—they're afraid of casualties—but we men are never afraid, even when bad things *do* happen."

The word was said, and somehow it comforted him. If he was a man, he could really protect his mother; hitherto she had always protected him; he knew this, although she did not think that he did.

Colonel Daubigny stood looking down at the mother and son; the resemblance between them at this moment was striking—both so fragile in their blond beauty, and yet both fired with a spirit of rare endurance.

"Take care of Mother," the Colonel repeated, huskily.

"Yes, I will," the boy promised; then, with one of those flashes of intuition with which children sometimes astonish their elders, "I will take care of her for you," he added, gently.

Two months later, Mrs. Lisle and her son were seated at the long table in the play-room. The tin soldiers were spread out as before, but the game seemed to languish for lack of spirit. The solitary player, indeed, attempted to concentrate

his attention, but his eyes wandered frequently to his mother's face.

Mrs. Lisle looked pale and worn; her gaze was fixed constantly upon the door, as if she expected and yet dreaded to see it open. In truth, the Colonel's absence had played havoc with her nerves. The news from the front had been so fitful and the fighting so constant—the Colonel called it skirmishing; there was also the climate to be feared, and a hundred other dangers which men did not think of; moreover, if anything should happen, she had not the right to go to him.

Just now, when the war seemed near its end, there had been a complete dearth of trustworthy intelligence; it was this dearth of news that made Mrs. Lisle faint and ill; it was for this that she watched the door so continually. She knew that Colonel Daubigny would telegraph at his very first opportunity; not hearing from him meant possible disaster. The fact that he had, in a small way, covered himself with glory did not comfort the young widow in the least. Afterward, of course, she would be glad, but at present her anxiety was too intense.

Danvers, however, was elated enough for two—he knew the campaign by heart, having pored over every newspaper account. He was convinced, however, that some things were unreported.

"I've played all his marches and skirmishes so far," he assured his silent mother, "but I bet he's doing something splendid now—or probably he's done it—we haven't heard for so long."

His mother's face quivered. The boy looked perturbed; the Colonel had said she must not worry.

"See here," he cried; "the Colonel (you know the one I call after our Colonel) has had splendid luck right along for two days. He's got a mascot, I guess." He had heard the Colonel use this expression.

His mother laughed hysterically.

Encouraged by this, the boy continued: "When the Colonel comes back, he'll have a lot to show us, won't he—fights he has had? I guess it will make a whole new game."

Mrs. Lisle shuddered; even the tin soldiers were a horror to her, though she concealed the fact to the best of her ability.

Danvers gazed at her with troubled eyes. What could he do to make his mother stop worrying?

"I say," he suggested, desperately, "it would be fun to play the marsh battle together—the one the Colonel beat; I worked it all out from the newspapers, though there is one part they forgot to report. I'm going to get him to tell me all about it. But it goes pretty well as I play it; you've seen me do it a good many times, so perhaps you *could* manage it? I'll give you the Colonel's side," he added, with real heroism; hitherto he had always handled his favorite troops; it would be trying to see them handled by any one else. Still, he was determined to do his utmost to cheer his mother, and what could be more cheering than to lead the Colonel's regiment to victory?

Mrs. Lisle gave the boy a faint smile, after which she looked more kindly at the tin soldiers. Might it not be a good omen, she reflected, to make his namesake win the battle? She had heard of evil spells that were supposed to have been cast over people by sticking knives or even pins into vital parts of waxen counterfeits—might not the reverse be accomplished in this case? She examined the tin commander with eager fingers. She did not perceive her son's real grief at relinquishing him; she did perceive, however, on glancing up suddenly, that Danvers looked unusually depressed.

"Perhaps we'd better not play now," she said, doubtfully; "you're tired."

"Oh, it isn't that," the boy protested; "it's that I'm afraid you won't remember how he did it—it's awfully hard sometimes to remember his little turns. But I think it would be all right for me to tell you—because he *must* beat."

"Oh yes, he must beat," Mrs. Lisle repeated, fervently.

Danvers sighed; he had hoped against hope that even at the last moment his mother would decline the dangerous honor. It would be much safer for her to take the enemy's side, where nothing was at stake, even if she did forget the moves. Whereas, to attempt to lead the Colonel's regiment, including the veterans, required phenomenal skill and concentration; and with all his devotion to his mother he did not blind himself to her singular limitations—for instance,

she could not play soldiers very long; she always got tired, and thought of something else, which, as the Colonel and Danvers knew well, was perfectly fatal to good work in this line.

The boy, however, was prepared to live up to his engagements; he therefore proceeded to marshal his troops, arranging first his mother's forces.

Mrs. Lisle's attention had already flagged; she stared before her drearily.

Danvers surveyed her in growing alarm; she seemed far away from him, somehow. He decided to try a more direct method of rousing her.

"Didn't he look splendid that day he went away? I don't believe another officer can hold a candle to him; do you, Mother—even without his uniform?"

At that Mrs. Lisle burst into helpless tears, hiding her face in her hands.

Danvers was terribly disconcerted; his mother had never been the crying kind.

"If you cry, you can't play with the Colonel," he said, with Machiavellian diplomacy; "the paint will come off if he's wet."

His mother laughed, wiping her eyes hastily. Danvers drew a breath of relief. Tears were at all times most undesirable —especially now, when to his secret dismay he felt a perilous lump in his own little throat.

At this crisis a servant mounted the stairs hurriedly, the next moment Mrs. Lisle was clutching a telegram. She tore it open, then she gave a glad cry.

"He's coming home, Dan—he'll be here to-morrow!"

Danvers got down carefully from his chair, and walked across to where his mother stood. Then he put his arms about her neck.

"I'm *awfully* glad he's coming," he murmured; "I couldn't make you *not* worry about things."

As he spoke, footsteps sounded on the stairs. Mrs. Lisle ran out into the hall. Danvers peered after her eagerly; perhaps it was another message from the front. A moment later Colonel Daubigny was in the room; he looked travel-worn and jaded. Behind him came three young officers; they also showed traces of recent hardships.

Colonel Daubigny presented the officers to Mrs. Lisle, who was speechless in the strong revulsion of her feeling, whereupon he walked quickly toward the boy, laying his arm impulsively about the child's shoulders.

Danvers, like his mother, was speechless, but he devoured his friend with questioning eyes.

"Yes," the latter said, "I misstated things purposely in my telegram—I wanted to surprise you." The Colonel's voice sounded strange to the boy; he was shy, too, of the young officers; they looked so much stiffer than the Colonel.

He edged nearer to his friend.

"I'm *awfully* glad you've come," he said, in an aside. "It's great that you beat the marsh fight! As soon as you *possibly* can, will you tell me all about it?"

"I will tell you right away—that's what I've come for—if your mother doesn't object?" He gave Mrs. Lisle a meaning glance. She bowed slightly; she was too thankful to object to anything; all the same, the presence of strangers was disconcerting to her.

Colonel Daubigny drew himself up; the younger officers instantly stood at attention.

Danvers caught his breath excitedly; he was convinced that something important was coming—some grand exploit was still unreported, which he—Danvers — was to hear from the hero's own mouth!

"I have come here," Colonel Daubigny began, solemnly, "in order to render justice to some one. I have brought my officers, because they are concerned in it also, since it has to do with the safety and honor of the regiment. Heads up, hearts firm!" he murmured, as he bent over Danvers, pretending to brush a speck from his coat.

Reassured by the boy's steady gaze, the speaker threw a quick glance at Mrs. Lisle. She looked bewildered, but very happy; her cheeks were pink, her blue eyes sparkled.

"Mrs. Lisle, gentlemen, my friend Danvers—I have a confession to make—a serious one from a moral point of view —I have to confess that I've been guilty of plagiarism."

His listeners seemed taken aback; even the young officers lost their customary impassiveness. Was it possible

that their commander was breaking down after the prolonged strain of the campaign?

Danvers, on his part, was palpitating with suspense; he did not know what plagiarism meant, but he divined from the Colonel's manner that it was something distinctly discreditable, and he dreaded unnecessary publicity; military secrets should be guarded jealously. He had learned that precept from the Colonel himself.

Forgetting his shyness, Danvers pulled his friend's sleeve. "If it's a council of war," he whispered, "don't you want Mother and me to go?"

Colonel Daubigny grasped the boy's nervous fingers. "No, I want you both here. The fact is," he continued, addressing the officers again, gravely, "this young man gave me the idea about crossing the marsh. I saw him work it out on this very table, just before I left; it was a river, not a swamp, that he crossed —but the principle was the same. When we got stranded in that devilish morass, with the enemy in front of us, and apparently no way to get across, his expedient flashed into my mind. I tried it—you know the result. It wasn't reported, because I took care that it shouldn't be—I didn't propose to take any false credit. The credit is his. And now I should like—on behalf of the regiment and myself—to offer him this slight token of our gratitude; it shall be exchanged for a better one as soon as possible; in the mean time it will show him how we feel."

He took a small box from his pocket, handing it to Danvers, who opened it mechanically.

The box contained a medal, tied with the colors of the regiment.

The boy looked at it in dazed silence.

"Do you understand?" Colonel Daubigny repeated, gently. "We are thanking you for saving the regiment—for that we make you an honorary member of our body."

As he spoke, the Colonel pinned the medal on the boy's coat, after which he shook hands with him heartily, motioning to the officers to follow his example.

The young men obeyed with alacrity, staring at the little boy in genuine admiration.

To Colonel Daubigny's intense disappointment, Danvers did not seem to be pleased; in truth, he was stunned into torpidity; he could not grasp the full meaning of what he had heard. He remembered the river and how he got the troops across it; he also remembered the press accounts of the battle of the marsh, but somehow he could not put the two together.

Mrs. Lisle approached her son anxiously; she saw that the Colonel was cast down, nor did she understand the boy's curious indifference.

"Isn't it splendid?" she cried, examining the medal with enthusiasm. "Just think of it, dear; the Colonel says you saved the regiment—just you, Danvers; I'm so proud of you I don't know what to do!"

The boy's face worked; he clutched his mother's sleeve. "I'm *awfully* glad to have the medal," he assured her, in a low tone, "but I don't want them to say he couldn't have got out of the swamp by himself."

Mrs. Lisle gave her son a tender smile; she understood now the cause of his strange dejection—he could not endure that his chief should lose a tittle of fame, even if that tittle was to fall to his own share. It was hero worship, no doubt, but the mother shared in the worship with all her heart.

Colonel Daubigny had walked to the window in order to conceal his chagrin about the neglected medal; he now turned toward the boy again with fresh hope.

"One company of the regiment is here," he announced; "I told them to wait in front of the house. Wouldn't you like to see them from the window?"

Danvers almost jumped from his seat. "The regiment!" he repeated, in a shrill voice. He gained the Colonel's side with startling speed. Then his face fell. "Oh, they are *so* far away! Couldn't I go down, Mother! It wouldn't hurt me a bit—and I should love to be with them in the street."

Mrs. Lisle came forward hastily; her astonishment delighted the Colonel. Danvers had never wished to leave his nest until now—but now he wished it, at the first sight of the real world.

"Couldn't the men come up?" Mrs. Lisle suggested, avoiding the Colonel's quizzical gaze; "this room is very large."



Drawn by John A. Williams

DANVERS GRASPED EACH HAND SILENTLY

Danvers searched his friend's face eagerly. "I would rather have them come up than anything else in all the world!"

"That settles it," Colonel Daubigny exclaimed; whereupon he gave a low order to the young officers, two of whom immediately left the room.

Presently there was a sound of many feet; evidently the regiment had commenced the ascent. The footsteps grew louder, the second floor had been reached. Danvers could scarcely contain his excitement—a real regiment, the Colonel's regiment—in his room—where he had fought their battles so many times!

The vanguard having now reached the entry, the two young officers appeared, awaiting further orders. Colonel Daubigny gave the word to advance, and instantly the front ranks moved forward. Having saluted their chief, they marched solemnly round the table, stationing themselves finally with their backs against the wall. This manœuvre was repeated until the whole large apartment was completely filled with soldiers; the entry, too, was alive with uniforms. At last there was a pause in the sound of oncoming footsteps. The Colonel surveyed the men in his most genial manner.

"Mr. Danvers Lisle has done the regiment a great service," he told them, plunging straight at his point with military directness, "for which great service I have presented him with a medal. I should like the regiment also to express to him their gratitude. Mr. Danvers Lisle—may he live long and do honor to his country."

The men immediately set up such a hearty cheer that the great room seemed actually to roll in sound. Mrs. Lisle put her hands laughingly in her ears, but her eyes were wet with happy tears.

Danvers was white with excitement; this last incident had broken down his high resolve; he could not resist this glorious tribute; besides, it did not apparently harm the Colonel. The men seemed to think just as much of him as if he had crossed the swamp without help.

"I say," he gasped; "oughtn't I to make a speech?" His eyes flashed with joy at the thought of addressing a live regiment.

"Yes, do," the Colonel said, reading his desire.

Danvers clutched the arm of his chair, fixing his gaze on the men nearest him. They returned his gaze for the most part quite tenderly—they liked the idea that the little chap had somehow done them a great service.

Danvers bowed; that was the way a speech began. "Colonel—Mother—gentlemen—" he was trying to quote his friend correctly—"men of the regiment! I'm *awfully* glad to see you here—I wish you could come often—I love to see you march. I am going to make my troops march like you, if I can. And I'm *awfully* glad to have the medal with your colors—I shall wear it most all of the time. But of course the Colonel could have got you out of the swamp—" He caught himself up; he had not meant to say that. "That's all, and—thank you," he finished, in confusion.

Colonel Daubigny shook hands with the young orator; then he made a sign of dismissal to the regiment. But the little boy had one more request to make.

"Do you think I could shake hands with them?" he asked, in a careful undertone.

The Colonel assented, motioning to the men to come forward; they did so, two and two, and Danvers grasped each hand silently. Toward the end his arm began to ache, but his enthusiasm still burned at fever-heat.

Finally no one was left in the room, except Colonel Daubigny and Mrs. Lisle, for Danvers had followed the regiment to the top of the stairs; he wanted to see the very last of them.

Mrs. Lisle looked in the Colonel's eyes. "You were right and I was wrong—I am beaten all along the line!"

Colonel Daubigny returned her look ardently; in defeat she was adorable!

There was a moment of silence; the sound of the descending footsteps could still be heard indistinctly.

"You have made him happy," Mrs. Lisle continued, softly—"happier than I could—"

At this moment something strange might have happened if Danvers had not suddenly reappeared. His face was flushed, his eyes were sparkling, he carried himself with a certain new jauntiness.

"I never saw anything I liked so

much as that regiment," he sighed, as he straightened himself against the wall. "You see," he went on, confidentially, "I always thought such a lot of the officers—after this I'm going to think a lot of the men—they've got such splendid, stiff backs. I think, Mother, that if I could see them often I could hold myself better—more the way you like to have me."

"You could see them often," Colonel Daubigny put in, "if you lived near them."

"Oh, I would live anywhere if I could see them," the boy cried, wistfully.

Colonel Daubigny gave Mrs. Lisle a beseeching glance.

"Danvers, would you like to live in the Colonel's house?" his mother asked.

"My—wouldn't I!" the boy ejaculated, fervently. Then another idea occurred to him; it had been lurking all the while at the back of his mind.

"I say," he began, "you know about that swamp—your getting out of it the way you said you did, I mean—I don't want it to get into the papers—I'd rather not—honor bright—honest Injun!" He looked earnestly in the Colonel's face.

"All right, old man," the latter agreed.

So that is why it was never officially known that Danvers saved the regiment, though the story leaked out unofficially. But Danvers and the Colonel never told it.

Morning Twilight

BY GEORGE STERLING

AN early thrush acclaims the light . . .
The wide, low-billowing day.
O'er dews and grasses chill with night,
Upcasts its foam of grey.

Now end the darkness and its dreams.
The broken moon is low;
Like petal-drift on glassing streams
We watch her sink and go.

And like a dryad to her tree
The morning star hath sped—
Vanished ere one had thought to see
The path whereon she fled.

Hark how, as here we stand, the wards
Of woodlands newly green,
The pine's innumerable chords
Are touched by hands unseen!

Hearing, the forest seems forlorn
And all the air a sigh
Of things that seek a vaster morn,
And find it not, and die.

O tranquil hour! the haggard noon
Shall make a ghost of thee,
Soon to be memory's, and soon
Not e'en of memory.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE constant reader will easily remember from the July and September numbers of this Magazine the devoted, the almost self-devoted, brother whom the spectacle of his sister's engagement, as he followed and tried to flee from it at Central Park, in New York, was sickening with the whole of love and great part of life. It is not important to recover just the point where he turned from it in a pathetic despair, or to be specific as to how at the next moment he found himself in Hyde Park, London, looking round upon the pastoral of the Season still playing there in mid-July. There must have been an ocean passage, with a departure from New York or Boston, and an arrival at Liverpool or Southampton or Plymouth. He did not remember, perhaps because he did not try; he recalled it as an unimportant and vaguely tiresome preliminary to being where he was in a penny chair, looking through the files of men and maids at the unimpressive riding in Rotten Row. He said to himself, with the austerity of the American who had expected better things, that the riding was wholly without distinction; and in averting his face impatiently from it he confronted a compatriotic visage in the armchair at his elbow. We need not say that this visage was the familiar mask of the Unreal Editor who "laughs and shakes," when especially sorrowful, in the Easy Chair.

"Can you explain," this factitious fellow countryman asked the brother, in tones which he carefully kept from being nasal, "how I happen to find the 'Easy Chair' here?"

"No," the brother said. "I haven't accounted for my own presence yet. Do you call that chair easy?"

"As easy as any, after that in Franklin Square. But are all these riders grooms, or do they merely look like grooms?"

"The average of English looks is high," the brother suggested.

"But these pretty girls, and those pretty little girls, can't all be in charge of grooms, and they are clearly of the rank of ladies."

"Yes; I wish they were not all so cutty in their dress."

"All women are cutty in their dress now," we said; and the brother dropped a jaded eye from the equestriennes jolting about on the muddy stretch of Rotten Row to the pedestriennes hobbling along the path beside it, in skirts secured just below the knees and apparently tied at the ankles.

"Yes," he said. "Terrible!"

"Not so much that," we extenuated, "as terrifying. But even the terror is momentary, and it is a pleasing terror, with an element of surprise. A little way off, with those spreading or scooping hats, they seem a species of parachute dropped down from the clouds, and bringing some of the clouds with them; or they look like a wild fantastic military—perhaps from their Davidian millinery—of the year Ten, say, of the Indivisible Republic; like a charge of cavalry, fighting as infantry, with the air of hussars, of cuirassiers, of dragoons, but when they get a little nearer you see that they are just instances of the same old lovely woman, with translucent stockings. It's their being so much in black that helps them cast the distant gloom."

"Yes," he assented, vaguely. "Are translucent stockings quite compatible with the suffrage?"

"Now wholly incompatible, we should say," the Easy Chair replied. "Perhaps these ladies are all antis, and believe that the sphere of woman is the home."

"They don't look it," he stubbornly maintained.

"Why, there," the Easy Chair owned, "we are with you. It is the supreme gift of women *not* to look the things they are. There is probably not the least doubt that all these wonderful creatures who are shuffling before us in six-inch

steps on two-inch heels are wives devoted to unworthy husbands, daughters chained to the sick-beds of aged fathers, and mothers wrapped up in their children, matrons with their thoughts wholly bent upon the cares of their households. Their sphere may very well be the home, and they are just now enlarging it to the compass of the gay world. But if you judge by appearances, they are not domestic fowl, certainly: they are maiden pirates and brigands, maternal highwaywomen and corsairs, *guerrilleras* of the last ferocity. That is, till you come near; then, as we have intimated, their formidableness fades to an entreating dependence; their plumage of ravens and hawks betrays the soft timidity of doves; that effect of wicked innocence, of potent helplessness, which threatens from afar, reveals itself part of the tender entreaty by which they have secularly triumphed over man, or to put him typically, Man. But what made you think of the suffrage, just now?"

"Well, I suppose the London air is full of it, for one thing; and it seemed to me that it would be droll if these ladies were presently mincing and twitching to the polls with ballots in their hands."

"Any more than if these men in top-hats and one-button cutaways were bound on the same civic errand?"

"Yes, we men are not quite so bad."

"Well, we are not quite so pretty. How would you have these dears dressed for the civic errand? In the sculpturesque robes of the free peoples of antiquity? Or in the hoops—to make a long jump forward—in the hoops of the 1860's, or the pull-backs of the 1870's? Or the leg-of-mutton sleeves and short flaring skirts of the *fin de siècle?*"

"Not quite. I should not go back of the pale colors and flying scarfs and fluffy draperies of 1904."

"Ah, there we are with you," we enthusiastically coincided. "They certainly seemed more earnest in those fashions —without being more serious."

"And we don't want women to be serious," he sighed. "Not women of fashion." Then he added, "Why should pale fluffiness impart a sense of more earnestness than black cuttiness? It is a great mystery!"

They rose and strayed off in the direction of that spread of chairs which in the late afternoon used to be occupied by troops of rank and beauty and fashion. There they found themselves under the reddening rays of a westering sun shining through the lower boughs of the trees off toward the Serpentine. To their surprise the fan-like expanse of chairs was fairly well occupied and a fairly dense throng strolling up and down the walk in front of them.

"One doesn't know what to believe about London," the brother said, casting an arraigning Boston glance over the scene. "You hear that the week-ends have quite broken up the season, and that the parade here is only the frayed and tattered remnant of what it was. But it doesn't look it, anyhow."

"No," we assented, authoritatively; we do not know why. "But qualitatively the church parade and this afternoon parade are quite gone. They are dead and gone."

"Then these lovely and fashionable figures we see tilting and tottering here are only 'phantoms of delight,' and these gloved and white-spatted and high-hatted and morning-coated shapes beside them are their ministering phantasms?"

"Not exactly. But those who know say that they are all suburbans, and that they come here to enjoy the sight of the parade rather than embody it."

"I don't believe it. If I may credit my senses, these people are as evidently persons of rank and fashion as they are beautiful and self-possessed and sweet-voiced. The London Season is far too deeply based in the reason of things to be shaken by week-ends and easily motorable distances from town. These people may dwell farther from Mayfair than they once did, or they may go down, or out, on the Saturday of every week, but the season must persist. I have a feeling that if not a single (or married) Londoner survived, the Season would survive and hover over the Macaulayan New-Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul from Westminster Bridge."

"Yes, and that New-Zealander would be a Socialist with *Votes for Women* graven on his heart," we sidelongly coincided. "Did you happen to go to that great Suffragist meeting in Trafalgar Square, the other Saturday? *That* was

a sight to restore your faith in woman's worthiness to vote, after it had been shaken by Davidian head-gear and cutty skirts and translucent stockings."

"Yes, I saw it," the brother said, "and I have never seen anything more appealing, more convincing. How far the English are ahead of us in that righteous cause!"

Our heart glowed to hear him speak so. We found another Easy Chair in one of the society closes next the society path.

"They have not a lot of constitutions to change, as we have; those Englishwomen knew that if they could get the bill through which was then before Parliament they would have the suffrage—modified, to be sure—without more fuss. And how well they had fortified themselves to move men's minds in their favor! They most wisely, most wonderfully addressed their arguments to the eye as well as the ear. One couldn't read the names of those great women on their banners without a flush of hope for future justice to women, a flush of shame for past injustice. It seemed monstrous that every ignoble and ignorable Tom, Dick, and Harry should vote and such as those memorable women not. Then, those banners proclaiming the different callings and employs of the suffragists: the actress and artist and doctors' and teachers' groups: they were quite as impressive, and the banners declaring the geographical distribution of the opinions and sentiments of suffragism from farthest Australasia to nearest Hampstead: it was a sight to thrill and cheer."

The brother assented tacitly, but he said: "What struck me most was the fact of practical politics that one thing gave such proof of: that array of banners telling how many men in the different important and unimportant towns of the kingdom favored votes for women. That meant a house-to-house, and shop-to-shop, and office-to-office canvass. It meant work, it meant business; it was the strongest kind of argument."

We perceived that he had grudgingly and superiorly agreed with us in order the better to allege the value of his particular observation. We did not dispute it, but we passed it in turning to an æsthetic feature of the spectacle. "Those girls going about with white wands tufted with red and green ribbons were very persuasive, too. Did you hear any of the speaking?"

"No, the shuffling of feet over the asphalt prevented that. But it *looked* eloquent and unanswerable."

"Didn't it?" we exulted. "And the gray quiet sky over all gave the thing great solemnity."

Again he would not be led. "I rather liked the plashing of the fountains, too."

"Yes, the fountains were very well. And the grim-visaged Landseer lions lent a gravity to the affair, with their tongues lolling impartially out. And did you see one Davidian hat, or cutty skirt narrowed at the ankles, or catch a single gleam of translucent stocking, such as shakes your hope of women here?"

"No, I didn't," he said. "But," he added, thoughtfully, "I didn't get very near the actress group."

"If you had," we rebuked him, "you know very well, it would have been a purely histrionic display, a burlesque of this silly sisterhood here."

"Silly? I don't know about silly," he returned, with a contrary-mindedness which we began to suspect characteristic, though very honestly come by. "Even when they have their rights one wouldn't want them to be too rigorously self-denying in matters of fashion. I don't see why a woman shouldn't vote in a pretty gown — not violently pretty, of course."

"You are young," we tolerated him; for it seemed to us that we saw his eye wandering to "the daughter of a hundred earls" (why should one suppose her other or less?) who was sitting down in a penny chair near by, clearly because her skirt was drawn so tight about her feet that she could not walk, or even stand with safety. "When you are older you will see these matters differently."

"Why," he asked, with his dreaming eyes now fixed on that vision, "shouldn't there be a compromise? When the women were going to the polls it might be in a Spartan severity of dress; and when they weren't, in a—"

"An Egyptian succinctness," we added for him.

"Not quite that," he said; and we hurried on to save him from his weakness, his folly.

"It wouldn't do, your compromise.

When women have the vote they must do nothing to remind us of these days of their slavery when they can take part in politics only by canvassing for votes in behalf of their husbands or fathers or brothers, with the same wiles in degree that they use in snaring hearts. They don't realize it, but their actual part in politics is quite immoral, for now they bring their beauty, their grace, their charm of sex, not their minds, to bear upon the ignorant and infatuated electors. Thank goodness *we* have no such meddling in our elections. The Mikes, the Tims, the Patsies wouldn't 'stand for' it a minute. Graft in politics is bad enough, but voteless beauty is far worse. We are ahead of the English in that, as they are ahead of us in many other things. But both nations must save themselves by justice to women. Then women will no longer cajole and delude men when they outvote them."

"Oh, do you think so?" he seemed to doubt.

"Why, certainly; they will have no object in it. Will they?"

"I rather hoped they might," he answered; and we thought it well to be frank with him.

"You are no more likely to win that daughter of a hundred earls than some aviator is likely to overtake an angel of the seventh heaven and persuade her to a place beside him in his monoplane."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, guiltily.

"Nothing, if you say so. But where have your eyes been while you have been trying to give your thoughts to votes for women?"

He colored—as people once colored in fiction much more than they do now—and confessed so far as to say: "She is certainly beautiful, in her high-bred English way. But what reason have you to think she is—"

"Ah, you own it! But let us make you observe that you are of the wrong sex to hope, however deeply moneyed you are, for an alliance with the British aristocracy."

"Yes," he sighed. "I suppose you are right. Shall we move on?" He rose very resolutely, and we found our way through that fan-like spread of chairs, and so out of the Park altogether. But we could not part from him without trying further to improve the occasion.

"The most striking effect of English life for the 'cultivated American,' as he used to be imagined in England, is the extraordinary juxtaposition of its events. While the women were demanding the vote in Trafalgar Square the men were debating whether to give it them in the House of Commons; and the next Monday afternoon you might have seen the friends and foes of suffrage coming out on the Terrace for tea, bareheaded from the debate, and talking frankly of the way things were going; then, after a cup and a bun, going back to join issue. It is all so very intimate, so domestic, as government should be, for it is only an enlarged housekeeping. It could not happen so with us. Forty-eight constitutions, more or less, would have to be changed; great distances would have to be traversed before the women could hold meetings in Washington with any prospect of bringing their convictions to bear upon Congress. There is no terrace at the national Capitol, no place where the working of the great legislative machine could be eased by buns and tea. The whole affair would be remotely and impersonally carried on. If justice or injustice were finally done, it would be equally without charm, without the open play of human sympathy. We should get there the same, but by such a different road!"

The brother yawned. "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," he said. "We can't have a republic without paying for it in the pretty things of a monarchy."

This did not quite cover the ground, but we perceived that it was very American, and we assented, and dropped the subject. At the same time a latent curiosity stirred in our mind; we wondered if this good brother were still in charge of that betrothed sister whom one of our separable selves had left him with in Central Park last May. We did not see how we could ask, and we languished in silence. Then, suddenly, he said, as if we *had* asked:

"Oh, they were married in June."

In our astonishment at his answer to our unspoken question we attempted to retort, "You don't say so!" But in the violence of the effort we awoke.

Editor's Study

IT does not seem strange that so large a proportion of our present-day fiction perpetuates motives, methods, and styles which have become trite with long usage, when we consider how much of our life, in our daily doings and conversation, follows a habitual and conventional course.

Because the novelist presents to us natural scenes which we have beheld a thousand times or familiar phases of human life, these need not be insignificant, and will not be if he has the keen sense of living which revives them in our feelings, and especially if he has the creative imagination which informs them with a meaning and beauty native to them but not obviously discernible. Even if he does all this in an old-fashioned way, we need not complain and may, indeed, find some added charm in that familiarity.

They who read fiction merely for amusement, to occupy leisure, or to relieve *ennui*—and these constitute the majority of readers—do not make much demand upon the writer's creative imagination. They do not insist upon the living quality of characters presented or upon any deep interpretation of life. Punch and Judy are perennially amusing—they go through all the motions that make up their story. These readers eagerly submit to the tricks of the showman; if they ask for new ones, they want them of the old kind, as children go on from generation to generation playing the old games. They appreciate invention—which children resent—but do not care that it should be discovery. Art, old or new, is beyond their comprehension; they are satisfied by artifice; but they are impressed by the compelling master, if he deals with elemental passions and reflects the prevailing moral sentiment.

The ever-widening class of cultivated readers have a higher curiosity, more or less appreciation of art, and a modern sense of life, the truth and beauty of which, in living embodiment, they demand from the creators of fiction. Though they often read fiction for mere amusement, they all want a higher order of entertainment; but by no means all of them are quite satisfied with ultra-modern realism or with what we should call the advanced fiction, which they read deprecatingly, while they revert with enthusiastic predilection to former and, with one exception, vanished masters of the art. Some of these deprecatory readers attribute what they call the weakness of present fiction to its feminization, and academic criticism implies very much the same judgment, since it refers us for models of superior excellence to distinctively masculine types in the past.

We have given a good deal of space in the Study to a consideration of what women have done in fiction since they entered the field a century and a half ago, and we think we have done them only simple justice in showing how large a part they have had in the development of the art. The main tendency of fiction has been, as we have seen, away from the old art of story-telling to a new art—that of the creative representation and interpretation of life. Women have never been great story-tellers. The play, at its best, is an art far transcending that of story-telling, but women never have been great playwrights. Men have striven to excel as story-tellers and dramatists. Women follow their natural inclination in creative work, and, while they have won rare distinction in histrionic interpretation, they have in their imaginative literature confined themselves to living embodiments, repudiating dramatic poses and stage situations. It was inevitable that they should develop realism in its simplest terms; inevitable, at least, that those of them who did not attempt to imitate masculine methods and who followed the simple lines of the art which nature—in this case the woman-nature—makes, should give life its native color,

its real rather than a dramatic tension and investment, and its natural meaning and expression. They have done this in a way that men have not. Dickens and Charles Reade made exposures of wrongs and hypocrisies; Thackeray pierced disguises and shams; Meredith laid bare the monstrosities of masculine egoism; Thomas Hardy disclosed the ironies of life—all these making much ado about their ruthless business, using many words, and some of them availing of subtle speculation. Henry James has luminously vivisected the modern mind at thousands of critical moments. But some women now writing have done more than these men have done in the significant, yet simple and natural disclosure of the truth and beauty of life.

If we were asked to produce examples of woman's work in the lines just indicated, and illustrating what we mean by the recent unprecedented advance of fiction, we could easily enough refer to work familiar to our readers and already recognized at its full value; but we prefer to select for this purpose a novel, not so generally familiar, published three or four years ago, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, entitled *A Fountain Sealed*, but appearing in England as *Valerie Upton*.

It is a novel of American society, though the author knows her England as well as her own country, and some English scene and character are introduced by way of contrast with the American and for the unfolding of the story. It is pre-eminently a psychical novel, as to its motive—an ideal example of that kind, the product of the ripest culture of both mind and heart. In every detail of it we are impressed by the writer's competence, clear vision, æsthetic sensibility, and firm yet flexible handling of material brought together by intuitive selection. Its purpose—of which there is nowhere a formal statement—is a plea for the natural expression and procedure of individual life, based upon a just perspective of values. The conception of such a life is embodied in Valerie Upton's personality and career—a charming personality and a career which quietly achieves harmonious fulfilment notwithstanding an early and unfortunate marriage. Valerie's husband is an aggressive philanthropist, arrogantly and rhetorically altruistic, to whom his wife's natural gayety is an injury and a reproach. Their little girl, Imogen, is his steadfast and enthusiastic ally, so that the young mother finds herself an exile in her own home. There is a break, with no violent rupture or absolute separation. Valerie lives a life of semi-detachment, her summers in America, with her husband and daughter as guests, and the rest of the year in an establishment of her own in England, indulging her simple tastes and surrounding herself with congenial friends, her heart always yearning toward the alienated daughter.

The story opens with the death of the husband and Valerie's return to Imogen, now in the bloom of American girlhood and engaged to a Boston artist, Jack Pennington, who is, with reasonable reserves, sympathetic with her noble purpose to "uplift" the human race—her heritage from her father, whom Jack could hardly tolerate. In Valerie and Imogen are concretely embodied two opposite types of character—one developed out of a living individual experience and illustrating natural values and graces, and the other bristling with activities for the good of others, her individuality dissipated in these so that personality seems denied her. She has no "taint of personal preference" even for her lover; yet she is self-conscious, arrogating to herself a lofty superiority because of her ideals, and suspicious of everybody not thus elevated or refusing to wear the "badge of philanthropy" and thus become one of "her own" people. These defects are the nemesis of the denied personality, of Imogen's thwarted self. The outward presentment of her is that of a delightful and beautiful American girl. Inwardly she is poor and empty, having nothing to give but gifts, and has so far exhausted her means that she can give these only through her mother's sympathetic assistance, just for her child's sake, and costing her many renunciations. Indeed, all the renunciations fall upon Valerie and for Imogen's benefit, even to that of her English lover, Sir Basil, who supplants Jack in the girl's affections, but whom the mother might have kept by a word or a look. Valerie's maternal love is only a part, though the greater part, of her life. It

is natural—that is the key-note of her conduct. She is first of all true to her own nature; truth and loyalty in all the relations of her life follow, for to her there are no relations that are not spontaneously the outgrowth of her own nature. The garden she tends, the friends she cherishes, the beautiful things gathered about her by her selective choice, all seem a part of her, more harmoniously than the disparate daughter. Herein lies her perennial charm, her power to distribute bountiful life after the divine manner, by impartation. From his first meeting with her, Jack Pennington's artistic temperament is subdued by this personal charm.

The crisis, though not the climax of the story, is reached when Imogen asks Valerie's consent to the preparation of a biography of her idolized father by his most adulatory follower, Mr. Potts. Valerie quietly but firmly refuses to sanction the undertaking—for her husband's sake, as she afterward explains to Sir Basil. Mr. Potts's expression of holy wrath, as he towers above Valerie in prophetic denunciation, brings upon him the swift vengeance of Jack Pennington, who is present at the interview, and who, "with a suave, unbroken motion," sweeps him from the room. Imogen leaves of her own motion, after upbraiding her mother as a cruel, shallow, and selfish woman. Valerie, left alone with Jack, finds no consolation in his sympathy and justification, and only sheds bitter tears for Imogen. "How I have hurt *her!*" Yet she adheres to her resolution.

This is the nearest to a sensational moment in the novel—this precipitation, clearing the air and preparing the way for the final dispositions of the story, leaving Valerie at the end a solitary figure in the autumnal shadows.

The story has no other than a purely psychical excitement. The tragedy and comedy of it are veiled, made nothing of in any dramatic tension, only psychically apprehended. Yet there is no thinness of thought, no anæmic embodiment. In description the picture is fully painted. In characterization we are introduced to living human beings, with red blood in them; they appeal to our sympathy and we respond. How heartily we applaud Jack Pennington, when he shuts the door on Mr. Potts, and when, after his last interview with Imogen, he exclaims, "Damn goodness!" Such comment as the author makes is never obvious or pointless; and in lucidity and felicity of expression she is not surpassed by any of her masculine contemporaries. From the first page to the last, this novel is an intellectual treat, yet without argument or such discursive generalization as a dispassionate spectator of life, like Anatole France, would indulge in. The author is never detached from the characters she creates and which are intimate to her in various degrees—Valerie most intimate of them all, the pervading atmosphere of the whole play. It is proper to say that she creates these characters, because she makes them live, each having individual human flavor and temperament. Neither Valerie nor Imogen is simply a type. Valerie enjoys life—the best and most beautiful things in it—in a natural way, but it is in her own way. Imogen wears her guise of superior goodness Imogenly, and it never hides the suppleness of her peculiar girlish grace or her own kind of faultfulness.

The art of *A Fountain Sealed* in its fine details is like that of a well-bred woman, with a heritage of culture—such as the author herself manifestly is. In general style and construction it is more like that of her brothers than of her sisters in fiction. We have somewhat the same feeling of it as we have of Mrs. Humphry Ward's art. The devices of construction are well concealed, at least not apparent to any but a technically critical reader. In the use of the extended metaphor the author reminds us of Meredith and Henry James. This point of excellence is especially masculine.

It is, however, as an example of womanly achievement in advanced fiction that we have dwelt upon this piece of work, which, though singular in its fine excellence, is fairly adduced as representative of womanly possibilities—most fairly, we may say, because the realization of these possibilities is so confined to a psychical disclosure of life and not dependent upon striking dramatic or melodramatic features or even upon philosophic subtlety and brilliant analysis. Just wherein it

escapes "greatness" it illustrates the qualities of woman's creative work in a field which she has made her own.

But there are other ways in which women illustrate the advance of present-day fiction, also escaping "greatness." The disclosure of life by unmasking it in the presence of Nature—the surest way—gives us entertainment of a high order, more satisfactory, because more human, than we derive from the disclosures of the new science, yet on the same plane with these. But, as in the case of Miss Sedgwick's novel, the appeal is to a select though, we trust, a considerable audience. Another kind of creation, involving the mystery of genius, wholly independent, it may be, of culture or of environment, and availing of a more native art, leads directly into the field of wonder and is more captivating. Here the imagination creates spontaneously and, as in a dream, evolving new spiritual species which are at once surprising and familiar. The working of the miracle is as old as genius itself, changing with every age, taking different forms, emerging now in poesy, and again in painting, sometimes linked with symbolism, but, in our modern imaginative prose, with the plainest investment. It showed in Hewlett's early Italian stories and in Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*. In the nature of things, it springs from woman's imagination as from its native haunt in our modern fiction, having a freer course since the banishment of old sophistications. We see it in what is called the quaintness of Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's fiction, in Mrs. Henry Dudeney's quiet but pregnant situations, and in the creations of Georg Schock—notably in her short story, "The Autumn Fan." In this kind of creation the writer chooses homely and commonplace material to work with, to get clear of guises and conventions and of all fashions save the old fashion of plain humanity. Truth is disclosed, but we can give it no formula; it is not the disclosure by analysis; an intuitive selection is at work by secret elimination for the emergence of the natively human, in form, feature, and atmosphere. This species of imagination is woman's natural property, but she has no monopoly of it. Thomas Hardy, in *The Return of the Native*, had a mastery of it never gained by a woman. Here, as in so much that woman has best done, following, closely and intuitively, natural lines, she, as we have said, escapes greatness—an elusion characteristic of our extreme modernity and especially deprecated by the academic critic in his comparison of present writers with former masters.

We can quite understand the position taken by such a critic. He has the whole ground of the past to stand upon, and we share his utmost admiration for all old masters of every epoch. But he must have noted that important changes have marked each new stage in the evolution of human imagination and sensibility. It is a part of his office as critic to trace these changes and interpret their significance. He does not disercown Scott by his praise of George Eliot and his appreciation of a more advanced estate of fiction. Meredith and Hardy have won their place in his esteem as still farther in the advance. There has been in the present generation a more radical change, and it also has marked an advance. This change has affected some masculine American writers, like Arthur Sherburne Hardy and Henry B. Fuller, who hold to the best traditions of a former day; but, in the divestiture of old features, it has been most fully illustrated by recent women writers. Why not concede the advance made by these women?

The repudiation of old fashions in the writing of fiction does not of itself justify the new, which must have its own positive charm and vitality. The quaint and native embodiment of life and the psychical disclosure of its truth are not compelling functions for our entertainment, nor do they deeply affect our sensibility, if the tension of life, joyous or painful, is not also felt, and felt in the rhythmic form and expression implied in just and adequate art.

What we have just said about the importance of vitality in fiction is a fit prelude to the announcement that in the next number of this Magazine will be begun a new novel by Margaret Deland, entitled "The Iron Woman." The work of no other writer, indeed, could better illustrate all that we have been saying of woman's share in the advance of present-day fiction.

Editor's Drawer

Elizabeth's Young Man

BY ELIZABETH SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

MRS. LANNING had dropped in to show Miss Orr directions for making gingered-pear preserves, which she had cut out of a magazine.

"No, thank you." Miss Orr was busy rubbing up the ancestral silver. "The old way's good enough for me. I don't go as much by reading-matter as you do, Mrs. Lanning."

"That's so," replied Mrs. Lanning, comfortably. "There are very few people as up-to-date and progressive as I am. As long as nothing ever happens in this place, I'm going to keep my mind stirred up by my reading as much as I can. I can tell you something else, too: if anything ever does happen in this humdrum place, I'll be the person who will be prepared to meet it. I know exactly what to do in case of fire, flood, suicide."

Miss Orr smiled grimly. "It's too bad you are not a trained nurse, if you want excitement. I declare, the things my niece Elizabeth has to do worry me to death. What do you suppose she's up to now?"

"I was going to ask you what you had heard from her." Mrs. Lanning scented news. "What is she doing?"

Miss Orr wiped her hands, and going over to a rosewood desk of her great-great-grandfather's, extracted a letter.

"Elizabeth is getting her twenty-five dollars a week regularly," she said, explanatorily, "and it stands to reason she'd have to work for it. But when it comes to travelling around the country with strange young men—and idiots at that—though in a way that makes it more proper—I certainly do *not* approve. However, as Elizabeth says, it's all in the day's work, and he perfectly gentle and easy to manage. I imagine his family think the world of her."

"What *are* you talking about, Abbie? Read me that letter."

"Mm—mm—'been going to church regularly. The Baptist minister here is very'—that's not it. Here it is. . . . 'After I finish this typhoid-fever case, I have to take a patient to the Millbrook sanitarium. He is a young man of about twenty-five, his mind is weakened. He has been living at home, and I was called for to nurse him through an attack of pneumonia. His family said I could manage him better than any one else. Now he is gradually get-



THEY FOUND REFUGE IN THE KITCHEN

ting worse and they think it better to have him taken to the sanitarium. I shall be going through Westville on my way; wish I could stop off and see you, but of course I can't."

"Well, I should think not!" ejaculated Mrs. Lanning. "The sooner she gets him to the sanitarium the better, I say, speaking on her account as well as on yours. I guess you don't want any insane young men around *this* house, with all your lovely things."

"No, I don't," said Miss Orr. At that instant she looked out of the front window and uttered a shriek.

"What is it?" Mrs. Lanning jumped, and turned to look out of the window, too. She clutched Miss Orr's arm.

"It's Elizabeth, with *him*!"

For an instant they stood transfixed, then with one accord they picked up their skirts and fled. They found refuge in the kitchen.

Again Elizabeth's ring startled the refugees. This time Miss Abbie's sense of loyalty to her niece triumphed. "I will go and open the door," she declared. "I don't understand Elizabeth's motives, but she is my niece, and I would stand by her if she brought a whole insane asylum here."

Mrs. Lanning, who was quivering all over, laid a large detaining hand on her arm.

"Abbie!" she begged. "Don't go!"

"I will. I must," declared the aunt.

"Then," cried Mrs. Lanning, who had read and meditated so much upon danger in all its forms that she was fertile in expedients, "if you must, at least take some precautions. Think of yourself, think of your beautiful things; think of Elizabeth. Suppose he should get violent."

Again the bell rang, with loud sinister emphasis.

"What *shall* I do?" pleaded Miss Orr, willing, in this unusual emergency, to take any advice.

"Water," said Mrs. Lanning, solemnly, casting her eye at the kitchen sink—"water is the only thing that will quell them. I read it in an old number of the *Medical Journal* in Dr. Wilkins's office while I was waiting to get medicine for Sarah's cough. Hot water and cold water. . . . Alternately."

"But how? Internally? Do be quick, Mrs. Lanning. Oh, oh! There's that bell again."

"Externally," replied the adviser. "Douse 'em; first hot and then cold; or cold and then hot. It calms them instantly. It's the only thing that will."

Miss Orr shook herself valiantly free from her friend's detaining clutch. "See if you can find Jake—he's out in the yard somewhere raking leaves—and Della. They'd better be in the dining-room, with pails, next the folding doors between that and the parlor. If I open the door a little way, it will be the signal. It may be that Elizabeth's bringing him here because he shows signs of getting violent. She always did depend on me, and I shall not fail her."



THUS WAS HYPNOTIZED MRS. LANNING OBEYED

Elizabeth was standing patiently upon the doorstep with a large, dark young man in a ministerial coat. When Miss Orr opened the door her niece kissed her, and then said brightly, but with a trace of confusion in her manner:

"Aunt Abbie, this is Mr. Martin."

"How do you do, Mr. Martin?" she said, grimly. The young man put out his hand and grasped her passive one with firmness, shaking it up and down vigorously.

"I am *very* glad to meet you, Miss Orr," he intoned, in a deep bass voice.

"Walk in," said Miss Orr, as soon as she could release her hand. As she ushered them into the parlor, Mr. Martin politely stepped aside to allow her to precede him, but she waved him ahead firmly.

"After you, if you please," she said, and to herself she breathed:

"You won't get behind

me, young man, if I know it. You may have a knife in your pocket this minute you're planning to stick in the middle of my back."

"Sit down," was her brief command, when they had passed into the room of formality. But Mr. Martin would on no account be seated until she and her niece had found chairs. Then, with somewhat of a flourish, he drew aside his long black coat-tails, sat down, and blew his nose with a large white handkerchief and some complacence.

"It's—it's a lovely day, isn't it, Aunt Abbie?" faltered Elizabeth.

Mr. Martin broke into the conversation before her aunt had time to answer.

"Miss Orr," he said, without the slightest preamble, "your niece and I are married."

"Are what?" ejaculated Miss Orr.

"Are married," the young man replied, positively. "We were married to-day. We are on our wedding trip."



MR. MARTIN GURGLED AND DRIPPED

The horrified Miss Orr glanced at her niece, who was pinker than ever with embarrassment and looked at her aunt fearfully. She understood at once.

"It's the form his mania has taken," she thought. "He's frightening poor Elizabeth to death. He must be humored."

"Oh, yes, yes, of course, I understand," she said, soothingly. "That is very nice indeed. Everything will be all right, I am sure. We are going to have you for dinner, of course?"

The young man looked somewhat taken aback. "You are very kind," he remarked.

Elizabeth opened her mouth two or three times without saying anything, and at last stammered:

"Aunt Abbie, I don't believe you quite understand—"

"I understand all I want to," her relative replied with great decision. She went to the door. "Mrs. Lanning," she called.

Mrs. Lanning was lurking in the hall. When the door opened, she started.

"Mrs. Lanning," said the hostess, "come in."

Mrs. Lanning shook her head in a helpless manner and blinked. "I would as soon be out here, Abbie," she said, faintly.

"I want you to come in," repeated the other. Impelled by her friend's iron will and perhaps a little by fearful curiosity, Mrs. Lanning moved toward the parlor door. "Talk to him," commanded Miss Orr.

"*Me?*" gasped the other. She had no time to say more before Elizabeth greeted her. When that was over, Miss Orr fairly pushed her toward the vacant chair by the stranger.

"Mrs. Lanning—Mr. Martin. Mrs. Lanning, *sit there.*" Like one hypnotized Mrs Lanning obeyed.

"This seems a healthful spot," observed Mr. Martin, sombrely.

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Lanning hastened to agree. "Very, very healthful. Extremely so. In fact, all the doctors—I don't mean the doctors— Oh yes, indeed. You are quite right about it. You find yourself well here, I hope?"

"Thank you," replied Mr. Martin, courteously, with a slight bow. "I feel fairly well. Of course, with my severe mental work, I feel sometimes a slight nervous strain. I have had headaches at intervals for a number of years, but I have made up my mind to endure them."

"Well, now, that's the right way to take it," cried Mrs. Lanning, heartily. The stranger's frank reference to his mental disability put her quite at her ease.

"I wouldn't worry about it a bit if I were you. I was reading in the *Ladies' Household Companion* the other day that if you took a glass of hot milk before retiring you would have a sound sleep every night of your life, which of course goes a long way. If you feel anything—ah—especially severe coming on," she continued with delicacy, "I should go to bed at once with a hot-water

bottle at your feet, and stay there. I'm sure you would soon feel—er—quite calm."

"Oh, thank you," replied Mr. Martin, with a slightly fearful expression. "I've not a doubt of it." He looked fondly at Elizabeth. "You see, I have some one to keep me in order now, dear."

"Yes, indeed," cried Mrs. Lanning, "and you could not have had a better person than Elizabeth to take care of you—I should say, of course, to nurse you."

"Nurse?" repeated the dark young man. "I think you mistake me. When I spoke of my headaches I did not mean to imply that I was a sick man. On the contrary. Far from it. And when I married Miss Orr, it was not for those qualities which—"

"Married!" gasped Mrs. Lanning, faintly.

Mr. Martin paused in the middle of his sentence. "Yes, *married*," he repeated. "Madam, have you any objection to it? There seems to be some mystery here, some counter-feeling, I should say." He glanced at Elizabeth, who, in a far corner of the room, holding a low-voiced conversation with her aunt, wore a most distressed expression.

"Perhaps," he hinted, "as this is a family affair, it might be better—"

"Oh, certainly," gasped Mrs. Lanning, tottering feebly to the door.

In the mean time the conversation between Elizabeth and her aunt had been as follows.

"Elizabeth," said the elder Miss Orr, grasping her niece firmly by the elbow, "this must not, cannot go on. Give it up, once and for all. You have a home with me. I'll give you everything you want. You are altogether too young and inexperienced for this sort of thing."

"Why, I'm as old as lots of girls," declared her niece, indignantly.

"Perhaps so," answered the aunt, "but you're not old enough to manage a person like this."

"Oh, I can *manage* him all right," her niece said, with a toss of her head. "You've no idea. He does exactly as I say."

"You may think so. But there will come a time when you can't. He *seems* sensible enough, except—"

"Why, I should hope so!" said Elizabeth.

At that moment Mr. Martin interrupted her. "Elizabeth," he boomed solemnly, "there seems to be some objection in the minds of those present to our being man and wife. I think we had better depart."

He took Elizabeth by the arm, and she, a little dazed, was going with him obediently, when they were stopped by Miss Orr.

"Not one step shall you stir out of this house," she said, wildly. "I forbid it absolutely. Elizabeth, *sit down*. If you have any influence over that person, make him sit down, too. You need not be afraid," she added. "There is help at hand."

Mr. Martin seemed slightly quelled, and exhibited what was to Miss Orr another sure proof of his mental condition.

"Gone perfectly mad. How terrible!" he ejaculated in a low tone; and with the cunning which characterizes all forms of mania, still grasping the person he supposed to be his wife, made for the folding doors which led to the dining-room.

It was the signal Miss Abbie herself had arranged. Della, the cook, threw her pail, with excellent aim, directly from the front. Jake, being tall enough, simply turned his upside down, promptly, and without wasting so much as a drop. Elizabeth shrieked. Mr. Martin gurgled, his black hair dripped, his coat clung to him like a strait-jacket.

"Hold him, Jake!" cried Miss Abbie, very pale and dauntless, and armed with a chair which she held in front of her, the four legs out. "Hold him there while I telephone Dr. Adams and the police."

"Oh, what is the matter with you?" cried Elizabeth, sobbing wildly. "How can you treat my husband so?"

"Your husband?" cried Miss Orr. "You don't mean to say you really have *married* that person?"

"Husband!" repeated Jake, with his fingers under Mr. Martin's collar. "Hi, there—be quiet, you! He ain't your husband, Miss Elizabeth. He's a luny."

"Oh," cried Elizabeth, wringing her hands, "there's been some dreadful mistake! He is no more crazy than I am. He's the Rev. Mr. Martin, of the First Baptist Church in Centreville. You can ask any of the people there. . . . And we were married this morning . . . we thought we'd surprise you."

"Did you, or did you not," said Miss Orr, speaking with some sternness to her niece, "tell me that you were going to bring an insane, or at least weak-minded, young man through here on the way to a sanitarium?"

"Why—why—I guess I did," answered her niece, sobbing afresh, "but then I got married, and forgot all about that. It never occurred to me you'd think my husband was crazy. . . . He's so looked up to!"

Jake slowly released Mr. Martin's captive neck. "I'm not a Baptist myself," he apologized, assisting the victim with the loan of a dry handkerchief, "but I never would douse any kind of a minister, knowing he was one. I hope you'll excuse me, sir, for the mistake. It wasn't exactly my fault."

This being as much of an apology as his proud nature was capable of, he retreated.

Possibly Mr. Martin had some difficulty in getting the upper hand of the rage to which the attack on his personal dignity had reduced him. At any rate he remarked rather overblandly,

"After all, Miss Orr, we are quits, for I thought you were just as crazy as you thought I was."

Miss Orr was able to respond faintly.

"You're very kind, I'm sure, Mr. Martin," she said, humbly. "Elizabeth, will you—will you attend—your—" she hesitated and blushed—"I might as well say the word right now," she said, recklessly, "husband. I refer to his clothes; I suppose you know that his garments should always be kept perfectly dry, to avoid colds. It is one of the first things to remember."



EFFIE *(who has made friends with a street urchin). "Oh! mother, won't you please let me keep him? He's slightly soiled, but if he was gone over carefully he'd be as good as new."*

Sceptics

BY BURGES JOHNSON

WHEN your old dad was as little as you
Was he likely to do
What they wanted him to?
Why, certainly so! And as quick as a wink
He did as they bid him before you could think.
Hey! Hey?
What do you say?
What makes you keep winking and grinning that way?
Your uncle's been "tellin' you sumthin'"? Dear, dear!
You mustn't believe all the stories you hear.

When dad and his playmates were nice little boys
The first of their joys
Was giving their toys
To poor little children who needed them more;
Your dad was so good he gave all of his store.
Hey! Hey?
What do you say?
Your mother has some of 'em now, put away?
Such nerve was unknown in my day!—I'll be bound
You imps have been snooping and prying around.

When daddy was young he was deaf, dumb, and blind
To pranks unrefined:
He'd a serious mind.
He paid no attention to girls and their looks,
But gave all his time to his tasks and his books.
Hey! Hey?
What do you say?
Yes, mother was raised in the very same way.
You found an old letter and read it?—My Seat!
We used to spank children for mischief like that.



NURSE. "*Why, Harold! What is the matter?*"
HAROLD. "*Sister won't do as I say; I want her to go up when I go up, and go down when I go down.*"

A Serious Problem

A LITTLE girl returned from services at a fashionable church with a thoughtful brow.

"Mamma," she began, doubtfully, "do all angels dress just alike, in white robes?"

"Why, certainly, dear," the mother assured her.

"And just any kind of persons can be angels?"

"If they have been very good."

"Laundresses and cooks and maids?"

"Of course, sweetheart. Why do you ask?"

"Well," the little girl commented slowly, "I certainly would like to know how the Lord is going to tell that we belong in the best society!"

The Gravy

A CERTAIN Dr. C—— was once reading a very strenuous paper on total abstinence before a clerical club—so the story goes—when the entertainer went out to tell his wife how many she was to provide for at supper.

"What are they doing?" she asked, and was told the subject of the essay. "What shall I do?" she cried. "Here I have brandied peaches, and it is too late to change."

"Make no change," said her husband. "It will be all right."

The essayist had the post of honor at the right of the lady of the house, and she presented him with a dish of the peaches. After a while she said to him, "Dr. C——, won't you allow me to give you some more of these peaches?"

"Thank you," he replied. "They are excellent."

A little later she said, "Dr. C——, may I not give you another peach?"

"No, I thank you," said he apologetically, "but I will take a little more of the gravy."

How the Days Go By

FRANK looked up thoughtfully from his engine-and-cars game of railroading, played on the primitive plan of a five-year-old boy:

"Mamma, isn't it funny how the days go by, one after the other, just like a train of cars, with Sunday for the engine."



"Throwing Old Shoes"

"*The auto enthusiast after his wedding receives a most appropriate send off.*"



Eat, Drink, and be Merry, for To-morrow We Diet

The Measurin'-Worm

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IF a wee green worm
Buhgins to squirm
An' stretch along your leg or arm,
Jest you don't mind
An' soon you'll find
It ain't go' do you any harm.

It measures you here an' measures you there
An' 'lows for th' goods they got to spare;
It's a-measurin' you for a tailor firm—
Buhcause it's a nice little measurin'-worm!

An' it lif's its head
Like stretchin' thread,
An' dots a inch an' moves along;
Th' way it goes
It shows it knows
It mustn't get th' figures wrong.

It measures your arm an' measures your chest
An' thinks how your clo'es will look th' best.
'N if you're still it 'll measure you
For a pair o' shoes an' some stockin's, too!

An' it stops an' thinks—
An' p'r'aps it blinks—
An' 'lows "Hip pockets will be fine!"
So it goes 'round
Until it's found
Your size just like a live tape-line.

It measures me, an' I relly guess
It 'd measure girls for a bran'-new dress.
But they knock it off when they see it squirm—
They're 'fraid of th' nice little measurin'-worm!



UNTERRIFIED AERONAUT. "*I say, old chap, you don't mind riding backwards, do you?*"

Enterprise

THE historic town of Bladensburg, Maryland, had a good bit of fun poked at it by reason of its alleged sleepiness. For instance, the story is told that a Bladensburg merchant was dozing in his shop one day when a little boy came in with a pitcher and asked for a quart of milk. The merchant yawned, stretched himself, half-opened his eyes, and then, in the most injured tone, said:

"Gee whiz! Ain't there nobody that sells milk in this town but me?"

It Will Happen

A LITTLE girl was asked how old she was. "I was four," she replied, "but one day I got five."

He Did the Right Thing

"I HOPE it will be a long time before I have such another test applied to my honesty," a down-town merchant remarked, as he returned from waiting on a customer.

"What was the trouble?" asked his partner.

"Those near-wool suits. An old fellow came in just now and asked me the price of one.

"'Seven dollars,' I told him.

"'Speak louder!' he said, holding his hand behind his ear. So I yelled 'Seven dollars!'

"'Eleven dollars! Too much! I'll give you nine!' he replied."

His partner looked at the speaker in alarm.

"You, er, of course you did the right thing?"

"I guess you can depend on me to do the right thing," was the haughty retort. Then he paused. "You'd better get some dollar bills when you go to the bank," he remarked. "I just gave an old fellow our last one for change!"

No Goods Delivered

IN Buffalo there lives a boy, now some seven years old, who is the proud owner of a bulldog designated as "Mike," and a much-prized pony. Recently a visitor, endeavoring to test the child's knowledge of the value of money, said:

"Willie, I'll give you ten cents for either Mike or the pony. Which will you sell?"

Willie pondered for a moment.

"Gimme the dime. You can go get the pony," he said.

The visitor handed over the coin, and then strolled out as though to go to the barn.

"Why, Willie! Would you rather he should have your pony than Mike—and do you think ten cents is enough for a pony?" his mother protested.

Willie paused at the door, and grinned.

"You know, Mike is out at the barn, an' if any one *can* take that pony out while he's there he's welcome to him. I'd 'a' sold him for a cent!"



Illustration for "Dear Annie"

THE CHILD STOOD WITH HER EYES FIXED ON ANNIE'S FACE

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXI NOVEMBER, 1910 No. DCCXXVI

The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER I

"CLIMB up in this tree, and play house!" Elizabeth Ferguson commanded. She herself had climbed to the lowest branch of an apple tree in the Maitland orchard, and there she sat, swinging her white-stockinged legs so recklessly that the three children whom she had summoned to her side backed away for safety. "If you don't," she said, looking down at them, "I'm afraid, perhaps, maybe, I'll get mad."

Her foreboding was tempered by a giggle, and the deepening dimple in her cheek, but all the same she sighed, with a sort of impersonal regret at the prospect of any unpleasantness. "It would be too bad if I got mad, wouldn't it?" she said thoughtfully. The others looked at one another in consternation. They knew what it meant to have Elizabeth "mad"! "Please-please-please," she said; and Nannie Maitland, the oldest of the little group, said, helplessly, "Well."

Nannie was always helpless with Elizabeth, just as she was helpless with her half-brother, Blair, though she was ten and Elizabeth and Blair were only eight; but how could a little girl like Nannie be anything but helpless before a brother whom she adored, and a wonderful being like Elizabeth?—Elizabeth! who always knew exactly what she wanted to do, and who instantly "got mad," if you wouldn't say you'd do it, too; got mad, and then hugged you and kissed you, and actually cried (or got mad again), if you refused to accept as a sign of your forgiveness her new slate-pencil, decorated with strips of red and white paper just like a little barber's pole! No wonder Nannie, timid and good-natured, and always as ready to do one thing as another, no wonder she was helpless before the sweet, furious little creature! Blair had more backbone than his sister, but even he felt Elizabeth's heel upon his neck. David Richie, who lived next door to the despot, a silent, candid, very stubborn small boy, was, after a momentary struggle, as meek as the rest of them. Now, when she commanded them all to climb, it was David who demurred, because, he said, he spoke first for Indians tomahawking you in the back parlor; and "first speak, first get," said David, so earnestly that he almost carried the other two with him. Then Elizabeth asserted herself, and David was lost:

"Very well! Play your old Indians! I'll climb all by myself, and I don't care if I fall down dead and buried and with a monument, the very next minute afterwards."

"I've got on my new pants," David said uneasily; he was beginning to back down.

"Take 'em off!" said Elizabeth briefly. And there is no knowing what might

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have happened if the mature Nannie had not come to the rescue.

"That's not proper to do out-of-doors; and Miss White says not to say 'pants.'"

Elizabeth looked thoughtful. "Maybe it ain't proper," she admitted; "but I'll tell you what, David! You can sit on my pocket-hanky." She spread her scrap of a handkerchief on the grimy bark, and beckoned. "I took a hate to being tommy-hocked the last time we played it," she explained; "so please-please-please, *dear* David! If you'll play house in the tree, I'll give you a suck on my taffy." She took something out of her mouth, sleek and shining and brown, and licked her lips to indicate its quality, and David yielded—shinning up the trunk of the tree, indifferent to the trousers, which had been on his mind ever since he had put them on his legs. Once at Elizabeth's side, he was temporarily silent, because her taffy held his jaws like a vise.

Blair followed him, but the timid Nannie squatted on the ground, content to merely look up at the courageous three.

"Come on up!" said Elizabeth. But Nannie shook her little blond head. At which the others burst into shrill chorus: "'Fraid-cat! 'fraid-cat! 'fraid-cat!"

Nannie smiled placidly; it never occurred to her to deny such an obviously truthful title. "Blair," she said, continuing a conversation interrupted by Elizabeth's determination to climb, "Blair, *why* do you say things that make Mamma mad? What's the sense? If it makes her mad for you to say things are ugly, why do you?"

"'Cause," Blair said briefly. Even at eight Blair did not like explanations, and his slave and half-sister rarely pressed beyond his bored "'Cause." With the exception of his mother, who had never had time to get acquainted with him, most of the people about Blair were his slaves. Elizabeth's governess—called by Elizabeth, for reasons of her own, "Cherry-pie"—Miss White, who had a school in a big attic of Mr. Ferguson's house for the four children, had completely surrendered to his brown eyes; in his own home, Harris, who was a cross between a butler and a maid-of-all-work, adored him to the point of letting him make candy on the kitchen stove—probably the greatest expression of affection possible in the kitchen; the men in the Maitland Works toadied to him; David Richie blustered, perhaps, but always gave in to him; in fact, little Elizabeth Ferguson was the only person in his world who did not knuckle down to this pleasant and lovable child. But then, Elizabeth never knuckled down to anybody! Certainly not to kind old Cherry-pie, whose timid upper lip quivered like a rabbit's when she was obliged to repeat to her darling some new rule of Robert Ferguson's for his niece's upbringing. Nor did she knuckle down to her uncle; she even declared she was not at all afraid of him!—this was almost unbelievable to the other three, who scattered like robins if they heard his step. And she had even greater courage than this; she had, in fact, audacity! for she said she was willing—this the others told each other in awed tones—she said she had "just as lieves" walk right up and speak to Mrs. Maitland herself!—and maybe ask her for twenty cents so she could treat the whole crowd to ice-cream. That is, she would just as lieves, *if she should happen to want to.* Now, as she sat in the apple tree swinging her legs, and giving David and Blair, turn about, a brief suck on her taffy, it occurred to her to mention, apropos of nothing, her opinion of Mrs. Maitland's looks:

"I like Blair's mother best; but David's mother is a lot prettier than Blair's mother."

"It ain't polite to brag on mothers," said David, surveying the new trousers complacently, "but I know what I think."

Blair, jouncing up and down on his branch, agreed with unoffended candor. "'Course she's prettier. Anybody is. Mother's ugly."

"It ain't right to say things like that out of the family," Nannie observed.

"This *is* the family. You are going to marry David, and I'm going to marry Elizabeth. And I'm going to be awfully rich; and I'll give all you children a lot of money. Jimmy Sullivan—he's a friend of mine; I got acquainted with him yesterday, and he's the biggest puddler in our Works. Jimmie said to me, 'You're the only son,' he said, 'you'll get it all.' 'Course I told him I'd give him some," said Blair.

"You'd better give Elizabeth her taffy," David broke in dryly; David was always annoyingly apropos; "you've sucked it longer 'an anybody."

"I swallowed it," Blair said, chuckling.

David frowned, which made Elizabeth catch him round the neck in a joyous hug, and give him a loud kiss on his left ear. David sighed. "You may kiss me," he said patiently; "but I'd *rather* you'd tell me when you want to. You knocked off my cap."

"Say, David," Nannie observed, flinging his cap up to him, "David, Blair can stand on his head and count five. You can't."

At this David's usual admiration for Blair suffered an eclipse: he grew very red, then exploded: "Well, I—I—I've had mumps, and Blair hasn't. And—and I have a real dining-room at my house, and Blair hasn't!"

Nannie flew to the rescue: "Well, you haven't got a real mother. You are only an adopted."

"Well, what are you?" David said, angrily; "you're nothing but a Step."

"Say, stop fighting," Blair commanded amiably; "David is right; we have a pigsty of a dining-room at our house." He paused to bend over and touch with an ecstatic finger a flake of lichen covering with its serpent green the damp, black bark in the crotch of the old tree. "Isn't that pretty?" he said.

"You ought not to say things like that about our house," Nannie reproved him.

"Why not? They know everything is ugly at our house. They've got real dining-rooms at their houses; they don't have old desks round, the way we do."

It was in the late sixties that these children played in the apple tree and arranged their conjugal future; at that time the Maitland house was indeed, as poor little Blair said, "ugly." Twenty years before, its gardens and meadows had stretched over to the river; but it had long ago come down in size and gone up in dollars. Now, there was scarcely an acre of sooty green left, and it was pressed upon by the yards of the Maitland Works, and almost islanded by railroad tracks. Grading had left the stately and dilapidated old house somewhat above the level of a street noisy with incessant teaming, and generally fetlock-deep in black mud. The house stood back a little from the badly paved sidewalk; its meagre dooryard, where some stunted syringas and a pirus japonica showed occasional traces of life, was enclosed by a fence—a row of black and rusty iron spears, spotted under their tines with innumerable gray cocoons. (Blair and David made constant and furtive attempts to lift these spears, socketed in crumbling lead in the granite base; for of course there could be nothing better for fighting Indians than a real iron spear.) The orchard behind the house had been cut in two by a spur track, which brought jolting gondola cars piled with red ore down to the furnace. The half-dozen apple trees that were left stretched gaunt arms over sour, grassless earth; they put out faint flakes of blossoms in the early spring, and then a fleeting show of greenness, which in a fortnight shrivelled and blackened out of all semblance of foliage. But all the same the children found it a delightful place to play, although Blair sometimes said sullenly that it was "ugly." Blair hated ugly things, and, poor child, he was assailed by them on every side. The queer, disorderly dining-room, in which for reasons of her own Mrs. Maitland transacted so much of her business that it had become for all practical purposes an office of her Works, was, perhaps, the "ugliest" thing in the world to the little boy.

"Why don't we have a real dining-room?" he said once; "why do we have to eat in the office?"

"We'll eat in the kitchen, if I find it convenient," his mother told him, looking at him over her newspaper, which was propped against a silver coffee-urn that had found a clear space on a breakfast table cluttered with papers and ledgers.

"They have a bunch of flowers on the table up at David's house," the little boy complained; "I don't see why we can't."

"I don't eat flowers," Mrs. Maitland said grimly.

"I don't eat papers," Blair said, under his breath; and his mother looked at him helplessly. How is one to reply

to a child of eight who makes remarks of this kind? Mrs. Maitland did not know; it was one of many things she did not know in relation to her son; for at that time she loved him with her mind rather than her body, so she had none of those soft intuitions and persuasions of the flesh which instruct most mothers. In her perplexity she expressed the sarcastic anger one might vent upon an equal under the same circumstances:

"You'd eat nothing at all, young man, let me tell you, if it wasn't for the 'papers,' as you call 'em, in this house!"

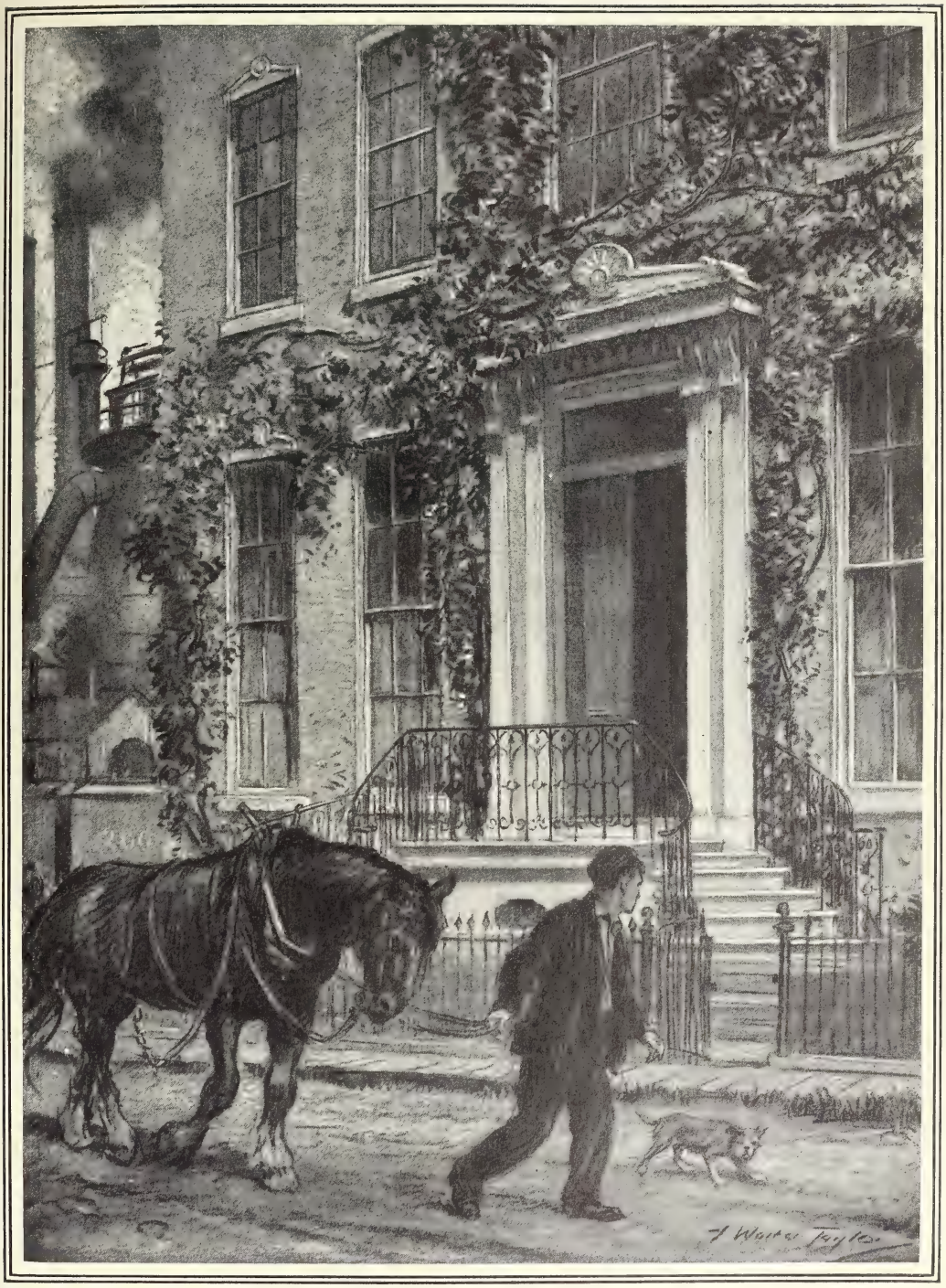
But it was no wonder that Blair called it ugly — the house, the orchard, the Works—even his mother, in her black alpaca skirt and sacque of a waist, sitting at her desk in the big, dingy dining-room, driving her body and soul, and the bodies and souls of her workmen—all for the sake of the little, shrinking boy, who wanted a bunch of flowers on the table. Poor mother! Poor son! And poor little, perplexed half-sister, looking on, and trying to make peace. Nannie's perplexities had begun very far back. Of course she was too young when her father married his second wife to puzzle over that; but if she did not, other people did. Why a mild, vague young widower, of delicate constitution, who painted pictures nobody ever bought, and was as unpractical as a man could be whose partnership in an iron-works was a matter of inheritance—why such a man wanted to marry Miss Sarah Blair was beyond anybody's wisdom. It is conceivable, indeed, that he did not want to.

There were rumors that after the death of Nannie's mother, Herbert Maitland had been inclined to look for consolation to a certain Miss Molly Wharton (she that afterward married Henry Knight), and everybody thought Miss Molly was willing to smile upon him. But be that as it may, he suddenly found himself the husband of his late partner's daughter—a woman eight years older than he, and at least four inches taller—a silent, very plain woman, of devastating common sense—a woman who contradicted all those femininities and soft lovelinesses which had been such marked characteristics not only of his first wife, but of pretty Molly Wharton also.

John Blair, the father of the second Mrs. Maitland, an uneducated, extremely intelligent man, had risen from puddling to partnership in the Maitland Works. There had been no social relations between Mr. Maitland, Sr., and this new member of the firm, but the older man had a very intimate respect, and even admiration, for John Blair. When he came to die he confided his son's interests to his partner with absolute confidence that they would be safe: "Herbert has no gumption, John," he said; "he wants to be an 'artist'! You've got to look after him." "I will, Mr. Maitland, I will," said John Blair, snuffling, and blowing his nose into a big red pocket-handkerchief. And he did look after him. He put young Maitland's affairs ahead of his own, and he made it very clear to his daughter, who in business matters was, curiously enough, his right-hand man, that "Maitland's boy" was always, as he expressed it, "to have the inside track."

"I ain't bothering about you, Sally; I'll leave you enough. And if I didn't, you could scratch gravel for yourself. But Maitland's boy ain't our kind. He must be taken care of."

When John Blair died, perhaps a sort of faithfulness to his wishes made his Sally try to "take care" of Herbert Maitland by marrying him. "That goose Molly will catch him if we don't look out!" she thought. "But certainly his child does need a mother." And by and by she told Herbert of his child's need; or at any rate she helped him to infer it. And somehow, before he knew it, he married her. By inheritance they owned the Works between them; so really a marriage was, as the bride expressed it, "a very sensible arrangement"; and any "sensible arrangement" appealed to John Blair's daughter. But after a breathless year of partnership—in business if in nothing else—Herbert Maitland, leaving behind him their baby boy and his little two-year-old Nannie, got out of the world as expeditiously as consumption could take him. Indeed, his wife had so jostled him and deafened him and dazed him that there was nothing for him to do but die—so that there might be room for her expanding energy. And yet she loved him; nobody



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

IN SPITE OF SUCH SURROUNDINGS THE BIG HOUSE WAS IMPRESSIVE

who saw her in those first silent, agonized months could doubt that she loved him. Her pain expressed itself, not in moans or tears or physical prostration, but in work. Work, which had been an interest, became a refuge. Under like circumstances some people take to religion and some to drink; but as Mrs. Maitland's religion had never been more than church-going and contributions to foreign missions, it was, of course, no help under the strain of grief; and as her temperament did not dictate the other means of consolation, she turned to work. She worked herself numb; very likely she had hours when she did not feel her loss. But she did not feel anything else. Not even her baby's little clinging hands, or his milky lips at her breast. She did her duty by him; she hired a reliable woman to take charge of him, and she was careful to appear at regular hours to nurse him. She ordered toys for him, and as she shared the naïve conviction of her period and her locality that church-going and religion were synonymous, she began, when he was four years old, to take him to church. In her shiny, shabby black silk, which had been her Sunday costume ever since it had been purchased as part of her curiously limited trousseau, she sat in a front pew, between the two children, and felt that she was doing her duty by both of them. A sense of duty without maternal instinct is not, perhaps, as baleful a thing as maternal instinct without a sense of duty, but it is sterile; and in the first few years of her bereavement, the big, suffering woman seemed to have nothing but duty to offer to her child. Nannie's puzzles began then. "Why don't Mamma hug my baby brother?" she used to ask the nurse, who had no explanation to offer. The baby brother was ready enough to hug Nannie, and his eager, wet little kisses on Nannie's cheeks sealed her to his service before he could talk.

Blair was nearly three years old before, under the long atrophy of grief, Sarah Maitland's maternal instinct began to stir. When it did, she was chilled by the boy's shrinking from her as if from a stranger; she was chilled, too, by another sort of repulsion, which with the hideous candor of childhood he made no effort to conceal. One of his first expressions of opinion had been contained in the single word "uggy," accompanied by a pointed finger at his mother. When she sneezed—and she was one of those people who cannot, or do not, moderate a sneeze—Blair had a nervous paroxysm. He would jump at the unexpected sound, and then burst into furious tears. When she tried to draw his head down upon her scratchy black alpaca breast, he would say violently, "No, no! No, no!" at which she would push him roughly from her knee, and fall into hurt silence. Once, when he was barely five years old, she came in to dinner, hot from a morning in the Works, her moist forehead grimy with dust, and bent over to kiss him, at which the little boy wrinkled up his nose and turned his face aside.

"What's the matter?" his mother said; and called sharply to the nurse: "I won't have any highfalutin' airs in this boy! Get 'em out of him." Then resolutely she took Blair's little chin in her hand—a big, beautiful, powerful hand, with broken and blackened nails—and turning his wincing face up, rubbed her cheek roughly against his. "Get over your airs!" she said, and sat down and ate her dinner without another word to Blair or any one else. But the next day, as if to purchase the kiss he would not give, she told him she was going to give him an "allowance." The word had no meaning to the little fellow, until she showed him two bright new dollars, and said he could buy candy with them; then his brown eyes smiled, and he held up his lips to her. It was at that moment that money began to mean something to him. He bought the candy, which he divided with Nannie, and he bought also a present for his mother, a bottle of cologne, with a tiny calendar tied around its neck by a red ribbon. "The ribbon is pretty," he explained shyly. She was so pleased that she instantly gave him another dollar, and then put the long green bottle between two of the little boy's photographs, on the painted pine bureau of her bedroom.

In the days when the four children played in the orchard, and had lessons in Mr. Ferguson's garret, and were "treated" by Blair, who always had

plenty of money in his pocket, to candy or pink ice-cream—even in those days Mercer was showing signs of what it was ultimately to become—the apotheosis of materialism and vulgarity. Iron was entering into its soul. It thought extremely well of itself; when a new mill was built, or a new furnace blown in, it thought still better of itself. It prided itself upon its growth; in fact, its complacency, its ugliness and its size kept pace with one another.

"Look at our output," Sarah Maitland used to brag to her general manager, Mr. Robert Ferguson; "and look at our churches! We have more churches for our size than any town west of the Alleghanies."

"We need more jails than any town, east or west," Mr. Ferguson retorted, grimly.

But Mrs. Maitland avoided the deduction. Her face was full of pride. "You just wait! We'll be the most important city in this country yet, because we will hold the commerce of the world right here in our mills!" She put out her great open palm, and slowly closed the strong, beautiful fingers into a gripping fist. "The commerce of the world, right *here!*" she said, thrusting the clenched hand, that quivered a little, almost into his face.

Robert Ferguson snorted. He was a melancholy man, with thin, bitterly sensitive lips, and kind eyes that were curiously magnified by gold-rimmed eyeglasses, which he had a way of knocking off, with a suddenness that was singularly disconcerting. He did not, he said, trust anybody. "What's the use?" he said; "you only get your face slapped." For his part, he believed the Eleventh Commandment was, "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, because he'll get it."

"Read your Bible!" Mrs. Maitland retorted; "then you'll know enough to call it a Beatitude, not a Commandment."

Mr. Ferguson snorted again. "Bible? It's all I can do to get time to read my paper;—I'm worked to death," he reproached her. But in spite of being worked to death he always found time to go out into his back yard on winter mornings to feed a flock of Mercer's sooty pigeons; and he would walk all over town to find a particular toy for a sick child of one of his moulders. To be sure, he always alleged that, as far as the child was concerned, he was a fool for his pains, because human critters ("I'm one of 'em myself") were all a bad lot! "We're not worth the powder to blow us up—any of us," he told Mrs. Maitland.

"Oh, you have a fine bark, friend Ferguson," she said, with her brief chuckle; "but when it comes to a bite, I guess most folks get a kiss from you."

"Kiss?" said Robert Ferguson, horrified; "not much!"

They were very good friends, these two, each growling at, disapproving of, and completely trusting the other. Mrs. Maitland's chief disapproval of her superintendent—for her reproaches about his bark were really expressions of admiration—her serious disapproval was based on the fact that, when the season permitted, he broke the Sabbath by grubbing silently in the garden in his back yard instead of going to church. A grape arbor ran the length of this garden, and in August the Isabellas, filmed with soot, had a flavor, Robert Ferguson thought, finer than could be found in any of the vineyards lying in the hot sunshine on the banks of the river, far out of reach of Mercer's smoke. There was a flagstone path around the arbor, and then borders of perennials against brick walls, thick with ivy, or hidden by trellised peach trees. All summer long bees came to murmur in the garden, and every breeze that blew across it carried some sweetness to the hot and tired streets outside. It was a spot of perfume and peace, and it was no wonder that the hard-working, sad-eyed man liked to spend his Sundays in it. But "remembering the Sabbath" was his employer's strong point. Mrs. Maitland kept the Fourth Commandment with passion. Her Sundays, dividing each six days of extraordinary activity, were arid stretches of the unspeakable dulness of idleness. When Blair grew up he used to look back at those Sundays and shudder. There was church and Sunday-school in the morning, then a cold dinner, for cold roast beef was Mrs. Maitland's symbol of Sabbatical holiness. Then an endless, vacant afternoon, spent always indoors. Certain small, pious books were permitted the two children—*Little Henry and His*

Bearer, The Ministering Children, and such like moral food; but no games, no walks, no playing in the orchard. Silence and weary idleness and Little Henry's holy arrogances. To Mrs. Maitland the day must have been as dreary as it was to her son and daughter, but she never winced. She sat in the parlor in her black silk, and read *The Presbyterian* and the Bible. She never allowed herself to look at her desk in the dining-room, or even at her knitting, which on week-days, if she had no work to do, was a great resource; but she looked at the clock a good deal, and sometimes she sighed, and then applied herself to *The Presbyterian.* She went to bed at half past seven as against eleven or twelve on other nights, first reading, with extraordinary rapidity, her "Chapter." Mrs. Maitland had a "system" by which she was able to read the Bible through once a year. She frequently commended it to her superintendent; to her way of thinking such reading was accounted to her as righteousness.

Refreshed by a somnolent Sunday, she would rush furiously into business on Monday morning, and Mr. Robert Ferguson, who never went to church, followed in her wake, doing her bidding with grim and admiring thoroughness. If not "worked to death," he was, at any rate, absorbed in her affairs. Even when he went home at night, and, on summer evenings, fell to grubbing in his narrow back yard, where his niece "helped" him by pushing a little wheelbarrow over the mossy flagstones,—even then he did not dismiss Mrs. Maitland's business from his mind. He was scrupulous to say, as he picked up the weeds scattered from the wheelbarrow, "Have you been a good little girl to-day, Elizabeth?" but all the while, in his own thoughts he was going over matters at the Works. On Sundays he managed to get far enough away from business to interrogate Miss White about his niece:

"I hope Elizabeth is behaving herself, Miss White?"

"Oh yes; she is a dear, good child."

"Well, you never can tell about children. Keep a sharp eye on her, Miss White. And be careful, please, about vanity. I thought I saw her looking in the mirror in the hall this morning. Please discourage any signs of vanity in her."

"She hasn't a particle of vanity!" Miss White said warmly.

But in spite of her assurance, Mr. Ferguson was always falling into bleakly apprehensive thoughts of his little girl, obstinately denying his pride in her, and allowing himself only the meagre hope that she would "turn out fairly decently." Vanity was his especial concern, and he was more than once afraid he had discovered it. . . . Elizabeth was not allowed to go to dancing-school—dancing and vanity were somehow related in her uncle's mind; so the vital and vivid little creature expressed the rhythm that was in her by dancing without instruction, keeping time with loud, elemental cadences of her own composing, not always melodious, but always in true time. Sometimes she danced thus in the school-room; sometimes in Mrs. Todd's "ice-cream parlor" at the farther end of Mercer's old wooden bridge; once—and this was one of the occasions when Mr. Ferguson thought he had detected the vice he dreaded—once she danced in his very own library! Up and down she went, back and forth, before a long mirror that stood between the windows. She had put a double daffodil behind each ear, and twisted a dandelion chain around her neck. She looked as she came and went, smiling and dimpling at herself in the shadowy depths of the mirror, like a flower—a flower in the wind!—bending and turning and swaying, and singing as she danced. It was then that her uncle came upon her; for just a moment he stood still in involuntary delight, then remembered his theories: there was certainly vanity in her primitive adornment! He knocked his glasses off with a fierce gesture, and did his duty by barking at her, as Mrs. Maitland would have expressed it. He told her in an angry voice that she must go to bed for the rest of the day!—at least, if she ever did it again, she must go to bed for the rest of the day.

There was another time when he felt even surer of the feminine failing: Elizabeth said, in his presence, that she wished she had some rings like those of a certain Mrs. Richie, who had lately come to live next door; at which Mr. Ferguson barked at Miss White, so harshly, in-

head, that Elizabeth flew at him like a little enraged cat. "You sha'n't scold my Cherry-pie! It ain't fair!" she screamed, and, beating him with her right hand, she fastened her small, sharp teeth into her left arm just above the wrist; then she screamed again with self-inflicted pain. But when Miss White, dismayed at such a loss of self-control, apologized for her, Mr. Ferguson shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't mind temper," he said; "I used to have a temper myself; but I will *not* have her vain! Better put some plaster on her arm. Elizabeth, you must not call Miss White by that ridiculous name."

But the remark about Mrs. Richie's rings really disturbed him, and made him deplore to himself the advent as a neighbor of a foolish woman. "She'll put ideas into Elizabeth's head," he told himself. In regard to the rings, he had not needed Elizabeth to instruct him. He had noticed them himself, and they had convinced him that this Mrs. Richie, who at first sight seemed a shy, sad woman with no nonsense about her, was really no exception to her sex. "Vain and lazy, I guess, like the rest of them," he said. Having, as he alleged, passed the age when he cared to sport with Amaryllis, Mr. Ferguson said he didn't like women. When they did not irritate him, they bored him. He had gone to see this newcomer,—he had been obliged to, because she wished to rent a house he owned next door to the one in which he lived. So, being her landlord, he had to see her, if for nothing else, to discourage requests for inside repairs. He saw her, and promised to put up a little glass house at the end of the back parlor for a plant-room. "If she'd asked me for a 'conservatory,'" he said to himself, "I wouldn't have considered it for a moment; but just a few sashes — I suppose I might as well give in on that? Besides, if she likes flowers, there must be something to her!" But all the same, he was conscious of having given in, and to a woman who wore rings; so he was quite gruff with Mrs. Richie's little boy whom he found listening to an harangue from Elizabeth. The two children had scraped acquaintance through the iron fence that separated the front dooryards. "I," Elizabeth had announced, "have a mosquito bite on my leg; I'll show it to you," she said, generously; and when the bite on her little thigh was displayed, she tried to think of other personal matters; "I have a pair of red shoes with white buttons!" David, wrinkling his freckled nose in an effort to think of some possession of his own to match either bite or boots, was smitten into gloomy silence.

But in spite of the landlord's disapproval of his tenant's rings the acquaintance of the two families grew. Mr. Ferguson had to see Mrs. Richie again about those "sashes," or what not. His calls were always on business—Mrs. Richie was like the rest of her sex, but Robert Ferguson never shirked business —but though he talked business, and she talked of knocking out an extra window in the nursery, so that her little boy could have more sunshine, they slipped, after a while, into personalities: Mrs. Richie had no immediate family; her— her husband had died nearly three years before. Since then she had been living in St. Louis. She had come now to Mercer because she wanted to be nearer to a friend, an old clergyman, who lived in a place called Old Chester.

"I think it's about twenty miles up the river," she said. "That's where I found David. He is not my own little boy; but that doesn't make any difference to us, does it, David?"

"Yes'm," said David.

"David! Why won't you *ever* say what is expected of you? We don't know anybody in Mercer," she went on, with a shy, melancholy smile, "except Elizabeth." And at her kind look, the little girl, who had tagged along behind her uncle, snuggled up to the maternal presence, and rubbed her cheek against the white hand which had the pretty rings on it. "I am so glad to have somebody for David to play with," Mrs. Richie said, looking down at the little nestling thing, who at that moment stopped nestling, and, dropping down on toes and fingertips, growled horribly, then loped up— on very long hind legs, to the confusion of her elders, who endeavored not to see her peculiar attitude—and putting a paw into David's pocket abstracted a marble. There was an instant explosion, in which David, after securing his property through

violent exertions, sought, as a matter of pure justice, to pull the bear's hair. But when Mrs. Richie interfered, separating the combatants with horrified apologies for her young man's conduct, Elizabeth's squeals stopped abruptly. She stood, panting, her eyes still watering with David's tug at her hair; the dimple in her right cheek began to lengthen into a hard line.

"You are very naughty, David," said Mrs. Richie sternly; "you must beg Elizabeth's pardon at once!" At which Elizabeth burst out:

"Stop! Don't scold him! It was my fault. I did it—taking his marble. I'll —I'll bite my arm if you scold David!"

"Elizabeth," protested her uncle; "I'm ashamed of you!"

But Elizabeth was indifferent to his shame; she was hugging David frantically. "I hate, I hate, I *hate* your mother; —if she does have rings!" Her face was so convulsed with rage that Mrs. Richie actually recoiled before it; Elizabeth, still clamoring, saw that involuntary start of horror. Instantly she was calm; but she shrunk away, almost out of the room. It seemed as if at that moment some veil, cold and impenetrable, fell between the gentle woman and the fierce, pathetic child—a veil that was not to be lifted until, in some mysterious way, life should make them change places.

The two elders looked at each other, Robert Ferguson with meagre amusement; Mrs. Richie still grave at the remembrance of that furious little face. "What did she mean about 'biting her arm'?" she asked, after Elizabeth had been bidden to go home "at once!" and the bewildered David told to accompany her to the door.

"Oh, I believe she bites herself when she gets angry," Elizabeth's uncle said, knocking his glasses off fiercely. "Miss White said she had quite a sore place on her arm last winter, because she bit it so often. It's of no consequence," he added. Again Mrs. Richie looked shocked. "She is my brother's child," he said briefly; "he—died some years ago. He left her to me." And Mrs. Richie knew instinctively that the bequest had not been welcome. "Miss White looks after her," he said, putting his glasses on carefully; "she calls her her 'Lamb,' though a more unlamblike person than Elizabeth I never met. She has a little school for her and the two Maitland youngsters in the top of my house. Miss White, I must tell you, is otherwise known as Cherry-pie. Elizabeth, I am informed, loves cherry pie; also, she loves Miss White: ergo!" he ended, with his snort of a laugh. Then he had a sudden thought: "Why don't you let David come to Miss White for lessons? I've no doubt she could look after another pupil."

"I'd be delighted to," Mrs. Richie said gratefully. So, through the good offices of Mr. Ferguson, the arrangement was made. Mr. Ferguson did not approve of Mrs. Richie's rings, but he had no objection to helping her about David.

And that was how it happened that these four little lives were thrown together—four threads that were to be woven into the great fabric of Life.

CHAPTER II

ON the other side of the street, opposite the Maitland house, was a huddle of wooden tenements. Some of them were built on piles, and seemed to stand on stilts, holding their draggled skirts out of the mud of their untidy yards; some sagged on rotting sills, leaning shoulder to shoulder as if to prop one another up. From each front door a shaky flight of steps ran down to the unpaved sidewalk, where pigs and children and hens, and the daily tramp of feet to and from the Maitland Works, had beaten the earth into a hard black surface, or a soft black surface, when it rained. These little huddling houses called themselves Maitland's Shantytown, and they looked up at the Big House, standing in melancholy isolation behind its fence of iron spears, with the pride that is common to us all when we find ourselves in the company of our betters. Back of the little houses was a strip of waste-land, used for a dump; and beyond it, bristling against the sky, the long line of Mercer's stacks and chimneys.

But in spite of such surroundings, the Big House, even as late as the early seventies, was impressive. It was square, with four great chimneys, and long windows that ran from floor to ceiling. Its

stately entrance and its two curving flights of steps, were of white marble, and so were the lintels of the doors and windows; but the stone was so stained and darkened with smoky years of rains and river fogs that its only beauty lay in the noble lines that grime and time had not been able to destroy. A gnarled and twisted old wistaria roped the doorway, and crawling almost to the roof, looped along the eaves; in May it broke into a froth of exquisite purple and faint green, and for a week the garland of blossoms, murmurous with bees, lay clean and lovely against narrow old bricks which had once been painted yellow. Outside, the house had a distinction which no superficial dilapidation could mar; but inside distinction was almost lost in the commonplace, if not in actual ugliness. The double parlors on the right of the wide hall had been furnished in the complete vulgarity of the sixties; on the left was the library, but it had long ago been taken by Mrs. Maitland as a bedroom, for the practical reason that it opened into the dining-room, and so her desk was easily accessible at any time of night, should her passion for toil seize her after working-hours were over. The walls of this room were still covered with books, which no one ever read. For one thing, Mrs. Maitland had no time to waste on books; but another reason was that her iron bedstead blocked four of the bookcase doors, and a cheap painted pine bureau hid two more. Except the imprisoned books, the only interesting things in the room were some *cartes de visite* of Blair, which stood in a dusty row on the bureau, one of them propped against the unopened bottle of Johann Maria Farina. When Blair was a man, that bottle still stood there, the kid cap over the cork splitting and yellow, and the ribbons of the little calendar that hung from its green neck faded into streaky white.

The office dining-room, about which Blair had begun to be impertinent when he was eight years old, was of noble proportions and in its day must have had great dignity; but in Blair's childhood its day was over. Above the dingy white wainscoting the landscape paper which his grandfather had brought from France in the thirties had faded into a blur of blues and buffs. The floor was uncarpeted save for a Persian rug, whose colors had long since dulled into an even grime. Mrs. Maitland's desk stood at one end of the room, and there were filing-cases at the other, and two smaller desks where clerks worked at ledgers or drafting. The four French windows were uncurtained and the inside shutters folded back, so that the silent clerks might have the benefit of every ray of daylight filtering wanly through Mercer's murky air. A long table stood in the middle of the room; generally it was covered with blueprints, or the usual impedimenta of an office. But it was not an office table; it was of mahogany, scratched and dim to be sure, but matching the ancient claw-footed sideboard whose top was littered with letter-files, silver teapots and sugar-bowls, and stacks of newspapers. Three times a day one end of this table was cleared; then the early breakfast, or the noon dinner, or the rather heavy supper, was eaten rapidly, and for the most part in silence. Mrs. Maitland was silent because she was absorbed in thought; Nannie and Blair were silent because they were afraid to talk. But the two children gave a touch of humanness to the ruthless room, which, indeed, poor little Blair had some excuse for calling a "pigsty."

"When I'm big," Blair announced—this was one afternoon after school—"I'll have a bunch of flowers on the table, like your mother does; you see if I don't! I like your mother, David."

"*I* don't; *very* much," Elizabeth volunteered. "She looks out of her eyes at me when I get mad."

"I don't like to live at my house," Blair said, sighing.

"Why don't you run away?" demanded Elizabeth; "I'm going to some day when I get time."

"Where would you run to?" David said practically. David was always disconcertingly practical.

But Elizabeth would not be pinned down to details. "I will decide that when I get started."

"I believe," Blair meditated, "I will run away."

"I'll tell you what let's do," Elizabeth said, and paused to pick up her right ankle and hop an ecstatic yard or two on one leg; "I tell you what let's do: let's all run away, *and get married!*"

The other three stared at her dumfounded. Elizabeth, whirling about on her toes, dropped down on all-fours and turned a somersault of joy; when she was on her feet again, she said, "Oh, *let's* get married!" But it took the other three a perceptible moment to accept the project.

They had planned to devote that afternoon to playing bury-you-alive under the yellow sofa in Mrs. Richie's parlor, but this idea of Elizabeth's made it necessary to hide in the "cave"—a shadowy spot behind the palm-tub in the greenhouse—for reflection. All grown persons, except those who have not been children, will recall that there is no place like a cave for the developing of any great scheme. So now they all crowded in, jostling one another like young pigeons. It was David who, as usual, made the practical objections:

"We haven't any money."

"We can get all the money we want out of my mother's cash-box," Blair told him.

"That's stealing," Elizabeth said.

"You can't steal from your mother," Nannie defended her brother.

"I'll marry you, Elizabeth," Blair said with enthusiasm.

But David demurred: "I think *I'd* like Elizabeth. I'm not sure I want to marry Nannie."

"You said Nannie's hair was the longest, only yesterday!" Blair said angrily.

"But I like Elizabeth's color of hair. Nannie, do you think I'd like you to marry best, or Elizabeth?"

"I don't believe the color of hair makes any difference in being married," Nannie said kindly. "And anyway, you'll have to marry me, David, 'cause Blair can't. He's my brother."

"He's only your half-brother," David pointed out.

But Blair would not pursue the subject. "You can have Nannie, or you can stay out of the play."

"Well, I'll marry Nannie," David said sadly; and Blair proceeded to elaborate the scheme. It was very simple: the money in Mrs. Maitland's cash-drawer would pay their fare to— "Oh, anywhere," Blair said, then hesitated: "The only thing is, how'll we get it?"

"I'll get it for you," Nannie said, shuddering.

"Wouldn't you be scared?" Blair asked doubtfully. Everybody knew poor Nannie was a 'fraid-cat.

"Little people," somebody called from the parlor, "what are you chattering about?"

The children looked at one another in a panic, but Blair said courageously, "Oh, nothing."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Richie, smiling at Mr. Robert Ferguson, who had dropped in to find Elizabeth, "perhaps you didn't know that my conservatory was a Pirates' Cave?"

There was a sort of hesitant intimacy now between these two people, but it had never got so far as friendship. Mrs. Richie's retreating shyness was courteous, but never cordial; Robert Ferguson's sombre egotism was kind, but never generous. Yet, owing no doubt to their two children, and to the fact that Mr. Ferguson was continually bringing things over from his garden borders, to transplant into hers—it improves the property, he told her — briefly owing to the children and the flowers, the landlord and the tenant saw each other rather frequently. On this especial afternoon, though Mr. Ferguson had found Elizabeth, he still lingered, perhaps to tell the story of some extraordinary thing Mrs. Maitland had done that day at the Works. "She's been the only man in the family since old John died," he ended; "and, judging from Blair, I guess she'll continue to be."

"She is wonderful!" Mrs. Richie agreed; "but she's lovable, too, which is more important."

"I should as soon say a locomotive was lovable," he said; "not that that's against her. Quite the contrary."

The pretty woman on the yellow damask sofa by the fireside flushed with offence. The fact was, this dry, dogmatic man, old at thirty-six, lean, and in a time of beards clean-shaven, with gray hair that stood fiercely up from a deeply furrowed brow, and kind, unhappy eyes, blinking behind the magnifying lenses of his gold-rimmed glasses, this really friendly neighbor, was always offending her; —though he was rather nice about inside repairs. "Why do I endure him?" Mrs. Richie said to herself sometimes. Perhaps it was because, in spite of his man-

ners, and his sneer that the world was a mighty mean place to live in, and his joyless way of doing his duty to his little niece, he certainly did see how good and sweet her David was. She reminded herself of this to check her offence at his snub about Mrs. Maitland,—and all the while the good, sweet David was plotting behind the green tub of the palm tree in the conservatory. But when Mr. Ferguson called to Elizabeth to come home with him, and then bent over and fussed about the buttons on her jacket, and said anxiously, "Are you warm enough, Pussy?" Mrs. Richie said to herself: "He is good! It's only his manners that are bad."

Robert Ferguson went out into the brown November dusk with his little girl clinging to his hand, for so he understood his duty to his niece; and on their own door-step Elizabeth asked a question:

"Uncle, if you get married, do you have to stay married?"

He looked down at her with a start. "*What?*" he said.

"If you don't like being married, do you have to stay?"

"Don't ask foolish questions!" he said; "of course you have to."

Elizabeth sighed. As for her uncle, he was disturbed to the point of irritation. He dropped her hand with a gesture almost of disgust, and the lines in his forehead deepened into painful folds. After supper he called Elizabeth's governess into the library, and shut the door.

"Miss White," he said, knocking his glasses off, "Elizabeth is getting to be a big girl; will you kindly make a point of teaching her—things?"

"I will do so immejetly, sir," said Miss White. "What things?"

"Why," said Robert Ferguson helplessly, "why,—general morals;" he put on his glasses carefully with both hands; "Elizabeth asked me a—a very improper question; she asked me about divorce, and—"

"*Divorce!*" exclaimed Miss White, astounded; "I have been at my post for eight years, sir, and I am positive that that word has never been used in Elizabeth's presence!"

He did not explain. "Teach her," he said harshly, "that a woman has got to behave herself."

Blair, with a persistency, which was his mother's large determination in little, did not weaken his purpose, but the double elopement was delayed for two days because of the difficulty of securing the necessary funds. The dining-room where Mrs. Maitland "kept all her money," was rarely entirely deserted. In those brief intervals when the two clerks were not on hand, Harris seemed to be possessed of a clean devil, and spent an unusual amount of time "redding up"; or when Harris was in the kitchen, and Blair, dragging the reluctant Nannie, would peer into the room, he was always confronted by his mother. She never saw him—sometimes she was writing; sometimes talking to a foreman; sometimes walking rapidly up and down the room knitting. For if no excuse for work presented itself, if there were no letters to answer, no estimates to make, if nobody called to ask for a contribution to foreign missions, then, rather than sit doing nothing, Sarah Maitland would take up what she called her "fancy work"—perpetual baby socks, whose destination was the "missionary barrel," and knitting furiously, she would walk up and down the long room. Often her ball of double zephyr would fall unnoticed on the floor; but thinking out this or that project, solving this or that problem, she never noticed it until, unwinding and unwinding, dragging along behind her, it involved her hurrying tramp in a grimy pink tangle.

Each time Blair had peered into the room he had found it policed by this absorbed presence. "We'll *never* get married!" he said in despair. The delay had a disastrous effect upon romance, for David, with melancholy candor, was continually saying that he doubted the desirability of Nannie as a wife; and Elizabeth was just as hesitant about Blair:

"Suppose I took a hate to you for a husband? Uncle Robert says if you don't like being married, you can't stop."

"You won't want to stop. *Married people don't have to go to school!*"

Elizabeth sighed. "But I don't know but what maybe I'd like David for a husband?"

"He doesn't have but ten cents a week allowance, and I have a dollar," Blair reminded her.

"Well, I don't believe I like being married, anyway," she fretted; "I like going out to the toll-house for ice-cream better."

Her uncertainty made Blair still more impatient to finance his journey; and that day, just after dinner, he and Nannie stood quaking at the dining-room door. "I-I-I'll do it," Blair gasped, with trembling valor. He was very little, and his eyes were dilated with fright. "I'll do it," he said, chattering. But Nannie rushed into the breach. Nannie never pretended to be anything but a 'fraid-cat except in things that concerned Blair; so now she said boldly:

"I'm the oldest, so I ought to."

She crept across the floor, stopping at every step to listen breathlessly; but nothing stirred, except her own little shadow crouching at her heels.

"Grab in the top drawer," Blair hissed after her, and she put a shrinking hand into the japanned box, and "grabbed" all the bills she could hold; then not waiting to close the drawer, she fled back to Blair. Up-stairs in her room, they counted the money.

"We can travel all round the world!" Blair whispered, thrilled at the amount of their loot.

But at the last moment there was a defection,—Elizabeth backed out. "I'd rather go out to the toll-house for ice-cream," she said; "ice-cream at Mrs. Todd's is nicer than being married." And Blair's assurance that he would treat to ice-cream "all the time" when they were on their journey did not tempt her. "David," she said, "don't you go either. Let Blair and Nannie go. You stay with me."

But David was not to be moved. "I like travelling," he said; "I've travelled a good deal all my life; and I want to go round the world with Blair."

Elizabeth gave him a black look. "You like Blair better 'an me," she said; the tears were hot in her hazel eyes, and she stamped her foot. A minute later she slipped away to hide under the bed in her own room, peering out from under a lifted valance for a hoped-for pursuer. But no one came; the other three were so excited that her absence was hardly noticed.

How they started, the adventurous ones, late that afternoon—later, in fact, than they planned, because Blair insisted upon running back to give Harris a parting gift of a dollar; "'Cause, poor Harris!" Blair explained sympathetically, "*he* can't go travelling"—how they waited in the big, barn-like, foggy station for what Blair called the "next train," how they boarded it for "any place"—all seemed very funny when they were old enough to look back upon it. It even seemed funny, a day or two afterwards, to their alarmed elders. But at the time it was not funny to anybody. David was gloomy at being obliged to marry Nannie; "I pretty near wish I'd stayed with Elizabeth," he said crossly. Nannie was frightened, because, she declared, "Mamma 'll be mad;—now I tell you, Blair, she'll be mad!" And Blair was sulky because he had no wife. Yet, in spite of these varying emotions, pushed by Blair's resolution, they really did venture forth to "travel all around the world!"

As for the grown people's feelings about the elopement, they ran the gamut from panic to amusement. . . . At a little after five o'clock, Miss White heard sobbing in Elizabeth's room, and going in, found the little girl blacking her boots and crying furiously.

"Elizabeth! my lamb! What is the matter?"

"I have a great many sorrows," said Elizabeth, with a hiccup of despair.

"But what *are* you doing!"

"I am blacking my red shoes," Elizabeth wailed; and so she was, the blacking-sponge on its shaky wire dripping all over the carpet. "My beautiful red shoes," she sobbed; "I am blacking them; and now they are spoiled forever."

"But why do you want to spoil them?" gasped Miss White, struggling to take the blacking-bottle away from her. "Elizabeth, tell me immejetly! What has happened?"

"I didn't go on the journey," said Elizabeth; "and David wouldn't stay at home with me; he liked Blair and Nannie better 'an me. He hurt my feelings; so pretty soon right away I got mad—mad—mad—to think he wouldn't stay with me. I always get mad if my feelings are hurt, and David Richie is always hurting 'em. I despise him for

making me mad! I despise him for treating me so—*hideous!* And so I took a hate to my shoes." The ensuing explanation sent Miss White, breathless, to tell Mrs. Richie; but Mrs. Richie was not at home.

When David did not appear that afternoon after school, the maid at Mr. Ferguson's was interrogated: "He went off with Blair and Nannie, 'm," the woman said. Mrs. Richie was disturbed, for the law was "ask if I mayn't." By three o'clock she began to be uneasy; but it was nearly five before the quiver of apprehension grew into positive fright; then she put on her things and walked down to the Maitland house.

"Is David here?" she demanded when Harris answered her ring; "please go up-stairs and look, Harris; they may be playing in the nursery. I am—worried." She was trembling, and her voice caught and broke.

Harris shuffled off, and Mrs. Richie, following him to the foot of the stairs, stood there gripping the newel-post.

"They ain't here," Harris announced from the top landing.

Mrs. Richie sank down on the lowest step.

"Harris!" some one called peremptorily, and Robert Ferguson came out of the dining-room, "do you know where the children— Oh, you're here, Mrs. Richie? I suppose you are on David's track. I thought Harris might have some clue. Elizabeth can't, or won't, say where they've gone. I came down to tell Mrs. Maitland all we could wring from Elizabeth."

Before she could ask what he meant, Blair's mother joined them. "I haven't a doubt they are playing in the orchard," she said.

"No, they're not," her superintendent contradicted; "Elizabeth says they were going to 'travel'; but that's all we could get out of her."

"'Travel'! Oh, what does she mean?" Mrs. Richie said; "I'm so frightened!"

"What's the use of being frightened?" Mrs. Maitland asked, curiously; "it won't bring them back if they are lost, will it?"

Robert Ferguson knocked his glasses off angrily. "They couldn't be lost in Mercer," he reassured David's mother.

"Well, whether they've run away or not, come into my room, and talk about it like a sensible woman," said Mrs. Maitland; "what's the use of sitting on the stairs? Women have such a way of sitting on stairs when things go wrong! Suppose they are lost. What harm's done? They'll turn up. Come!" And Mrs. Richie came. Everybody "came" or went, or stood still, when Mrs. Maitland said the word! And though not commanded, Mr. Ferguson came too.

In the dining-room Mrs. Maitland took no part in the perplexed discussion that followed. At her desk, in her revolving chair, she had instinctively taken up her pen; there was a perceptible instant in which she got her mind off her own affairs and put it on this matter of the children. Then she laid the pen down, and turned around to face the other two; but idleness irritated her, and she reached for a ball of pink worsted, skewered by bone needles. She asked no questions and made no comments, but knitting rapidly, listened, until apparently her patience came to an end; then with a grunt, she whirled round to her desk and again picked up her pen. But as she did so she paused, pen in air, threw it down, and pounded the flat of her hand on her desk, laughing loudly:

"I know! I know!" And revolving back again in leisurely relief to face them, she said, with open amusement: "When I came home this afternoon, I found this drawer half open, and the bills in my cash-box disturbed. They've" —her voice was suddenly drowned in the rumble of a train on the spur track; the house shook slightly, and a gust of black smoke was vomited against the windows; —"they've helped themselves and gone off to enjoy it! We'll get on their trail at the railroad station."

Mrs. Richie turned terrified eyes toward Mr. Ferguson.

"Why, of course!" he said, "the monkeys!" But Mrs. Richie seemed more frightened than ever.

"The railroad!—*Oh*—"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Maitland; "they're all right. The ticket-agent will remember them. Mr. Ferguson, telegraph to their destination, wherever it is, and have them shipped back. No police help at this end yet, if you please."

Robert Ferguson nodded. "Of course everything is all right. I'll let you know the minute I get traces of them, Mrs. Richie," he said. When he reached the door, he came back. "Now don't you worry," he said. "I could thrash those boys for bothering you!" At which she tried to smile, but there was a quiver in her chin.

"Harris!" Mrs. Maitland broke in, "supper! Mrs. Richie, you are going to have something to eat."

"Oh, I can't—"

"What? You are not saying *can't?* 'Can't' is a 'bad word,' you know." She got up—a big, heavy woman, in a gray bag of a dress that only reached to the top of her boots,—and stood with her hands on her hips; her gray hair was twisted into a small, tight knot at the back of her head, and her face looked like iron that had once been molten and had cooled into roughened immobility. But it was not an unamiable face; as she stood there looking down at Mrs. Richie, she even smiled the half-amused smile one might bestow on a puppy, and she put her hand roughly on the other mother's shoulder. "Don't be so scared, woman! They'll be found."

"You don't think anything could have happened to him?" Mrs. Richie said, trembling; "you don't think—he could have been run over, or—or anything?" She clutched at the big hand, and clung to it.

"No," Mrs. Maitland said dryly; "I don't think anything has happened to *him*."

At this Mrs. Richie had the grace to blush. "Of course I meant Blair and Nannie, too," she murmured.

"You never thought of 'em!" Mrs. Maitland said, chuckling; "now you *must* have some supper."

They were in the midst of it, when a note came from Mr. Ferguson to say that he had got on the track of the runaways. He had sent a despatch that would insure their being returned by the next train, and he was himself going half-way up the road to meet them. And there was a postscript. "Tell Mrs. Richie not to worry."

"What did I say?" Mrs. Maitland rallied her, with loud cheerfulness; "where's my knitting? Come; I'll go over to the parlor with you; we'll sit in there."

Mrs. Maitland's parlor was not calculated to cheer a panic-stricken mother. It was a vast room, rather chilly on this foggy November evening, and smelling of soot. On its remote ceiling was a design in very delicate relief, of garlands and wreaths, which the dingy years had not been able to rob of its austere beauty. Two veined black-marble columns supported an arch that divided the desert of the large room into two smaller rooms, each of which had the centre-table of the period, its bleak white marble top covered with elaborately gilded books which no one ever opened. Each room had, too, a great cut-glass chandelier, swathed always in brown paper-muslin and looking like a withered and gigantic pear. And each had its fireplace, with a mantelpiece of funereal marble to match the pillars. Mrs. Maitland had refurnished the parlor when she came to the old house as a bride; she had banished to the lumber-room, or even to the auctioneer's stand, the heavy, stately mahogany of the early part of the century, and purchased, according to the fashion of the day, glittering rosewood, carved and gilded, and as costly as could be found. Between the windows at each end of the long room were mirrors in enormous gilt frames; the windows themselves, topped with cornices and heavy lambrequins, were hung with crimson brocade. A grand piano, very bare and shining, sprawled sidewise between the black columns of the arch, and on the wall opposite the fireplaces were four large landscapes in oil; they were of exactly the same size, and seemed as if they had been bought by the yard. "Herbert likes pictures," the bride had said to herself when she purchased them. "That goose Molly Wharton wouldn't have been able to buy 'em for him!" The only pleasant thing in the meaningless room was Nannie's drawing-board, which displayed the little girl's painstaking and surprisingly exact copy, in lead-pencil, of some chromo — *Evangeline,* perhaps, or some popular sentimentality of the sixties. In the ten years which had elapsed since Mrs. Maitland had plunged into her debauch of furnishing—her one extravagance!—of course the parlors had softened; the enormous

roses of the carpets had faded, the glitter of varnish had dimmed; but the change was not sufficient to blur, in Mrs. Maitland's eyes, all the costly and ugly glory of the room. She cast a complacent glance about her as she motioned her nervous and preoccupied guest to a chair. "How do you like Mercer?" she said, beginning to knit rapidly.

"Oh, very well; it is a little—smoky," Mrs. Richie said, and glanced at the clock.

Mrs. Maitland grunted. "Mercer would be in a bad way without its smoke. You ought to learn to like it, as I do! I like the smell of it, I like the taste of it, I like the feel of it!"

"Really?" Mrs. Richie murmured; she was watching the clock. "I think I'll go down to the station and meet the children," she said, rising.

"I'm afraid you are a very foolish woman," Sarah Maitland said;—and Mrs. Richie sat down. "Mr. Ferguson will bring 'em here. Anyway, this clock is half an hour slow. They'll be here before you could get to the station." She chuckled again, slyly. Her sense of humor was entirely rudimentary, and never got beyond the practical joke. "I've been watching you look at that clock," she said; then she looked at it herself and frowned. She was wasting a good deal of time over this business of the children. But, in spite of herself, glancing at the graceful figure sitting in tense waiting at the fireside, she smiled. "You are a pretty creature," she said; and Mrs. Richie started and blushed like a girl. "If Robert Ferguson had any sense!" she went on, and paused to pick up a dropped stitch. "Queer fellow, isn't he?" Mrs. Richie had nothing to say. "Something went wrong with him when he was young, just after he left college. Some kind of a crash. Woman scrape, I suppose. Have you ever noticed that women make all the trouble in the world? Well, he never got over it. He told me once that Life wouldn't play but one trick on him. 'We're always going to sit down on a chair—and Life pulls it from under us,' he said. 'It won't do that to me twice.' He's not given to being confidential, but that put me on the track. And now he's got Elizabeth on his hands."

"She's a dear little thing," Mrs. Richie said, smiling; "though I confess she always fights shy of me; she doesn't like me, I'm afraid."

Mrs. Maitland lifted an eyebrow. "I guess she knows her temper shocks you. *I* don't mind it; it amuses me. But certainly she's a corked-up volcano. Robert Ferguson ought to get married, and give her an aunt to look after her." She glanced at Mrs. Richie again, with appraising eyes. "Pity he hasn't more sense," she said.

"I think I hear a carriage," Mrs. Richie said coldly. Then she forgot Mrs. Maitland, and stood waiting and trembling. A minute later Mr. Ferguson ushered the three sleepy, whimpering children into the room, and Mrs. Richie caught her grimy, crying little boy in her arms and cried with him. "Oh, David, oh, David—my darling! How could you frighten mother so!"

She was on her knees before him. David, running into her outstretched arms, immediately began to bawl louder than ever; he burrowed his forlorn, dirty little face among the laces around her white throat, and Mrs. Richie's tears and kisses fell on his tousled thatch of yellow hair. Mrs. Maitland, her back to the fireplace, her hands on her hips, stood looking on; she was very much interested. Blair, hungry and sleepy and evidently frightened, was nuzzling up against Mrs. Richie, catching at her hand, and trying to hide behind her skirts; he looked furtively at his mother, but he would not meet her eye.

"Blair," she said, "go to bed!"

"Nannie and me want some supper," said Blair in a whisper.

"You won't get any. Boys that go travelling at supper-time can get their own suppers or go hungry."

"It's my fault, Mamma," Nannie panted.

"No, it ain't!" Blair said, quickly emerging from behind Mrs. Richie; "it was me made her do it."

"Well, clear out, clear out! Go to bed, both of you," Mrs. Maitland said. But when the two children had scuttled out of the room, she struck her knee with her fist and laughed immoderately.

The next morning, when the two chil-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"DON'T BE SO SCARED, WOMAN! THEY'LL BE FOUND"

dren skulked palely into the dining-room, they were still frightened. Mrs. Maitland, however, did not notice them. She was absorbed in trying in the murky light to read the morning paper, propped against the silver urn in front of her.

"Sit down," she said; "I don't like children who are late for breakfast. Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee, these things to our use, and us to Thy service and glory. Amen!—Harris! Light the gas."

Mercer's daylight was always more or less wan; but in the autumn the yellow fogs seemed to press the low-hanging smoke down into the great bowl of the hills, at the bottom of which the town lay, and the wanness hardly lightened, even at high noon. On such days the gas in the dining-room—or office, if one prefers to call it so—flared from breakfast until dinner-time. It flared now on two scared little faces. Once Blair lifted questioning eyebrows at Harris, and managed when the man brought his plate of porridge to whisper, "*Mad?*" At which the sympathetic Harris rolled his eyes speechlessly, and the two children grew perceptibly paler. But when, abruptly, Mrs. Maitland crumpled her newspaper together and threw it on the floor, her absorbed face showed no displeasure. The fact was, she had forgotten the affair of the night before; it was the children's obvious alarm which reminded her that the business of scolding and punishing must be attended to. She got up from the table and stood behind them, with her back to the fire; she began to nibble the upper joint of her forefinger, wondering just how to begin. This silent inspection of their shoulders made the little creatures quiver. Nannie crumbled her bread into a heap, and Blair carried an empty spoon to his mouth with automatic regularity; Harris, in the pantry in a paroxysm of sympathy, stretched his lean neck to the crack of the half-open door.

"Children!"

"Yes, ma'am," Nannie quavered.

"Turn round."

They turned. Nannie began to cry. Blair twisted a button on his coat with a grip that made his fingers white.

"Come into my room."

The children gasped with dismay. Mrs. Maitland's bedroom was a nightmare of a place to them both! It was generally dark, for the lower halves of the inside shutters were apt to be closed; but worse than that, the glimmering glass doors of the bookcases that lined the walls held a suggestion of mystery that was curiously terrifying. Whenever they entered the room, the brother and sister always kept a frightened eye on those doors. This dull winter morning, when they came quaking along behind their mother into this grim place, it was still in the squalor of morning confusion. Later, Harris would open the shutters and tidy things up; he would dust the painted pine bureau, and Blair's photographs, and the slender green bottle of German cologne on which the red ribbons of the calendar were beginning to fade; but now everything was dark and bleak and covered with dust. Mrs. Maitland sat down; the culprits stood hand in hand in front of her.

"Blair, don't you know it's wrong to take what doesn't belong to you?"

"I took it," said the 'fraid-cat, faintly; she moved in front of her brother as though to protect him.

"Blair told you to," his mother said.

"Yes," Blair blurted out, "it was me told her to."

"People that take things that don't belong to them go to hell," Mrs. Maitland said; "haven't you learned that in Sunday-school?"

Silence.

"You ought to be punished very severely, Blair,—and Nannie, too. But I am very busy this morning, so I shall only say"—she hesitated; what on earth should she say!—"that—that you shall lose your allowance for this week, both of you."

One of them muttered, "Yes'm."

Mrs. Maitland looked as uncomfortable as they did. She wondered what to do next. How much simpler a furnace was than a child! "Well," she said, "that's all—at present;" it suddenly occurred to her that apprehension was a good thing; "*at present,*" she repeated darkly; "and, Blair, remember; thieves go to hell." She watched them with perplexed eyes as they hurried out of the room; just as they reached the door she called: "Blair!"

The child stopped short in his tracks and quivered.

"Come here." He came, slowly, his very feet showing his reluctance. "Blair," she said,—in her effort to speak gently her voice grated: she put out her hand as if to draw him to her, but the child shivered and moved aside. Mrs. Maitland looked at him dumbly; then bent toward him, and her hands, hanging between her knees, opened and closed, and even half stretched out to him in inarticulate entreaty. Nannie, in the doorway, was sobbing under her breath, and watching with frightened, uncomprehending eyes. "My son," Sarah Maitland said, with as much mildness as her loud voice could express, "what did you mean to do when you ran away?" She smiled at him, but he would not meet her eyes. "Tell me, my boy, why did you run away?"

Blair tried to speak, cleared his throat, and got out four husky words: "Don't like it here."

"Don't like what? Your home?"

Blair nodded.

"Why not?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Ugly," Blair said faintly.

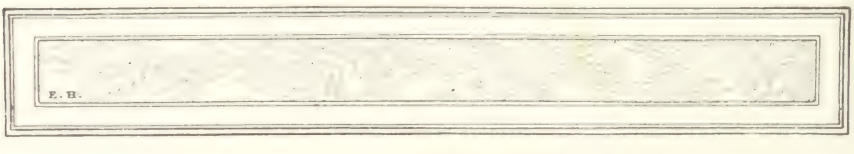
"Ugly! What is ugly?"

Blair, without looking up, made a little, swift gesture with his hand. "This," he said; then suddenly he lifted his head, gave her a sidewise, shrinking look, and dropped his eyes. The color flew into Mrs. Maitland's face; she got on to her feet, with an ejaculation of anger, then checked herself, her mouth tightening over futile words. "You are a very foolish and very bad little boy," she said coldly; "you don't know what you are talking about. I had meant to increase your allowance, but now I won't do it. Listen to me; it is no matter whether a house, or a—a person, is what you call ugly. What matters is whether they are useful. Everything in the world ought to be useful,—like our Works. If it is—what foolish people call 'pretty,' it is probably worthless. You'll understand that when you get into business. If I ever hear you saying you don't like a thing because it's ugly, I shall—I shall not give you any money at all. Money!" she burst out, suddenly fluent, "money isn't—*pretty!* Dirty scraps of paper, bits of silver that look like lead—perhaps you call money 'ugly,' too?"

Her vehemence was a sort of self-defence; it was a subtle confession that she felt in this little repelling personality the challenge of an equal; but Blair just gazed at *her* in childish confusion; and at once his mother was herself again. "Clear out, now; and be a good boy."

When she was alone, she sat at her desk in the dining-room for several minutes without taking up her pen. Her face burned from the slap of the child's words; but below the scorch of anger and mortification her heart was bruised. He did not like her to put her arm about him! She drew a long breath, and began to look over the morning mail. But while she was reading her letters she was thinking of that scene in the parlor the night before:—Blair crouching against Mrs. Richie, clinging to her soft white hand, trying with all his little might to get into the warm circle of her love,—and escape from his mother. "I suppose," said Sarah Maitland to herself, "he thinks she's *'pretty'!* Where does he get such notions? I wonder what kind of a woman she is, anyway; she never says anything about her husband."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





THE GAMECOCK FLEET OFF DOGGER BANK

A North-Sea Admiral

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

HOW large that world may be whose firmament is made of water, I do not know; but maps and globes show it larger than the projecting ground on which we live beneath our firmament of air, and of all that vast and thickly inhabited world mankind remains almost ignorant. It is true that, where the semitransparent covering which hides it from us is not too thick, our divers can just manage to reach its hard surface, and to grope for a few minutes in its dark or glimmering recesses. With weighted lines we may touch its levels and drag into our sight a few grains from the face of its deserts, or a few leaves from its woods. But, nevertheless, the whole of that obscure world, concealed under the variable waves, lies estranged from our knowledge and our sympathy. Just as our own mountains and valleys, our loves, hatreds, battles, religions, politics, and clothes would remain unknown to beings who could breathe the interplanetary ether, but would drown in air.

Among its innumerable populations, some races, like ourselves, can only crawl from place to place along the solid ground; but others have retained the power we have so strangely lost—the power of moving on wings up and down through the encompassing atmosphere. In hordes compared to which the teeming cities of China are solitudes, they traverse their watery sky, or hover above the land, deepening its obscurity by their shade. They move in silence, mute, but aware of sound. With glazed and unvarying eyes, they grope their way over dimly lighted plateaus, and down the chasms of visible darkness. They have no delight in contact, and display no more affection than the stones; they spill their spawn by millions, and leave it exposed to every peril; yet they are conscious of race, and admit some kind of instinct for companionship. Though they warp upon the ocean currents like locusts upon the wind, certain nations among them migrate like birds, following through the trackless heavens of water a course that is guided by the seasons and may be called invariable, if not preordained. More pitiless than the hosts of Tamerlane, they wage between race and race an incessant and cannibal battle, in which the only spoils of war are the bodies of the conquered, and victory consists in devouring the enemy alive, or in escaping from his jaws.

For the assault, some have developed cavernous mouths, greater than would swallow themselves, and set along the roof and sides with teeth that will hold the body suspended to an iron bar when the heart and other vitals have been ripped from their frame. For escape, some have gained a slippery speed,



THE ADMIRAL IS AN OBLONG OF STRENGTH

some a khaki covering indistinguishable against the color of the sand; some the spikes of a barbed wire, and a few can stretch their wings wide enough to carry them out from the topmost wave for a few yards through the thin and unbreathable air. Thus a war without herald is ceaselessly maintained, host against host battling in the central blue, or searching for hungry conflict among the roots of the mountains, or round the gaunt ribs of ships that lie motionless at last in quiet waters. And sometimes the body of a man, trailing thin lines of bubbles in its wake, will fall from above, like a meteoric stone that falls to earth from other worlds, followed by a train of light, and terrifies the warring nations of mankind.

Thus, amid an infinite variety of circumstance, battle, and semiconscious satisfaction, life in countless forms continues in that silent and feebly lighted underworld where rain never falls, nor snow, and drought is equally unknown. From man it lies hidden below the flat and barren surface of its atmosphere. We boast in our pride that all the seas are one; or if we distinguish them, we only mark them off according to the color reflected on their waters, or the names of the dry lands that pierce their level, or the comparative height of the few feet of their waves that the wind can stir. To nearly all mankind the seas are so much alike that we should lose our way upon the monotony of waters but for the sight of land, the guidance of stars, the mystery of the compass, and elaborate calculation of angles against the noonday sun. But I know men who can move from point to point of that indistinguishable surface with as accurate a knowledge of the invisible land below as a taxi-driver has of the London streets. They call every mile of the untrodden country by its name, and can appoint for each other a meeting-place at any spot upon the waves above it, just as we might ask a friend to join us at Charing Cross, and upon that spot they will infallibly meet. For their meeting no stars or compass or logarithmic tables

are required. All they need for finding their way is a length of line, a lump of lead, and a little fat. It is true there was one man in our fleet who could, if he liked, have discovered his position by calculations of sun and time and sextant. But he was a mere object for admiration, not for use. He never had a sextant on board, he never observed the sun, and he had toiled through his examination on the subject entirely for the glory of Hull, being resolved that Grimsby, too near a rival across the Humber, should boast no finer certificate.

Nearly all the skippers in that North Sea fleet are sprung from Hull, Grimsby, or Yarmouth, and they regard each other's towns with an amused depreciation only surpassed by their contempt for every kind of foreigner. Yet the man among them who knows the sea the best, and flies from his forestay the Admiral's dark-blue flag, is little more than a foreigner himself. In his boyhood he came from the distant coasts of Devon, where the natives still fish under sail, and not by steam. But that was in a far-off age, and now the Admiral is almost as old as wise. Short he is—an oblong of strength—and from shoulder-tip to shoulder-tip he measures half his height. His great voice bellows to passing ships across the storm, and he regards the megaphone as a womanly and degenerate expedient. Though born to a different sea, he knows the Dogger Bank with its valleys, plains, and foot-hills better than the east-coast countrymen of the forty-five steam-trawlers in his fleet. He walks the water with the same serene knowledge of the bottom as he has of the docks and lanes in Hull, and, outside a possible failure in the day's fishing, two things alone can disturb his calm—one when the owners of the fleet send out instructions (he calls them telegrams) ordering him to shift to some other fishing-ground than the one he had chosen for the fleet; the other when he hears children, school-teachers, or other landsmen speak of the North Sea as the German Ocean. In the one case he feels like Nelson when the Ministers in London interfered with his mastery of the seas; in the other he feels as Nelson would have felt at sight of the French flag flying at Dover.

The Dogger itself is a sandy plateau, scattered with patches of "rough," and covered by ten to seventeen fathoms of sea; and to reach it from the Humber's



THE GAMECOCK FLEET PROCEEDING TO THE OUTER SILVER PIT

mouth the Admiral has to cross the Flamborough Head Ground and the Hills till he comes to the Westernmost Side. The Bank has naturally conformed to the shape of a fish, some seventy-five miles long by forty broad, and the Tail End, which lies farthest from the coast, is separated from the body by a Gully Way, some four or five fathoms deeper than the rest, showing a muddy surface when the fat at the bottom of the lead comes up. Round the edges of the Bank itself there are other well-known places with quaer names, telling of dim or forgotten history, such as "Bruce's Garden," which shows sand at thirty-two to forty fathoms; "Markham's Hole," which shows mud at thirty to forty-five; "Botany Gut," an inlet in the "South Rough," near "The Oysters," showing mud at forty fathoms; the "Upper Scruff," showing shells and "muck" on mud or sand at twenty-two to twenty-five fathoms; and "The Hospital," which lies to the east of the Bank, some fourteen or sixteen fathoms down. Slowly, in the long process of generations which have felt with the lead and measured with the log, these untravelled regions have been explored, and now as the Admiral moves his fleet upon the surface, it is as though his eyes were fixed on that hidden land below. He and his skippers know at what point stones and rocks may split the nets, leaving the trawler helpless (limbless, as they say). And they know at what point the bag will come up coated with brown seaweed that they call "oakum," or heavy with "merlog"—the great black trunks of prehistoric forests, now lying full twenty fathoms down. The Admiral has but to order the fleet to proceed to the Outer Silver Pit, and on the surface high above the Outer Silver Pit (where the great catch of soles once was) they will assemble, punctual as the stars.



A Perilous Rescue

The trouble comes when the Admiral is forced to change his orders suddenly. One morning, perhaps, as the trawlers steam past him with their fish toward the "cutter" that starts day by day for Billingsgate Market, the skippers shout that they have got "splits," or have taken only twelve to fifteen boxes, instead of the twenty-five to thirty that make a good haul. Then

comes the Admiral's crisis. He is like the general of an army uncertain what the enemy is doing behind the hill, or the admiral of a battle fleet feeling for the enemy over vacant oceans. Everything depends on his quick decision. The livelihood of the skippers and mates is in his hands, for they are paid by results, or "poundage." The food and shelter and comfort of the rising families ashore—which the fathers see only for four days every six weeks—all hang on the Admiral. Day and night he thinks of the fish; he guesses and calculates and reasons on their movements; he talks of nothing else; his mind and soul are entirely devoted to this one thought. And yet he may be wrong.

If he stays, the catch may not cover expenses; the skippers may get next to nothing; the men and boys, who receive fixed wages, may miss their bits of extra "poundage" that keep them in tobacco; and that distant but irresistible power, "the Company," may begin to growl. If he goes, the trawlers that have put in for coal may miss him altogether when they come out again. Worse still, the "cutter," or carrier-ship on which the market depends, may miss him, and though a haul of one thousand to twelve hundred boxes (each weighing eight stone) is packed and waiting in the trawlers, what is the good of fish if one of the cutters does not reach Billingsgate with it every day but Sunday? Certainly, he may leave a mark-ship on the spot with a message; he may sound the siren every half-hour of the day, and send up rockets at night. But a radius of six or eight miles does not count for much at sea, and if the cutter or the trawlers miss the fleet altogether, their skippers may be sent to "stop ashore." It is a fearful responsibility. The Admiral's credit is at stake both with fleet and Company, and if you say it cannot matter much because, unless he too is sent ashore, he will draw his Admiral's pay of five pounds a week whatever happens, you do not know what men like the Admiral work for.

So his one thought is of fish, and all his talk is of the number of boxes sent to London day by day. He knows it for weeks past. My belief is that he knows the number of boxes each of his trawlers has sent in every day for the last six months, and if some one cut off all the wooden labels tied to each box for making up the various accounts, the Admiral could repeat the record and allot the "poundage" due to every skipper, mate, and boy without mistake. Forty-five



THE ADMIRAL

ships he has in his fleet, though some are always away, for they go home in rotation at the end of every six weeks, as the coal runs low; and as each ship starts for shore, the others blow their whistles, with more or less vigor according to the departing skipper's popularity—a great encouragement to good manners and a pleasing disposition! But the fleet as a body remains at sea winter and summer alike, shooting the trawls and hauling them up by day and night, three times every twenty-four hours.

Say there are thirty-five trawlers out in the fleet at one time, and that each trawl covers ninety feet of ground as it drags (for though the foot-rope measures 126 feet, it moves in a curve between the "otter-doors," or great wooden sides to

the trawl's mouth, and the head-line, which holds fairly straight along the top between the doors, measures only ninety feet). The whole fleet is thus day after day scraping over a surface of 1,950 yards, almost without stopping, and while the trawl is down each vessel moves at about two miles an hour. Say that the trawls are down for at least twenty hours out of the twenty-four; the fleet as a body will then have scraped up the fish over a strip of ground forty miles in length by more than two-thirds of a mile broad. And when that scraping goes on every day and night, winter and summer alike, there is a good deal of agitation in the lands that lie below the sea, and the domestic habits of the various populations down there become confused and distracted.



The Skipper of a Trawler

But there is not only one fleet scraping up life in this familiar and rather shallow ocean. From England alone four fleets of steam-trawlers put out—the Hellyer's, the Northern, the Red Cross, and the Gamecock, as they are called—to say nothing of "single" trawlers, sailing trawlers, seine-net boats, herring-net boats, and long-line boats, alike from the British coast and from Holland, Denmark, Norway, Germany, and France. It is true, the steam-trawlers are the most deadly of the fish's enemies, for they carry on the war right through the winter, and in any wind or no wind. But all join in the destruction, and if the North Sea nations continue to increase their birth rate and maintain their desire to devour fish, we shall have to drop our consolatory old proverb that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Of the North Sea it will not be true. Already the trawlers are moving far out—to Shetland and the farthest Hebrides, to the Faroe Islands and Iceland itself. Single trawlers have lately ventured as far as the White Sea, encircled by barbaric Russians, and looking toward the snow of Nova Zembla. In three weeks they have been back again, loaded deep with fish. "Yes," says the Admiral, "but what fish! Black before they're off the market, and paper when they're cooked!" Not like the well-fed, respectable British fish of the old Dogger! And the Admiral sighs, like a Navy League patriot remembering Trafalgar.

Sole, turbot, haddock, plaice, cod, whiting, gurnet, skate, catfish, and a crowd of small things lumped together as "offal"—all are swept into the trawl over the heavy foot-rope that drags along the bottom in a concave curve between the otter-doors. All are borne down into the hundred feet of bag, or get entangled in the pockets, and a flap of netting across the middle of the trawl prevents their escape. At the end of the haul, the engine on deck winds in the steel hawsers or "warps" round the reels or "bollards," the trawl leaves the bottom, it is dragged up through the rush of ten or fifteen fathoms, it emerges into light and thin air on the trawler's port side, men seize the bag, the engine whirls again, and they guide it on deck. They loosen the cord at the bag's end, and out into the big "pound" tumble the masses of seaweed, stones, merlog, whelk-spawn, sea-urchins or "buzzies," and the struggling multitude of fish, gasping in vain for life in the unbreathable air. Ankle-deep among them, in great sea-boots, three



Drawn by M. J. Burns

BOARDING FISH FOR BILLINGSGATE

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

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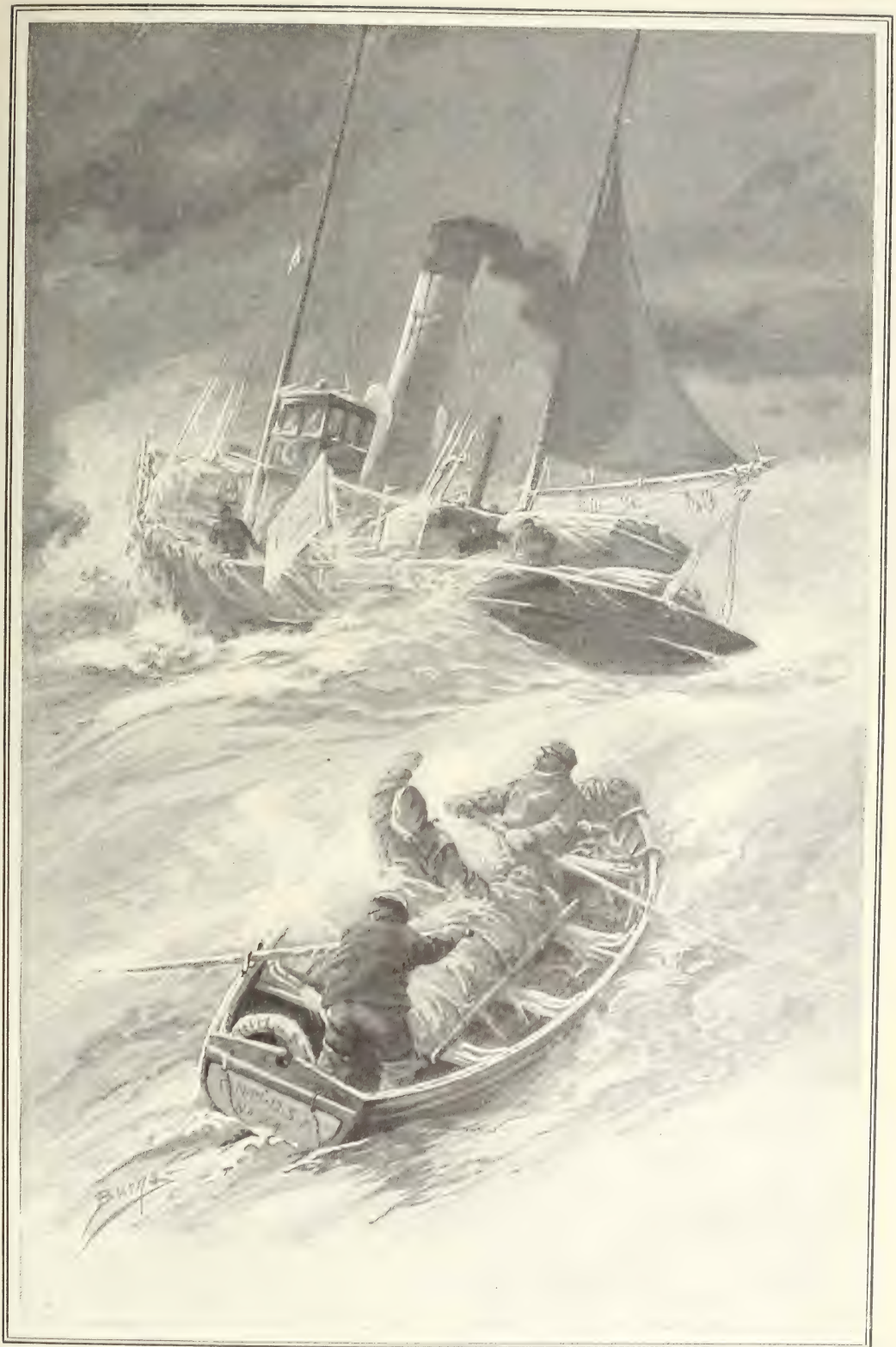
men stand, each holding a small sharp knife. Seizing the fish one by one just below the head, they slit the smooth, white belly downward with one stroke, tear out the heart and entrails, spilling them on the deck, and fling each fish into a smaller pound, to lie squirming and flapping with its kind until it dies. Even before the whole lot is gutted, sorted, and packed in the regulation boxes tied over the top with cords, down shoots the trawl again. The warps run out round the spinning bollards; the stones, starfish, crabs, and spawn are thrown overboard; the hose-pipe is turned on to the blood-stained deck; the red and purple refuse is washed out along the scuppers; great is the multitude of gulls, the vultures of the sea. Another one-sided battle is over. Man with his versatile resource has again defeated his fellow mortals, and prepared his prisoners for his table.



A North-Sea Skipper

Sole and turbot, the aristocracy among the captives, are running scarce on the Dogger now. For them one has to hang off the shores of Germany and Denmark, edging as near the three-mile limit as one dare, and just stealing across it if no impudent foreign gunboat is in sight. Big haddock comes next in value, I suppose because God made haddock suitable for drying. Then comes plaice, I suppose because East-London Jews fry it as part of their immemorial ritual, or because restaurants can palm it off on landsmen for sole. Cod, codling, whiting, and the rest rank lower, but a catfish sells decently if you cut off his terrifying head. And either a catfish or a monk-fish may become lucrative if displayed upon the sands to astonished trippers as "the Devil of the Deep"—its jaws thrust wide open with sticks, and a second-hand trouser-leg (discovered in its belly) hung up beside it.

As far as the fish go, the long battle is unequal, and they have no chance. But man's real conflict is with water, and he often gets the worst of it. We have grown so accustomed to supporting ourselves on water by means of hollow wood or iron that we forget it must once have seemed as wonderful and perilous to put to sea as it now seems to put to air. But the danger is always present, and year by year each of the trawling fleets drops one after another of its men into the water, from which they never rise again, unless, as often happens, a trawl brings the body up in its bag as a ghastly weight among the fish. There are various forms of death. Sometimes the foot-rope or head-line takes a turn round a man's legs as the trawl is being shot, and rushes him down before the engine can be reversed. Sometimes, as the trawl is towing smoothly along, the otter-doors stick fast as an anchor in binding mud, and something must give way; perhaps the bollards give; perhaps the warp itself snaps like cotton; round flickers the steel hawser, quick as whip-lash, cutting a man in half, slicing off his head, tossing his fragments far into the sea. Sometimes when the masts are hung with ice, and the wind is driving the spray and breaking waves in sheets across the deck—when the vessel is deep awash and the water on deck surges violently from port to starboard as she rolls to the seas, and the men gut-



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE DOCTOR AT WORK

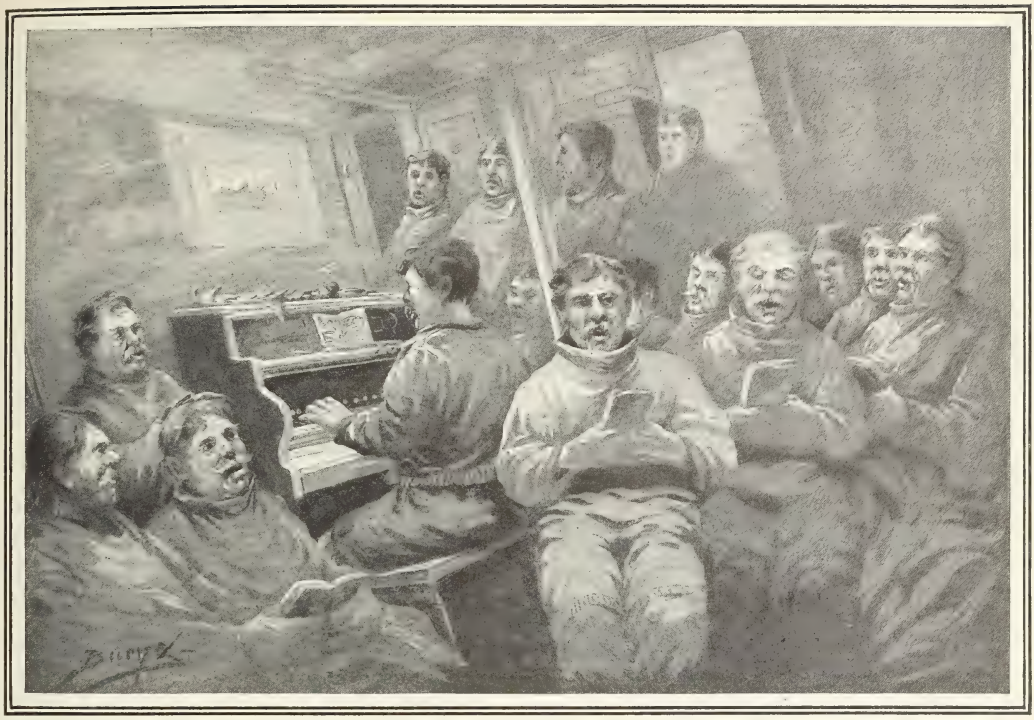
ting the fish are so benumbed with cold that, crawling back to the cabin, they fall unconscious with the pain of returning warmth—then, perhaps, a heavy mass of dark water strikes the side full and sweeps a man far away into the turmoil of the waves, or shatters the little vessel herself, and, with a hiss of flooded fires, plunges her right down through the waters, carrying with her wreck the engines and trawl and gear and fish and the souls of men.

Those overwhelming disasters are rare. Last winter a trawler foundered like that in a gale, but the skipper got most of his crew away in the boat, and another trawler dragged him off through the water, tied to a line with two others, just as his own ship went down. To be sure, there is always the risk from heroic deeds; as when, last winter also, a skipper dived from his trawler's side into a wild sea, carrying a line to a foreign bark in distress, and sank upon his way, though the bark was saved in the end. Or, as when, in a raging winter storm, a skipper backed his stern right up against the lee side of a sinking ship and gave the crew a last jump for safety, regardless of his own vessel's extreme danger. There is always the risk that attends heroism of any kind. But the danger that pays most to death is just the simple, every-day task of carrying the trawler's catch each morning to the cutter.

A gale is blowing, and under a scud of mist or angry cloud the sea runs in gray or purple heaps, topped with white foam. It tosses and rolls and batters the little fleet at its will. Funnels and masts make every angle with the blurred horizon. But there lies the cutter, with her blue flag flying, and her square mizzen set, and one by one the trawlers creep up toward her, keeping on her windward side, so that the boats may reach her more easily, but ready to work round to leeward for their return. The Admiral looks at sky and sea. Shall he hoist the signal that forbids boarding? If he hoists, the Company will miss the market, their rivals will get a better price, and next day the double load will bring their own prices down. On the deck of each trawler the fish stands ready packed. The heavy wooden boxes are heaped up. The men are getting out the boats. Rising and falling with each wave against the trawler's side (a boat was once carried clean on to the deck, men, boxes, and all, and lay stranded there), sinking deep away and coming up above the bulwark again, the boats receive the boxes one by one—say there are twenty to twenty-five for a fairly good catch—and pull away for the cutter, both men in each standing up, the man aft facing the bow to push the oar and to steer among the shifting hills and valleys of the water.

That is the time of the greatest danger. In a heavy or breaking sea the deeply laden boat may swamp; for a time the boxes will float, and other crews may pick them up, but the men go down. Even when the cutter is reached, the danger is not over. All the boats are crowding together against her leeward side, each trying to force its bow close up between the others, in turn carried high on the wave or sunk into a gulf, bumping and grinding against one another, crashing into the cutter's iron plates, heaving and twisting at the ropes that tie them to her stays, swept by the spray that lashes across her deck from windward. In the bows the men stand with the boxes, watching for the second when the boat comes up level with the cutter's rail and they can shoot each box right into the hands ready to haul it on board and pass it on to others who stow it in the hold. Suppose there has been a fairly good haul; suppose eight hundred to a thousand boxes have to be shot on board and stowed below. All that time the boats and cutter are staggering this way and that, rising and falling, driven against one another, blown upon by a howling wind, and swept by blinding seas. Then it is that accidents come thick—crushed hands, shattered legs, torn arms, and falls beneath the boats that cover the surface like ice, so that a man cannot rise, or if he rises, probably has his skull broken.

Those are the daily dangers when the sea is up, and the sea is up most weeks of the year. Then it is that the doctor has his hands full, as the cases are with difficulty rowed through the gale to the Mission trawler, which lies always just to leeward of the cutter, so that the boats may reach her quickly. The doctor stands in his tiny hospital, ready for the



A FAVORITE HYMN, "SHIP AHOY!"—SUNDAY ON BOARD THE VESSEL

broken limb or for the body that is already drowned but may yet be recovered. He has fine opportunities of saving from pain and death, and it is no wonder the fleet takes alarm at a hint of his departure. Yet, though a Mission boat works for herself as an ordinary trawler, the Deep-Sea Mission can only supply doctors for three out of the four steam-trawler fleets that keep the sea from year's end to year's end. England is not rich enough to contribute a fourth.

So the life of the Admiral and his fleet goes on from month to month. One cannot call it monotonous; the perils and disasters give it variety enough. And I should not call it a cruel life, for to me it would be much preferable to a mill-hand's or a shop assistant's. But the life is hard and dangerous and lonely. It affords in the year only eight brief glimpses of pleasure or home or women. At sea, almost the only pleasure for the crews is tobacco or a look at some illustrated paper that the cutter brings out. But the skippers sometimes in fair weather may gather for a game of deck-quoits, or go to the Mission boat, that keeps a harmonium in the doctor's quarters, and while one of them vamps the tune, they join in some favorite hymn—the hymn, for instance, with the peculiar chorus:

"Count your blessings one by one, one by one;
You'd be surprised to find what God has done."

Or that other, which tells of "the Old Ship of Zion," and for the first two or three verses has a chorus of "Ship ahoy!" Unhappily, in the latter verses a doctrinal statement is substituted for that inspiring cry, and the enthusiasm of the singers audibly flags.

Or, sitting together on quiet evenings, the skippers will recall the day when the glory of death and honor seemed more frequent than now. They recall the day when the sea was littered with the bodies of German emigrants, and they pierced them with boat-hooks to make them sink; or when they brought off a woman who for three days and nights of raging storm had kept three men alive on the mast of a sunken schooner with a flask of brandy; or that other day, in the hard-drinking times, when the Dutch "Coopers," or

floating hells, were still allowed to traffic their deadly spirit among the fleets, and when the crew emptied the ship's turpentine over a man lying dead-drunk and then set fire to him, so that in his agony he leaped into the sea and sobered himself by drowning.

These tales of horror, and of old murders, that once gave the fleets an ill repute, are growing distant and historic now. But one great event remains vivid to all minds. It will be fresh as long as one man puts to sea who lived through that astonishing night when the fore-doomed Russian fleet came looming up through the darkness, flashed its searchlights on the trawlers, and opened fire with shot and shell upon a lot of fisher-boats peacefully "towing" on the Dogger, with mizzens set and all lights showing—no more like a fleet of destroyers than they were like the Light Brigade. That was a night indeed. One may pity the Russians for their panic-stricken nerves. In any case, they were going to their destruction. One must pity the fishermen who were sacrificed to Russian "jumpiness." But when I consider how many lives I have seen lost in entirely useless battles, I am inclined to think that, compared to a useless battle, the Russian outrage was a positive benefaction. To every man then present in the Gamecock fleet (except the killed) that night became a centre of existence, a new starting-point, and a source of glory. And finer even than that splendid memory was the joy of the long visit to Paris, when the Government sent the skippers to give evidence before the commission, and they were put up in a real hotel, with an interpreter to speak with the foreigners and explain a Briton's requirements.

"The Frenchies started giving us a lot of little bits of things to eat. They started giving us thin broth with little white worms in it. So we flung it all out of the window. 'Give us beef and mutton,' we says." And beef and mutton they got, imported from a happier land. What Paris thought of them I have not heard; but to them the memory of Paris is like the vision of another world to one who had died and been returned to life.

In trivialities like these the Admiral takes no part. To him they are the silly trimmings and embroideries of the central reality which is fish. To him pleasure is a necessary evil—a fond and necessary distraction for women, children, and men whose hearts are not set upon things below the water. It is to a sea-worn trawler, and not to "The Old City of Zion," that he shouts ahoy across the storm. He counts, not his blessings, but his boxes, and sometimes he is surprised to find their number, but usually he is not. The cares of office are heavy upon him. To him the fleet looks for safety, guidance, and the food of the young on shore. It seems quite natural that it should be so, for he is a serious man, and day and night he meditates on fish. He admits only one joke as worthy of a smile; it is the story of a cod that fell overboard and was rescued.



The Miracle

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

"AND are they all really insane?"

He looked at me curiously. "'Insane'?" he repeated, "'really'?" He was very young, but very clever, and I had known his mother well and listened to his letters from school many a time; she was intensely proud of him.

"I tell you what it is, Aunty," he began, selecting a cigarette with the deft manual gesture of a born surgeon (he was only twelve years younger than I, and his phenomenal record of almost impossible accomplishment made him seem far older than his years; but we kept to the habits of his perambulator days, when I had been tremendously pleased with the title)—"I tell you what it is, Aunty—I'm hanged if I know!"

He peered slit-eyed through the clouds of smoke, and I waited eagerly for what would come; when his eyes took on that look the boy seemed to me, frankly, inspired. Twenty-three years (he had finished Harvard at nineteen) appeared so pitifully inadequate to account for him!

"Of course, you know," he said quietly, "I see what they mean—most of 'em. I always do, somehow. And the more you do that, the less insane they get to seem to you. It's only you and I, a little warped, a little exaggerated. My idea is that fewer and fewer of them will be sent to places like this and more and more put out among families. Oh, don't shiver, Aunty; there's nothing to shiver at, I assure you.

"Look here—do you see that tall girl in the blue silk shirt-waist?"

I saw her—she was reading *Punch* before the big library fire (it was furnished like a wealthy private club, the library); and just because she was so calm and high-bred and Madonna-faced, I flattered myself that I could jump in the right direction.

"Does she murder babies?" I asked, resignedly.

"Not at all," he replied, with a tiny grin for my cleverness, "not a bit of it. She only insists on taking five baths a day and never touching any washable thing that's been handled. She wears five changes a day and cleans the piano keys before she plays—plays very well, too."

"But—but is that all?"

"Every bit."

"Then why must she come here?"

"Oh, well, there are practical complications, of course. She thinks most people are pigs and says so. Then her family is nervous—I notice most of them come from very nervous families—and they simply couldn't rub on. She shampoos her head every day. It's my firm belief, Aunty, that if some steady-going German-American family without any nerves would give her two rooms and a bath and put up with her for a few months, she'd be all right. Honestly, as it is, she's fretting herself crazy. She's no fool, you know."

"Heavens, Will! Why, I can perfectly understand . . ."

"Of course you can. Not mother, though. Mother won't hear about her—and the joke of it is, you know, Aunty, mother takes her three tubs a day all summer and never shakes hands in warm weather!"

I gasped.

"But, Will, this is awful! Why, we're all on the verge, if you look at it that way!"

He shrugged and put out his hand to a heavy-faced, ordinary woman of the well-groomed New York type.

"Good afternoon, Miss Vint—let me present you to my aunt, Mrs. Ba— Oh, come, now, Aunty's a woman of the world and she's married, too. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't!"

"But, doctor, you know what I am . . ."

"I know," he said kindly, and the real sympathy in his boy's eyes struck moist-

are into my own—" I know. But you're living it down—no woman could do more."

"Really?" she begged, her features working—"really, doctor? Heaven knows I try!"

"And you never slip back. *You never slip back!*" he said, slowly and emphatically. "Just think what that means, Miss Vint!"

We nodded at each other, and she hurried off, almost smiling.

"She looks no more insane than I do," I suggested, and again he shrugged.

"There's where it is," he answered quietly, "she's just a little over the line, that's all. She's Levi B. Vint's daughter, you know."

"Really!"

"I'd hate to think what she pays a week. What she's really worrying about, I believe, is the old man's money. She insists he was all right, you know, and all this exposure business, though it couldn't shake her trust in the old scoundrel, got on her nerves and she got worrying over herself. Everybody argued with her—the whole Vint gang are a set of bronze mules, you know—and finally she arrived at a definite *idée fixe*. I'm sure it could have been prevented. Anyway, she thinks she's—she's all sorts of a bad lot, you know. She won't speak to the girls here—not even to the maids. She says she might corrupt them."

"How absurd—I mean how sad! But she's so healthy; she'll soon recover?"

"I don't know," he said briefly, and something scared me in his voice. "She's a very hard case. A bad age."

We walked in silence through a long glass-walled hall, a sort of conservatory, with palms and caged canaries chirping and trilling.

"I hate those birds!" I cried nervously: he stopped and looked thoughtfully into me—it was no less than that.

"That's interesting," he said abruptly. "I don't like 'em either. And you're one of the best-balanced women I know. Mother, too—she doesn't care for them. No—nor Beatrix."

Beatrix was the hardy young woman who contemplated marrying him—a tremendous venture, it seemed to me!

"But they seem to like 'em here. The crazier they are (there's nobody bad here, you know) the more they like 'em . . . did you know mediums and spiritualists and all that sort can't live without 'em? I never heard anybody mention it, but it's so. When I went over to Lourdes last year, I made a point of looking up the families of the people that had the visions, and they all kept larks in cages . . ."

I saw he was following some train of thought and kept silence. At length he shrugged his shoulders.

"But that isn't what I asked you out for," he began. "I thought you'd be interested in seeing— Oh, Mrs. Leeth, how are you?"

"Very well, thank you, doctor."

A busy, quiet, elderly woman, plainly dressed, cut across our path through the long conservatory.

"Everything all right to-day?"

"Everything, I think, thank you, doctor."

There was nothing to remark about her until she lifted her eyes, and then the curious, intense depth of them (like a dog who could speak, I thought) held me almost breathless with sympathy. She looked, somehow, as if she had gone through more than would be right for her to tell.

"Poor creature!" I said, as she disappeared through a baize door. "Tell me about her. What is her trouble?"

"She has none that I know of," he replied quietly. "She's the housekeeper."

"Good heavens, Will! I think I should go mad myself if I lived here! How does one tell them apart?"

"I don't think one does, always," he remarked placidly. "I sometimes think that accounts for a good deal! There's a man, now—see that fussy little fellow getting out of his motor coat? That's Jarvyse."

"*The* Jarvyse? The great specialist?"

"That's it," he grunted, with a disrespectful grin. "From my point of view, you know, Aunty, he might about as well stay in, now he's here. I wouldn't go too near him if I were you—he'll say you're a paranoiac, if you mention your prejudices against free silver, or thick soup at dinner, or steam heat. Everything's been paranoia with him since 1902. It's just as much an *idée fixe* as anybody's here. If you object to



Drawn by Denman Fink

A LITTLE ELDERLY MAN—A BOOK AND PENCIL ON HIS KNEE

anything he says, he diagnoses you immediately. You couldn't build asylums fast enough to hold all Jarvyse's paranoiacs! Morning, doctor."

We stepped into a noiseless lift and he ran it to the fourth floor. At the end of the corridor an open door showed a pleasant little interior; a windowful of red geraniums, goldfish in a globe, an immense gray cat by a little Franklin stove with brass balls atop, and in the centre a round old-fashioned mahogany table piled high with various household linen. We walked directly into this little home-like picture—a great relief after the lavish publicity of the immense halls—and as I greeted the housekeeper, who stood by the heaped table (with an actual note of apology in my voice for having mistaken her!) I noticed a little elderly man, a vague pepper-and-salt effect, sitting by a business-like desk in the corner, his hat and stick on the chair beside him, a book and pencil on his knee.

"Good morning, Mr. Vail. I rather hoped you might be here; let me present you to my aunt, Mrs.—"

"Good heavens!" I almost said it aloud, for the vague pepper-and-salt took on familiar lines suddenly, and the matter-of-fact little features scattered so indistinguishably, as it were, though the boyish round face became obviously one with the much-photographed trader-prince; it was Absolom Vail, the multi-millionaire! When had he . . .

"Mrs. Leeth used to be Mr. Vail's housekeeper for many years," my young doctor's voice sounded reprovingly (had my jaw dropped?) "and he often looks in on her like this."

"Oh!" I recalled the hat and stick and breathed again. Not that I had any interest in the old gentleman, but he seemed a sort of public character, he and his "old stocking savings-bank," his "millions for deposit, but not a cent for speculation," his "every penny earned in honest trade," and all the rest of it.

"Never forgot an old friend yet," he chirruped, and the housekeeper smiled gravely. It was very decent and kindly and quite what one would have expected; I remembered that every employee always received a personally selected gift at Christmas and that he had stood godfather for seventeen (or was it twenty-seven?) children of laborers, born on the great eight-thousand-acre estate on the Hudson.

My boy listened a moment to a call from the house telephone, turned on his heel, and swung hurriedly down the corridor. I appeared to have been abandoned.

The housekeeper's lips moved silently as she fingered the napkins on the farther corner of the table; it was unnecessary, evidently, to include her in the social situation, though she would be perfectly capable of the inclusion if it should be thought best.

"I had the pleasure of meeting your daughter in London last spring, Mr. Vail," I said.

"Minnie?" he inquired, his shrewd little eyes on me.

"I think so . . . the Countess of Barkington."

"Yes, that's Minnie. Well, Minnie's a good girl, I guess. I haven't seen her much lately. Not for some years, but once or twice. Ever see Irene?"

"I don't think so. She married . . ."

"She took an Italian. She's a countess too—contessa, they call it over there. The Contessa d'Abbriglia. Hannibal, her husband's name is—always seemed like a Newfoundland dog's name to me. He hasn't any such amount of land as Barkington, but the family's older, I believe. Hannibal's old enough, anyhow. How old was the count, Mrs. Leeth, when Irene married him?"

"Miss Irene was twenty-one, Mr. Vail, and Count Hannibale was forty."

"You knew them both?" I asked her, caught by a sudden curiosity to see those deep, secret brown eyes once more. The famous Absolom was just what I supposed he would be, neither more nor less; the most interesting thing I could see in him was this simple, friendly kindness to an old retainer.

"I dressed both the young ladies for their weddings," she replied simply.

"It must be very pleasant to you—these talks of old times," I hazarded.

"It is," she answered.

I thought of a number of remarks suitable to one or both of my old companions, but they all, somehow, seemed banal and excessive as I marshalled them to my lips. A quaint, almost hypnotic

quiet rose like the tide around us; all seemed said and agreed to. A tiny fire flickered on the Franklin hearth; the iridescent fan-tailed fish bent and flattened and glided in the translucent globe; an old clock ticked restfully somewhere. The two elderly friends there—for they were friends; one felt it. And why not? They were from the same class, undoubtedly, the hardware king and the housekeeper, the solid *bourgeoisie* that is essentially alike in all countries and centuries—those two friends exhaled an atmosphere of contented trust in each other and what life had left for them that spread like a visible cloud, a sort of sunset autumn haze, quite through the little, homely room, and took me under it with them. No wonder he liked to come there; it did not require much imaginative faculty to infer that neither Barbington nor d'Abbriglia had been able to offer such an asylum to their father-in-law. . . .

Asylum! How unconsciously I had fitted the original sense of the kindly old word to its technical uses! Asylum: that was what it was, a refuge, a shelter, a little backwater in the great whirlpool of overstrained, nervous modern life. And Absolom Vail had found one here, it seemed. For he was unmistakably at home here; this was not the first nor the second visit, that was plain. Such atmospheres do not arrive from casual encounters.

We exchanged comfortable, old commonplaces from time to time, while Mrs. Leeth sorted and the hardware lord actually jotted down her notes as to necessary darning and replacing in a worn red account-book—it was almost too quaint for belief! He chuckled at it a little, but not much; it was, after all, such a practical, sane sort of interlude in all the horrid, morbid confusion that the place, with all its conservatories and old mahogany and spacious vistas, necessarily included. They were more than common normal, this simple, middle-class pair, on their friendly little housekeeping island, with this treacherous sea of pain and revolt forever lapping at the edges.

I don't remember how he got to telling me of his early life, but I believe it is a habit of all that sort, and Absolom was no exception to his class and stratum. I was particularly impressed by one little incident, the foundation, really, of his fortune—if any event can be selected in those lives which seem destined to exhibit the farthest possibilities of accumulation.

"I had just exactly one hundred dollars," he said (he had the characteristic superstitious reverence for set sums, exact decimal multiples of the national symbol) "that I'd saved up as carpenter's assistant in Greenwich, Connecticut. I took it out of the savings-bank and I came to New York with a clean shirt and a tooth-brush and my old mother's Bible, packed in a little basket with some boiled ham and bread. I looked out a verse just as I stepped on to the train—what do you think it was?"

"I have no idea, Mr. Vail."

"No. You wouldn't have. Well, it was this: *Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.* D'you see—*basket!* And I always intended to keep a store."

He fixed me triumphantly with his twinkling Santa Claus eyes.

"It's in Deuteronomy," he said.

"The coincidence must have seemed very comforting to you," I suggested gravely.

"It did. It did," he answered, "and from that moment on I never had a doubt. Barbington didn't care much for that story, though—he says that the old fellows that translated the Bible away back in some king's time—King—"

"King James," said the housekeeper quietly.

"Yes, King James. Well, he says that they didn't mean that kind of a store. Maybe not. But it did the job for me, that verse, just the same."

The whole incident seemed very characteristic, very national, somehow, and I reflected gently upon it as we sat in silence, broken only by Mrs. Leeth's dry voice as she announced:

"Greek Key, Irish weave, spring, 1908, six dozen, fair order.

"Thistle pattern, fall, 1906, four dozen, eight darned, ten badly worn."

It seemed that I had been there a long time. . . .

At length I heard Will's quick, nervous step, and as it neared the door I rose, really reluctantly, and met him.

"I am quite in the doctor's hands,"

I said, "and I see that he thinks it time for me to leave. Good-by, Mr. Vail." He put his hands out for his gloves and cane. "If you are going too, perhaps, can I take you back to town with me? I motored out."

"I'm afraid you can't," he replied, with his twinkling smile, "because I'm one of the ones that don't get out!"

I stared at him blankly.

"'That don't get out'!" I repeated, stupidly, "*that don't get out?* Why?"

"Because I'm insane," he said placidly.

I don't pretend to any unusual share of equanimity, and it was not until we were back in the shelter of my own home, with the comfort of my own tea-tray before me and my own little apple-wood fire snapping on the hearth, that I brought myself to discuss the matter with Emily's boy. He had come back with me, and we were going to the opera together later.

"I suppose that was what you wanted me to see?" I said abruptly.

He nodded.

"Just that. I wanted your idea. It's one of the most interesting cases—with all its complications—I ever knew."

"But, Will, the man's as sane as I am!"

"How much did you talk with him?"

"Quite as much as with hundreds of other people!"

He smiled thoughtfully.

"Talk much with Mrs. Leeth?"

"Oh yes—she seems much more ordinary than her eyes, doesn't she?"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, just commonplaces—I don't recall anything special . . ."

"Well, try, won't you? What *were* the commonplaces?"

I applied myself to recollection. What, after all, *had* she said? As a matter of fact, beyond her linen tabulation I could not recall more than a dozen words.

"Anyway," I remonstrated, "she makes you feel as if she talked! She doesn't seem silent."

"No," he admitted thoughtfully, "that's true. But she never talks. She hardly speaks to the servants—they're all under her, you know—but they all seem to know what she wants. I've tested lots of them: the cook, the waitresses, the furnace-man, the steward—and when they come to consider, they can't recall a dozen words a day. But they always insist, at first, that she gives them detailed orders and criticises them constantly. It's funny."

"Oh, well," I broke in, impatiently, "never mind her! Tell me about Mr. Vail—how long has he been there?"

"He's been there six months!" Will announced triumphantly, suppressing a delighted smile at my amazement.

"Six months! And nobody knows?"

"Nobody but the family. Oh, he gets out, now and then: I or one of the doctors goes with him, and he puts in a day at the office. Everybody thinks he's travelling or taking electric-light baths for his liver or Roentgen rays for his lungs or osteopathy for a cold in the head—Lord knows what!"

"A day at the office? But how can he, if he's insane?"

"He's not too insane to make money." His smile was deliberately intended to intrigue me, I thought.

"He's no more insane than I am!" I cried. "Who put him there?"

"The Countess of Barkington—primarily. D'Abbriglia agreed, but *they'd* never have done it alone—Irene's too fond of the old fellow."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Oh, don't get excited, Aunty—he committed himself. Nobody roped and gagged him."

"But what doctor—"

"Two besides me."

"Besides you? Why, Will!"

"Oh, I didn't say that I recommended him to an asylum. Not at all. If he had fought it, I could have found reasons on the other side."

"Like a corporation lawyer!"

"Oh, well . . ."

He began rolling cigarettes; they were his one weakness.

"The question is," he said, slowly, "what *is* insanity? Medical insanity's one job, legal insanity's another. . . . Suppose your butler was convinced of the fact that he was Napoleon: would you care a continental, provided he butled as per contract? So long as he didn't shout, '*Tête d'armée!*' as he passed the salad, what would you care? It's quite possible that he has some such delusion, for all you know."

"Of course, I see that."

"There was that old nurse of ours—Esther, you know? To the day of her death she swore that the druggist on the corner of Huston Street was Charley Ross—the child that was abducted long ago. You couldn't argue her out of it nor laugh her out of it—she said she had a feeling. She brought us up in it, you know, and for years I believed that he *was* Charley Ross and regarded him with veneration. She was a perfectly good nurse, just the same. But that idiotic fancy was part of her life—strengthened with every year of her life. It was an *idée fixe*."

"Well?"

"Well. Esther died a poor woman, but if she had left fifty thousand to—to a home for blind mulattoes, say, the first thing her nephews would have brought forward was that idea of Charley Ross."

"Brought forward?"

"To break her will. They would have said that it proved her mentally incapable."

"But it doesn't, Will, does it?"

"That's just as you see it. She wasn't incapable of looking after us and dressing mother and doing the marketing and keeping the accounts and making all her own clothes and some of ours. But if you ask me if she had a perfectly normal mind, I should have to say no."

"I see, Will."

I was extremely interested: I seemed to see, glimmering far off, what we were getting to, and it was gripping, absorbing. But I had no idea what we really were getting to—not then.

"Now, we'll take another case," he said, at another cigarette. "I was at Lourdes last year, as you know, studying the Pilgrimage. Curious thing. Not an atom of proof, you see, that anybody was ever cured of a headache there. Not even sense enough to use the immense suggestive power that's massed there to do real good to neurasthenics and hysterics—in fact, they try to bar them. They prefer goitre, which is *not* cured by dirty baths, unfortunately. The people who go away from there think they were cured of this, that, and the other; whole business founded on a perfectly authenticated case of *dementia præcox*—as much a pathological condition as gout or insomnia. I interviewed a prize case; she appeared before their bluff at a scientific council and presented affidavits of cure from consumption, a year previous. I examined her later. It was—as the man said—interesting if true, but the trouble was it wasn't true, for she was nearly gone, then. I gave her three months and she died. I took pains to learn, in ten weeks. Well: that was her delusion. Was she sane?"

"She was misinformed—mistaken."

"Quite so—but she *knew* she was cured, remember. She felt it. The rest of us didn't. Now let's go a step farther, if you don't mind. Beatrix tells me that the Almighty God, the Creator of the world, has arranged a heaven for his good children and a hell for his bad ones, when the end of it comes. This seems to me fantastic, frankly. But mind you, Aunty, though I know that druggist wasn't Charley Ross, and though I know that the miraculous baths of Lourdes didn't cure poor Marie Tremplin of her tuberculosis, I can't say that what Beatrix assures me she knows about the Deity isn't so! It appears to me quite incapable of demonstration, but maybe it's all going to happen as she says. Only I don't agree with her that she *knows* it. I say she *believes* it. If it helps her, as she says it does, to be the good and lovely girl she is, all right. It might help Parrott to stand straight to think he was Napoleon. All right."

"That's pragmatism," I suggested.

"Oh, well," he said, with one of his curious old smiles, "they call it different things different years, I suppose."

He drew himself up, and I could see something was coming.

"Now, Aunty, attend to me. I couldn't put Beatrix in an asylum for what I and many, many others consider *her* delusion, could I?"

"Why, Will, of course not!"

"No, nor Marie Tremplin."

"Equally of course not. She has a right to her miracle, legally, I suppose, as well as Beatrix."

"Precisely. Well, here comes along Absolom Vail, and says *he's* had a miracle, too. He hasn't millions of people behind him, like Beatrix, nor thousands, like Marie, nor even half a dozen,



Drawn by Denman Fink

THE LITTLE ROOM HAD TURNED DREADFUL TO ME—DREADFUL AND UNNATURAL

as our old Esther had—she converted all the servants and us children. He has only one—himself. A poor miracle, perhaps, but his own. And Barkington lands him in an asylum. The day of miracles is over."

"Why, Will! Why, Will . . ." I murmured. I seemed to feel myself on the edge of something very big and cloudy and confusing, but very necessary, somehow, to be understood. The trap he had led me into so neatly had fastened softly, but with almost an actual click, upon me.

"What—what *is* his miracle?" I inquired, in a subdued voice. I was beginning to feel a little afraid of this boy of ours.

"I had hoped he'd tell you himself. He will, if you ask him. We ought to go and dress, oughtn't we?"

There was no more to be got out of him that night: he was passionately fond of music, and had no mind to lose the prelude to *Tristan*.

But through all that evening the big, shadowy something he had stirred up in my mind grew and troubled me increasingly.

"A poor miracle, but his own . . ." it haunted me.

I went up with him again in two days' time, as he had expected me to, I have no doubt.

In the little room with the goldfish and the Franklin grate everything was the same except that the piled linen on the table was new: it was being listed and stamped. And at the little desk in the corner, his gloves and stick beside him on the floor, sat Absolom Vail, the hardware king, in pepper-and-salt suit.

"I brought my nephew up with me, and thought I'd look in for another little chat, Mr. Vail," I said. The housekeeper lifted her unfathomable eyes to mine for a moment, then dropped them.

"Six dozen snowdrop, twenty-eight-inch, breakfast napkins," she said, quietly, but my mind received—I cannot explain how—a totally different impression from what the sound of these words conveyed. Afterward I realized that I thought suddenly of the sea; great clouds; unheard-of enormous fish, and myself driving like the wind across high, tumbling waves . . . it was extraordinary. I had been literally lost in her eyes.

"Always glad to see the doctor's friends," he chirped, and soon, as Will had said, he was talking.

It was all very simple—simple and pathetic and typical enough. The hall bedroom, the rising clerk, the new branch in Kansas City, the young, fresh wife, the little story-and-a-half frame house, the bigger one on a better street, the partnership, the two daughters, the private school, the invention of the new time-lock, the great factory, the trust, the vice-presidency, the clear head in the panic, the board of directors, the mass of capital, the amazing power.

"And of course we brought the girls up very different from what we'd had."

"Of course."

The old epic of America; the wonderful, cruel destiny of its sons and daughters. . . . I seemed to see them, climbing, climbing, their dainty feet on the bent, gray heads of the human stairway love had built, and thrift had mortared, and habit had hardened there!

"It was all right while mother was with us," he went on. "I used to get home late after one of those big dinners, and she'd be sitting up and warm me a little soup or something on the alcohol lamp (she'd never touch electricity, mother wouldn't), and I'd get my coat off and sit a while; she'd send the servants to bed. Minnie never liked that, but while mother lived, Minnie didn't have so much say. Not but that Minnie wasn't a good girl and a good daughter, for a minute, mind you! Wasn't she?"

He turned to his old housekeeper.

"Miss Vail had a very fine mind," she said quietly, "a great deal of faculty."

"That's it—faculty," he repeated contentedly. "But Irene was easier to get along with. A good deal easier. You said you'd never met Irene?"

"I never had that pleasure."

"She was married over in Italy. The Queen of Italy asked for it to be that way, and with mother gone, I didn't see it mattered much, though Minnie didn't like it. But the Queen was Hannibal's godmother. She was at the wedding. We didn't think, when Irene used to lie in her little crib in the front bedroom in Kansas City, sucking on that rubber doll, that a queen would be at her wedding, did we?"

I looked out of the window for a minute, frowning a little in the effort to adjust my ideas to the surprise of the Vails having had a housekeeper in those early days. When I turned my face to the room again, Mrs. Leeth was gone.

"Minnie got me to give up the business, and after a while I did. So long as I was working for mother and the girls, I'd never have stopped, but with them gone and the vacation I took after the pneumonia, I sort of let things slide. What's the use? There's Vint, now—he kept at it till he died. No one to do for, really—his girl had all her mother's money, too, and she gives it all to foreign missions, anyhow.

"She's here, you know. Thinks she's—well, I guess I couldn't tell a lady just what she thinks she is, poor thing!"

"I see why she's here, Mr. Vail, but tell me, why do you stay here?" I cried suddenly; the quiet, sensible little man forced it out of me, fairly.

He looked whimsically up at me.

"Didn't the doctor tell you?" he asked.

"No; he said you would, perhaps."

"Well, I don't mind. It happened when she died."

"Mrs. Vail?"

"No; Mrs. Leeth."

I jumped—I couldn't help it.

"Wh-what?" I gasped. What a horrible thing—like a bomb thrown into the quiet room!

"Yes," he said placidly, "sounds queer to you, doesn't it? Well, it *is* queer, I guess."

It was with the greatest difficulty that I held myself to my chair. My throat went perfectly dry suddenly, and if I did not scream it was merely because I have a fairly strong will and a horror of making a scene. The little room had turned dreadful to me, all at once—dreadful and unnatural; Absolom Vail, in his pepper-and-salt, a nightmare.

He seemed to read my thoughts and put his hand out reassuringly.

"Oh, I don't think she's dead, *now!*" he explained. "I'm not so crazy as all that comes to! Goodness, no!"

"Oh . . ." I faltered, soothed in spite of myself by his kindly smile.

"No, no. It was this way."

He leaned forward slightly and tapped the arms of his chair rhythmically.

"After mother left me, there wasn't much to keep going for, you see. Then Irene, she went off, and though she was mighty kind about it, and there'd always be a room for me, and all that, and I liked Hannibal well enough, still, I'd never be happy in Italy. Hannibal saw it himself. In a good many ways Hannibal used to see what I meant, now and again—funny, wasn't it, with him so foreign? You'd have thought Barkington, now . . . but that's neither here nor there.

"Well, we stayed in the house together, Mrs. Leeth and me, and we got on very well. She knew all mother's ways, and we used to talk about her evenings, and she as good as gave me her promise she'd never leave me while I wanted her.

"Then I had pneumonia. We had three trained nurses, but I guess there's no doubt she pulled me through. She was up all the nights . . .

"Irene and Hannibal came right over—it seems they cabled. Irene was expecting to have her baby, too, and it was in March, the worst time to cross the water. But she came. And Hannibal listened to the doctors and the nurses, and then he turned to Mrs. Leeth—'How do *you* find Mr. Vail to-day?' he said.

"'He'll live, sir,' she said, and he said, 'All right,' and that was all there was to it. There was always something about Hannibal . . .

"Then she came down. Pleurisy. I'd been South and got back, and I was well enough, you understand, but when they told me that they couldn't save her, something turned right over inside me, and I knew I couldn't bear it. It was too much—everything just slipping away from me, one by one, and me all alone—no, I wasn't good for it, that's all. I suppose it sounds dreadfully weak to you, but there it is: I wasn't good for it.

"I was sitting by her bed, looking at her, thinking of all the old days she could remember with me, and the girls she'd seen grow up, and mother, and all, and all of a sudden she opened her eyes and knew me for the first time in days.

"'Mrs. Leeth,' I said, 'it's no use. If you go, I'll go too. I can't stick it out alone! Must you?' I said—'must you? Isn't there any way?'

"'Wait!' she sort of whispered to me—'wait! There'll be a way, Mr. Vail—a way'll be found!'

"And then her eyes closed.

"I just sat there, staring ahead. I was too miserable to notice anything different about her, though I knew she was very still.

"By and by one of the nurses came in very soft and lifted up one of her hands—I had mine over the other. She looked sharp at me and listened over her heart, then she put her cheek down to the lips.

"'Why, she's gone!' she said. 'Mr. Vail, when did it happen?'

"And then she called the doctor, and he said yes, she was gone. That's why I say Mrs. Leeth died."

He looked calmly at me, and I found to my surprise that during this story I had grown as calm as he and had quite forgotten, in my sympathy for the little man, just why he had begun to tell it. It was most perplexing. The room had taken on its homely comfort again; the horror had disappeared.

"So I sat there. The doctor said to let me stay, if I felt so. And I just saw my whole life pass right by me like pictures in a book—if you see what I mean. I saw Min when she graduated and Irene playing tunes to her mamma and me on the piano, and the day the new gold furniture came in, and Mrs. Leeth leading me by the hand out of mother's room after I'd sat all day and all night by her . . .

"And I looked at the face lying so quiet there, and while I looked it sort of shook—more like when you throw a little pebble into a pond—and the eyes opened. And I knew mother was looking at me. That's all."

Poor, lonely little man! How could I have felt afraid of him? It was not difficult to see how it had been.

"Then she—Mrs. Leeth—had not really died at all, had she?" I said hastily, only to bite my lips at my tactlessness.

But he smiled tolerantly.

"That's what they said," he answered gently. "It was very interesting, they said. The doctor was pretty hard on the nurse, I thought. But I guess they always lay it off on them.

"They were all so excited about it, they didn't seem to notice what had happened. And by and by I saw they never would notice it, anyway. I just spoke a little about it to Irene, and it frightened her, so I kept quiet. She said she saw Mrs. Leeth was different, somehow, but it was the sickness, she thought. They had to go right back. He wanted the baby to be born in Italy. That was all right, of course."

"And Mrs. Leeth—what did *she* say?"

"Oh, she was never one to talk, Mrs. Leeth. She talks less than ever now. I don't know as I put it very clear to you: it's a pretty hard thing *to* put clear."

He looked appealingly at me.

"Of course, of course," I said, soothingly, "those things are not to be set down in black and white."

"That's just it. When I say that mother looks out at me from her eyes, it seems to be more what I mean. I seem to have 'em both by me, if you can see. . . . And when I look in her eyes, I understand it all—and I can wait," he added, simply. "You've noticed her eyes?"

I nodded.

"Does she ever speak?" I ventured.

"I couldn't make you see what I mean very well, about that," he said, contentedly. "She just looks at me. It's all plain then. Maybe that's how we'll all do in the next life. Don't you think so?"

I found my way to Will's office through a mist of tears.

"Well, what about it?" he asked abruptly.

"I think it's one of the most touching things I ever heard."

"Believe it?"

"Why, Will!"

"Oh! Then you don't blame me any more for committing him?"

"Certainly not. What else could you do?"

"Um-m-m! That's what Minnie, Countess of Barkington, said. She put it stronger than that. When a man of that age spends half of his time in the housekeeper's room, sorting linen, she suggested, there's something wrong. We shall certainly question the will—if he alters it."

"Alters it?"

"In favor of Mrs. Leeth, of course. The fair Minnie hasn't lived among the English aristocracy for nothing."

"Why, Will, how ludicrous—you mean that she suspects—"

"Certainly she does. And very hard-headed of her, too. Stranger things have been."

"But one has only to look at them!"

"That's what Irene thought. But not Barkington. He suggested an asylum. The doctor called me in. (The doctor, by the way, swears the woman died, Aunty. 'Only, of course, she couldn't have,' he always adds.) To everybody's surprise, Absolom agrees quietly, immediately.

"'I wouldn't have Irene worried, as she is now, for anything,' he said. 'I never meant to leave Mrs. Leeth a penny more than the thousand a year mother and I always planned, but if Minnie can't believe me, all right.'

"Now, here's an odd thing, Aunty. No one of that family ever heard of this place, including Absolom himself. Precious few people know about it, anyhow, you see. It pays every one not to. Well, Mrs. Leeth is dismissed, arrangements made, I take him in a motor out here. We walk through the hall, and the first person we meet here—Mrs. Leeth. New housekeeper. It seems the old one died of heart-failure overnight. Doctor Jarvyse finds this one, by great good luck just out of a job. Highly recommended by Mr. Absolom Vail. Never occupied just this post, apparently, but Jarvyse feels perfectly certain she's just the woman for it. I don't know how he knew it, but she certainly is. Best woman we ever had."

"How perfectly extraordinary! Was Mr. Vail surprised?"

"Not at all. He just smiled politely, and neither of 'em has ever discussed it."

"What did the Countess have to say?"

"Oh, she was furious, till I pointed out that we couldn't have the woman in a safer place, because every employee signs a bond on entering, never to receive by bequest or otherwise a penny from any patient. We all sign."

"What does the Italian count think of it all?"

"Hannibale? He's all right, Hannibale. He and I and Barkington had a little session in this very room about a fortnight ago. I was saying something about the question of Mr. Vail's insanity.

"'Question?' says Barkington—'question? Why, there is no question! As a man of science, Count Hannibale, you know as well as I do—'

"'But I am not a man of science, my dear fellow—I'm a Roman,' says Hannibale, grinning away (those Italians speak wonderful English, you know); 'very odd things happen in Rome, now and then, my good Barkington!'"

I looked at him steadily. He sat surrounded by his mysterious electric machines under shining glass domes, among costly leather-bound volumes whose very titles questioned the foundation of reason, telephones and telegrams ready to hand upon his orderly desk. And it seemed to me that he smiled mockingly at me behind his baffling eye-glasses.

"I don't understand you, Will," I said, slowly; "you seem to be leading me to . . . do you mean me to understand that you believe that Mrs. Vail's—spirit—entered—came back . . . do you mean you think Mr. Vail is right all the time?"

"Not at all," he returned, promptly. "I acknowledge no such conditions. I know nothing of spirits nor what they do. I do not know that there are any. I study the human brain: when it ceases to respond to nervous stimuli, I cease to study it, that's all."

"Then why do you—why do you look at me . . ."

He struck his fist on the table.

"I look at you," he cried, "because you amaze me so, you people who assume that you know all about the human brain, where I leave off! Granted your premises, yours and Trix's and the Barkingtons', why *don't* you believe him? I should. Look at that woman's eyes! Try to talk to her! Do you suppose we haven't tried? Ask Jarvyse what he's got out of her! Get something out of her yourself! Then ask yourself: *if what Absolom says is so, how would she act differently from the way she does act?*

"God! I wish I *could* believe him!"

He struck the desk again, and it seemed to me that behind his glasses he scorned me for the nondescript I was.

I went quickly out of the office into the corridor. I would find Mrs. Leeth and have it out with her. I would—she stood directly in front of me.

"Oh—how do you do!" I stammered. Her hands were full of cut flowers.



Drawn by Denman Fink

"HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT MR. VAIL?" I DEMANDED

"How—how do you feel about Mr. Vail?" I demanded, brusquely.

The ordinary, stocky, black-dressed figure raised its head slowly; the eyes met mine.

And suddenly I knew that the flowers in her hands were hyacinths, hyacinths and damp fern and mignonette. It grew and grew and surrounded me with a penetrating cloud of rich perfume—perfume and old, sweet memories that cut and soothed at once. I thought of the lily-of-the-valley bed under my mother's window and her brown, brown eyes held mine, and she—my mother, back again and smiling—filled my heart so full that I stood drowned in the old days and listened for the school-bell and other children's voices!

It seemed that it had all been a mistake, a long mistake, and she had been there all the time . . . I cannot tell you how sweet and certain it all was.

And then I knew the odor for what it was—hyacinth. Hyacinths in a round, spaded bed, with a robin singing near, and myself picking a stalk, and the man stepping up behind me that had blotted out all the other men, who were mistakes and slipped away . . . and yet we would not begin again, my dearest! No, no, there is plenty of time!

And just as I was swimming back, staring at her eyes, it came over me that there had been hyacinths on the piano, almost overpowering in the dusk of the room that will always be nearest to me—I hope I may lie there dead. I was playing Chopin, and life looked so rich: the boy was not born yet. I said "if he should die"—but of course I couldn't believe that he would. And then—and then it was as if he had *not* died, after all, and I saw this had been a mistake, too! It was so calm, so simple—no shock at all. Why had I never known? And all this while the girls and I had kept flowers on that tiny, tiny grave! I must tell his father . . .

She dropped her eyes to the hyacinths and I put my hand on a chair to steady myself. My cheeks were all wet.

"Mr. Vail seems very contented," she said; "of course I am accustomed to looking after him."

She stepped quietly through an open door, the keys jangling softly at her belt.

I went South with my husband for a fortnight, and on my return Will dined with us.

"By the way," he said, "were you surprised at Vail's death?"

It was three days' news and I had forgotten to mention it.

"He never was the same after the pneumonia, and he worried about his daughter Irene. She came through all right, though. Well, he was over sixty."

"How—what became of Mrs. Leeth?" I asked, eagerly.

He smiled oddly.

"Nobody knows. She's never been seen since the funeral."

"Never been seen? But who is the housekeeper, then?"

"Oh, they've got another. Never 'll be Mrs. Leeth's equal, though. She left on the first of the month."

"But when she was paid off, didn't anybody inquire—"

"She never was paid off," he said quietly, "she never came for her money."

A Medieval Baron's Household

BY G. G. COULTON

THE closer study of the Middle Ages, while it gives the lie to many conventional ideas of the historical novelist, confirms the impression that truth is, if not stranger, at least more interesting than fiction. On the verge of the Reformation, one of the noblest of English houses caused its traditions of domestic economy to be minutely formulated in a book, which has survived all the vicissitudes of four centuries. Compiled in 1512, it was first printed in 1770, by Bishop Percy, of ballad fame; and though writers on English social life have used it as freely as it deserves, I am not aware that any one has attempted to extract from it the fullest possible picture of home life in a great castle. The nearest approach to such a picture is contained in Mr. de Fonblanque's *Annals of the House of Percy*, a bulky book privately printed for the Duke of Northumberland, and almost inaccessible to the general reader.

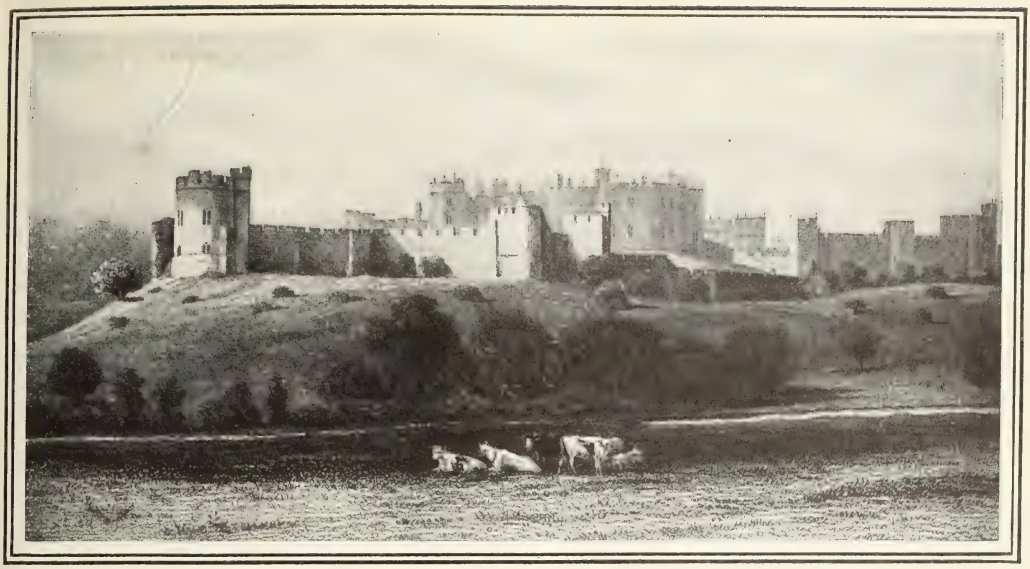


THE HEAD COOK

From the *Louterell Psalter* (about 1320 A.D.)

Henry Algernon Percy, K.G., fifth (or, as some reckon, seventeenth) Earl of Northumberland, was great-great-grandson to Shakespeare's Hotspur, and was also the first man in English history to take a double Christian name. He succeeded in 1489 to a father who had been murdered in a popular revolt, and held the earldom for thirty-eight years. The accounts of his father's funeral still exist; it cost altogether about £1,500, which must be multiplied by eight to represent modern values. The embalming and coffins cost £13 6*s.* 8*d.*; the wax tapers and torches, £80; the services of 500 priests and 1,000 clerks, £41 13*s.* 4*d.*; but by far the heaviest item was a dole of 2*d.* each to the 13,340 poor folk who flocked to the burial—£266 13*s.* 4*d.* The chapel in which he was buried at Beverley Minster has been much defaced; but the tomb of his ancestress Idonea still stands in the Minster, and is famous among art-lovers as one of the most beautiful Gothic sepulchres in the world.

Henry Algernon began life early. He inherited the earldom in his twelfth year, held one of the commands at Blackheath field in his twenty-first, and was still only twenty-six when he was chosen to escort the English princess Margaret to her wedding with James IV. of Scotland. On this occasion he showed himself "more like a prince than a subject"; here also he probably earned the surname of "The Magnificent," and first began to encumber his estate. The Field of the Cloth of Gold added to his embarrassments, as to those of many other nobles; he had to borrow £846 for that occasion, or more than a quarter of his yearly income. At his death he left debts to the amount of £17,000. Yet, in spite of the Earl's surname, we have not here the greatest or most lavish household in England at that time. Northumberland's brother-in-law,



Alnwick Castle, Northumberland

the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, was nearly three times as wealthy, and the surviving fragments of his Household Book show him entertaining 134 gentry and 325 meaner folk at the Whitsuntide of 1508. But Buckingham was the richest peer in England; and the scale of Percy's housekeeping can have been equalled by few others in the country.

Certainly no other was organized on more business-like lines, if the practice corresponded at all to the theory. This great folio, "finely engrossed upon a strong thick paper," shows the whole household organized like a little kingdom. The Earl had round him his own nobility, the Constables and Bailiffs of his several castles, who took their regular terms of service at the master's court. His written and sealed warrants for killing a buck, or taking a couple of fat swans for the household, were couched in language almost as solemn as an Act of Parliament. The Clerk of the Kitchen was of the Earl's own lineage; all the high officers were doubtless of gentle blood, and their board in hall was styled the Knights' Table. Eleven priests were among them, with a Dean of the Chapel at their head; and these great officers in general formed the Council, by whose advice he made laws for his household. The total number of persons provided for was 166, for whose maintenance the sum of £1,000 was set apart. But many important items are here omitted, and Mr. de Fonblanque is probably right in assuming that the total charge of the Earl's housekeeping at his two castles of Wressill and Leckinfield was not less than £1,500 a year.

For even Henry the Magnificent could not afford to live at either of his two greatest family seats. Like others of his lineage, he kept Alnwick and Warkworth rather as garrisoned fortresses than as dwelling-houses; while using them occasionally "for ceremonial receptions and state visits," he lived almost entirely at the Yorkshire castles already mentioned, with a yearly visit to Topcliffe. His fifteen or twenty other castles in England and Wales seem to have seen little of him. In the earlier Middle Ages, the great landowners were driven by hunger, it may almost be said, from place to place. Communications were so difficult and money so scarce that the only way of thoroughly exploiting a manor was to eat it up oneself. As an invading army is controlled by the primal necessity of moving forward and forward to avoid starvation, so the baron and his retainers had soon exhausted the year's supplies of a single estate, and must needs pass on. But most of the Percy estates were so close together in the north, commerce was already so far developed, and the

Earl himself was so often absent on business of state, that his household was generally able to avoid any more serious displacement than the periodical migrations from Wressill to Leckinfield and back, a distance of some twenty miles. These flittings, however, turned everything upside down for a day or two. For the Earl, like smaller men, had only one set of movables for all his residences; and, as surviving documents testify, he needed a far greater train for these periodical journeys than for the contingent of 523 men at whose head he served in the French campaign of 1513. Only the heaviest articles were permanent fixtures; all else must be transported—beds, chairs, tables, kitchen utensils, hangings for doors and walls, and even glass casements for the windows. This book throws a vivid light on such phrases as "the *breaking up* of my Lord's house," or "his Lordship *set up* his house again." Sometimes there was a partial break-up without an actual move; when my Lord "kept his secret house," dismissing the majority of his servants to live on board-wages in the village, and retiring to a corner of his own castle for some such approach to the simple life as his modern descendant might enjoy in a Highland shooting-box. The general migrations, when they came, followed a strict routine; each man had his specified share of horse and vehicle for himself and his belongings. A single paragraph will show not only how carefully everything was organized beforehand, but also (what may be more unfamiliar to some readers) the very primitive sleeping arrangements which were common in the Middle Ages. "Item, it is ordained at every Removal that the Dean, Subdean, Priests, Gentlemen and Children of my Lord's chapel, with the yeoman and Groom of the Vestry, shall have appointed them two carriages at every Removal; viz., one for their beds; viz., for 6 priests 3 beds after 2 to a bed, for 10 Gentlemen of the Chapel 5 beds after 2 to a bed, and for 6 children 2 beds after 3 to a bed, and a bed for the Yeoman and Groom." Out of all the officers on these occasions, high and low, six only had a bed to themselves, and not one of the eight migratory priests was among these privileged few. We find even the sixth Earl addressing his relative Thomas Arundel as "bedfellow"; for they had been servants together in Wolsey's stately household.

The daily life at these castles is very clearly shown. Matins and mass at 6 A.M., conducted by the full choir and four of the priests at a time. Some of the priests were employed as accountants and men of business, an abuse which had long caused scandal, but had grown more inveterate from generation to generation. From 7 to 8.30 the clerks and other officers worked in the counting-house, making out "brevements," or written orders, for the day; "and [it is ordained] that there be no breakfasts



A Baron's Turnspit
From the *Louterell Psalter*

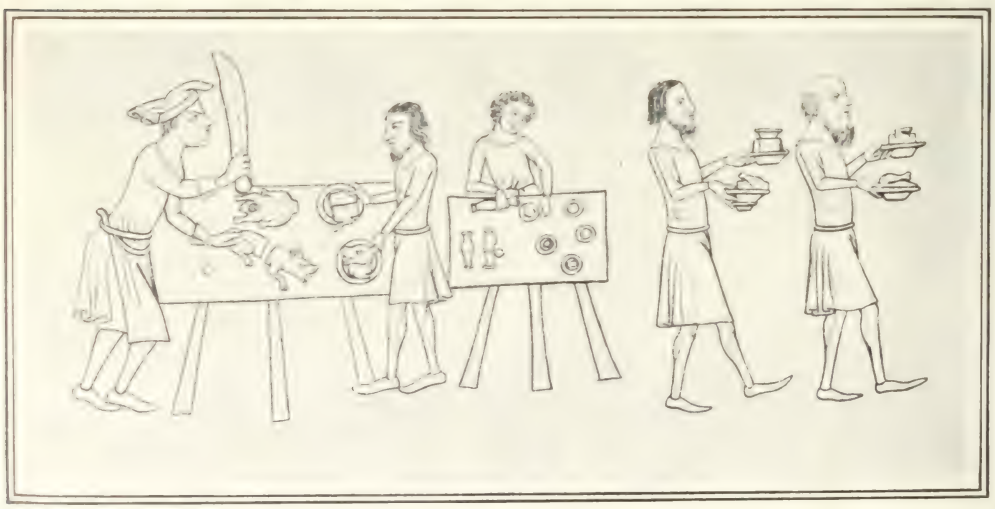


REMAINS OF WRESSILL CASTLE, YORKSHIRE, IN 1783

delivered unto the time that all the officers have breved; *item,* that the said clerks of the Brevements allow no other bread, ale, beer, wine, flesh, fish, nor none other things that are breved, except they see good cause; and if they think the expense be too much, then they to reason with the officers why it is so." The Earl's breakfast, of course, came first of all; and six higher officers, with a Gentleman-Usher at their head, waited upon him "from vij. of the clock in the morning to x of the clock that my Lord goes to dinner." This, the ordinary medieval dinner-hour, lasted on at the universities for more than a century after this date, though by that time gentlemen commonly postponed the meal till eleven, and merchants till twelve. Eleven remained the genteel dinner-hour down to the middle of the seventeenth century. The Earl's dinner lasted two hours: not that we must suppose the company to have eaten steadily all that time; but most would sit a while over their drink, and then the servants had to dine in their turn. Eight of the higher officials, including the Dean of the Chapel, were indeed privileged to "sit at the Knights' Board in my Lord's Great Chamber and to dine at the First Dinner"; but sixteen more waited upon him throughout his meal, and took their dinner afterward from the "reversions," or leavings. These included "my Lord's Second Son to serve as Carver; my Lord's Third Son to serve as Server," and their tutor. Eleven others, including one of the priests, sat at a lower table at the first dinner "and awaited upon my Lord at after-dinner." Having dined at ten, our Earl was quite ready for evensong and "drinkings" at three. These "drinkings" foreshadowed our afternoon tea: cellar and buttery were officially opened, and for a short time all the domestics were busy serving again. At four o'clock, supper came. This meal lasted three hours; not only had the Dean and the Gentleman-Usher and the younger sons to take their "reversions" as at dinner, but now in the evening the company would sit longer drinking by the fire, with minstrelsy and other incentives to mirth. At seven o'clock the clerks repaired again to their counting-house to balance the day's reckonings. At nine the castle gates were always shut, "to thentente

that no servant of my Lord's shall come in at the said gates that ought to be within, which are out of the house at that hour." The same hour released most of the domestics from their work; and the household had now a nine hours' respite before the morrow's mass. Some, no doubt, enjoyed their ale by the fireside for an hour or two longer; but we have the most definite evidence that few sat up long after closing-time. In these two castles, averaging over sixty chambers apiece, only ninety-one dozen candles were consumed during the whole year. A considerable fraction of the inmates, of course, had little to do with the chambers proper; they would sleep in wooden barracks or sheds built round the castle court.

We are here far from the haughty and unthinking extravagance of a conventional baron of romance. From the thirteenth century at least (however they may have done in earlier times), the English nobility were not ashamed to organize their estates and their households on strict business principles. Still greater was the need of order in this sixteenth century, when the feudal nobility were often poorer than the rapidly growing merchant-class, and when social and religious revolution was already in the air. The minuteness of the Percy household regulations is simply astounding. Let us take breakfast as an example. A generation or two before this, breakfast had hardly counted as a meal; when recognized at all, it was simply a snack, just a mouthful and a single draught to wash it down, which the hardy man disdained as in our days he disdains afternoon tea. But manners were now changed; more than four pages are devoted to a specification of the Percy breakfast, beginning: "This is the Order of all such Breakfasts as shall be allowed daily in my Lord's house every Lent . . . on Sunday [Monday] Tuesday Thursday and Saturday, except my Lord's children, which shall have breakfasts every day in the week." My Lord and my Lady had together "a loaf of bread in trenchers, 2 manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconned herring, four white herring, or a dish of sprats." My Lord Percy and Master Percy, aged about ten and eight, had "half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, a pottle of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats, or 3 white herrings." Then comes "Breakfast for the Nurcy for my Lady Margaret and Master Ingram Percy: a manchet, a quart of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats or 3 white herring." And so on, through "Breakfast for my Lord's Brethren and head officers of household," "Breakfast for two messes of Gentlemen o' th' chapel and a mess of



STRIKING OUT THE MESSES
From the *Louterell Psalter*



DINNER AT THE HIGH TABLE
From the *Louterell Psalter*

Children," down to the Porter's Lodge and the Stable. It may be as well to explain that the trenchers were slices of bread, used by the upper classes as dishes for their meat, and given to the poor afterward; that a manchet was a loaf of fine bread, and a pottle contained half a gallon. The regular allowance was thus one quart of liquor per person. Of the nursery, as represented by Master Ingram, I shall have to speak later.

Meanwhile these details strike the keynote of baronial housekeeping. The same minute supervision is enjoined on every page. No contract for food may be made without reference to the Earl or his council. One clerk must daily inspect the caterer's purchases, and reject them summarily "if it be not able stuff, nor worth the price." The caterer must scour the country for the cheapest bargains, "and to buy it seldomest about where my Lord lieth, except it may be as good cheap there as otherwhere." The clerks of the kitchen are to watch the cooks "striking out the messes," and make sure that each carcase shall yield a certain number—the ox, sixty-four messes, the calf sixteen, the sheep twelve, the stockfish four, and so on. Still more minute are the brewery instructions for Topcliff, which fill three pages of the book. Four different problems are worked out: (1) to brew at Wressill and carry the beer to Topcliff; (2) to carry the malt from Wressill to Topcliff, and there brew; (3) to buy malt at Topcliff for the local brewing; and (4) to fetch ale ready-brewed from Ripon. After full calculation, the steward decides in favor of the second course, the next most advantageous being the third, which, however, "is dearer by a half a farthing in every gallon save 7*d*." This half-farthing was worth the saving in a household which consumed its 166 quarts for breakfast alone. We find a still stronger emphasis on small economies in a long document setting forth the "Defaults" of the past year's housekeeping. It is resolved that henceforth no white salt be used but for the table or delicate cooking; that the vinegar be made on the premises "of the broken wines in my Lord's house"; that bread, beer, and mustard be also made at home, and that "leather pots" be bought to replace the earthenware. The choice of household vessels, indeed, is remarkably utilitarian. Of course the Earl had quantities of valuable silver plate; but this was apparently little used. The yearly estimate was for the hire of one hundred dozen of "rough vessel," at 4*d*. a dozen, the hire of six dozen "rough pewter vessel," at 6*s*. 8*d*. the dozen, and the purchase of "two garnish [sets] of counterfeit vessel after 25*s*. the garnish." Of table forks there is no mention; fingers were destined to be the only forks for some time yet. Equal economy is evident in the arrangements for fuel—the fires were to be lighted for scarcely



Prisoners' Inscriptions in the Tower of London

more than three months of the year, from All-hallows to Shrovetide—and in the careful enrolment of the yearly Christmas boxes and similar "tips." Even the chapel offertories were accurately scaled and recorded; the Earl gave to the collection seventeen times yearly, making a sum total of 12*s.* 10*d.*; my Lady's total amounted to 7*s.* 10*d.*, and the children's to 1*s.* 10*d.*

It will have been noted above how strictly the household allowed for Lenten fasts; in that holy season the children were the only creatures that enjoyed a breakfast. Again, Mondays and Saturdays in Lent were called "scambling days"—days of scrambled or scamped meals, like the Sunday supper of a generation ago. Moreover, Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year are carefully distinguished in these business accounts; for instance, those who rode abroad on the Earl's errands were allowed to charge twopence each for two meals on "eating days," but only for one meal on fast days.

Yet, with all this care at home, Henry the Magnificent must needs contract debts abroad, and point a sad moral by his death. His brother-in-law the Earl of Cumberland, who was charged with the funeral arrangements, wrote complaining that "neither beeves, muttons, nor salt fish was left at my Lord's death, and only 20 marks in money, which is spent long ago." They pledged his plate for £666 6*s.* 8*d.* to the Abbot of St. Mary's, York, "and therewith buried the said Lord." Sadder still is the story of the three sons who meet us here and there in this Household Book of 1512. Henry, the eldest, was then in his eleventh year. Only four years later there was serious talk of marrying him to Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but fortune reserved him to play a melancholy part in one of the great romances of history. He was sent as a youth to serve at Cardinal Wolsey's court, the great school of courtesy and the nursery of future statesmen; for the great Cardinal had among his five hundred servants no less than sixty-five lords, knights, and esquires. Here, while Wolsey was closeted with the King, his servant, George Cavendish, tells us how "the Lord Percy would then resort for his pastime unto the Queen's chamber, and there would fall in dalliance among the Queen's maidens, being at the last more conversant with Mistress Anne Boleyn than with any other." Anne was fresh from her seven years' stay at the French court, and was already ar

accomplished coquette at the age of fifteen. It is probable that the young pair plighted their troth to each other—though both denied it afterward. Certainly she went far enough in two or three years to incur the King's displeasure; and Wolsey, who had always been a harsh master to young Percy, separated the boy and girl in a very summary fashion. The public and degrading reprimand which the old Earl inflicted upon his son, at the Cardinal's instigation, may be read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. Anne was sent home to her father, and Percy was married within the year to Lady Mary Talbot, who cared no more for him than he for her. A curious document preserved among the state papers shows the pair still living under the Earl of Northumberland's roof, twelve years after their marriage. Their personal subsistence costs the Earl only 13*s.* 4*d.* a week, and the aggregate board-wages of their four attendants, six shillings a week. "The board-wages of the Said Lord Percy," when his father's castle was shut up, are specified also, but the figures are unfortunately obliterated. "My Lady's wardrobe" was valued at £40 in all; her father-in-law had once paid twice that sum for eleven and a half yards of gold tissue for his own wear. When, in that same year, the Lord Percy succeeded to his father's estates and debts, we need not wonder that he admitted £1,000 of personal debts also. His health was broken, and he never recovered from his early misfortunes. Mr. de Fonblanque insists that no trace of his personal extravagance can be found in any surviving document; yet his father had publicly branded him as unthrifty, and so the public named him. Ill health and ill luck pursued him. He was chosen by the King to arrest his old master, Wolsey; which he did "trembling, with a very faint and soft voice," as one who neither forgot the Cardinal's past ill-treatment nor loved the occasion of revenge. Six years later he was among the twenty-six peers picked out to sit as judges on Anne Boleyn. He dared not to refuse altogether, but presently hurried out of the court, pleading a sickness that was doubtless only too true. That same year brought his two brothers into disgrace; and within twelve months Henry the Unthrifty himself was dead. There remains among the state papers of this reign a pathetic list of his debts, partly to money-lenders, but mainly to small tradesmen for bread, flour, ale, and fire-wood; the total, £1,761 6*s.* 1½*d.*

He had left no children, and the title died with him; for Thomas, the second brother, whom in the Household Book we see carving before his father like Chaucer's Squire, joined the Pilgrimage of Grace in 1636, and was beheaded. Ingram, the third, whom we have seen enjoying his manchet and quart of beer in the nursery, was equally guilty, but somehow escaped with attainder and imprisonment in the Tower. Like many other noble captives, he carved his name on the dungeon wall, with the Anglo-Italian motto *saro fideli,* "I will be faithful." Here he disappears from history until more than a century later; when James Percy, the trunk-maker of Dublin, founded a wild claim to the Northumberland title on his alleged descent from this attainted youngest son. His opponents naturally unearthed Sir Ingram's will, which showed him to have left no issue but an illegitimate daughter. So strangely do the great and the little jostle each other in any true picture of the past that is fully unrolled before our eyes! Henry the Magnificent, whose plate was pawned to provide the funeral bake-meats; Henry the Thriftless, beloved of Anne Boleyn and prosecuted for those tragi-comical debts with their odd three-halfpence; and finally James, the Dublin trunk-maker, who thought he must be an earl because his surname was Percy!

Dear Annie

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

MEANTIME, Annie Hempstead was travelling to Anderson in the jolting trolley-car, and trying to settle her emotions and her outlook upon life, which jolted worse than the car upon a strange new track. She had not the slightest intention of giving up her plan, but she realized within herself the sensations of a revolutionist. Who in her family, for generations and generations, had ever taken the course which she was taking? She was not exactly frightened—Annie had splendid courage when once her blood was up—but she was conscious of a tumult and grind of adjustment to a new level which made her nervous.

She reached the end of the car line, then walked about half a mile to her Aunt Felicia Hempstead's house. It was a handsome house, after the standard of nearly half a century ago. It had an opulent air, with its swelling breasts of bay-windows, through which showed fine lace curtains; its dormer-windows, each with its carefully draped curtains; its black-walnut front door, whose side-lights were screened with medallioned lace. The house sat high on three terraces of velvet-like grass, and was surmounted by stone steps in three instalments, each of which was flanked by stone lions.

Annie mounted the three tiers of steps between the stone lions and rang the front door-bell, which was polished so brightly that it winked at her like a brazen eye. Almost directly the door was opened by an immaculate, white-capped and white-aproned maid, and Annie was ushered into the parlor. When Annie had been a little thing she had been enamored of and impressed by the splendor of this parlor. Now she had doubts of it, in spite of the long, magnificent sweep of lace curtains, the sheen of carefully kept upholstery, the gleam of alabaster statuettes, and the even piles of gilt-edged books upon the polished tables.

Soon Mrs. Felicia Hempstead entered, a tall, well-set-up woman, with a handsome face and keen eyes. She wore her usual morning costume—a breakfast sacque of black silk profusely trimmed with lace, and a black silk skirt. She kissed Annie, with a slight peck of closely set lips, for she liked her. Then she sat down opposite her and regarded her with as much of a smile as her sternly set mouth could manage, and inquired politely regarding her health and that of the family. When Annie broached the subject of her call, the set calm of her face relaxed, and she nodded.

"I know what your sisters are. You need not explain to me," she said.

"But," returned Annie, "I do not think they realize. It is only because I—"

"Of course," said Felicia Hempstead. "It is because they need a dose of bitter medicine, and you hope they will be the better for it. I understand you, my dear. You have spirit enough, but you don't get it up often. That is where they make their mistake. Often the meek are meek from choice, and they are the ones to beware of. I don't blame you for trying it. And you can have Effie and welcome. I warn you that she is a little wearing. Of course she can't help her affliction, poor child, but it is dreadful. I have had her taught. She can read and write very well now, poor child, and she is not lacking, and I have kept her well dressed. I take her out to drive with me every day, and am not ashamed to have her seen with me. If she had all her faculties she would not be a bad-looking little girl. Now, of course, she has something of a vacant expression. That comes, I suppose, from her not being able to hear. She has learned to speak a few words,

but I don't encourage her doing that before people. It is too evident that there is something wrong. She never gets off one tone. But I will let her speak to you. She will be glad to go with you. She likes you, and I dare say you can put up with her. A woman, when she is alone, will make a companion of a brazen image. You can manage all right for everything except her clothes and lessons. I will pay for them."

"Can't I give her lessons?"

"Well, you can try, but I am afraid you will need to have Mr. Freer come over once a week. It seems to me to be quite a knack to teach the deaf and dumb. You can see. I will have Effie come in and tell her about the plan. I wanted to go to Europe this summer, and did not know how to manage about Effie. It will be a godsend to me, this arrangement, and of course after the year is up she can come back."

With that Felicia touched a bell, the maid appeared with automatic readiness, and presently a tall little girl entered. She was very well dressed. Her linen frock was hand-embroidered, and her shoes were ultra. Her pretty shock of fair hair was tied with French ribbon in a fetching bow, and she made a courtesy which would have befitted a little princess. Poor Effie's courtesy was the one feature in which Felicia Hempstead took pride. After making it the child always glanced at her for approval, and her face lighted up with pleasure at the faint smile which her little performance evoked. Effie would have been a pretty little girl had it not been for that vacant, bewildered expression of which Felicia had spoken. It was the expression of one shut up with the darkest silence of life, that of her own self, and beauty was incompatible with it.

Felicia placed her stiff forefinger upon her own lips and nodded, and the child's face became transfigured. She spoke in a level, awful voice, utterly devoid of inflection, and full of fright. Her voice was as the first attempt of a skater upon ice. However, it was intelligible.

"Good morning," said she. "I hope you are well." Then she courtesied again. That little speech and one other —"Thank you, I am very well,"—were all that she had mastered. Effie's instruction had begun rather late, and her teacher was not remarkably skilful.

When Annie's lips moved in response, Effie's face fairly glowed with delight and affection. The little girl loved Annie. Then her questioning eyes sought Felicia, who beckoned, and drew from the pocket of her rustling silk skirt a tiny pad and pencil. Effie crossed the room and stood at attention while Felicia wrote. When she had read the words on the pad she gave one look at Annie, then another at Felicia, who nodded.

Effie courtesied before Annie like a fairy dancer. "Good morning. I hope you are well," she said. Then she courtesied again and said, "Thank you, I am very well." Her pretty little face was quite eager with love and pleasure, and yet there was an effect as of a veil before the happy emotion in it. The contrast between the awful, level voice and the grace of motion and evident delight at once shocked and compelled pity. Annie put her arms around Effie and kissed her.

"You dear little thing," she said, quite forgetting that Effie could not hear.

Felicia Hempstead got speedily to work, and soon Effie's effects were packed and ready for transportation upon the first express to Lynn Corners, and Annie and the little girl had boarded the trolley thither.

Annie Hempstead had the sensation of one who takes a cold plunge, half pain and fright, half exhilaration and triumph, when she had fairly taken possession of her grandmother's house. There was genuine girlish pleasure in looking over the stock of old china and linen and ancient mahoganies, in starting a fire in the kitchen stove, and preparing a meal, the written order for which Effie had taken to the grocer and butcher. There was genuine delight in sitting down with Effie at her very own table, spread with her grandmother's old damask and pretty dishes, and eating, without hearing a word of unfavorable comment upon the cookery. But there was a certain pain and terror in trampling upon that, which it was difficult to define, either her conscience or sense of the divine right of the conventional.

But that night after Effie had gone to

bed, and the house was set to rights, and she in her cool muslin was sitting on the front door-step, under the hooded trellis covered with wisteria, she was conscious of entire emancipation. She fairly gloated over her new estate.

"To-night one of the others will really have to get the supper, and wash the dishes, and not be able to say she did it and I didn't, when I did," Annie thought, with unholy joy. She knew perfectly well that her view-point was not sanctified, but she felt that she must allow her soul to have its little witch-caper or she could not answer for the consequences. There might result spiritual atrophy, which would be much more disastrous than sin and repentance. It was either the continuance of her old life in her father's house, which was the ignominious and harmful one of the scapegoat, or this. She at last revelled in this. Here she was mistress. Here what she did, she did, and what she did not do remained undone. Here her silence was her invincible weapon. Here she was free.

The soft summer night enveloped her. The air was sweet with flowers and the grass which lay still unraked in her father's yard. A momentary feeling of impatience seized her, then she dismissed it, and peace came. What had she to do with that hay? Her father would be obliged to buy hay if it were not raked over and dried, but what of that? She had nothing to do with it.

She heard voices and soft laughter. A dark shadow passed along the street. Her heart quickened its beat. The shadow turned in at her father's gate. There was a babel of welcoming voices, of which Annie could not distinguish one articulate word. She sat leaning forward, her eyes intent upon the road. Then she heard the click of her father's gate and the dark, shadowy figure reappeared in the road. Annie knew who it was; she knew that Tom Reed was coming to see her. For a second, rapture seized her, then dismay. How well she knew her sisters, how very well! Not one of them would have given him the slightest inkling of the true situation. They would have told him, by the sweetest of insinuations rather than by straight statements, that she had left her father's roof and come over here, but not one word would have been told him concerning her vow of silence. They would leave that for him to discover, to his amazement and anger.

Annie rose and fled. She closed the door, turned the key softly, and ran upstairs in the dark. Kneeling before a window on the farther side from her old home, she watched with eager eyes the young man open the gate and come up the path between the old-fashioned shrubs. The cleve-like fragrance of the pinks in the border came in her face. Annie watched Tom Reed disappear beneath the trellised hood of the door, then the bell tinkled through the house.

It seemed to Annie that she heard it as she had never heard anything before. Every nerve in her body seemed urging her to rise and go down-stairs and admit this young man whom she loved. But her will, turned upon itself, kept her back. She could not rise and go down; something stronger than her own wish restrained her. She suffered horribly, but she remained. The bell tinkled again. There was a pause, then it sounded for the third time.

Annie leaned against the window, faint and trembling. It was rather horrible to continue such a fight between will and inclination, but she held out. She would not have been herself had she not done so. Then she saw Tom Reed's figure emerge from under the shadow of the door, pass down the path between the sweet-flowering shrubs, seeming to stir up the odor of the pinks as he did so. He started to go down the road, then Annie heard a loud, silvery call, with a harsh inflection, from her father's house. "Imogen is calling him back," she thought.

Annie was out of the room, and slipping softly down-stairs and out into the yard, crouched close to the fence overgrown with sweetbrier, its foundation hidden in the mallow, and there she listened. She wanted to know what Imogen and her other sisters were about to say to Tom Reed, and she meant to know. She heard every word. The distance was not great, and her sisters' voices carried far, in spite of their honeyed tones and efforts toward secrecy. By the time Tom had reached the gate of the parsonage they had all crowded down there, a flut-

tering assembly in their snowy summer muslins, like white doves. Annie heard Imogen first. Imogen was always the ringleader.

"Couldn't you find her?" asked Imogen.

"No. Rang three times," replied Tom. He had a boyish voice, and his chagrin showed plainly in it. Annie knew just how he looked, how dear and big and foolish, with his handsome, bewildered face, blurting out to her sisters his disappointment, with innocent faith in their sympathy.

Then Annie heard Eliza speak in a small, sweet voice, which yet, to one who understood her, carried in it a sting of malice. "How very strange!" said Eliza.

Jane spoke next. She echoed Eliza, but her voice was more emphatic, and seemed multiple, as echoes do. "Yes, very strange indeed," said Jane.

"Dear Annie is really very singular lately. It has distressed us all, especially father," said Susan, but deprecatingly.

Then Imogen spoke, and to the point. "Annie must be in that house," said she. "She went in there, and she could not have gone out without our seeing her."

Annie could fairly see the toss of Imogen's head as she spoke.

"What in thunder do you all mean?" asked Tom Reed, and there was a bluntness, almost a brutality, in his voice which was refreshing.

"I do not think such forcible language is becoming, especially at the parsonage," said Jane.

Annie distinctly heard Tom Reed snort. "Hang it if I care whether it is becoming or not," said he.

"You seem to forget that you are addressing ladies, sir," said Jane.

"Don't forget it for a blessed minute," returned Tom Reed. "Wish I could. You make it too evident that you are—ladies, with every word you speak, and all your beating about the bush. A man would blurt it out, and then I would know where I am at. Hang it if I know now. You all say that your sister is singular, and that she distresses your father, and you"—addressing Imogen—"say that she must be in that house. You are the only one who does make a dab at speaking out; I will say that much for you. Now, if she is in that house, what in thunder is the matter?"

"I really cannot stay here and listen to such profane language," said Jane, and she flitted up the path to the house like an enraged white moth. She had a fleecy white shawl over her head, and her pale outline was triangular.

"If she calls that profane, I pity her," said Tom Reed. He had known the girls since they were children, and had never liked Jane. He continued, still addressing Imogen. "For Heaven's sake, if she is in that house, what is the matter?" said he. "Doesn't the bell ring? Yes, it does ring, though it is as cracked as the devil. I heard it. Has Annie gone deaf? Is she sick? Is she asleep? It is only eight o'clock. I don't believe she is asleep. Doesn't she want to see me? Is that the trouble? What have I done? Is she angry with me?"

Eliza spoke, smoothly and sweetly. "Dear Annie is singular," said she.

"What the dickens do you mean by singular? I have known Annie ever since she was that high. It never struck me that she was any more singular than other girls, except she stood an awful lot of nagging without making a kick. Here you all say she is singular, as if you meant she was"—Tom hesitated a second—"crazy," said he. "Now, I know that Annie is saner than any girl around here, and that simply does not go down. What do you all mean by singular?"

"Dear Annie may not be singular, but her actions are sometimes singular," said Susan. "We all feel badly about this."

"You mean her going over to her grandmother's house to live? I don't know whether I think that is anything but horse-sense. I have eyes in my head, and I have used them. Annie has worked like a dog here; I suppose she needed a rest."

"We all do our share of the work," said Eliza, calmly, "but we do it in a different way from dear Annie. She makes very hard work of work. She has not as much system as we could wish. She tires herself unnecessarily."

"Yes, that is quite true," assented Imogen. "Dear Annie gets very tired over the slightest tasks, whereas if she went a little more slowly and used more

system, the work would be accomplished equally well and with no fatigue. There are five of us to do the work here, and the house is very convenient."

There was a silence. Tom Reed was bewildered. "But—doesn't she want to see me?" he asked, finally.

"Dear Annie takes very singular notions sometimes," said Eliza, softly.

"If she took a notion not to go to the door when she heard the bell ring, she simply wouldn't," said Imogen, whose bluntness of speech was, after all, a relief.

"Then you mean that you think she took a notion not to go to the door?" asked Tom, in a desperate tone.

"Dear Annie is very singular," said Eliza, with such softness and deliberation that it was like a minor chord of music.

"Do you know of anything she has against me?" asked Tom of Imogen, but Eliza answered for her.

"Dear Annie is not in the habit of making confidantes of her sisters," said she, "but we do know that she sometimes takes unwarranted dislikes."

"Which time generally cures," said Susan.

"Oh yes," assented Eliza, "which time generally cures. She can have no reason whatever for avoiding you. You have always treated her well."

"I have always meant to," said Tom, so miserably and helplessly that Annie, listening, felt her heart go out to this young man, badgered by females, and she formed a sudden resolution.

"You have not seen very much of her, anyway," said Imogen.

"I have always asked for her, but I understood she was busy," said Tom, "and that was the reason why I saw her so seldom."

"Oh," said Eliza, "busy!" She said it with an indescribable tone.

"If," supplemented Imogen, "there was system, there would be no need of any one of us being too busy to see our friends."

"Then she has not been busy? She has not wanted to see me?" said Tom. "I think I understand at last. I have been a fool not to before. You girls have broken it to me as well as you could. Much obliged, I am sure. Good night."

"Won't you come in?" asked Imogen.

"We might have some music," said Eliza.

"And there is an orange cake, and I will make coffee," said Susan.

Annie reflected rapidly how she herself had made that orange cake, and what queer coffee Susan would be apt to concoct.

"No, thank you," said Tom Reed, briskly. "I will drop in another evening. Think I must go home now. I have some important letters. Good night, all."

Annie made a soft rush to the gate, crouching low that her sisters might not see her. They flocked into the house with irascible murmurings, like scolding birds, while Annie stole across the grass, which had begun to glisten with silver wheels of dew. She held her skirts closely wrapped around her, and stepped through a gap in the shrubs beside the walk, then sped swiftly to the gate. She reached it just as Tom Reed was passing with a quick stride.

"Tom," said Annie, and the young man stopped short.

He looked in her direction, but she stood close to a great snowball bush, and her dress was green muslin, and he did not see her. Thinking that he had been mistaken, he started on, when she called again, and this time she stepped apart from the bush, and her voice sounded clear as a flute.

"Tom," she said. "Stop a minute, please."

Tom stopped and came close to her. In the dim light she could see that his face was all aglow, like a child's, with delight and surprise.

"Is that you, Annie?" he said.

"Yes. I want to speak to you, please."

"I have been here before, and I rang the bell three times. Then you were out, although your sisters thought not."

"No, I was in the house."

"You did not hear the bell?"

"Yes, I heard it every time."

"Then why—?"

"Come into the house with me and I will tell you, at least I will tell you all I can."

Annie led the way and the young man followed. He stood in the dark entry while Annie lit the parlor lamp. The

room was on the farther side of the house from the parsonage.

"Come in and sit down," said Annie. Then the young man stepped into a room which was pretty in spite of itself. There was an old Brussels carpet with an enormous rose pattern. The haircloth furniture gave out gleams like black diamonds under the light of the lamp. In a corner stood a whatnot piled with branches of white coral and shells. Annie's grandfather had been a sea-captain, and many of his spoils were in the house. Possibly Annie's own occupation of it was due to an adventurous strain inherited from him. Perhaps the same impulse which led him to voyage to foreign shores had led her to voyage across a green yard to the next house.

Tom Reed sat down on the sofa. Annie sat in a rocking-chair near by. At her side was a Chinese teapoy, a nest of lacquer tables, and on it stood a small, squat idol. Annie's grandmother had been taken to task by her son-in-law, the Reverend Silas, for harboring a heathen idol, but she had only laughed.

"Guess as long as I don't keep heathen to bow down before him, he can't do much harm," she had said.

Now the grotesque face of the thing seemed to stare at the two Occidental lovers with the strange, calm sarcasm of the Orient, but they had no eyes or thought for it.

"Why didn't you come to the door if you heard the bell ring?" asked Tom Reed, gazing at Annie, slender as a blade of grass in her clinging green gown.

"Because I was not able to break my will then. I had to break it to go out in the yard and ask you to come in, but when the bell rang I hadn't got to the point where I could break it."

"What on earth do you mean, Annie?"

Annie laughed. "I don't wonder you ask," she said, "and the worst of it is I can't half answer you. I wonder how much, or rather how little, explanation will content you?"

Tom Reed gazed at her with the eyes of a man who might love a woman and have infinite patience with her, relegating his lack of understanding of her woman's nature to the background, as a thing of no consequence.

"Mighty little will do for me," he said, "mighty little, Annie dear, if you will only tell a fellow you love him."

Annie looked at him, and her thin, sweet face seemed to have a luminous quality, like a crescent moon. Her look was enough.

"Then you do?" said Tom Reed.

"You have never needed to ask," said Annie. "You knew."

"I haven't been so sure as you think," said Tom. "Suppose you come over here and sit beside me. You look miles away."

Annie laughed and blushed, but she obeyed. She sat beside Tom and let him put his arm around her. She sat up straight, by force of her instinctive maidenliness, but she kissed him back when he kissed her.

"I haven't been so sure," repeated Tom. "Annie darling, why have I been unable to see more of you? I have fairly haunted your house, and seen the whole lot of your sisters, especially Imogen, but somehow or other you have been as slippery as an eel. I have always asked for you, but you were always out or busy."

"I have been very busy," said Annie, evasively. She loved this young man with all her heart, but she had an enduring loyalty to her own flesh and blood.

Tom was very literal. "Say, Annie," he blurted out, "I begin to think you have had to do most of the work over there, now haven't you? Own up."

Annie laughed sweetly. She was so happy that no sense of injury could possibly rankle within her. "Oh, well," she said, lightly. "Perhaps. I don't know. I guess housekeeping comes rather easier to me than to the others. I like it, you know, and work is always easier when one likes it. The other girls don't take to it so naturally, and they get very tired, and it has seemed often that I was the one who could hurry the work through and not mind."

"I wonder if you will stick up for me the way you do for your sisters when you are my wife?" said Tom, with a burst of love and admiration. Then he added: "Of course you are going to be my wife, Annie? You know what this means?"

"If you think I will make you as good a wife as you can find," said Annie.

"As good a wife! Annie, do you really know what you are?"

"Just an ordinary girl, with no special talent for anything."

"You are the most wonderful girl that ever walked the earth," exclaimed Tom. "And as for talent, you have the best talent in the whole world; you can love people who are not worthy to tie your shoe-strings, and think you are looking up when in reality you are looking down. That is what I call the best talent in the whole world for a woman." Tom Reed was becoming almost subtle.

Annie only laughed happily again. "Well, you will have to wait and find out," said she.

"I suppose," said Tom, "that you came over here because you were tired out, this hot weather. I think you were sensible, but I don't think you ought to be here alone."

"I am not alone," replied Annie. "I have poor little Effie Hempstead with me."

"That deaf and dumb child? I should think this heathen god would be about as much company."

"Why, Tom, she is human, if she is deaf and dumb."

Tom eyed her shrewdly. "What did you mean when you said you had broken your will?" he inquired.

"My will not to speak for a while," said Annie, faintly.

"Not to speak—to any one?"

Annie nodded.

"Then you have broken your resolution by speaking to me?"

Annie nodded again.

"But why shouldn't you speak? I don't understand."

"I wondered how little I could say, and have you satisfied," Annie replied, sadly.

Tom tightened his arm around her. "You precious little soul," he said. "I am satisfied. I know you have some good reason for not wanting to speak, but I am plaguey glad you spoke to me, for I should have been pretty well cast down if you hadn't, and to-morrow I have to go away."

Annie leaned toward him. "Go away!"

"Yes; I have to go to California about that confounded Ames will case. And I don't know exactly where, on the Pacific coast, the parties I have to interview may be, and I may have to be away weeks, possibly months. Annie darling, it did seem to me a cruel state of things to have to go so far, and leave you here, living in such a queer fashion, and not know how you felt. Lord! but I'm glad you had sense enough to call me, Annie."

"I couldn't let you go by, when it came to it, and Tom—"

"What, dear?"

"I did an awful mean thing: something I never was guilty of before. I—listened."

"Well, I don't see what harm it did. You didn't hear much to your or your sisters' disadvantage, that I can remember. They kept calling you 'dear'."

"Yes," said Annie, quickly. Again, such was her love and thankfulness that a great wave of love and forgiveness for her sisters swept over her. Annie had a nature compounded of depths of sweetness: nobody could be mistaken with regard to that. What they did mistake was the possibility of even sweetness being at bay at times, and remaining there.

"You don't mean to speak to anybody else?" asked Tom.

"Not for a year, if I can avoid it without making comment which might hurt father."

"Why, dear?"

"That is what I cannot tell you," replied Annie, looking into his face with a troubled smile.

Tom looked at her in a puzzled way, then he kissed her.

"Oh, well, dear," he said, "it is all right. I know perfectly well you would do nothing in which you were not justified, and you have spoken to me, anyway, and that is the main thing. I think if I had been obliged to start to-morrow without a word from you I shouldn't have cared a hang whether I ever came back or not. You are the only soul to hold me here; you know that, darling."

"Yes," replied Annie.

"You are the only one," repeated Tom, "but it seems to me this minute as if you were a whole host, you dear little soul. But I don't quite like to leave you here living alone, except for Effie."

"Oh, I am within a stone's-throw of father's," said Annie, lightly.

"I admit that. Still, you are alone. Annie, when are you going to marry me?"

Annie regarded him with a clear, innocent look. She had lived such a busy life that her mind was unfilmed by dreams. "Whenever you like, after you come home," said she.

"It can't be too soon for me. I want my wife and I want my home. What will you do while I am gone, dear?"

Annie laughed. "Oh, I shall do what I have seen other girls do—get ready to be married."

"That means sewing, lots of hemming and tucking and stitching, doesn't it?"

"Of course."

"Girls are so funny," said Tom. "Now imagine a man sitting right down and sewing like mad on his collars and neckties and shirts the minute a girl said she'd marry him!"

"Girls like it."

"Well, I suppose they do," said Tom, and he looked down at Annie from a tender height of masculinity, and at the same time seemed to look up from the valley of one who cannot understand the subtle and poetical details in a woman's soul.

He did not stay long after that, for it was late. As he passed through the gate, after a tender farewell, Annie watched him with shining eyes. She was now to be all alone, but two things she had, her freedom and her love, and they would suffice.

The next morning Silas Hempstead, urged by his daughters, walked solemnly over to the next house, but he derived little satisfaction. Annie did not absolutely refuse to speak. She had begun to realize that carrying out her resolution to the extreme letter was impossible. But she said as little as she could.

"I have come over here to live for the present. I am of age, and have a right to consult my own wishes. My decision is unalterable." Having said this much, Annie closed her mouth and said no more. Silas argued and pleaded. Annie sat placidly sewing beside one front window of the sunny sitting-room. Effie, with a bit of fancy work, sat at another. Finally Silas went home defeated, with a last word, half condemnatory, half placative. Silas was not the sort to stand firm against such feminine strength as his daughter Annie's. However, he secretly held her dearer than all his other children.

After her father had gone, Annie sat taking even stitch after even stitch, but a few tears ran over her cheeks and fell upon the soft mass of muslin. Effie watched with shrewd, speculative silence, like a pet cat. Then suddenly she rose and went close to Annie, with her little arms around her neck, and the poor dumb mouth repeating her little speeches: "Thank you, I am very well, thank you, I am very well," over and over.

Annie kissed her fondly, and was aware of a sense of comfort and of love for this poor little Effie. Still, after being nearly two months with the child, she was relieved when Felicia Hempstead came, the first of September, and wished to take Effie home with her. She had not gone to Europe, after all, but to the mountains, and upon her return had missed the little girl.

Effie went willingly enough, but Annie discovered that she too missed her. Now loneliness had her fairly in its grip. She had a telephone installed, and gave her orders over that. Sometimes the sound of a human voice made her emotional to tears. Besides the voices over the telephone, Annie had nobody, for Benny returned to college soon after Effie left. Benny had been in the habit of coming in to see Annie, and she had not had the heart to check him. She talked to him very little, and knew that he was no telltale as far as she was concerned, although he waxed most communicative with regard to the others. A few days before he left he came over and begged her to return.

"I know the girls have nagged you till you are fairly worn out," he said. "I know they don't tell things straight, but I don't believe they know it, and I don't see why you can't come home, and insist upon your rights, and not work so hard."

"If I come home now it will be as it was before," said Annie.

"Can't you stand up for yourself and not have it the same?"

Annie shook her head.

"Seems as if you could," said Benny. "I always thought a girl knew how to manage other girls. It is rather awful the way things go now over there. Father must be uncomfortable enough trying to eat the stuff they set before him, and living in such a dirty house."

Annie winced. "Is it so very dirty?"

Benny whistled.

"Is the food so bad?"

Benny whistled again.

"You advised me—or it amounted to the same thing—to take this stand," said Annie.

"I know I did, but I didn't know how bad it would be. Guess I didn't half appreciate you myself, Annie. Well, you must do as you think best, but if you could look in over there your heart would ache."

"My heart aches as it is," said Annie, sadly.

Benny put an arm around her. "Poor girl," he said. "It is a shame, but you are going to marry Tom. You ought not to have the heartache."

"Marriage isn't everything," said Annie, "and my heart does ache, but—I can't go back there, unless—I can't make it clear to you, Benny, but it seems to me as if I couldn't go back there until the year is up, or I shouldn't be myself, and it seems, too, as if I should not be doing right by the girls. There are things more important even than doing work for others. I have got it through my head that I can be dreadfully selfish being unselfish."

"Well, I suppose you are right," admitted Benny, with a sigh.

Then he kissed Annie and went away, and the blackness of loneliness settled down upon her. She had wondered at first that none of the village people came to see her, although she did not wish to talk to them; then she no longer wondered. She heard, without hearing, just what her sisters had said about her.

That was a long winter for Annie Hempstead. Letters did not come very regularly from Tom Reed, for it was a season of heavy snowfalls, and the mails were often delayed. The letters were all that she had for comfort and company. She had bought a canary-bird, adopted a stray kitten, and filled her sunny windows with plants. She sat beside them and sewed, and tried to be happy and content, but all the time there was a frightful uncertainty deep down within her heart as to whether or not she was doing right. She knew that her sisters were unworthy, and yet her love and longing for them waxed greater and greater. As for her father, she loved him as she had never loved him before. The struggle grew terrible. Many a time she dressed herself in outdoor array and started to go home, but something always held her back. It was a strange conflict that endured through the winter months, the conflict of a loving, self-effacing heart with its own instincts.

Toward the last of February her father came over at dusk. Annie ran to the door, and he entered. He looked unkempt and dejected. He did not say much, but sat down and looked about him with a half-angry, half-discouraged air. Annie went out into the kitchen and broiled some beefsteak, and creamed some potatoes, and made tea and toast. Then she called him into the sitting-room, and he ate like one famished.

"Your sister Susan does the best she can," he said, when he had finished, "and lately Jane has been trying, but they don't seem to have the knack. I don't want to urge you, Annie, but—"

"You know when I am married you will have to get on without me," Annie said, in a low voice.

"Yes, but in the mean time you might, if you were home, show Susan and Jane."

"Father," said Annie, "you know if I came home now it would be just the same as it was before. You know if I give in and break my word with myself to stay away a year what they will think and do."

"I suppose they might take advantage," admitted Silas, heavily. "I fear you have always given in to them too much for their own good."

"Then I shall not give in now," said Annie, and she shut her mouth tightly.

There came a peal of the cracked door-bell, and Silas started with a curious, guilty look. Annie regarded him sharply. "Who is it, father?"

"Well, I heard Imogen say to Eliza that she thought it was very foolish for them all to stay over there and have the extra care and expense, when you were here."

"You mean that the girls—?"

"I think they did have a little idea that they might come here and make you a little visit—"

Annie was at the front door with a bound. The key turned in the lock and a bolt shot into place. Then she returned to her father, and her face was very white.



Painting by Howard E. Smith

HE TOOK HER BY THE ARM AND LED HER INTO THE HOUSE

"You did not lock your door against your own sisters?" he gasped.

"God forgive me, I did."

The bell pealed again. Annie stood still, her mouth quivering in a strange, rigid fashion. The curtains in the dining-room windows were not drawn. Suddenly one window showed full of her sisters' faces. It was Susan who spoke.

"Annie, you can't mean to lock us out?" Susan's face looked strange and wild, peering in out of the dark. Imogen's handsome face towered over her shoulder.

"We think it advisable to close our house and make you a visit," she said, quite distinctly through the glass.

Then Jane said, with an inaudible sob, "Dear Annie, you can't mean to keep us out!"

Annie looked at them and said not a word. Their half-commanding, half-imploring voices continued a while. Then the faces disappeared.

Annie turned to her father. "God knows if I have done right," she said, "but I am doing what you have taken me to account for not doing."

"Yes, I know," said Silas. He sat for a while silent. Then he rose, kissed Annie—something he had seldom done—and went home. After he had gone Annie sat down and cried. She did not go to bed that night. The cat jumped up in her lap, and she was glad of that soft, purring comfort. It seemed to her as if she had committed a great crime, and as if she had suffered martyrdom. She loved her father and her sisters with such intensity that her heart groaned with the weight of pure love. For the time it seemed to her that she loved them more than the man whom she was to marry. She sat there and held herself, as with chains of agony, from rushing out into the night, home to them all, and breaking her vow.

It was never quite so bad after that night, for Annie compromised. She baked bread and cake and pies, and carried them over after nightfall and left them at her father's door. She even, later on, made a pot of coffee, and hurried over with it in the dawn-light, always watching behind a corner of a curtain until she saw an arm reached out for it. All this comforted Annie, and, moreover, the time was drawing nearer when she could go home.

Tom Reed had been delayed much longer than he expected. He would not be home before early fall. They would not be married until November, and she would have several months at home first.

At last the day came. Out in Silas Hempstead's front yard the grass waved tall, dotted with disks of clover. Benny was home, and he had been over to see Annie every day since his return. That morning when Annie looked out of her window the first thing she saw was Benny waving a scythe in awkward sweep among the grass and clover. An immense pity seized her at the sight. She realized that he was doing this for her, conquering his indolence. She almost sobbed.

"Dear, dear boy, he will cut himself," she thought. Then she conquered her own love and pity, even as her brother was conquering his sloth. She understood clearly that it was better for Benny to go on with his task even if he did cut himself.

The grass was laid low when she went home, and Benny stood, a conqueror in a battle-field of summer, leaning on his scythe.

"Only look, Annie," he cried out, like a child. "I have cut all the grass."

Annie wanted to hug him. Instead she laughed. "It was time to cut it," she said. Her tone was cool, but her eyes were adoring.

Benny laid down his scythe, took her by the arm, and led her into the house. Silas and his other daughters were in the sitting-room, and the room was so orderly it was painful. The ornaments on the mantel-shelf stood as regularly as soldiers on parade, and it was the same with the chairs. Even the cushions on the sofa were arranged with one corner overlapping another. The curtains were drawn at exactly the same height from the sill. The carpet looked as if swept threadbare.

Annie's first feeling was of worried astonishment, then her eye caught a glimpse of Susan's kitchen apron tucked under a sofa pillow, and of layers of dust on the table, and she felt relieved. After all, what she had done had not completely changed the sisters, whom she loved, faults and all. Annie realized how horrible it would have been to find her loved

more completely changed, even for the better. They would have seemed like strange, aloof angels to her.

They all welcomed her with a slight stiffness, yet with cordiality. Then Silas made a little speech.

"Your father and your sisters are glad to welcome you home, dear Annie," he said, "and your sisters wish me to say for them that they realize that possibly they may have underestimated your tasks and overestimated their own. In short, they may not have been—"

Silas hesitated, and Benny finished. "What the girls want you to know, Annie, is that they have found out they have been a parcel of pigs."

"We fear we have been selfish without realizing it," said Jane, and she kissed Annie, as did Susan and Eliza. Imogen, looking very handsome in her blue linen, with her embroidery in her hands, did not kiss her sister. She was not given to demonstrations, but she smiled complacently at her.

"We are all very glad to have dear Annie back, I am sure," said she, "and now that it is all over, we all feel that it has been for the best, although it has seemed very singular, and made, I fear, considerable talk. But, of course, when one person in a family insists upon taking everything upon herself, it must result in making the others selfish."

Annie did not hear one word that Imogen said. She was crying on Susan's shoulder.

"Oh, I am so glad to be home," she sobbed.

And they all stood gathered about her, rejoicing and fond of her, but she was the one lover among them all who had been capable of hurting them and hurting herself for love's sake.

The Forbidden Lure

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

"LEAVE all and follow—follow!"
  Lure of the sun at dawn,
Lure of a wind-paced hollow,
  Lure of the stars withdrawn;
Lure of the brave old singing
  Brave perished minstrels knew;
Of dreams like sea-fog clinging
  To boughs the night sifts through:

"Leave all and follow—follow!"
  The sun goes up the day;
Flickering wing of swallow,
  Blossoms that blow away,—
What would you, luring, luring,
  When I must bide at home?
My heart will break her mooring
  And die in reef-flung foam!

Oh, I must never listen.
  Call not outside my door.
Green leaves, you must not glisten
  Like water, any more.
Oh, Beauty, wandering Beauty,
  Pass by; speak not. For see,
By bed and board stands Duty
  To snatch my dreams from me!

An American Battle in Foreign Waters

A NEW VIEW OF THE FIGHT OF THE "ALABAMA" AND "KEARSARGE" FROM CONTEMPORARY FRENCH SOURCES

BY E. PARMALEE PRENTICE

ON the 19th of June, 1864, just outside the French harbor of Cherbourg, the United States cruiser *Kearsarge* met and sank the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*. The accounts of this battle, most of them written long afterward, are colored by the prejudices and partialities of the writers, and are neither consistent nor satisfactory. The contemporary account given by the Cherbourg newspapers has received no attention, and as these papers told briefly and directly a story which has some bearing upon disputed questions, their report has considerable value.

From the beginning there have been two views of the *Alabama*. In the North she was a pirate. In the South she was a man-of-war after the fashion of Paul Jones. That is, there has been a radical difference of opinion as to the judgment which should be passed upon her course of action, but very little difference on the facts of her career.

In about two years she captured nearly seventy unarmed Northern vessels. Her plan of action, Mr. Justin McCarthy says, was always the same. "She hoisted the British flag and thus decoyed her intended victim within her reach; then she displayed the Confederate colors and captured her prize. Unless there was some particular motive for making use of the captured vessels, they were burned. Sometimes the blazing wreck became the means of decoying a new victim. Some American captain saw far off in the night the flames of a burning vessel reddening the sea. He steered to her aid, and when he came near enough the *Alabama,* which was yet in the same waters and had watched his coming, fired her shot across his bows, hung out her flag, and made him her prisoner. One American captain bitterly complained that the fire, which seen across the waves at any other time became a summons to every seaman to hasten to the rescue, must thenceforward be a signal to him to hold his course and keep away from the blazing ship."

Twice in her career the *Alabama* fought. Her first engagement was with the *Hatteras,* a Delaware River excursion boat used in the blockade of Galveston, whose broadside, Mr. McCarthy says, "was so unequal to that of the *Alabama* that she was sunk in a quarter of an hour."

Her second engagement was with the *Kearsarge.* This battle, Captain Semmes would have it understood, was of his own seeking, not forced on him. It is true that he did not have to seek it far, for the *Kearsarge,* then at Flushing, went instantly to Cherbourg upon hearing by telegraph of the presence there of the *Alabama.* In appearance, therefore, the *Alabama* was pursued and caught. That this was the fact Captain Semmes denies. We had heard, he says, of the expected arrival of this ship a day or two before she came, "and it was generally understood among my crew that I intended to engage her." To this end, when the *Kearsarge* appeared, word was sent to Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge* "that if he would wait until I could receive some coal on board . . . I would come out and give him battle. This message was duly conveyed, and the defiance was understood to have been accepted."

If this be a complete statement of the occasion of the meeting, surely nothing in the life of the *Alabama* became her so well as the way of her taking off. On the other hand, nothing in her previous history is sufficiently like Paul Jones to give rise to expectations of such a course in the presence of an armed enemy. There is, indeed, a question as to the occasion of this engagement which can

be answered only by the history of her stay in French waters.

In June, 1864, two newspapers were published in Cherbourg, the *Phare de la Manche*, appearing Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and the *Vigie de Cherbourg*, appearing Thursdays and Sundays. The papers differ from most American papers of the present time in the terseness of their reports. During the week that the *Alabama* lay in port, and while the *Kearsarge* for four days was cruising up and down before the harbor entrance, no effort was made to exploit the situation. It was not until after the engagement that popular excitement found its way into their dignified columns.

The first mention of the *Alabama* is in the *Phare* of Tuesday, June 14th.

> The American Confederate corvette *Alabama*, of eight guns and a crew of 147 men, Captain Semmes, arrived in the roadstead of Cherbourg in the afternoon of June 11th, coming from the Cape of Good Hope, whence she sailed on March 25th. She disembarked in the afternoon thirty-eight prisoners, composing the crew of two Federal vessels captured at sea.

On the very day when this report was published the *Kearsarge* appeared off Cherbourg. She did not enter the port, for this would have subjected her to detention, but took up outside the harbor a position which made escape by the *Alabama* impossible. The coming of the *Kearsarge* made no small stir. M. Dentu in his book, *The Cruises of the "Alabama" and "Sumter,"* published in Paris after the battle, states that on this Tuesday Captain Semmes wrote in his diary:

> Great excitement on board. The *Kearsarge* appeared at the entrance, east of the jetty, about eleven o'clock in the morning. I immediately sent an order ashore to load coal (one hundred tons), then I ordered the spars of the mizzenmast lowered, as also the topgallant-yards, and prepared for battle.

For this "great excitement" M. Dentu gives an elaborate explanation which may reflect the current French comment, or may round out the report of newspapers which gave no more than the news.

> The *Kearsarge* was an old enemy, long in pursuit of the Confederate cruiser, and her appearance produced, as Captain Semmes wrote, a great excitement on board the *Alabama*. We have a remark to make here—one must not forget what the officers and sailors of the celebrated vessel had endured for the space of two years. . . . To live poor, dear, to chase, fly, take prizes, and destroy them—is this a life brave men would willingly follow? But these men were kept up by the profound conviction of the service they rendered their country. They knew they caused a terrible loss to their colossal enemy. They were sustained, moreover, by the conviction that the unequalled boldness of their captain had done more damage to the United States than the operations of several thousand men. But their life was miserable, their work overwhelming. To lead such an existence long, without complaint and without the excitement of battle, called for an imagination which would enable them to look at their stern and monotonous duty as a star always visible, never obscured by the slightest cloud. Moreover, they read the reproaches which those comfortably placed on land addressed to them. They were called pirates and by other scornful epithets. The execrations of a certain part of the French and English press and of all the papers of the United States followed them across the ocean. But they hardly heard their own country mentioned. The South was comparatively unknown to the rest of the world. Public opinion spoke very loudly in Europe. Still, they knew that they served their country faithfully, loyally, gloriously, amid cruel privations. . . . This was the feeling of the entire crew, which caused that excitement on board the *Alabama* when the *Kearsarge* entered the roadstead and went out again. At last the day of battle has come! That was the thought of every man on board. Was it not glorious and chivalrous for these men to offer and accept an engagement for which they had searched everywhere? They believed in a victory, but defeat itself would be the justification of their long career, and they took gayly the chance which opened to them.

If this was the feeling on the *Alabama*, it was not shown in the letter which the unfortunate surgeon of the *Alabama* wrote on the same day when Captain Semmes made his journal entry, and of which a French translation appears in the *Journal de Valognes* of July 7, 1864.

> CHERBOURG, *June 14, 1864.*
>
> DEAR TRAVERS,—Here we are. I am sending this letter by a gentleman who is going to London. An enemy is outside, and if he

stay there long enough we will go out and attack him. If I survive, look to see me soon in London. If I die, give my best regards to all who have known me. If M. Alexander Caillet has need of you, please do what you can for him. I remain, dear Travers,

Always yours,

D. H. Llewellyn.

Mr. Kell, first lieutenant and executive officer of the *Alabama,* in his *Recollections of a Naval Life,* says of Captain Semmes that "he had about this time made up his mind that he would cease fleeing before the foe and meet an equal in battle when the opportunity presented itself." As will be seen, this conclusion was not reached until Saturday, when the *Kearsarge* had already been four days on guard at the harbor entrance. In other words, then, Captain Semmes saw that an engagement was inevitable and that the *Alabama,* her officers and crew, might as well make the best of it. This is the explanation of the "great excitement"; of Llewellyn's apprehensive letter and of Semmes's remarkable note to M. Bonfils, the Confederate agent in Cherbourg, requesting him, through the United States consul, to communicate to the *Kearsarge* the message, "I hope she will not depart before I am ready to go out." Had Captain Winslow's character been less known, had his purpose in going to Cherbourg and taking up his position outside the harbor not been obvious, Captain Semmes might still have considered that a failure on Winslow's part "to do the utmost to take and capture or destroy" the *Alabama* would have been an offence punishable by death, under the Fourth Article for the government of the navy. The communication, indeed, cannot be taken seriously. There was no notion, among those on the *Alabama* or elsewhere, that the *Kearsarge* would go away. Even Mr. James D. Bulloch, Naval Representative of the Confederacy in Europe, says, "It was not probable that she (the *Kearsarge*) would leave the neighborhood until the *Alabama* came out."

The message to Captain Winslow was written on Tuesday, June 14th. After a night's sleep less desperate views seem to have prevailed on the *Alabama.* Captain Semmes's decision to "cease fleeing before the foe" had apparently not yet become inflexible —anyhow, the news which reached the papers on Wednesday, June 15th, discloses a change of plan. The short notice already quoted from the *Phare* of June 14th appeared in the *Vigie* of Thursday, June 16th, and here the later decision of the *Alabama* is almost stated, for appended to the brief announcement of the *Alabama's* arrival is the following statement:

> On Tuesday about half-past ten o'clock in the morning the Cherbourg pilots brought news of the presence outside the breakwater of the Federal ship *Kearsarge,* come apparently on the track of the Confederate cruiser. The *Kearsarge* has kept the open sea, after having sent a boat ashore. Yesterday she was still cruising outside and again sent a boat ashore. The *Alabama* should, so we are told, remain here at least two months for repairs.

The *Phare,* published on the same day, makes a similar comment with a little more emphasis:

> We have already stated that the American Confederate corvette arrived at the anchorage in our roadstead on the 11th of this month. Three days later, on the 14th, the Federal corvette *Kearsarge* arrived outside the breakwater, where she tacks up and down under steam between the mole and the mouth of the bay, as if she lay in wait for the coming out of her enemy of the South. If the purpose of the Federal cruiser is to await the departure of the Confederate, he will stay long in our waters, for, we are told, the *Alabama* needs repairs which will keep her at least two months at Cherbourg.

Here was a situation: On Tuesday Captain Semmes, in his note which was communicated to Captain Winslow, had expressed the hope that the *Alabama* could "make the necessary arrangements" to meet the *Kearsarge* by Wednesday evening, June 15th, or by Thursday morning "at farthest." On Wednesday, however, instead of going out, the news was that "the *Alabama* needs repairs which will keep her at least two months at Cherbourg." By this time it must have been evident that French hospitality was being used as a refuge. Captain Semmes had, in fact, asked leave to enter the military port for repairs. Had this been granted, he would have been relieved of the embarrassment occasioned by the presence of the *Kear-*

sarge, but the moment was not opportune to grant such permission. Some time previously Mr. Dayton, the American Minister in Paris, in protesting to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs against the presence of other Confederate cruisers in French ports, had remarked that the *Alabama* alone was needed to make French ports a rendezvous for the entire Confederate navy. To this, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay say, M. Drouyn de l'Huys, irritated by the epigram, answered, hastily, "Monsieur, I will not permit that vessel to come in." The application, therefore, was not granted. Neither, apparently, was it at once refused, and meanwhile the *Alabama* lay under French protection in the presence of an enemy whom she had no excuse to avoid meeting. This state of affairs could not last, and local influence apparently did much to terminate it. M. Dentu, in the book already quoted, says:

> It has been denied that the captain of the *Kearsarge* challenged the captain of the *Alabama*. Captain Semmes himself says nothing about it. This is what took place. . . . The *Kearsarge* entered the roadstead from the east on Tuesday about eleven o'clock in the morning. She passed through and went out to the west without anchoring. We quote the words of a captain of the French navy who speaks of what he saw. All will agree that for brave men such a proceeding should be considered a challenge. It was more than a challenge; it was a defiance. . . .
>
> A duel is not unpopular in France. The prospect of a fight between two ships of war, apparently of equal force, would dissipate all the scruples which most Frenchmen still keep; at an engagement between Federals and Confederates they would be only too glad to look on. Confederates, moreover, are as popular in France as in England, to say nothing of the sympathies which the *Alabama* arouses. The French officers agree with Captain Semmes that the manœuvres of the *Kearsarge* were an insult and open defiance and that the *Alabama* could do no less than to go out to meet her. . . . Personally he [Semmes] desired an engagement; the promptings of a crew full of enthusiasm, and who with a unanimous voice demanded a battle, as well as the friendly advice of foreign officers, should be taken into consideration.

The quotation probably correctly represented the military opinion of Cherbourg, that "the *Alabama* could do no less than to go out to meet" the *Kearsarge*. Apparently Mr. Slidell, the Confederate representative in Paris, so understood it, for he says that on the morning of the battle, while awaiting the Emperor on the race-course at Fontainebleau, "I took occasion to inform M. Mocquard, M. De Persigny, and Prince Murat of what was probably then going on near Cherbourg, and my apprehension of the result of a contest which had been in a great degree forced upon Captain Semmes by the manner in which he had been received there." Eleven days after the battle, Mr. Slidell made the meaning of this statement still plainer, if possible, when he wrote to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State, that if the *Alabama* had been permitted to enter the military port for repairs "the point of honor which had induced Captain Semmes to encounter a superior foe would not have been raised." In September Mr. Benjamin wrote that the French government, "by the delays interposed in the grant of permission to the *Alabama* to enter dock for necessary repairs, placed her commander in a situation which prevented him from declining without dishonor a combat in which his vessel was lost."

Perhaps this may dispose of Captain Semmes's contention that he challenged the *Kearsarge* and voluntarily brought on the fight. In fact, he fought, as Mr. Slidell said, because a "point of honor" had been raised—not by Semmes, for he was trying to get permission to dock his boat, but by public opinion, which insisted on treating the officers and crew of the *Alabama* as warriors. M. Dentu said of them: "Ils croyaient à la victoire; mais la défaite elle-même devenait la justification de leur longue carrière, et ils acceuillerent gaiement la chance qui venait s'offrir à eux." This persistent assumption that the *Alabama* was a warship made "the situation which prevented Captain Semmes from declining without dishonor a combat." But M. Dentu is wrong in thinking that the engagement was gayly accepted.

Semmes and his unanimously enthusiastic crew were, doubtless, at this time just as desirous to meet a man-of-war as they had been on every previous day

THE "BROADSIDE" AND "PANORAMA"

of their adventurous two years' cruise, but the question whether the point of honor should be raised did not rest with them. It had been raised, and, as M. Dentu remarks, "l'opinion parlait très-haut. . . ." The fact is that the *Alabama* fought from sheer necessity. There is no reflection of enthusiasm in the message by which, after the fight, M. Bonfils thanked the inhabitants of Cherbourg, through the columns of the *Phare,* "for their marks of sympathy given to those who last Saturday confided to him their family papers and touching souvenirs which are addressed to those one loves in preparing for death as a man and a Christian." Rather there seems to be a clear appreciation of the peril which came when the *Alabama* had thrust upon her the rôle of a war-ship.

The *Phare* of Saturday, June 18th, announces:

> The American Confederate corvette is still at anchor in our roadstead, where she is taking on coal, which does not indicate that she will repair here, as the report has been.
>
> The Federal cruiser *Kearsarge* continues to tack up and down, out of sight toward the mouth of the bay and going as far as mid-channel.

Apparently on Friday, when the news was collected, it was still a question whether the *Alabama* would go out. According to Paul Godey, *La Mer Côtière,* it was not until Saturday that Captain Semmes "showed himself inflexible," saying that he wished to prove that he was not a cruiser attacking merchant vessels only; and that, being in a naval port, he had taken advice of different French officers, who said that if they were in his place they would fight.

By Saturday, therefore, it seems not only that "l'opinion parlait très-haut," but was taking the form of direct advice. Accordingly the final resolution was reached on that day, and appears in the news then collected and published by the *Vigie* on Sunday, June 19th:

> We said in our last number that the Federal man-of-war *Kearsarge* has been cruising outside the breakwater ever since the arrival in our roadstead of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama.* According to appearances, the latter vessel, which at first was to undergo repairs in our port, is disposed to go out to meet the *Kearsarge.* The iron-clad frigate *La Couronne* has been ordered to escort the *Alabama* to the limit of French waters. The *Alabama* at the present time is taking on coal.

It had been the practice of the *Alabama* during her two years' cruise to preserve, as trophies, chronometers of captured vessels. This practice is mentioned in the New York *Herald* of August 2, 1863:

> Not long since, our correspondent had the satisfaction of meeting an intelligent gentleman who was an officer of rank on board one of the foreign ships of war now cruising in our waters, whose veracity is beyond doubt, and who gave an interesting description of a visit he paid Captain Semmes on board the *Alabama* in the Gulf, very soon after she had destroyed the *Hatteras.* He said in substance about the character of the rebel vessel, what has already been made known to the world through the journals and other sources, that she was a vessel of great speed and powerfully manned and armed; but what most interested me was his account of an entertainment at which he was present in the cabin of the commander—the Admiral, as he is familiarly termed among his crew. The stern of the vessel is circular, and around it runs a sort of sofa or divan; behind the back of this sofa and extending almost half round the cabin were a row of chronometers ticking away, which had been taken from the various vessels captured by the cruiser, and which formed as attractive a part of the cabin furniture of the rebel captain as the scalps in the wigwam of an Indian chief and seem to have been as proudly exhibited.

Forty-five of these chronometers, with a considerable sum of money, Captain Semmes deposited before the battle with French bankers—rather a thrifty course, it was said, for one who so freely charged his enemies with fighting from commercial motives. Mr. George H. Boker well stated the popular sarcasm in his poem:

> "Semmes has been a wolf of the deep
> For many a day to harmless sheep;
> Ships he scuttled and robbed and burned,
> Watches pilfered and pockets turned;
> And all his plunder, bonds and gold,
> He left for his Gallic friend to hold.
> A little overprudent was he
> For a cavalier of high degree."

On Sunday, June 19th, about ten o'clock in the morning, the *Alabama* left

her anchorage and went out to meet the *Kearsarge*, escorted to the limit of French jurisdiction by the French armored cruiser *La Couronne*. As the *Alabama* passed the French line-of-battle ship *Napoleon*, Lieutenant Sinclair says:

> We were surprised and gratified as she manned the rigging and gave us three rousing cheers, her band, at the same time, playing a Confederate air. It must have been an enthusiasm of local birth, a sort of private turnout of their own. It was much appreciated by us, and no doubt stirred our brass lads to the centre.

Captain Winslow had determined to fight far enough out at sea to make escape to a French port impossible. The battle, therefore, took place several miles from shore, but the movements of the two vessels could clearly be distinguished by a difference in the smoke, the *Kearsarge* burning Newcastle coal and the *Alabama* Welsh coal.

It has long been customary in France, during the summer months, to run excursion trains from Paris to the various resorts, and on Thursday, June 16th, the *Phare*, in its "Chronique Locale," contained the announcement that the first excursion train of the season would reach Cherbourg from Paris Sunday morning, leaving again on the return trip Sunday evening. It was the usual summer Sunday excursion—nothing more. Lieutenant Sinclair, in his book, *Two Years on the Alabama*, says that "the news that the *Alabama* is to fight on Sunday, the 19th of June, 1864, is now the common property of Europe; indeed, of all lands, the information being wired to every available point; and the to-be onlookers are concentrating at Cherbourg from all points of the Continent, particularly from Paris." This is a mistake. Mr. Bulloch himself says: "As a matter of fact, not a score of people knew from a Confederate source that the engagement would take place, or when, and the 'thousands of French and English,' who are said to have witnessed it, must have been either the floating and idle population of a seaport, the majority of whom did not know one ship from another, or they were persons who got their information from the United States consul. . . ." The latter suggestion may be disregarded. The consul knew nothing about it except the now open secret that Captain Semmes was trying his best to avoid a fight. The excursionists who reached Cherbourg that Sunday morning were treated to an unexpected sensation. Captain Semmes's resolution "to cease fleeing before the foe" became inflexible on Saturday—he says himself that notice of his intention to go out Sunday morning was given to the port admiral Saturday evening—but the news that he would fight, as we have seen, was never published before the *Alabama* actually went out, unless the statement of the *Vigie* Sunday morning, that "according to appearances" the *Alabama* "is disposed to go out to meet the *Kearsarge*," be regarded as more significant than earlier statements of appearances that the *Alabama* was not disposed to go out.

Cherbourg is a naval as well as a military station, directly facing the coast of England, distant about seventy miles. Many Atlantic steamers leave passengers here and other vessels make it a stopping-place, so among the pedestrians in the streets one meets soldiers, naval men, and every-day sailors, whose costumes all lend interest to the picture *Watching the Fight Between the "Kearsarge" and "Alabama."* To these crowds the excursion train from Paris added its twelve or fourteen hundred passengers, and the excursionists, with the garrison and population of Cherbourg, thronged the breakwater and the hills, where good points of view rented for *des prix enormes*.

About three and a half miles from Cherbourg, on the highlands overlooking the ocean and the entrance to the harbor, is the ancient hamlet of Querqueville—Kirkville or Churchtown, as we might say—so called, no doubt, from the quaint chapel built here in the fifth century, and still standing, one of the oldest chapels in France. To this, in 1700, was added a church, and near by is a convent connected with the church by a narrow passageway about three feet wide with high stone walls and lofty hedges, through which the nuns could walk to church unseen. From this place is a magnificent view of the ocean on one side and the harbor of Cherbourg on the other.

On the 19th of June the Sunday morn-

ing mass was interrupted by the noise of guns; the congregation was dismissed, and peasants, soldiers, nuns, and curé passed out of the church to watch the fight from the cliffs. This is the scene which Mr. Howland has chosen for his picture.

The story of the fight is told in the *Phare* of Thursday, June 22d:

On Sunday, at half-past twelve, the *Alabama* sank in sight of Cherbourg. We would like to report all the events of this drama with as much care as we have put into the collection of the information which has willingly been given us.

Before all let us count the dead and the wounded; I was about to say our dead and our wounded, so general and profound is the emotion here.

The Confederate vessel had a crew of 122 men and twenty-two officers. She was commanded by M. Semmes, fifty-six years old, of whom all have heard, who has kept the sea with his vessel for two years and who was also the commander of the *Sumter*. Some of our officers have witnessed his exploits of gallantry—our naval officers in their campaign in Mexico and our army officers in Algiers. Let the critical think as they will, we are of the country of Surcouf. Inhabitants of Cherbourg who have seen Captain Semmes say that his martial figure with his long mustaches recalls that of General Allard, that soldier exile of France, minister and general of Rundjeet-Sing, who during his life organized and maintained the independence of the Punjab.

The commander of the *Kearsarge* is named Winslow. He is a Southerner, but has followed the cause of the North, and both he and M. Semmes have served on the same vessel.

Three of the crew of the *Alabama* died on the *Kearsarge* of wounds received in the engagement. All three, we believe, had undergone operations.

Eleven wounded are in the hospital. They were burned and wounded, but will be saved. One officer only died so far as we know—the surgeon, Dr. Llewellyn. He was drowned just after he had finished dressing the injury of a wounded man who has been saved.

Another wounded officer taken on board the boat of Major-General Rose died on the boat, where there were also, it is said, some women.*

Five officers were saved by the pilot, Mauger. He and his crew may receive here an expression of the appreciation which their courage deserves. These five officers were brought ashore in the afternoon. Among them is M. Armstrong, who received a slight injury on the left side from the bursting of a shell. The same pilot, Mauger, also brought ashore seven sailors whom he rescued.

In the afternoon fifty-two men from the *Alabama* who were aboard the *Kearsarge* were sent ashore. Is this in obedience to an order from French authorities? Is it in conformity with international law? Is it in accordance with telegraphic instructions from M. Dayton? Is it the necessity of the situation? We do not know, and, furthermore, we do not know the number of wounded on board the Federal vessel. We are equally ignorant, too, whether among her able gunners there were not some French deserters taken on at Brest, where she lay for some time.

A telegraphic despatch dated the 20th of June, at two o'clock in the afternoon, has informed M. Bonfils, Confederate agent in Cherbourg, that the captain and other officers (how many?) had reached shore safe and sound.

We are sure of the foregoing statements. In what follows the story of the fight and the catastrophe there are probably some guesses and some inaccuracies.

It was doubted in Cherbourg whether there would be a fight, and nevertheless it was known that there had been a defiance. It was even said that there had been a challenge, for which romantic motives were assigned. There is no truth in all this—nothing but the fact that the two captains had served together.

All doubt as to a fight disappeared at seven o'clock Sunday morning. At that hour the *Alabama* started her fires; the *Couronne* sent an officer to inform the captain that that armored frigate would escort him to the limit of French waters, but that she would follow the *Alabama* and did not wish to interfere with her movements. The captain was then abed.

Old Captain Rafael Semmes, whom several persons had urged, not without vigor, that he should not venture an engagement, showed himself inflexible on the subject, answering that he wished to prove to the most requiring that he was not a corsair attacking merchant vessels only; that, being in a naval port, he had taken the advice of different French officers, who, putting themselves in his place, said that they would fight. It is the point of military honor placed above feelings of prudence. Who could find fault with the decision?

On Saturday evening, at ten o'clock, M. Rafael Semmes said to M. Bonfils: "I am

* This, it appears, was not true, and the statement was corrected in a subsequent issue.

a Roman Catholic as you are; I cannot to-morrow be present at divine service. Promise me that you will go to mass and will have my purpose announced there."

The request was religiously performed.

Those to whom these details were unknown learned the final resolutions of the captain when at ten o'clock they saw the *Alabama* go out by the west channel and, hardly clear of the breakwater, change her direction to meet the *Kearsarge* coming from the east.

The first cannon shot was fired about eleven o'clock, the two vessels being then about seven marine miles from the breakwater; it was understood that orders from M. Dayton, representing the Government of the North in Paris, cautioned M. Winslow not to engage within five miles of land.

What were the respective forces of the two combatants? The *Kearsarge* was built of stronger wood, and her engine was protected by a covering of chains in coils boarded over. The *Alabama* carried eight guns—six in her starboard battery, one bow gun, and a gun astern. The six guns of the broadside were of about 30 calibre, the stern gun was 58, and the bow gun 100. The *Kearsarge* had one gun less, seven in all—four of a calibre of about 30 in her broadside, one bow gun, and two guns of about 150 calibre.

From the beginning of the fight the two ships presented the starboard side to each other. In a series of circles, perhaps five or six, during which the *Alabama* continually sought to close in on her enemy, in which the distance between the ships varied from 800 to 200 metres and lasting about an hour, many shots were exchanged, less well aimed on the part of the Confederate, pointed with patience and accuracy by the Federal, whose gunners had had experience. Nevertheless, at the outset the *Kearsarge* received a shot amidships, which perhaps, without her covering, might have sunk her. She received several other shots which injured the covering. Her smoke-stack was several times struck, and a ball in the stern-post came within six inches of the rudder.

The *Alabama* also at the outset received a shot amidships, which struck her engine, and from this time on the crew worked and fought in water above the knee; some say above the waist. A second shot settled her fate, breaking the screw and bringing her down by the stern, which threw her bow in the air.

Even before the final blow the *Alabama* had slackened fire and was letting her steam escape. The *Kearsarge* kept up her fire from a considerable distance; then after several minutes the Confederate raised her forward sails and very evidently was trying t reach shore. The Federal never let up o the fire.

Here took place an episode about whicl some doubt has arisen. Did Captain Semme strike his flag? And, in consequence, dic the Federal stop firing? Every one agree that for an instant the flag disappeared, but it is commonly thought that this came from the breaking of the halyard. Most persons say that the flag reappeared on the main-mast. We were, therefore, wrong in writing to *La Patrie* that M. Semmes had struck his flag, as they also are wrong who pretend that the English steam-yacht which took up the captain and some of the officers and men of the *Alabama* by request of the *Kearsarge*, whose boats were injured, had in some fashion stolen prisoners from the *Kearsarge*, which had, so these persons say, the right to sink the yacht.

Everything in M. Semmes's previous conduct contradicts the statement that he lowered his flag, and to this conclusion a trifling occurrence which has been told us gives every appearance of fact. One of the sailors put ashore at Cherbourg says that he was ordered by his captain to take off his shoes and to give him a white shirt and life-preserver. Is not this an indication, among a thousand, that M. Semmes was resolved to leave his flag hoisted rather than to let himself be hoisted aboard the *Kearsarge*?

We believe that we have omitted no detail we have been able to learn. We would still have two tasks to perform, did they not seem superfluous.

The representative of the Confederates at Cherbourg, M. Bonfils, wishes to thank the inhabitants for the marks of sympathy given to those who last Saturday confided to him their family papers and touching souvenirs which are addressed to those one loves in preparing for death as a man and a Christian. Why should spontaneous involuntary sympathy always somehow answer to sympathy? The inhabitants of Cherbourg feel that the Confederates, wounded or safe and sound, know these marks of affectionate pity. As to the pilot Mauger, who has been so fortunate as to prove not only sympathy, but courageous devotion, we have praised and thanked him in the only way in which a man of spirit can be praised and thanked—we have simply told the facts.

We have also a duty to contradict some absurd stories which have received credit—as to the deposit of six millions of money. This is the fact—118,000 francs are in the hands of a banker in the city, 20,000 in specie in the custom-house.

If this account is animated by favor for the Confederates, will not those partisans

of the North excuse us who remember the refusal of coal to Admiral Bosse and the refusal to our Minister, M. Montholon, of permission to land a couple of saddle-horses?

The story which the editor of the *Phare* could not believe—that the *Alabama* had surrendered—was true. The account of the battle being essentially correct, other errors may well be passed over. It is impossible, however, to ignore entirely the efforts which have been made to explain the *Alabama's* defeat.

Semmes says that the enemy "did not show me a fair fight, for, as it afterward turned out, his ship was iron-clad." The complaint, if true, was a strange one for Captain Semmes to make, and might have been more favorably received had Semmes never attacked weaker vessels than his own, nor lured unarmed ships to destruction by what he has himself called, when practised by others, a "flaunting lie"—the display of false colors. But the statement that the *Kearsarge* was "iron-clad" was untrue. Captain Winslow hung his spare anchor chains over the midship section of his vessel. Had Captain Semmes done the same his vessel would equally have been "iron-clad." The advantage which the *Kearsarge* had was of seamanship, not of construction.

Moreover, Semmes, according to Lieutenant Sinclair, fought "with full knowledge that the midship section of the *Kearsarge* was protected by bights of chain cables hung over her sides."

This explanation of the defeat being put aside, Lieutenant Sinclair finds that the true cause lay in an unexpected defect in the *Alabama's* powder, first observed after the engagement had begun. Two months earlier, he says, the powder was known to be in good condition, for at that time the *Alabama* had tested it in target practice upon one of her captures, the *Rockingham*. When Captain Semmes went into action with the *Kearsarge*, therefore, "there was no suspicion of deterioration in our powder," and the fact, he says, was only learned when shells from the *Alabama* failed to explode.

First Lieutenant Kell, the executive officer of the *Alabama*, says that when the *Kearsarge* first appeared off Cherbourg he reminded Captain Semmes "of our defective powder . . . as proven on the ship *Rockingham*, when certainly every third shot was a failure to explode." This surely is an error. Captain Semmes himself, in his account of the cruise of the *Alabama*, says of the practice on the *Rockingham* that, "we made a target of the prize, firing some shot and shell into her with good effect." This does not suggest defective powder; and, indeed, the notion was probably an afterthought.

It is stated that the *Kearsarge* fired 173 shots in this action, while the *Alabama* fired 370. These figures speak for themselves. The adequate explanation of the result of the battle was, as the *Phare* says, that the guns were "less well aimed on the part of the Confederate, pointed with patience and accuracy by the Federal, whose gunners had had experience." "The result of the action," Mr. Bulloch says, "was determined by the superior accuracy of the firing from the *Kearsarge*. The damage she inflicted upon the *Alabama* was more than sufficient to have destroyed her; and inasmuch as the *Kearsarge* received no mortal wound and came out of the engagement with no material injury, it is only a fair admission to say that the result would probably not have been different under the existing circumstances, even if the *Alabama* had been a larger ship and more powerfully armored." This, too, is the explanation of the victory which the poet of the *Kearsarge*, H. S. Hobson, corporal of marines, has celebrated in seaman's verse. Captain Semmes, he says,

"... got too much of Winslow's syrup
And the eleven-inch Dahlgren pill."

The precise location of the *Alabama* at the time she sank is given by the pilot Gosselin, who assisted in the rescue of sailors from the water and who is now living, as five and a half miles from the Urville beach—north of the rocks known as "Raz de Bannes," and in a depth of about fifty metres of water.

Of the *Kearsarge*, her goings and comings, there were many notices in the Cherbourg papers, until her final appearance in the *Phare* of August 18, 1864, when her wounded sailors rejoined their ship "et le *Kearsarge* cinglant vers le large s'est eloigné à toute vapeur."

Three Roads and a River

BY EMMA BELL MILES

BEFORE the cabin ran the wild mountain stream, its dark-green water, wonderfully clear, sliding under steep banks overhung with thickets of laurel. Just here, after fretting for miles against the bluff, its current swung wide over the shallows and rippled quietly up the shore; up to where the rude raft that was Hutson's Ferry lay idle under a leaning service-tree tasselled now with silvery bloom. The warm sweet tide of spring was rising in the valley, its line of advance visible far up the mountainside in the shapely gold-green tops of tulip trees. But for the first time in fifty springs no quickening of travel was perceptible at this centre of the fan-like network of trails that threaded the ravines and ridges. The government had last year flung a bridge across at the Narrows, where four pines stood black against the tender opalescent mists of the April sunset. And the government's new highway, unmindful of the fate of Hutson's log house and its inmates as of an unfortunately placed ant-hill, cut diagonally across the old road which Hutson's grandfather had built before the war. It shortened the distance between town and settlement by several miles; and even if it had not, what countryman laden with game or produce but would ride out of his way if need be to escape the payment of ferriage and toll?

So, instead of hailing his acquaintance from the toll-shack—which had latterly been put to use as a chicken-shed—old Zion Hutson brooded in his doorway and smoked all through the long spring mornings. The road which his son Shell had been wont for a livelihood to keep in tolerable order was rapidly becoming impassable. Thus seated, the old man could pretend to forget the woful ruin, since it was out of sight; but from the field spring it showed for a long way up the mountain, a mangy scar, worn more ratty and sidling by every rain. And farther up, he knew, the "corduroys" were rotting, and overhanging stones were being let down one by one in frost and thaw.

The winter had been a hard one for a valley in this latitude. Grandmother Hutson, unable to endure it, died of "winter fever" and lack of proper nourishment, and the old man, lost without his mate, was daily becoming feebler. "Every change o' the moon takes something out o' him," said Ona. He muttered to himself continually as he smoked and drowsed in the sunshine; sometimes he broke into curious fragmentary prayers. He was being shredded of his wits by the dragging days.

There was little to eat in the house. To old Zion, who used to kill from five to ten hogs every Thanksgiving, the fact of being without meat was incomprehensible. His mind reverted again and again to the subject, trying to account for the omission of killing-day from the winter's calendar. He seemed to believe that it was in some way Shell's or Ona's fault.

"I don't see what ever could a-went with that big barrer," he would begin, fretfully. "Last time I seed that hog was—" and he would recount time and place with circumstantial detail.

"Why, pap, I'm satisfied the pigs all died up in that bad spell in Jiniwary, same as the bees did," Shell would explain.

"Ef there'd a-been any mast last fall, they'd a-lived through." The old man always accepted Shell's view until next time.

"Yes, ef there'd a-been any mast."

"Anyhow, y'uns missed hit by sellin' ol' Piedy."

Here Ona, who on her children's account needed the cow sorely, turned consoler: "We couldn't a-kep' her through, pap."

"Well," he grumbled, "ye might a-made hit th'oo Jiniwary with her on what crab-grass ye've got stuffed in them two straw-ticks. We-uns could a-slep' on saidge-grass or leaves."

They forbore to argue, and old Zion relapsed into silence.

The orchard came out bravely in its spring array, and Ona helped her husband dig up a truck-patch and plant it with the seed saved from last year's garden—beans, beets, and okra, pumpkins and cucumbers, and a larger patch of cow-peas and field corn; but seed potatoes or onion sets were not to be thought of. The meal was low in the barrel; the coffee was out. There was only a little sorghum, a little lard—salt in the piggin, and vinegar in the keg. Ona felt more frightened at this state of affairs than either of the men.

The two children alone remained outside the shadow that rested on the house. Behind the kitchen was an old Limbertwig whose branches swept the new grass in a circle round the body of the tree; and within this flowery screen they made a playhouse with piled stones and broken crockery, and moss from the spring branch, and early flowers—Sunday-shirts, fish-blossoms, rooster-fights, and wild honeysuckles, stuck into a rusty baking-powder tin. Here they frolicked as though the crumbling smokehouse contained all the plenty of former years. One rainy day they fretted at being housed, till their mother threatened to shut them in the toll-house with the chickens. She put them to bed an hour early, and sat with folded hands before the fire. The darkness was turbulent with rushes of rain, alternating with whooping gusts. Early in the evening had been far-away gleams of lightning and half-heard thunder; but now it was turning cold.

Presently Shell entered, and drawing the loose brands and the forestick forward, threw a thick log on behind.

"Now, Shell, you haul them chunks out," remonstrated old Zion from the shadows of his corner. "You know the sayin', 'A house built over stumps never stands, and a faar built over chunks never burns.'"

"Turned a right smart colder, ain't it?" asked the woman, anxiously.

Shell nodded. "Gwine to be a freeze, I'm afeared."

"Blackberry winter!" muttered old Zion.

"That frost last week only peenched the peaches some. But this here—" Shell's gaze went out the little storm-beaten window, and returned to the bed where his children lay. The danger was too grave for many words. So much depended on the orchard's yield.

Ona, in the firelight, crouching, looked up at her husband. Woman-like she took little count of her own plight; but the sight of her man ragged and hunger-bitten filled her with pity and dismay.

"I wrote to Nettie a-Tuesday," she said, abruptly, breaking a silence. "I 'lowed she'd maybe holp us out some—till the gyarden truck begins to come in."

"Well, shorely 'n' ondoubtedly she will," put in the old man. "Did ye tell her I ain't got no tobacker?"

"Why, she'll know in reason you ain't," said Ona, smiling.

"Ne'er a chaw!" said old Zion, plaintively.

"A-Tuesday—then she ort to git the letter afore this time, I reckon," said the younger man, kicking the forestick and sending up a crackle of sparks. He was ashamed to show the relief he felt at this slender hope.

"She may holp us out till the gyarden comes in."

"Yes, till the gyarden truck comes in."

"I heared Steve Miller was a-doin' well."

"Lord! thirty dollars a month, and nobody to keep but them two."

"Well, he does send some home to his mother," said Ona. "But I hope he can make out to spar' us a little."

She got up and went into the dark inner room to get a drink. Something crackled ever so faintly under the gourd as she dipped it. Was it a leaf? A dry leaf that had fallen into the bucket on its way from the spring? Forgetting to drink, she felt over the surface of the water with trembling fingers. Even then she refused to be convinced; she obtained a sliver of fat pine and lit it at the hearth.

"What you lookin' for?" asked her husband.

"I—drapped the gourd," she replied.

By her miniature torch she examined the thin crystals fast forming round the sides of the bucket. There was no mistake.

"Hit's a-freezin'," she whispered, through dry lips. "Hit's a-freezin'." Extinguishing the little flame, she stood staring into the darkness. Their only hope lay now in Nettie's generosity.

"But she cain't, she couldn't keep us that long. We'll have obleeged to—move. Shell can maybe git work in town, where her man is . . ."

A knock, sounding above the drumming rain, brought her hastily into the main room. Shell flung the door wide; and, pushed by the storm, a woman staggered across their threshold. She reached the fire and crouched over its red warmth with a little moaning cry before throwing back the shawl from her haggard young face and dripping hair.

"Nettie! Lord, if hit ain't Nettie!" cried Ona.

"Why, we-uns was jist a-talkin' about ye!" quavered Nettie's father.

"You sick?" inquired Shell, briefly.

"Well, up-on my soul! what you out in this rain fur? Ain't ye might' near dead?" Ona advanced toward the newcomer, trembling, incredulous.

"I rode as fur as the nigh cut in a huckster's wagon," answered Nettie, spreading her shaking hands almost in the flame, avoiding the gaze of all. "But I got wet walkin' the rest of the way. Hit's a-sleetin' now—freezin' up everything." She folded her arms on her knees and bowed her head upon them. "I don't know what y'uns 'll think o' me comin' home like this, pap; but I didn't have no place else to go."

"Why, Nettie! what's the matter?" Ona crouched beside the shivering form and touched her sister-in-law gently. "Come, honey, git up and set in a chair."

"Steve he's gone," explained Nettie, without raising her face. "Nobody don't seem to know where. He couldn't make nothin' after the mill shet down, and he got out o' heart. I reckon he may have went to look for work som'er's. But people there got to makin' a mock o' me, and I couldn't let on no longer to know where he was at, so I come home for a while, till I hear from him. Oh, my Lord, how I suffer! . . . I didn't have no other way to turn."

"There now! there now!" Ona patted the heaving shoulders, but her own heart sank. The wind, as always before a cold wave, made nightmare sounds over the chimney, hooting like the great ghost-owl of Cherokee myth; the sleet in a fiercer gust leaped and clawed beast-like at roof and door.

"You better fix her a bed, Ona, and a hot drink," said Shell.

"There ain't no coffee," his wife reminded him, going to her store of quilts.

There was a new sound in the cabin before the close of another day—a pinpoint wail stabbing the vast mountain silence, a cry of unnameable desolation, a protest, bitter and piteously thin, against the untried task of living. Ona alone tended on the helpless two. Ere the lean years had gnawed away their substance, the Hutsons had fronted their world with a gay independence, a cheery arrogance which neither asked nor gave; they would not now cry for help. And since latterly Zion had relinquished his post as autocrat of affairs religious, the three or four neighbors, a few miles up river and down, had more than ever got into the way of letting them alone. So Ona and Nettie won through the terrible hour unaided.

The sun on the evening of the birth set golden fair, but it was on a blighted garden. The orchard was a spectacle of marvellous beauty—bough after bough sheathed in clear ice ere a bud could shrivel or a petal fade; fairy gold, sure to melt with dawn. Shell broke a glittering spray and fetched it in for the women to look at.

That week saw the last of Ona's chickens, each of which tided the family over another day and furnished Nettie a bowl of broth. Old Zion almost forgot his longing for tobacco in his joy at seeing his daughter at home; but Shell and his woman, needing every bite for their own little ones, could give scant welcome to another mouth. The situation was managed, however, with the adroitness usual to the mountaineers, and it was not until she was up and about again that, in helping with the housework, Nettie discovered their extreme necessity.



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

SECRETLY ADDING THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE

She felt bound to speak of it. The two women were sewing, having found some old things that could be cut into little garments. The light from the doorway fell upon their glinting needles; the air came in softly, as if no blade of frost had mowed the land.

"Yes—two days more, and there won't be even pones and white gravy," Ona confessed.

Nettie swayed gently the little bundle in her lap beneath the sewing. "Nor no more white beans like we had yesterday?"

"I borrowed that mess from Mis' Nicklin; I've done borrowed of her till I'm pine-blank 'shamed to show my face there any more. Howsomever, I got obleeged to go som'er's to borrow some for seed."

"You got nothin' to plant again?"

"Little okra, and some beet seed, that's all. Shell, why'n't ye kill some rabbits?"

The man addressed lifted his head and stared sombrely out upon the barren field next the river. "I ain't got more'n three charges o' powder."

"Well, ketch a mess o' them little bony pyerch, then. Lord! we cain't give up."

"Used to be," piped old Zion, suddenly, "that a man here could go out and kill him a deer or a turkey afore breakfast."

Shell took down his gun from the rack over the fireboard and fared forth. All that day he was gone. When he returned, after dark, he flung down something heavy, slamming it on the kitchen table without a word. It was a shoat he had killed. It looked to Zion much like one of the Nicklins'; but the head, which might or might not have borne the Nicklins' earmark, was missing.

"Shot all to pieces," the hunter explained to the womenfolk.

There were pots full of pork and strong gravy now; but this was not the food needed by the young ones, who soon gan to look puny and downcast. So Nettie, leaving her baby in Ona's care, went far and wide, foraging in all fence mers and under sunny banks for frost- l shoots which the sun had coaxed fresh. These salads, deliciously ived with salt, vinegar, and drip- eked out their fare for many days; meantime, as Nettie was fond of pointing out, the bean vines came apace. Only in the young mother's sea-colored eyes was a radiance of hope; her spirit was as bright against the others' moping as her hair against the smoky interior of the cabin.

Ona was frying the last of the meat (they had traded a quarter to some camping hunters for meal), when the little boy ran to her crying, "Mammy, I'm find somep'n." He showed a handful of crumpled green tips. "In gyarden."

His mother could not restrain a cry of delight. "Them white multipliers o' ma's—and pa'snips! Oh, I do hope there's enough for a mess—"

The child, elated at having produced a sensation, went to point out his trove among the dry stalks and kecksies of the unploughed field; and that day Ona surprised the family with vegetables for dinner. "Hit ain't a mess—jist a bite around," said she. But Nettie slipped her portion on to the children's plates.

It was two or three days after this that her own baby began the continuous moaning fret of hunger. She looked upon him in despair.

"I'd take 'nd wash that baby in the deeshwater if he was mine," said Ona. "That was my mammy's rimidy. I couldn't count ye the peakid babies she fattened that way. Hit's greasy, you know, and they git the stren'th of hit."

"There cain't be a great deal o' stren'th in our deeshwater," said Nettie, walking the floor with her child. She had maintained that same unavailing pace for hours.

"Eh-law!" said the other mother, watching her. "Childern never pays for their raisin'."

"They do!" flashed Nettie, lifting the downy head to her cheek. "Mine evens up hits little account with me every day of hits innocent life."

That same evening Shell returned from a three days' quest for work.

"Nobody wouldn't talk to me about hit," he said. "Where I wasn't knowed at sight they taken me for a tramp. I heared the's men now a-walkin' the streets in the Settlemint, so I never went there. But a feller told me of a womern furder on that lived by herself and wanted a man to take charge of

her place. Well, I went plumb on out there, and she—she—sicked the dawg on me."

He fell silent, but the two children burst into sobbing.

"Puppy—never—brought us nothin'!" cried the little girl, burying her head in her mother's lap.

Shell Hutson stood up. His face became terrible. Ona shrank away from him affrighted for a moment; but all he said was: "Oh, baby! Honey!"

Then he went out. The children cried themselves into a restless sleep. Though the two women sat beside the hearth till daybreak, Shell did not come in again.

There was meal gruel for breakfast, and in the cloudy dawn old Zion set forth with knife and basket, having bethought himself of a burnt cabin down the river where might be found yet another mess of poke salad. It was a dark morning, the sheet of cloud drawn smoothly over from the west; for all daylight a low pale illumination streamed from beneath its fringes that swept the eastward forest. Sounds came far through the heavy atmosphere; he delayed his plodding more than once to hear, with a deep despondency, the wheels of laden wagons crossing the government's bridge, like the very car of progress leaving him and his in its desolate wake.

He was not disappointed; round the cinder-strewn area stood plant after lusty plant, fresh and succulent as anything ever forced under frames for a city market. As he sat resting on the doorsill of an outhouse which the flames had spared, the glint of a bottle, thrust in a high chink and forgotten, caught his eye. Old Zion reached for it in hope of finding whiskey; but the contents turned out to be a dark fluid of sinister strength, some unknown chemical, at which he sniffed gingerly, till the skull and crossbones on the label apprised him of its dangerous nature.

"Wow! Hit's a good thing I didn't take a swaller 'thout lookin'," he exclaimed. But after he had gathered his basket full of greens he tucked the bottle carefully under the broad, glossy leaves. He had no idea what use he could ever make of it; he acted only from the ancient, half-superstitious reverence for virtues and drugs, and from an inborn reluctance to throw away anything.

"Y'ain't seed Shell yit?" he inquired, as soon as he reached home.

No one had.

"Have ye got ary bit o' meat-grease left? Poke's liable to make people sick if hit ain't cooked up good and greasy. Now, Ona, don't you go and th'ow out them stalks. You'ns have got lots o' vinegar. I'm a-gwine to make us some pickles; they'll be good again' supper-time."

The greens were bubbling in the pot, and the sun lay some hours beyond the noon-mark, when Shell came in. Then from every one of the little assemblage broke a cry of astonishment and joy; for he carried a bag of meal and a salt-pork middling.

"Bought 'em," he informed the company, shortly. His face had not relaxed since last night. Into the hand of his woman he poured a jingle of silver coins; then he dropped heavily across the foot of the bed as though he had been drinking.

"Now, by Jackson!" exulted the old man, "I want you gals to cook like ye was feedin' a rigimint. I wonder—how do you reckon Shell got—" He broke off, and his face changed slowly as he looked at the figure prone there, defeat, in this moment of seeming victory, showing in its every line. In the eager preparation for a supper feast no one heeded old Zion's staring at his son, sinking lower and lower in his chair. Finally he rose unnoticed and hobbled out-of-doors.

Nettie meantime came to the voicing of a matter which had occupied her thoughts all day.

"Ona, you think if you'ns had a cow ye could feed my baby, without me, so he'd thrive?"

"On a bottle? Why, I reckon so. Why, yes. You ain't studyin'—"

"I'm a-studyin' about goin' back to the Settlemint. I can git work there, and holp to keep us all."

"Why! you said ye tried and couldn't!"

"Oh, that was before the baby was born. I can, though, now. . . . I cain't bide here with you'ns; this little bit o' grub won't do us no time." Nettie knew that there was work in town at which a woman could always earn enough to

feed several mouths. It seemed now the only way.

"Well," cried her sister-in-law, an edge put on her tone by her insistent misery, "I wisht ye'd a-said so a good while back!"

Nettie laughed and went to put the baby's small belongings in order. She must send Shell to bargain for Nicklin's fresh cow to-night, and go before the child should awake in the morning; there was no time to be lost. "Pore little man-boy! I'll come home every week, to see that they take good care of ye," she whispered to the wee shirts and frocks. All at once she lifted the blue silk cap that the baby's father had bought only a few days before his disappearance. Something else was folded inside, as being, like the cap, too dainty for actual service—the lace handkerchief Steve had given her on Christmas morning. Heart-wrung, she laid her head on the window-sill and cried her slender strength away.

It was near sundown when she again looked out of the narrow panes; and as she gazed her face brightened unaccountably, as if by some spiritual dawn invisible to the other woman at the hearth.

"I reckon I won't go yit awhile—not to-morrow," she said. "Wait a day or two . . ."

On the bank of the river old Hutson walked up and down, wringing his thin hands, swaying his head, and muttering, muttering, muttering. He was praying for a sign. He had in mind the starved wife he had buried; his daughter deserted and helpless through poverty; his son, he suspected, driven to crime. The vision of destruction clutched his failing heart like the talons of those fiends that abounded in his theology. He could not endure the thoughts that came to him. But there must be some way out, if he could but find it; and he prayed, prayed desperately, that his God would show him the way.

Overhead the clouds were breaking with the close of day. Under their flying lights and shadows the river changed, and changed again, with indescribable pale hues, colors of strange metals molten, alloys of copper and silver; now sheeted gray as aluminum without a gleam, again taking lights as of dusty gems, amethyst and emerald and beryl, with riffles of blinding silver spreading below the shoals. With eyes closed, still crying out with all his soul, he turned round and round slowly, in the midst of his unsown field, seven times. . . . Now for the sign.

He looked upon the cold rain-swollen stream. Here beside him met the crooked ways of all the world. Behind him his mother-mountain had cloaked herself in the majesty and mystery of Sinai. To him those smooth-worn phrases, names, and metaphors coined in the vanished fervors of a people's lyric passion were glorious with deathless values. The meanings he read into them, however different these might be from the intention of originators in the ports of the Levant, had through a lifetime's brooding worn, not grooves, but sunless gorges in the fabric of his mind. To one who habitually sought the imagery of the Apocalypse everywhere, cherishing even homely plants by such fantastic names as Balm of Gilead or Tree of Heaven, it was inevitable that the mountain stream should long have symbolized the River of Death. And across there, as he looked, the sudden glory of a sunset clearing after rain turned the spring-empurpled hills to rose and gold. The water flamed into glass mingled with fire; for a few moments his world lay steeped in a jewel-light. It seemed a covenant and a promise.

"Jist over, jist over Jordan," he muttered. "Hit must be so. Death 'ud be better for all of us. The Good Master never intended for anybody to live sech a life, anyhow. . . . Hit's onchristian. Hit makes women like pore Nettie and her mother; and thar's Shell's boy—ef he don't learn to rob and steal, he'll end up jist like—me. Provideth not fur his own—too old." He joined his hands and shut his eyes once more; and shaking his white hair in the soft damp wind, he concluded very softly:

"Lord, I thank Thee for the Sign; send me now the grace and stren'th to do Thy will, and receive us all in the kingdom. Amen."

The water faded swiftly to a pallid jacinth in the gray matrix of twilight.

He went slowly back into the house,

and forthwith prepared his poke-stalk pickles, secretly adding to the vinegar the contents of the bottle he had brought from the burnt cabin shed. They were presently set on the table with a great steaming bowl of white gravy, and the greens, and the pones and fried meat. How delicious it all looked and smelled! The two children wriggled on their chairs while the old man asked an unusually long blessing on the food he believed to have been stolen; but he would not eat anything except the relish he knew to be poisoned, partaking with the air of one receiving sacrament. Then all ate of it but Nettie.

"I'm afeared to resk givin' the baby a colic by the sour," she objected, when urged.

Her father turned upon her, his face working. "You're a fool not to eat 'em, gal," he cried, in an uneven, febrile voice; then, as she shrank, he muttered, "God's will—God's will be done," and said no more, evidently deeming that the matter might be safest left in the hands of his Lord. But Nettie wondered, not for the first time, if her father were mad.

Shell and his family presently staggered away to bed, curiously drowsy, leaving the dishes unwashed, the hearth unswept, and no wood brought for the breakfast fire.

"A heavy supper does make a body so-o sleepy!" smiled Ona. "What air you a-singin' for, Nettie? You ac' like ye had all the money in the bank to draw on."

"I have," answered Nettie, with the mountaineer's inconsequent defiance. It was truer than she knew. Had she not from the first drawn upon the living strength whose source is inexhaustible?

Ona lay down without removing her clothes, and drew the coverlet up to her chin. It was Nettie who straightened the house for the night, brought chips in her apron, and went to the spring for water, singing still, with that strange mingling of content and hope imperishable in her sea-gray eyes. Night had fallen, with the blind clouds again riding swift and low; now and then one swooped to blot out every vestige of the landscape; she could not see her way, but her feet found their path a step at a time—and she could sing.

Afterward she sat before the few embers that remained of the cooking fire, nursing her babe. The rain again set in, and she closed the door lest the damp blow on the little head. Old Zion was still nodding; his voice quavered faintly from the corner shadows, and she made out that he was trying to repeat a hymn—"Will the waters be chilly?" But the rhythm faltered and sank into muttering. "Death in the pot," she caught; and then, "The will o' God, the will o' God."

They were his last words. She laid the baby to sleep, and turned to persuade her father to go to bed. It was close upon midnight now. Something in the huddled posture of the figure in the chair struck cold to her heart. She was suddenly aware that she no longer heard the breathing of the sleepers, which had been loud when they first lay down.

On trembling knees she halted forward, her hand outstretched. "Pappy?" she whispered. "Pappy! *Pappy!*"

Her fingers touched the withered cheek. It was already cold. With a scream, she crouched back, staring; then turned and ran to the bed where Shell and Ona lay side by side, their children at their feet.

Still crying out, she grasped and shook them. "They cain't be dead! Oh, pappy—Shell—Ona—cain't you hear me callin' ye!" she sobbed, over and over. "Why, hit's only a little while sence we was all settin' at supper!"

She turned once more to the hearth, only to find the old man's body slipped sideways from the chair. The blades of Fate's shears had swung together, dividing Nettie and her child from that doomed family. As she clamored, beside herself with the sudden horror, the little creature waked and added its shrill wail to her outcry—and the others were all still and mute as stone. Catching up the babe, she started, with an unformulated intention of going for help; she did not know that she had already twice shrieked her husband's name.

As if in answer to that cry, the door burst open; fragments of its rude latch flew spinning across the room, and a man halted a moment on the threshold, bewildered by the firelight, unable at first to see what lay before him.



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

"SOME SCOUNDREL KNOCKED ME DOWN FROM BEHIND"

"Oh, Steve! Oh, Steve!" she cried, running to him, clutching the arm he put out, clinging to it, the child between them, and dragging him so into the room. In the terror of that moment she found nothing strange in his presence there.

"Nettie!" his deep voice reassured her; his big arm went around her with a sturdy support which brought comfort, even facing the stark tragedy to which they now turned.

The next day, while Mother Nicklin and the neighbors who had been summoned put everything in order for the dignity of death, Nettie lay on her bed as one half stunned. After all was over and the poor bodies laid to rest in the burying-ground on the hill, she rose and went with Steve and their child down to the river, to sit, pale and weak, on the old raft in the quiet sunshine. She had passed worthily through her great trial, and gained the peace that lies on the other side. Little waves lisped and patted upon the black half-sodden timbers; small perch leaped now and again with a happy flash; overhead the ripening service-berries hung against the new-rinsed sky. The hills were wonderfully blue, swept with a besom of rain; and up and down stream was a miracle of purple rhododendron.

She smiled at her husband over the baby's rosy sleep. He softly stroked her shoulder, though he wondered at her smiling.

"Hit was pore pappy—caused—what happened back yon," she answered his look. "I've seed for some time his mind was failin'."

The young husband agreed soberly. "Some o' the folks found a bottle," he told her. "Aconite, they called it. Your pappy must have been out of his mind."

"Yes," Nettie murmured. "Nobody would want to die. We seed a awful hard time, Steve," she added, simply. "But look like where the' was little 'uns—nobody would aim to die."

The man's brown cheek crimsoned. "Oh, Nettie," he cried, "I was comin'! I come as soon as I had anything to fetch ye. I've been seekin' for ye, up and down and all about, for two-three days, honey. I'd never been here, you know, and look like nobody couldn't tell me so I could locate the place. I was right nigh here a-yesterday, with money in my hand for ye—and them that's gone, pore souls—when a quare thing happened; some scoun'l set on me—knocked me down from behind, and robbed me of several dollars in silver before I come to."

Nettie caught her breath and looked at him stealthily. But Steve had not recognized in the shrouded and shaven Shell his assailant of yesterday, and his wife did not tell him of her suspicions.

"I never heard of a robbery in these parts before," Steve said. "But the feller didn't take my roll o' bills! Never found it, I reckon, as it chanced." He showed her the precious little hoard lying in his hand. "Now, Nettie," he glanced toward the house, then to that one of the three ill-mended roads that wound away toward the burying-ground, bent his head a moment with the air of one who makes his devoir to the dead, and went on, "you 'n' me 'll go back to Pyriton, where I've been. I can have steady work there; and we'll send this chap to school when he's older."

The wife nodded above her child's head, the wisdom of the mother-creature alight in her sea-blue eyes. "I knowed you was a-comin' back to us, Steve. I just knowed that," she murmured. "I said so to myself when I was a-singin' the baby to sleep last night."

"Last night." The awe and wonder of it grew upon the man's face. "Why, girl, do ye know, I'd 'a' turned back last night, I was that tired and discouraged, but I heard you singin'—and then you called me."

"Yes," she answered, with simple confidence, "I jist expected ye, from the time I looked out yestidy and seed the sun shinin' on the hills across the river."

Things That are Worth While

BY E. S. MARTIN

WE may, or may not, think well of our individual selves, and it is a wise precaution against disappointment that we should not think too well, but surely we do right to think with much respect of our species. There is a vast deal of life in the world with which we are imperfectly familiar. We don't know everything that goes on in a drop of water; the bees and the ants are most respectable morsels of creation, from whom we learn lessons as it is, and might doubtless learn more and better ones, if we knew more about them. But from our point of view, and basing our opinion on what we do know, by far and away the biggest thing on earth is man, and how to make the most of him must be considered the most important subject of human consideration. That is what every youth in every school and university is trying to learn; what every teacher is trying to teach. To that end the directions in the catechisms—if any young person of this generation sees a catechism—are given us; for that is our errand on earth, and so best we glorify God and enjoy him forever.

We do well at the very start to realize that we shall never make the most of ourselves by working, or striving, entirely on our own hook and for our own individual selves alone. One of the first great subjects of which we should try to gain understanding is the subject of the relations of men. That we are all a good deal bound together, that together more or less we go forward or back, it takes no long experience of life to disclose. We begin early to have that lesson taught us, and we proceed under instruction in it to the last day we live. And some of us learn it and some do not. If we do, it goes far sometimes to make up for an apparent lack of considerable success in other pursuits; and if we do not, a great apparent success in other pursuits may ill make up to us for our failure in that. For the great reward in life is, after all, not, primarily, material acquisitions, in whatever abundance, but a condition of mind; in thoughts that console and inspire, in inspirations that well up inside of us and make us glad to be alive, in impulses that drive us on to actions and courses of conduct that satisfy the demands of the spirit, no matter what the issue. Character, and conduct reasonably consistent with it, are life's great rewards; and character and conduct affect at every turn, and are affected by, our relations with our fellows.

As we regard men, so they are apt to regard us. If, as we look out in the world, we see a few people that we know and all the rest "strangers," we are apt to shrink from it; and if we do, our offishness is apt to be reciprocated. But if we really have in us the sentiment of the old-time philosopher, who thought nothing human quite alien to himself, it makes a vast difference, and the world, instead of being full of strangers, becomes straightway full of *folks*.

One sees that difference of attitude in small children. There are some of so fortunate an inheritance that, from the time they are conscious of sight, they look out in a world of friends. And others, who, just as instinctively, either distrust or shrink from all but their intimates, or show a cautious discrimination as to whom they shall trust. The ideal attitude for us to have toward men in general is that of a very nice and fearless child. We have Scripture for that, and, as comparatively few of us get that attitude by birth, we do well to cultivate as near an approach to it as our cautious and prejudiced minds may consider safe in a world which is partly populated by venders of gold bricks.

Our religion is largely a sort of science of human relations. Its motto, one may say, is, "Peace on earth, good will to men"; its golden precept is, "Do unto

others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and to bring folks into accord with its spirit seems to be not only the aim of the churches and all the pious machinery of our time, but nowadays of all the politicians who seem to have any impressive measure of leadership. The great cry in politics is for a "square deal," and that is just the Golden Rule in different language. I read in a newspaper that "the moral sense of the country is in revolt against all kinds of extortionate business" and that it has "ceased to be right to make all the money one can without regard to the future of the country." Everywhere there are signs of that spirit. Nobody asks for an equal division of the wealth or of anything else. Communism has no hold on our people, and socialism very little. What they do want is a fair chance. They want to get at least as much as they are willing to give. They are quite willing that superior ability, or forethought, or thrift, or energy, or even luck, shall gain a superior reward, but they want the game to be fair and the reward to be compatible with future rewards for other folks who may deserve them, now or hereafter. They don't want *all* the sources of reward to be cornered. They don't want any group or squad of men to monopolize or control the sources of wealth, or the law-making power. When they see that being done, they get uneasy and begin to mutter and are very apt to take unwise measures of prevention and say rash things and cast rash votes and pass rash laws.

If they go too far they have to come back again, but the instinct is a sound instinct, whatever may be its faults of exposition. It is the instinct that recognizes the true relations of men, that they belong to one another—not the many to the few, to have them and to use them, but all men to all men, the strong to be the defence of the weak, the wise to be the brains of the stupid, the great to be fathers of the little. To keep the earth, in so far as is consistent with progress and individual development and common sense, the heritage of all who dwell on it—that is the aim of our day, as indeed it has always been a driving motive behind most politics that have had any very deep root in the soil of this country.

One thing, then, that is worth while, is to understand the relations of men, both what they are and what they must be; in what rights and estates men must be rated equal; in what powers and circumstances and attributes they are bound always to be unequal; what inequalities it must be the aim of law and of teaching and of religion to correct, and what are the necessary resultants of liberty and free will, and must be left to the medication of the processes of nature and of time.

And it is especially worth while that we Americans, who live in a big community, separated by great distances from our brethren whose political and economical destinies are linked with ours, should understand how very like in their essential qualities men are; how very like in their wants, their aspirations, their reasonings, and their individual differences and disparities are the men in Texas to the men in New York, and the men in Massachusetts to the men in California. Human nature has only one pattern, though there are many variations of it. American human nature is not only all of the same pattern, but there seem to be only two considerable variations of it which must be considered permanent. White and black are not to blend in this country, but apparently all the other human strains may. In blood the blending does not come so very fast, except among the people that were originally of Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon derivation. But the blending of spirit, of understanding, of expectation, is wonderfully rapid. Soil, food, and climate make their inevitable record on the bodies that they sustain; language, schools, customs, and laws shape minds; and there is something in the air that touches and educates the spirit, teaching it with every inhalation new thoughts and new expectations about human life and the relations of men.

What else is worth while? Money? Yes; undoubtedly money, or what we have in mind when we say money. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," says the sage. Letting riches alone, it takes money to avoid and abolish poverty; indeed, in these days of high prices it takes rather an embarrassing amount of it.

Wealth, in one phase of it, is like accumulated life. It is the accumulated fruits of labor, and that is the next thing to life. In wealth are the possibilities of richer and fuller life, but only the possibilities. The fulness of life depends on whether the possibilities can be realized, and that, of course, depends upon the human factor. At the start man's struggle is for bare subsistence. The struggle is apt to be good for man. Out of the temperate and northern zones, where the struggle has been hardest, the best races of men have come. But, as the struggle begins to succeed, man, if he is good for much, and capable of high civilization, reaches out for something more than subsistence. Civilization is the development of wants, and the satisfaction of most wants depends a good deal on wealth. There are wants whereof the satisfaction is mere indulgence, and there are others whose satisfaction means every kind of progress. Wealth facilitates education, the increase and spread of knowledge, the development of countries, the organization of the maintenance of human life, so that less labor will afford subsistence, and more time and energy will be left for other things. The wealth of a nation makes for national progress of all sorts up to the point where too many people get lazy and want to live without work, and lose energy and power because they are not compelled to exert themselves. The wealth of an individual gives increased power to realize his thoughts, gives choice of occupation, time and means for extended undertakings, travel, leisure, health sometimes, because he can rest and buy wise advice and skilful care. Incidentally it gives him the opportunity to grow comfortably and slowly worthless, but that is an opportunity that he can usually avoid if he will.

Money is worth while, and we all want a due portion of it, so long as it means increased fulness of life. To live in a rich country is an advantage because life is usually fuller there, and opportunities are greater and more accessible. But money is only valuable as a means of prosecuting to better advantage this experiment of human life. If by getting money you get more and better life, you are ahead on the transaction, but if you devote your life to getting money and get it and nothing else, you have made a bad bargain. Your life was your great capital, and you have swapped it for a perishable thing, which you can't take with you when you lay your life down. So let us not stake our whole lives on making money. Let us make some by all means if we can—earn it, save it, add to the world's capital and our own; but keep it where it belongs—the incident of work, not the end of living or even of work.

A very moderate income, differing according to circumstances, time, and place, suffices to bring within the reach of any wise man the most important opportunities that life offers. Education nowadays and in this country is easily come by. The poverty that grinds and blights and dwarfs seems fairly easy to avoid. Who is diligent and temperate and is blessed with health and fair mental capacity ought to get money enough for his needs and his development in this country. Because money is the convenient measure of so many sorts of effort we are apt to think of it as the great end of human endeavor. But that is a fallacy. There are great men who never get much money, and pretty small men who get a great deal. It depends a good deal on what they try for and what they are willing to pay for it.

Education is worth while whether you think of it as the acquirement of knowledge or as training. It should include both, and usually it does. There are lots of different methods and processes of education, tapering down from the colleges and their supplementary institutions to that "experience" which Franklin said is such "a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that." In one school or another, including the great school of human experience, every one of us is a pupil all his days. And indeed to learn and be trained seems to be the purpose of our whole experiment with life. I can't think of any other adequate reason for our being here.

The whole of the world's progress seems to result from the accumulation of knowledge and the handing of it down from generation to generation. Men change slowly. It is hazardous to claim that they are abler or better now than men were

as many thousand years ago as history reaches back to. But they undoubtedly know more now than they did then. There is more to know. More of truth has been discovered and revealed. Access to it is immeasurably freer and its diffusion is wonderfully accomplished. The great men of remote antiquity seem as great as our greatest—possibly greater—but we credit the average man of our day with being much more competent and knowing vastly more than the average man of two—three—five—seven thousand years ago. The great hope of the world is in the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge—including that better understanding of human relations which came to earth with Christianity—and its transmutation into wisdom and power.

What is education for? To teach us how to live; to develop our powers; to teach us to think; to teach us to find our place in the world, to find out what to do and how to do it. Any process that accomplishes these things is education. We speak of a man who has been through a college as an "educated man." There need be no quarrel with that use of the phrase, for it conveys an idea; but of course there are other processes of education besides those provided by the colleges and schools. One such process is the period of military service required of most men in Germany and France and other Continental countries of Europe. We should hate to have such a requirement here, but it does give a valuable training in certain things—in neatness, in responsibility, in respect for law and authority, all things valuable to have. And no doubt it rouses and stimulates many sluggish minds and bodies, and is a useful training for very many who undergo it, though for many more who don't require it it may be wasteful of time.

College education has made an enormous growth in extent and popularity in the last thirty years. The American people undoubtedly like it and mean to keep on with it. Now and then somebody denounces it, and all the time it is under criticism for not accomplishing what it should, and much of that is useful criticism. Men who have started young and poor in industrial or business life and by dint of diligence and natural abilities have come out rich sometimes take a restricted and narrowly industrial view of life, and say that the colleges are of no use and spoil men for practical work. One such person was quoted the other day as declaring in this strain that higher education costs the country at least a hundred million dollars a year, and that "this enormous sum is literally thrown away, much to the injury of the country and its people." It is quite enough to say that the people don't agree with that opinion. They know better, and it should be added that out of the ranks of the boys who started in poor and early in industrial or business pursuits, and came out rich, have come very many of the most tireless and munificent givers to colleges and builders-up of universities. These men, having seen one side of life, have learned to value the other sides of it. That is one reason for their gifts. The other is, that having a great superfluity of means and being anxious to bestow some of it where it will do good, the surest benefit they see that can be extended by gifts of money is education.

A college education is not conducive to the acquirement of a large fortune, though it betters one's chance to make a decent living. But that ought to be rated as one of its good points, because huge fortunes are giving thoughtful people a good deal of anxiety in these days. We are not afraid there will be too few of them, but rather too many, and anything that tends to restrict their number, and spread the wealth of the country out a little thinner, is so much gain.

The aim of colleges is not to teach men to get rich, but rather to train them to be useful. They do that. They train in these days a remarkable proportion of extremely useful men, especially in public life, where sound thinking, truth-seeking, law-upholding men must work and fight and win, if our great experiment in representative government is to succeed.

Is alcohol worth while? It is a question very much before the country in these times. There is no doubt that alcohol in its various potable forms costs very dear. The drink bill is big. The damage bill, which we look upon as a consequence, is enormous. There is a strong and

wide-spread disposition to cut down both, and that unquestionably is sound.

There is no use of talking about rum and such things as though man had in him little, simple, coffee-mill works. He is no vegetable, nor even a simple animal, but a complicated and obstreperous machine, and one of his valuable qualities is his capacity to be stimulated. The greatest stimulant that has been vouchsafed to him is woman, but he can also be stimulated by love, by hope, by religion, by knowledge, by avarice, by food, alcohol, tea, coffee, tobacco, and drugs. And so can woman. The more man can rely on her and on the spiritual and mental stimulants, the less need he will have of the more deleterious material ones. He must have food—*some* food. Tobacco has not been effectively indicted yet, though it may be any moment—tea and coffee are admitted to be good, so the main question is about alcohol and drugs.

Does man need alcohol at all? Man needs but little here below, and his need of alcohol gets less and less of respectable endorsement every year. Less and less do people drink alcoholic beverages, or are such beverages recommended to people, under the impression that they are *good* for them. Speaking by and large, alcohol seems not to be wholesome —though it may be considered to be of value as a drug—but some forms of it are pleasant to take and have a pleasant immediate effect, and can be made by careful persons to add somewhat to the joy of living without exacting any very serious penalty.

Legislation should leave to men who are still *compos mentis* reasonable discretion and freedom of choice as to whether, and when, and what they shall drink, but should very carefully regulate their liberty to enrich themselves by the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, and by inducing other folks to drink them.

The encouraging signs of our time anent drink are the increase of abstemiousness and even of abstinence among the intelligent, the fair success of local-option laws, and the refusal of employers to tolerate drinking among workers in employments of high responsibility. Alcohol seems constantly to be better understood. Impatience with the mischief it does is increasingly deep and persistent, and effort to abate those mischiefs is ceaseless. All that is encouraging.

Alcohol is not the root of all evil. The root is still the love of money, as heretofore. They tell us alcohol is a poison. Doubtless money is a poison also. It often works as though it were. Fatigue produces a poison in the body—so the learned doctors say; but we cannot get along without some of the poisons—not without some money and some fatigue. Whether the civilized world would be better off without any alcohol I do not know. Philosophically speaking, it may be of more use as an antidote to other poisons than we appreciate. Cocaine is worse. Opium is worse. Patent medicine is not much better. We can be sure, though, that our world is consuming a great deal more alcohol than is good for it, and would be better off with less.

Are votes for women worth while? It is not exactly man's business to decide, though he and his vote constitute the machinery by which the decision will be made if it ever has to be made at all. Man's business, as it concerns woman, is to provide, in so far as lies in him, that she shall not regret being born into this world a woman and not a man. His concern is to see that she has, in so far as he can manage it, as full and satisfying a life as he has himself, a life unlike his, but not less richly endowed than his with the opportunity for full development. That responsibility man in ordinary circumstances takes with a good deal of philosophy, being much disposed to get all he can, and let woman help herself to such a share of it as she is inclined to convert to her use. This method seems to work pretty well. I think the great majority of American women are still as nearly satisfied with it as they hope to be with things in this world. But a very considerable fraction of them in England and a very active if not considerable fraction of them here insist nowadays that their life is not as full nor their opportunities as ample as they should be, and that they won't be until woman gets the right to vote.

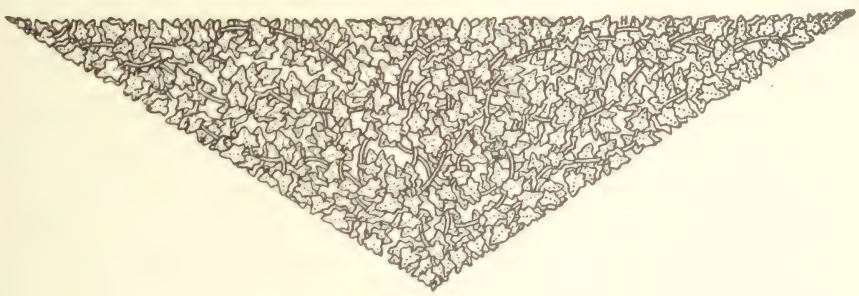
This disposition, when it has gone on long enough and been expounded with sufficient vigor on enough platforms and

in enough newspapers, tends after a while to make man a bit uneasy, and brings him into the condition of continually taking stock of himself and his belongings to see what he has got that woman wants, and whether he has got enough —whether there is enough in life—to satisfy her.

For every wise man knows that one of the things most worth while is to command the active, willing, and intelligent co-operation of women in the management of human affairs. He must have it. There is no price, consistent with human progress and the persistence of humanity, that is too great for him to pay for it. If woman ought to have an immediate, instead of an indirect, share of political power, of course it is only a matter of time when American women will have it. In the long run, nothing that they want is going to be denied them that is in the gift of American men.

There is no very wide-spread persuasion of the infallibility of man, but there is no doubt at all of the mutual interdependence of men and women. They do the world's work between them, dividing it according to their especial gifts and capacities. Between them the voting is going to be done, for the benefit of both, and to my mind it doesn't matter very much whether the men do it all or the women do a part of it. Either way the real rulers of the world, men and women, will rule it, and the real sharers of its destinies, men and women, will shape them.

I confess to being more in sympathy with the women who prefer not to vote than with those who want to. Perhaps I flatter man, but it seems to me he is rational rather more days in the year than woman is, and so a little more reliable as a voter. But that is of no great consequence. I observe that every modern father wants to bring it about that his daughter shall be in the most possible degree the arbiter of her own fate. He wants her to be a free woman, and to have, somehow, everything that is good for her, and, if necessary, to be able to get it for herself. If she marries, he wants her marriage to be an equal partnership. The whole theory of the relation of men and women is nowadays under scrutiny and is sharply assailed by critics. If that troubles us, our best solace is likely to be found in the reflection that, after all, it does not matter so very much about theories on that subject, because Nature is deeply concerned in it, and is not very polite to theories. If they go the way she is travelling, they succeed; if they cross her path, they get run over. The man and woman question, and all of its theories and modifications are in the keeping of Nature as heretofore, and there they will remain whether woman votes or not.



The Sad Case of Quag

BY HARRISON RHODES

IN the third year of its existence the Lake City Women's Club chose for its winter course of reading, Mesopotamia, its history and antiquities. Some of the more ardent students thought that in a five months' period they ought to cover Assyria and Persia as well, but in the interests of thoroughness it was decided to limit the ladies to the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, whose thirty or forty centuries of resounding history they could thus master with comparative ease.

In the fiftieth year of his life Mr. Samuel Quag was still where he had been for a quarter of a century, in the Oriental Section of the British Museum; more narrowly and definitely he was Curator of Chaldean Antiquities, and one of the three leading European authorities upon a subject which no longer strikingly excites popular interest—if indeed it ever did.

That these third and fiftieth years respectively should happen to be contemporaneous will seem to no one a reason why the Lake City Women's Club and Mr. Quag should be more closely linked by fate. Chaldea is dim in the mist of ages; her ancient magic arts must by now have lost their force even over latter-day votaries of her mysterious wisdom. Yet some ironic, though not all unkindly, spell, playing to and fro across the Atlantic, in that thin blue where wireless messages flash, was surely at work. Some inevitable spark from the flint and steel that the Old and New World are was appointed to be struck out and to light up for at least a little while the murk of that quiet room at the back of the gaunt gray Bloomsbury building where Quag pored over musty volumes. Magic it must have been, for Chaldea is not as remote from Great Russell Street as is Lake City, Wisconsin, a pretty and prosperous little town, lying between the blue of the small Lake Peterson and Lake Edna, nor are the darkest of her immemorial mysteries as obscure to Samuel Quag as would have been, up to the time of the episodes now to be related, the ceaseless intellectual activity of American females. To us here there is something at once ludicrous and pathetic in the spectacle of the Lake City Club at close quarters with Mesopotamia. There will perhaps be something also to move to laughter and tears in the story of the Curator of Chaldean Antiquities grappling with American Woman.

There had never been much to vary the monotony of that quarter-century of Quag's service at the Museum. There was an occasional congress, on the Continent, of learned men, which it was suitable that he should attend. He had in this way visited Berlin, Paris, and Utrecht in Holland. Oftenest, when such opportunities presented themselves, his mother, who was a confirmed invalid, and his only close friend, had not been well enough for him to leave her. He had unquestioningly remained by her side. Indeed, though he scarcely realized it himself, he had just as unquestioningly stayed there for the most of his life. Their income left almost no margin after the bills for the neat little house in Pembroke Crescent were paid, and the necessary expenses of respectable living incurred. The combination of circumstances had perhaps a little limited his life.

Each morning he went to the Museum—after they built the Tube this was an easier matter—each evening he came home. At his desk there was always work enough to be done, work for the Library itself or for some monograph he might happen to be writing. The mind inevitably focussed itself upon the local affairs of the Museum—and upon Chaldea. As the years went on the other men about him seemed to Mr. Quag to grow older, snuffier, and more narrowly absorbed in

their own subjects. They appeared to him to think somehow that their own branches of learning were equal to if not better than Mr. Quag's own. (This of course was exactly their feeling about Mr. Quag had he but known it.) With the exception of a few correspondents abroad, mostly Germans, few human creatures seemed to offer much sympathy with him in his chosen subject. He was thrown back more and more, as it were, upon Chaldea herself.

Familiarity had done something to obscure the almost romantic interest of his early days, as had also the great accumulations of his learning, which lay in heaps, so one might fancy, like the refuse of excavations which almost hid the very temple they had uncovered. Yet, in spite of this, imagination there still was in Samuel Quag, which glowed for him sometimes like a coal still live beneath the ashes gathered since years ago he put it within his breast. He felt the majesty of the great distant Asiatic valley down which have rolled since before the beginnings of time those mighty rivers. He was held fascinated by the baffling mystery of that ancient civilization, and as Chaldean priests from their towers tried to read the secret of the world in the stars, so had he from the gray fastnesses of the Museum attempted to decipher old Chaldea from her few surviving traces. But he was, and he had come to think it natural and obvious enough, as lonely as one of those old watchers of the night.

His mother, so far as she was interested in his work at all, which was not much, would have preferred him to be an Egyptologist; she might then, she thought, have given him more help, more sympathy in his career. From this it is not to be argued that she was in any sense a learned woman, or indeed knew anything whatever about this rival of Chaldea's with which she was coquetting. Her reasons for her preference were, in fact, fantastically feminine and trifling, yet profoundly characteristic of her and of her charm.

Years before, just about the time when the family budget began to show a little margin for artistic purchases, Mrs. Quag saw somewhere a collection of Egyptian bead jewelry. Dainty, gay, attractive fragments of a great solemn past they were, no one could deny. They turned this special admirer completely to Egypt. For many years her son spent much of his time and much of his money in pleasing this taste. Her collection, sold at Christy's a year or two ago, astonished a handful of connoisseurs by its richness and the real delicacy of taste with which it had been chosen. Its effect would have been greater could they have seen the jewels in the little chintz drawing-room in Pembroke Crescent, with their owner displaying them in their three pretty maple cabinets inlaid with green and gold.

It was all so like Mrs. Quag, who had been lovely as a girl of twenty, and as a somewhat bent and shrivelled invalid of seventy still kept something of earlier manners and graces, wore bows of pink ribbon with a certain air, and disposed her lace flounces to their best advantage on the sofa where she was forced to lie—in not inconsiderable pain—so much of the time. She was every inch of woman, and even with her son, one might say, mixed some poor little faded coquetry with her mother's smiles. She would have been jealous of a daughter-in-law. But indeed there was little enough possibility of such a person. The son was growing older faster far than the mother, and his leisure was so completely absorbed, so taken by her as if it were her due, that Samuel Quag would never have had time to win a wife, had it ever occurred to him that he wanted one, or could have one. Almost literally he never did think of such a thing. He only came home every evening, kissed his mother, and learned that she was tired. Sometimes she had had visitors at tea-time, sometimes not. In either case she was not strong enough for much talk with him. Privately in her heart of hearts she thought her son a little dull—as indeed it must be frankly admitted he was. But she was always glad when he was to stay in that evening. He generally "stayed in" of an evening. He faintly realized that he was a little dull, and half understood that he was a little sad, and next morning, when he was off to the Museum and Chaldea, he dimly comprehended that both were lands a little lonely, but perhaps for that the better suited to such solitary old things as he.

All this still seems very far from Wisconsin and the Lake City Women's Club. But the reader has not, perhaps, counted on Mrs. Oliver Dawson, rising, refreshed from breakfast in a respectable boarding establishment in Upper Bedford Place, and prepared to go forth, of a lovely June morning, and deal competently with London.

It seems almost preposterous that one should have to explain Mrs. Dawson. But Lake City is not the world—though this is possibly the world's misfortune. There is no one else like Mrs. Dawson in Lake City. This is perhaps Lake City's misfortune, and yet possibly in one small community there would not be place for two women so cheerful, so kind, so breezy, and so masterful. Every one was sympathetic with her sorrow when Oliver Dawson died, yet, to venture upon figurative language, one felt that the whole world must first perish before such a woman could be adequately widowed, if widowed were to mean shattered, weak, dependent, or unprotected. She had lived happily with her husband for twenty years, there could be no question as to the genuineness of the tears she unabashedly shed. Yet her optimism and her vitality irresistibly drove her forward. After the first tumult of grief had subsided she began to "take notice," as the phrase goes, almost at once. But the "notice" was not especially of men who might aspire to succeed Oliver, but of Lake City and of the world at large. This was the third summer of her widowed state; she had put off the black of mourning, and was, for the first time in her life, abroad.

Two arduous weeks of sightseeing had disposed of most of London. Mrs. Dawson promised herself a day of leisure. She consequently rose exceptionally early, for what she was pleased to term her rest generally required quite as much activity as did most people's work. There was first of all a water-proof coat to be purchased at the Army and Navy Stores. Then an umbrella in the Burlington Arcade. A Liberty scarf or two, for presents, in Regent Street. Then a loose knit jacketty kind of thing of fine Shetland wool, to be worn in extra-cold weather inside the bodice (the author has been told the exact name for this garment, but declines to use it), this to be found especially, cheaply, satisfactorily, at—here the address-book became necessary.

A Miss Fox of Springfield, Massachusetts, encountered in a railway carriage between Chester and Leamington, had, Mrs. Dawson remembered, given her an address for these things. The book was promptly produced, and the goal discovered to be Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street.

Knitted jackets have little enough to do with this or any other story, but trifling coincidences may cause even greater events than any here to be related. On the page facing that on which was inscribed Miss Fox's information Mrs. Dawson saw something which she had utterly and unaccountably forgotten. It was a list, given her by Mrs. George Tillson, of books which they had failed to get the winter before in connection with the Club's course of study. Mrs. Dawson had said in her speech at the meeting at which, preparatory to this trip abroad, she resigned the Club presidency, that she thought they should start a library, which would enable members to continue, privately and at their leisure, reading on any subject which had especially interested them in the winter's work. She remembered now that when Abbie Tillson gave her this list the idea had come that these books on Mesopotamia would be a suitable offering by an ex-president toward the founding of such a library. On the way from the Stores to Peter Robinson's, Mrs. Dawson stopped at a bookseller's, where her interview with the polite frock-coated salesman gave her food for thought. She bought the jacketty thing later with a slightly hurried and abstracted air, and then drove straight to the British Museum. The man at the bookshop had told her that he could not at once tell her where he could procure two or three of the books on her list. Now Delia Dawson was not a woman accustomed to be either balked or delayed in any enterprise she undertook. She had asked the young man, rather sarcastically, if he could tell her who in London would know about Mesopotamia books, since he didn't. He, thinking himself equally sarcastic and more subtle, had sent her to the Museum.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"MY CARD, SIR, PRECEDED ME!"

Mr. Quag had had a worrying day, full of niggling matters of detail. It happened that this had been preceded by a bad night for his mother and consequently for himself. The card of a strange woman who offered no explanation of her intrusion was only an added annoyance. Mr. Quag was pawing fretfully at the papers on his desk and wondering whether he was likely to have a headache, when Mrs. Dawson entered. He half glanced up at her, and, without rising, made a kind of gesture toward a chair.

The lady stopped, and there was for a moment silence. Mr. Quag fumbled on his desk. Then she spoke.

"My card, sir, preceded me!"

An angry duchess could scarcely have done better. It fetched Quag to his feet, and as if by magic the card was in his hand and his glasses adjusted to read it.

"Won't you have a chair, Mrs. Dawson?" Then for the first time he really looked at her, as she came across the dusty sunlight of his room.

Delia Dawson had been a handsome girl; with the years she had grown majestic, Amazonian, or, if a homelier phrase is preferred, Dutch-built, ready for any rough seas or any new experiences life might bring. Somehow Mr. Quag at once got a sense of something more alive than were the withered female students he occasionally received. The advancing goddess, easily propitiated, as are kindly divinities, now smiled, and offered some kind of an apology for troubling him.

"Not at all, not at all," asserted Mr. Quag, nervously eager. "What can I do for you?"

What he could and did do for her cannot better be shown than by returning to the annals of the Lake City Women's Club. In early August there arrived from London, as a donation to the Club's library from its late president, a box of some seventy books on Chaldea. They had been selected by Mr. Samuel Quag of the British Museum, a great Chaldeologist, and incidentally, so she wrote, a great friend of Delia Dawson's. Their arrival gave universal satisfaction, so Mrs. Tillson, the new president, wrote to Mrs. Dawson. And indeed it was only Miss Sarah Marshall, the treasurer, who had paid from the Club funds $26.73 as duty and freight on the shipment, who felt a moment's doubt. "Still, I suppose you can't look a gift box of books in the mouth," she meditated. There came a day when she reproached herself with not acting firmly at the very outset.

Mrs. Bellville, the secretary, wrote letters of thanks, both to Mrs. Dawson and Mr. Quag. From both she received replies, but it is more especially in the latter's communication that we have an interest.

He regretted, so he wrote, that there were several books which he had been unable to secure at the time. These, however, he was on the track of. Mrs. Dawson, when she left London, had been good enough to appoint him, in an informal way, the representative of their Club in England. This was a rare and unusual honour—he spelled it, of course, with a "u."

This elegance of phraseology gave much pleasure when the letter was read before the Club. Abbie Tillson, who was "considerable of a reader," had found several complimentary references, in books in the Club's library, to Quag as an authority, and the general feeling was that the Club and the female sex were being suitably appreciated, though of course not more than was their due.

This September meeting, it was felt, opened the season in a most interesting way, and the ladies were keenly eager to begin the approaching winter's work. They turned refreshed as it were from Chaldea to Rome. It was planned to get through with Rome (bringing its history down to Garibaldi's entrance) by the New-Year, since it is neither a very hard nor exacting subject. After that for the latter half-year it was planned to do the Women of the French Salons, always a favorite study with women's clubs, and generally a light and spring-like subject. Chaldea was in some danger of being forgotten, had it not been for Mrs. Dawson.

For three or four months Mrs. Dawson remembered Mr. Quag quite well—thought of him frequently, in fact. She told every separate member of the Lake City Club how she had been twice to see him at the Museum on business, how he had once walked home with her, and taken tea with her in Upper Bedford Place, and

how, crowning episode! he had suggested that if she ever came to the Museum toward one o'clock he would like to give her lunch in the excellent Thackeray Temperance Hotel near by. She had not been able to accept this last invitation, tendered unfortunately just as she was leaving town, but she considered it, and was willing that the ladies of Lake City should also consider it as a gallant attention. She did not exactly resent being twitted about Mr. Quag. But then she also showed little objection to being joked about Mr. Thompson, the Minneapolis gentleman of the Paris pension; Mr. Percy Hazzard, the young newspaper man whom she met at Stratford-on-Avon; or Doctor Sickleson of the good ship *Miskawinka*, aboard which she had traversed the Atlantic in both directions. Later she scarcely denied insinuations as to various local Lake City males. Mr. Quag gradually faded from her mind. And, to tell the truth, reading upon Mesopotamian subjects was not frequent enough among the club-women—now "simply fascinated" by Rome—to keep him prominently before them.

It was in February that Miss Marshall, the treasurer, had what may fairly be called a rude awakening. She arrived at Mrs. Dawson's house one morning on her way down-town, her lips closed ominously, and a letter with a foreign stamp tightly gripped in her hand.

"I thought I'd come to you, Delia," she began, "before I went before the Club with this matter."

"What matter, please?" asked Mrs. Dawson, a little sharply.

"I don't think I quite understood what directions you left with your friend Mr. Quag in London, or exactly by what authority."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Sarah. But I know that Mr. Quag has done our Club a great honor in being interested in it at all."

"Well, our Club is paying for it," retorted Miss Marshall. "He has written saying he has shipped more books."

"That's very nice of him."

"And he enclosed the booksellor's bill. For a hundred and fifty dollars!"

Even Mrs. Dawson gasped. As she did so her friend continued:

"What does he think? That we are going on studying about that horrid old Chaldea all our lives?"

Now, as a matter of fact, poor Mr. Quag in London might well have thought this. Mrs. Dawson had told him nothing of the course on the Renaissance which had preceded Chaldea, nor of the comprehensive surveys of Rome and eighteenth-century France which were so swiftly to follow it. He who had devoted his life to the subject could hardly have been expected to understand how after one winter the club-women of Lake City, Wisconsin, could toss great Mesopotamia aside like a sucked orange. Faint pricks of conscience seemed mysteriously to tell Mrs. Dawson something of how he felt. She turned sharply on Miss Sarah Marshall.

"I guess it would do us no harm to go on studying about Chaldea a little longer; none of us knows any too much about it; and as for its being horrid, I don't know as Nero and Heliogabalus are such nice subjects for an unmarried woman, even of your age, Sarah! As to those books," she went on, "you needn't trouble the Club to pay for them. I shall be glad to do that myself."

And then, in the heat of her pride and anger, was struck out a flash of that full-blooded generous humanity which made her beloved in Lake City and sent her that day into the dingy room at the Museum as if blown on some inspiring vitalizing wind from the great western hemisphere.

"And, Sarah, you needn't tell the Club that I'm paying. Say Mr. Quag sends the books as a present."

Sarah had been angry. Now in spite of herself she suddenly kissed Delia.

"I'm sorry I said what I did," she murmured.

"I'm sorry I said what I did," answered Mrs. Dawson. "So we'll just let the whole thing be our secret."

Mrs. Bellville, the secretary, wrote politely, even warmly, to Mr. Quag. But more to our purpose will be an extract or two from Mrs. Dawson's letter of the same date.

"I want you to understand how we ladies of Lake City, Wisconsin, are honored" (she spelled it, of course, without the "u") "by knowing such a scholar as yourself. We are not scholars; of

course you could tell that when you saw me. Very few American women are, in the smaller cities at any rate. It isn't so much what we are, however, as what we want to be. Women here are trying to widen the horizon for other women. And you are helping them. It's a thing, I believe, a man can be proud of, whoever he is."

It is humbly submitted that this is putting the case pretty well for women's clubs and their fantastic, often ridiculous, "cultural efforts." There is always just this something of generous altruism behind every preposterous "course of study."

"I, for one"—the quotation is again from Mrs. Dawson—"am mighty glad that when we tried to widen the horizon of Lake City we struck Chaldea, and struck you, Mr. Quag. It is an experience that makes Lake City a different kind of place."

It was also, though Mrs. Dawson could not know it, an experience which was making the British Museum a different kind of place. If Lake City was, incredibly enough, accumulating one of the most carefully selected small libraries on Mesopotamian subjects to be found in the country, the British Museum was coming to shelter beneath a bent and shrivelled, dry-as-dust librarian's exterior a heart that in its cry for a little affectionate comradeship crossed oceans and dared to wander in distant strange lands.

There are no further letters worth quoting from. Mrs. Dawson sent a word of thanks on two further shipments of books, and also picture post-cards, once when she went to Mackinaw and again when she was in Colorado for the summer. She thought of Quag from time to time, a pleasant memory of that amazing Europe. Yet, summing it all up, one must say she forgot him. She was herself too much alive not to plunge again into the great stream of Wisconsin life that flowed all about her. She was again a prominent popular Lake City woman, known by all, liked by all its inhabitants, men and women. In a full career like hers how could a woman remember a shuffling little ghost of a man in Great Russell Street? She was not ungrateful, but she was forgetting Mr. Quag, when the letter arrived with the astonishing news of his proposed trip to America and of his offer to lecture at Lake City before the Women's Club. He, over there, had not forgotten.

His mother had died three months before, so he wrote. This left him a little freer to see something of the world. It had been natural and pleasant to think of America and of his friends in Lake City—he hoped he might venture to call them that. The letter was brief, though the Women's Club could not guess that it was brief only because there was so much he could not bring himself to set down.

It was in the utter quiet of his mother's chintz drawing-room in Pembroke Crescent that he realized that he was at last alone in the world. Mrs. Quag had scarcely been a companion, but she had been a charge—that was something. She had not often been interested in his answer, yet she had rarely failed to ask him what was his news of the day at the Museum—hers was at least a human voice breaking his solitude. Her frivolous pretty little Egyptian collection of beads and jewels need no longer be added to; there was no one now to care. His serious collection of dull monographs and articles—so he now angrily termed them—could likewise be neglected; there was equally no one to care. What were such as he in England? he asked. The halfpenny morning paper was on the table by his side. He took it up and read a slangy and vulgar appeal to young men to rule England, to the youth to shake off pretentions to gentility and scholarship. What Britain wanted, so the writer added, was Britons who could, to borrow a transatlantic phrase, "deliver the goods." He put down the *Daily Mail*, nauseated. He saw as in a dream the funeral-pyre of the England he had loved lit in the forecourt of the gray Museum, Chaldean inscriptions and a musty old Chaldean called Samuel Quag being the first fuel put upon its flames. Now that poor suffering Mrs. Quag was gone, there was no one in Britain to care whether her son lived or died, so he told himself.

And then as he sat with his head in his hands there came almost inevitably the thought of Lake City, Wisconsin, and Mrs. Dawson. He did not know about the Renaissance, Rome, nor eighteenth-

century France. He did not know that Sarah Marshall had called Chaldea "horrid." He only seemed to hear a voice that came across the prairies and the blue Atlantic. Oh there somewhere in a young eager country there were friends who in their way cared for the same things he cared for. Perhaps they knew too little, but then perhaps he knew too much. At any rate it was there, in those primeval forests—as any Englishman must inevitably have pictured it—there that he was wanted, that he could "deliver his goods."

It was eighteen months now since he had seen Mrs. Dawson, eighteen months in which his imagination had, as it were, filled in the slight sketch of her left after her two or three irruptions into the Museum. Delia, who was in spite of her confidence and competence a modest woman, would perhaps not have recognized her portrait as it lived in Mr. Quag's mind. There she stood, against the green background of her Western woods, serene and smiling, somehow always telling Samuel Quag, tired and old though he was, that life could mean happiness, understanding, love. It is possible that this last word, even at the end, never came into his mind; certainly nothing of what it means to young people in the spring-time. Yet some red glow of autumn, some faint pulsations, some poor little flickerings of that divine fire of the world there were, unrecognized by him in his murky room in Bloomsbury as he wrote the formally polite letter to the secretary of the Lake City Women's Club announcing his projected visit to Wisconsin.

Though the Club did not lose its head, for, after all, other distinguished lecturers on tour had tarried by Lake Peterson and Lake Edna, it was nevertheless pleased and flattered by the approaching visit of the donor of its Chaldean library. Actual interest in Chaldea had of course by this time run a little low, owing to the counter-attraction of the winter's course on the "Victorian Poets." But the Club rose to the occasion.

An evening reception was planned, and there was even a suggestion of a caterer from Milwaukee to do the refreshments. Miss Sarah Marshall and a certain element stormly opposed this, and it was felt that they were a little ungracious and ingenerous to the Club's benefactor. Mrs. Dawson was appealed to. She had travelled, she knew the habits and customs of English gentlemen, and she was, after all, the link between the Club and Mr. Quag. A little flushed, she decided for Miss Marshall and a more modest entertainment. She meant to make it up to her friend by the dinner she was to offer him before the reception.

To this dinner the reader and Mr. Quag must be hurried. The latter was a little tired and a little flustered. He had dressed at the Hotel Madison and been hustled to Mrs. Dawson's in the automobile of the Club president, Mrs. Frank Garfield Howard. He was twenty minutes ahead of time, as Mrs. Dawson had written him to be. Twenty minutes are not much, yet they must be made to contain the climax of this story, and of Quag's life.

"There's one thing that has to be explained to you, Mr. Quag," began his hostess, looking quite as handsome as he had thought her. "About those books—"

"Oh, did I send you too few, or too many, or not the right ones?" asked Quag, nervously.

"Everything you did was exactly right. The difficulty was about the money. You see, the Club is not rich."

"I see," cried Quag, in agony. "I spent too much."

"Not at all. You bought them for me. I paid for them."

"You gave the Club its library! Ah, that is like you; that's the kind of thing I knew you would do. How grateful they must be to you!"

"No, to you," said Delia. And as he looked confused she went on, "I let them think you gave the books."

"Oh, but I can't allow that." Poor Quag was in agitation.

"Oh yes. Don't you see—" and Mrs. Dawson smiled—again the serene kind goddess—as the explanation she had hunted for came at last to her lips. "You see, it would mean so much more coming from the famous Mr. Samuel Quag. The Club would be so much prouder."

"But my false position—no, I don't think I can—"



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"I CONGRATULATE YOU UPON THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD FORTUNE"

"You must," she insisted, gently. "They are so happy giving you this reception" (of course it was unnecessary to say anything of the scene over the expense of refreshments), "and they wouldn't be half so happy giving it for just Delia Dawson."

"It is just for you they are giving it, really," said Quag. "I shouldn't be here except for you."

"Of course not. If you hadn't met me you wouldn't ever have heard of Lake City." Mrs. Dawson was brisk, cheerful. The little man seemed nervous, frightened. With her it was always pleasant to try to reassure people.

"It's meant a great deal to me to feel that away out here there were people working at the same things I was working at."

Mrs. Dawson carelessly contrived to let her lace scarf fall over the *Handbook to Victorian Poetry* which lay on the table.

"Oh yes," she assented, a little nervously, "the ladies certainly are devoted—yes, devoted to Chaldea."

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Quag.

"Yes, wonderful," echoed his friend, a little doubtfully.

"It has helped my work."

"That's something we can be proud of," exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, heartily. "I want you to know how much we appreciate all you've done for us, above all, this coming here now. I can't tell you how glad I personally am to see you again."

"Are you?" he asked, eagerly. The conversation, thus recorded, is commonplace, even dull. Yet in this instant Mr. Quag's eyes were lit with a light that had never been there before. Whatever little remnant of romance and emotion Providence had assigned to him now seemed on the point of trembling into life. Whatever little chance he had for a comradeship that should go down the hill with him he had almost screwed his courage to the point of trying to take.

"Are you glad?" he repeated.

"Yes, very," replied Mrs. Dawson, and she looked at him a little curiously. Did she in that moment feel the brush of strange wings, did she feel the air heavy with any possibilities, did she see in the little gray bent man before her anything that had not been there eighteen months before? If she did, she gave no outward sign, except that she put her hand a moment on his arm.

"I'm proud, Mr. Quag, that you're my friend. I'm proud that you have wanted to visit me in my country."

She rose, and he with her.

"It was so little to do," he answered. "So little to do."

Just one-half a second more there was, one-half second of golden light over the world. Then Mr. Quag heard a voice making its way through these radiant, confusing clouds which had surrounded him.

It was a gentleman named James Fitzroy who had just come in and been introduced to the distinguished foreigner.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, sir. Mrs. Dawson has told me a lot about you."

Mr. Quag murmured thanks. The intruder was well set up, full-blooded, cheerful, competent, prosperous, and by no means cultivated—all this one saw at a glance. He was the male Middle West, as triumphantly alive as was his female counterpart, Mrs. Dawson. Suddenly Mr. Quag felt nervous, uncertain, self-distrustful, out of place.

"I hope you will be in London in June," continued Mr. Fitzroy. "We are going over then."

He looked at Mrs. Dawson.

"I hadn't told him, Jim—" She was blushing ever so little.

"Yes, it's to be in June," shouted Mr. Fitzroy, cheerfully. "And she's going to show me 'dear old Lunnon.'"

Somehow Mr. Quag found Mr. Fitzroy's hand.

"I—I congratulate you upon—upon the greatest possible good fortune in the world. Yes—yes, you must certainly come to see me at the Museum. I shall be always there—always there now."

And he is always there now. A little older, a little grayer every year. A little more pedantic, a little more hidebound, a little snuffier. You would not guess he had been to Lake City, Wisconsin. And indeed he is really more and more thrown back upon Chaldea.

Exploring the Antarctic*

FIRST PUBLISHED NARRATIVE OF THE SECOND CHARCOT EXPEDITION

BY ERNEST GOURDON

Director of the University of Paris, and Geologist of the Charcot Expedition

THERE is no need of lengthy discursion upon the story of Antarctic discovery. Polar problems have been a matter of current talk since the recent and much-proclaimed raids on the poles, and heroes of bygone expeditions have been made to live again in the pages of numerous publications.

In 1903 Dr. J. B. Charcot resolved to fly the flag of France side by side with those of the other nations whose explorers had invaded the Antarctic. At his own expense he built a ship, the *Français*, and sailed from Havre, not to return until two years afterward. I had the honor of being a member of that expedition in the capacity of geologist. In spite of most modest resources (scarcely 450,000 francs), in spite of the haste of the preparations, the *Français* made a good record, and the results of the work of the expedition, which were highly commended by the *Académie des Sciences* of Paris, were published by the Minister of Public Education. But Charcot considered that he had made only a preliminary début, and from the moment of his return, aided by experience painfully acquired, he set about organizing another expedition. This was that of the *Pourquoi Pas?*, backed up, on this occasion, by the government, which voted a subsidy of six hundred thousand francs.

The *Pourquoi Pas?*, a three-mast bark of eight hundred tons, one hundred and forty-one feet long and twenty-nine in breadth, was built at St.-Malo. She was constructed entirely of wood, and her double shell was reinforced with great wooden beams and protected along the water-line by a sheathing of greenheart. All this formed but a single block of wood, and her stem, rounded so that she could climb the ice and crush it with her weight, was bound with iron tricing-lines. An auxiliary engine of 550 horse-power guaranteed us a speed of seven or eight knots. The equipment comprised eighteen bedsteads or cots for the crew; the four boatswains occupied a small contiguous cabin; the kitchen was upon the bridge above; and in the centre of the vessel the fine, large ward-room was surrounded by the eight cabins of the ship's officers, the photographer's dark-room, and the bath-room, communicating also with the natural-history laboratory and the chart-room. We were furnished with electric light, the heating was provided for by small coal-stoves, and all the living-rooms had felted walls to preserve the heat. The scientific instruments were located in numerous places; the smallest corners were utilized for books or apparatus. Finally there was the material for wintering, such as woollens, furs, tents, snow-shoes, skis, sledges, two of which were automobile; there were nets, dredges, and plumb-lines, shore-boats, norwegians, dories, whaling and other boats, the petrol launch; not to forget food for thirty mouths for three years. It was not surprising, therefore, that it required some skill to house so much in so small a vessel.

Dr. Charcot was both head of the expedition and commander of the ship. Three naval ensigns—M. Bongrain, who acted as second in command, and MM. Rouch and Godfroy—had been placed at his service by the Minister of Marine. The civil scientific personnel comprised M. Gourdon, geologist; MM. Lionville and Gain, naturalists; and M. Senouque,

* This article, written for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, is the only authorized report, giving details of the second Charcot expedition, which has yet been published in France, Great Britain, or the United States.

CHARCOT.

the physician. The force numbered a coxswain, a chief mechanician, a boatswain, a master mechanician, four mechanics and stokers, eleven sailors, a cook, a steward, and his assistant. Among the officers I was the only one who had taken part in the expedition of the *Français*.

The programme approved by the *Académie des Sciences* was the study and exploration of the regions situated at the south of Graham Land—that is to say, a continuation of the work of the *Français*. This portion of the Antarctic West Antarctica, forms an outpost of land, much carved up, which seems as though it were on its way to unite with America. The South Shetlands, which form its outposts, were visited in 1819 almost simultaneously by the Englishman Smith and the American whaler Sheffield. Bransfield made the first rough chart of those regions; Bellingshausen discovered Peter I. Island and Alexander I. Land; Dumont d'Urville, Louis Philippe Land; and we find also the names of Captain James Cook, Palmer, Weddell, Ross, Wilkes, Smiley, Dallmann, and Larsen. In 1898 the *Belgica* discovered Gerlache Strait on the west coast, and some years later Nordenskjöld and Larsen sailed past the east coast. In 1904, the *Français* cruised along the external shores of Palmer Archipelago, wintered at Wandel Isle, to the south of Gerlache Strait, saw Alexander Land again, and discovered Loubet Island. The task of the *Pourquoi Pas?* was to follow these explorations toward the south, to attempt to reach Alexander Land, and then to winter as far to the south as possible, in order to collect all possible observations. It was essentially a scientific mission. We had no idea of reaching the pole or even of making any record of latitude, since we had selected the region where the ice barrier bears farthest northward.



THE "POURQUOI PAS?" AT PORT CHARCOT

The *Pourquoi Pas?* sailed from Havre on August 19, 1908, and, after having experienced a violent storm off Guernsey, made Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and Punta Arenas, receiving a most enthusiastic welcome everywhere.

On December 22d, the Shetlands were sighted, and soon we saw our first iceberg: we were in the Antarctic. High lands, their summits half concealed by ice, came into view; others had cupolas of white snow. We came to anchor at Yankee Harbor, in Deception Island, a curious circlet of land—a crater invaded by the sea and communicating with it by a narrow passage. We were received there with cordial manifestations by the whole flotilla of whalers. We ran past the island, still smoking in manifestation of volcanic activity, and celebrated Christmas around a little tree loaded with gifts. The presence of the whalers permitted us to send a last message to our families, and on the evening of Christmas Day we raised anchor.

The passage of Gerlache Strait was made with no difficulty, and the following evening we reached Port Lockroy, where we discovered our former cairn (a heap of stones indicated by a pole, and containing some navigators' documents in a sealed bottle). Some days later we reached Wandel Island, where we found souvenirs

for all who had taken part in the first Charcot expedition: a big pyramid commemorative of the wintering of the *Français* there; the movable house, the roof gone, the inside half filled with ice, but the ceiling and walls intact and the provisions in good condition. A steamboat which was there might have been installed the day previously, for it was in such good condition that at a later period the little craft could be used without undergoing repair for the making of deep-sea soundings. Here were still the magnetic hut, the observation posts, and a thousand odds and ends partly concealed beneath the snow. Upon the same rocks as before was the penguin colony, swarming, blustering, and dirty.

A gay feast celebrated the end of the year. But on January 2d the northeast wind drove down the floating ice upon us and we had a quick awakening. Three icebergs of good size threatened us from the rear, and we had a hand-to-hand fight, so to speak, to disengage ourselves. The *Pourquoi Pas?,* being larger than the *Français,* was not in the shelter of the bay of Port Charcot; it was necessary to depart. So, leaving a supply of provisions and a note in the cairn, we took refuge, at four in the morning, in a creek in Petermann Island, which we had discovered while on a reconnoitring journey on January 1st, and had therefore baptized Port Circumcision. It was destined to play a part in our story, at a later date, of which we then had no suspicion.

Charcot, Godfroy, and myself set out in the petrol scout, for the purpose of investigating the condition of the ice farther south. At this period we had perpetual day, and so, looking upon the excursion as a sort of picnic, we had provided ourselves with no camping apparatus and little food. This was unfortunate. Having landed on Cape Tuxen and perceived from that point a long channel among the floes, we could not resist the temptation of entering it. Several hours later, from the top of Berthelot Island, we saw the sea toward the south one mass of solid ice, while our own lead, toward the north, had contracted considerably. We hurried toward it: when we got there we found the gateway closed. We ran



ICE BLOCKS AROUND THE VESSEL

toward the shore—there was no passage; turned back to the other, tried here and there and farther on, like mice in a cage. There was no way out: we were imprisoned. Then we tried to hack our way out, and, with spade and axe, cut a path in the ice and launched the boat in the opening at full speed. It was an exhausting task: we had to make our path inch by inch, gaining weak spots in the ice which closed as soon as we reached them. Moving icebergs pressed upon us on either side, and our escape was miraculous.

After we had been thirty hours upon our journey we were desperately sleepy and our stomachs ravening for food, for we had had but a light repast of cold fare, and we had to be sparing of the biscuit which remained to us. A penguin had come hopping to our feet and with simultaneous accord we had spared him: now we regretted our action. We stretched ourselves out in the bottom of the boat, but the cold awakened us an hour later, and we took up our task again. Suddenly we perceived a movement among the floes. Was it deliverance for us? On the contrary, everything closed up in front of us, and we were compelled to beat a retreat, to snatch a little more sleep upon a rocky islet. Again to our work! We were approaching Berthelot Island, when we were brusquely stopped. We had run aground. The boat tilted, and we remained for seven hours in this critical position until the rising tide floated us again. Further attempts to break through the ice proved futile. Finally the motor broke down, and while Godfrey, with numbed fingers, tried to repair it, we sculled slowly toward the shore. We made her fast. It began to snow. On the following day it snowed all the time. We were attempting to gain Cape Tuxen, when we fancied that we heard a siren whistle some distance away. A quarter of an hour afterward we heard the siren again. This time there was no further doubt. We called and called, and all at once a far-off cry replied: we had been heard. Soon afterward we were on board.

Hardly had we escaped from this predicament when another, scarcely less dangerous, threatened the safety of the ship. Our unlucky *Pourquoi Pas?* ran upon a submerged rock off Cape Tuxen. It took twenty-four hours of effort before we could withdraw her from her dangerous position, when we found that she had a large hole in her keel. Happily, however, she took in little water.

On January 13th we were in front of a bay which is undoubtedly Pendleton Cove, already visited by Pendleton, the American whaler. On the 14th, we entered another vast bay farther southward, encircled with snow-crowned mountains. A chaplet of capped islands protected the entrance, and enormous icebergs, stranded upon the reefs, stood up at intervals like sentinels. The bay was encumbered with great floes that undulated upon the waves, and seals slept nonchalantly upon the ice. In the face of this obstacle, but not before we had broken the truss of the rudder, we left the bay, which received the name Matha, our old comrade of the *Français*. Continuing our southward journey, we ran past an interminable cliff of ice, from one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet high, and dominated, toward the interior, by immense plains of snow, from which a few rocky peaks emerged. We had rediscovered Loubet Land, which the *Français* had first located.

On the following day we entered a little bay, which received the name of Mme. Charcot, Marguerite. A field of ice, flat and unbroken, occupied almost its entire extent. We spent several hours off-shore, near a little island of volcanic nature, Jenny Isle, named after Mme. Bongrain. We headed thence toward Alexander Land, meeting a loose ice-pack, and worming our way through a labyrinth of clashing floes; but the land was now visible, and it almost seemed as though the *Pourquoi Pas?* herself took pleasure in cannonading the ice to break a route. However, by midday the floes had become so thick and serried that we could proceed no farther. From the crow's-nest could be seen on all sides a field of impenetrable ice, and in the south the land reflected the sparkling whiteness of its glaciers to the sun. We were certainly less than ten miles from a long mountain chain, whose every detail we could clearly discern, but we were obliged to renounce our hopes of disembarking, and, after having taken all the photographs and bearings possible, we returned



STRANDING OF THE "POURQUOI PAS?" NEAR CAPE TUXEN

to Marguerite Bay. Upon the ice we tested the automobile sledges, with very satisfactory results, but, unfortunately, we did not again encounter land suitable for their employment. On January 22d a new attempt was made to reach Alexander Land, which we approached more closely, and saw from a different angle; but our promised land was still denied us. A few miles still separated us—only a few—and yet the privilege of setting foot to earth was withheld. For me, the geologist, the smallest pebble from those hills that rose before me would have been happiness indeed. At least we had the honor of approaching this land more nearly than any navigator before us; we bring back the first photographs, and we can locate it exactly and definitely upon the chart. Returning to Marguerite Bay, we made its circuit, and Bongrain and Gain made an excursion over the ice. But the weather grew bad; a capsized iceberg near us in its convulsions grazed the ship, and our *youyou* (boat), which projected from the vessel, was crushed like a shell. A gust of wind brought down on us large floes, which undermined the vessel and threatened us with a watery journey. This was no place in which to pass the winter, and we returned northward. After having searched in vain for a wintering port in Matha Bay, Charcot decided to return to Petermann Island.

We arrived there on February 2d, and immediately went into winter quarters. The *Pourquoi Pas?*, fastened to the bottom of the little bay, was reunited with earth by a bridge made from the gallant-sail-yards. In a few days numerous huts had sprung up all over the hill; in one place was the house for the clock and meridian telescope, joined to the ship by telephonic communication; in another the seismograph; then there was the hut for the observation of the atmospheric electricity, and the double cabin, with copper nails, for the study of magnetism. A curious shelter, constructed out of sledge laths, having the aspect of a Chinese pagoda, housed the maximum thermometers. Wire lines distributed everywhere the electric light that was furnished from our ship. We went to Wandel for the movable house, and,

perched upon the hill, it served for meteorological observations. The explosives and the petrol were put ashore some distance from the vessel. In my capacity as commissary I also disembarked a quantity of provisions in case of accident to the ship. The fore and rear portions of the vessel were covered in, and the stoves prepared for use. Charcot installed a system of barrages at the entrance to the bay to prevent an influx of ice-floes.

Meanwhile we turned the fine autumn weather to advantage by making numerous excursions in our vicinity, and so long as the sea remained open, our little boats ploughed it in all directions. Some went fishing, others explored the beaches, others prepared the chart. Charcot led us on a reconnaissance of the southward bays in the neighboring islands. With several companions I traversed the glaciers of Graham Land. March was fine, but April brought with it fogs and humidity.

Each day the sun sank lower toward the horizon and the shadows lengthened over the snow. On April 18th the thermometer fell to 8.60° Fahrenheit. The penguins had abandoned their rookery upon the island, becoming more and more rare, and we hastened to capture the last for our larder. Ice blocked the channel. Now winter had come. After May 1st Charcot made regulations for the maintenance of moral and physical hygiene during our wintering. Every Saturday I made out the menus for the ensuing week, measuring out the rations with exactitude. Open-air exercises were recommended during the few hours of light that remained to us each day, and the skis, those long wooden skates on which one slides so finely over the snow, were in demand, for we became their fervent votaries.

The winter was very equable so far as temperature was concerned. The lowest record was —9.40° Fahrenheit, on July 19th. But gales succeeded, blowing with unheard-of violence, and the fog rendered the season unpleasant. Our hygienic condition was, unfortunately, not good. We kept up a constant hunt on passing beasts, and seal and penguin flesh replaced the preserved foods on our table. At last September came, bringing the sun and spring, and our health improved.

One problem especially was before us, and a fascinating one—the crossing of Graham Land. The interior of this country is, in effect, wholly unknown. It was important to discover its configuration, and also to reconcile our itinerary with that of Nordenskjöld over Weddell Sea. The high mountains that border the eastern coast display often a horizontal profile, which gives likelihood to the presumption that a plateau lies behind them: it was necessary, then, to ascend this acclivity, which was about 6,500 feet high, and to descend gently upon the other side. It was the dream of Charcot to conduct this expedition, as he had led that of 1904 toward the south, but unfortunately the condition of his health compelled him to renounce it and to confide it to me. Two of my com-



EXPLORING A CREVASSE



BUILDING A SNOW HOUSE

rades, Gain and Senouque, were to accompany me, with three sailors.

The material placed at our disposal consisted of a month's supply of provisions, two tents, and two sledges. A fifteen days' supply of food and a tent were installed upon the coast in reserve, and a cache containing a three days' supply was located not far away, to provide against emergency. It was necessary to allow for the possibility of the sea ice opening and an arm of the sea cutting us off from our station.

The two sledges, fully loaded, were placed upon the glacier at an altitude of about 1,000 feet, which was an ideal starting-point. On September 18th, at eight o'clock in the morning, we left the ship, the weather being fine to cloudy. Charcot gave us his best wishes, and one could read in his voice the regret that he felt at the parting.

From Petermann Island to the glacier the crossing of the ice that occupied the channel was made quickly, although the damp snow clung to the skis. At eleven o'clock we came up with the sledges and at once harnessed ourselves. We proceeded until three o'clock in the afternoon, with a half-hour's rest toward one, in order to partake of our cold meal, which consisted of sausage, corned beef, and preserves.

We established our camp upon the glacier. The two tents were set up side by side: these were little tents of green silk, in the form of a police hat, set up upon the ski sticks, and holding three men apiece. Behind the first sledge I installed a bicycle wheel provided with a measurer, to tell off the distance which we traversed. The Nansen kitchens were unpacked. Everybody is to-day acquainted with this ingenious arrangement of aluminum saucepans, packed one into another in such a way that the heat of the petrol lamp is obliged to circulate in the interstices and give out its maximum heat before being dissipated in the atmosphere. A large hood protects the whole from the cold air. The utensils are filled with snow, and, when this has been thawed, the ingredients of the repast are placed to cook in the central saucepan, while the water in the circular saucepan is utilized for the coffee. The provisions were in soldered cases containing each a supply of food for one

meal for three persons. Breakfast consisted of 14.1 ounces of beef, 1.9 ounces of butter, 8.5 ounces of biscuit, 1.9 ounces of potatoes, 1.3 ounces of extract of bouillon, 1.5 ounces of thin soup in tablet form, 0.6 ounce of coffee, 1.3 ounces of chocolate, 1.2 ounces of sugar, 0.4 ounce of salt; dinner of 14.1 ounces of beef, 1.9 ounces of butter, 8.5 ounces of biscuit, 1.5 ounces of Julienne soup in tablets, a sprinkling of citric acid, a few sweetmeats, 1.3 ounces of chocolate, 0.4 ounce of salt, 1.2 ounces of sugar, 0.6 ounce of coffee.

At seven o'clock the savory fumes of the meal assailed us, and this hot pastelike dish appeared a regal feast.

This first night was not appreciated in general, among us. Violent gales assailed our tents without cessation, and the driven snow peppered them with a fusillade of sleet.

In the morning the driving snow and the obstructive weather made departure impossible. It was not until eleven o'clock that we could put ourselves en route. We had placed upon the sledges about 440 pounds of food and instruments. We were to drag them as far as possible and to return to the encampment which we had set up. We set off in a northeasterly direction, all six harnessed to the sledge and wearing snow-shoes. The surface of the ice was uniform and devoid of crevasses, but the steep elevation and, especially, the thickness of the new snow rendered our advance extremely slow and painful. It snowed and the wind was keen. By turns each one of us was compelled to set off in advance, to make a distance of a hundred paces, and, after stamping down the snow, to return to the sledge and harness himself, helping drag it to the track that he had made. Under such a régime the way was a long one.

On the following day, September 20th, we awakened at six o'clock in the morning. The weather was calm and slightly misty. At eight the sun appeared and the thermometer then marked 21.8° Fahrenheit. On account of the difficulty of dragging the sledges, which we had hitherto experienced, and by reason of the upward inclination of the ground, I decided to leave a station here containing a supply of food in effect, a store of supplies sufficient to last six persons for eleven days, with two kegs of rum and two of petrol. There remained to us a seventeen days' supply, which allowed us a radius of action quite sufficient for our reconnaissance. We started in fine weather, the sun being even a little warm, and toward the hour of one came up with the sledge which we had abandoned on the preceding day. We utilized the halt to dry our tents, eat a cake of chocolate, and rearrange the pack on the sledges. Meanwhile Senouque made an observation of the horizon through his theodolite. The number of points visible from this spot was considerable. Behind us, that is to say toward the west, the glacier descended in long undulations toward the sea, while far off one could perceive the lands ice on the horizon. On our left Diamond Mountain (these names are provisional) was planted like an ebony tooth at the extremity of the chain that we had passed. Near us was White Mountain, an enormous rump of snow, partly concealing the high mass of Hanging Glacier Mountain. Then came the dentated silhouette of Wandel Island, losing itself behind Cape Cloos, itself surmounted by a high peak between bays Girard and Delonde. A long fold of snow, in which one could see a number of crevasses, allowed the supposition that these two bays formed a girdle into which poured a glacier torrent. Between the peaks we could distinguish, at a lower elevation, the hill of the "Francais" (or Frenchman's Hill); finally, in our rear, two twin masses raised their white cupolas. Upon their right lay the open valley through which we were to enter the interior. On our right, just under us, was Middle Mountain, whose high and rocky wall, of a clear gray, was ploughed with fine black veins.

At the conclusion of our observations we continued our journey with a single sledge. About 3.30, at the moment of our arrival in a region of crevasses, the fog enveloped us and compelled a halt.

When we awakened on the following morning the fog enwrapped us densely. It had snowed heavily during the night; the sleet fell ceaselessly. There was nothing to do but burrow. However, after noon, Gain, Senouque, and I exam-



THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

ined the locality before us, and then, returning, brought on our companions.

September 22d was one of our best days. The weather was clear, and even the sun appeared for an instant, shining in the west upon a magnificent sea of clouds. The thermometer was a little lower, 23° Fahrenheit, but this freed us from the humidity which had previously been so disagreeable. We set off happily with the first sledge along the track which we had prepared on the preceding day. Then we returned for number two. Hardly was this second journey concluded when a thick fog suddenly came down on us. Happily we had had time to establish our direction, and we continued by the aid of the compass. The journey became slow, and the newly fallen snow rendered it extremely painful. We walked for some time, one of us on skis going ahead for a distance of a hundred paces, guided by the compass of those behind. Then, replacing the skis by snow-shoes, we returned on our tracks, stamping down the snow, a task discouraging and solitary. We descended with short steps, silent or fuming. Then, yoked to the sledges, we reascended the slope; then came a new descent, the harness straps around the breast, the traces hanging, the feet hindered by the snow-shoes, with the heavy gait of supply horses. At last the two sledges were together again, and before us stretched the white and powdery tablecloth, in which it was necessary to scoop out the path, taking each step five times over.

We determined to make a stronger effort and to take up both sledges at the same time. Besnard and Hervé, the two best pullers, yoked themselves with me to the first sledge; Gain, Senouque, and Aveline followed us immediately after. This plan was a success, a record of rapidity, in spite of the slope, which was at times rough. We did not pitch our camp until six o'clock in the evening, but we were happy and in good spirits, delighted with the day's work, for we had gained from four to five miles and ascended to an altitude of 2,950 feet. Outside the cold was keen, 19.4° Fahrenheit; the moon, encircled by a halo, lit up the immense glacier, whose scintillating brightness gave this death-like landscape the gleaming beauty of marble.

The night was so cold that in the morning we found our shoes frozen, even those of us who had taken the precaution

to put them in the sleeping-bags. Up to this time we had walked with our ski-shoes covered in sealskin. We decided to replace them with moccasins of reindeer-skin, a proceeding which we found so beneficial that this was the only footwear that we used thenceforward. The only drawback was their rapid wearing out. We resumed our journey under the same conditions as during the previous day. The sun shone, but the cold was biting, 19.4° Fahrenheit. Behind us Middle Mountain, an imposing pyramid, split the table-cloth of the glacier into two arms—that on the north, along which we had journeyed, and, in the south, a huge slide torn up by crevasses. Upon our right the Mountains of Ice were outlined with horizontal ridges, while upon the left appeared a great white dome, from which there seemed to spring, curving in circular form toward the east, a series of elevations which barred the way before us, and formed, at their juncture with the Mountains of Ice, the recess in which we hoped to find a passage.

Toward the 2d the breach began to open. Soon we should know whether the land would favor us. But suddenly the fog came down, completely masking the view. At six o'clock we set up the tents. The snow began falling, and for ninety-six hours the white snowflakes descended upon us incessantly and without respite.

On the following day the wind rose and soon became a furious hurricane. From the bottom of our half-opened sleeping-bags we saw with fear that the bands of our tent were greatly swollen. The wind blew with the roar of a forge, and threatened every moment to break the uprights. We remained for forty-eight hours without communication with our comrades in the neighboring tent, although it was only a few feet distant. The level of the snow rapidly increased, and it piled up on the cloth, shrouding the sleepers under two mounds which gained on them at every moment.

At last, on the evening of the 27th, it grew calm, and we had a chance to see one corner of the mountain. With what joy we acclaimed it! The snow ceased and marvellous moonbeams inundated the valley; Mars and Venus appeared in the sky.

On the 28th we awakened in a fog, and for a moment I thought that our prison had closed about us again. However, at 5.30 a rosy cloud appeared in the east. The weather was calm, the thermometer measuring —2.2° Fahrenheit. The fog vanished slowly, but we advanced cautiously. The snow was good for our skis. Our beards were hung with icicles. This cold put us in high spirits. From time to time we heard the thunder of avalanches around us. A little clearing of the weather allowed us to double the spur of the Mountains of Ice, and we entered a sort of colander, at the bottom of which we hoped to make our passage. Alas! when the sun at last illumined the mountains around us it showed us an impregnable rampart on all sides of us. We were in a vast amphitheatre, a *cul-de-sac!* In a horizontal line with us—this made our discomfiture the more heartrending—glaciers tumbled chaotically down in cascades. The valley along which we were journeying was swollen with the accumulated snow, and at the base formidable avalanches had torn from the side of the mountain prodigious masses of ice, which lay there like dead things, broken into powdery fragments and long strips and slices. The flank of the mountain was a rocky and inaccessible precipice, seeming to taunt me, for I had not even the consolation of detaching a sample.

We returned to the camp and prepared for our departure. Our tent had disappeared at the bottom of a deep ditch, and the sledge lay under six and a half feet of snow. But this dry cold, which at six o'clock reached —9.4° Fahrenheit, stimulated circulation, and we were inspired with the ardor of prisoners restored to freedom. The descent was naturally easier. On some slopes we were dragged along, the sledge bounding like a boat over the waves of the snow.

At last, on October 2d, at midday, we perceived the far-off silhouette of the *Pourquoi Pas?* We signalled, and some time after a boat came to take us to the foot of the glacier. We returned disconsolate at having been stopped so soon, but proud nevertheless of the numerous glaciological, meteorological, and topographical observations that we brought back.

On board, while continuing the scientific observations, the refitting had begun. Little by little the ship was made navigable; the rudder was repaired, the equipment put back into the storerooms. Then the observatories suddenly disappeared; a pyramid marked the site of the documents. On November 29th, toward evening, we left our winter quarters and set off northward again.

On the 27th we arrived at Deception, where, to our great surprise, we found the whalers already installed. This was a corner of the civilized world that we had reached. We had the good luck to be able to replenish our coal supply, which permitted us to prolong our second summer campaign. We wished to profit by it to visit Joinville Island, but the ice stopped us in front of the passage. Then, returning toward the northeast, we reached the little island of Bridgman, the curious débris of an old volcano. Then we visited Admiralty Bay in the Isle of King George. We celebrated Christmas there.



A Raid on the Icebergs

On January 6, 1910, after putting in for a brief space at Deception, where we experienced several violent hurricanes, we headed southward to make a new attempt upon Alexander Land, this time from the west. On the 10th the pack stopped us; we followed its edge during the night, and on the next day land was sighted ahead of us. We flung ourselves bravely into the pack, our keel battling with the floes, rising upon them, falling, and shattering them, while the mast vibrated like a reed. But after several hours we were compelled to renounce our attempt: we were making no headway. Alexander Land was now sighted in the northeast, so, beyond doubt, the land that we had seen to the south was a new one. It was mountainous throughout. We made numerous sketches of it, for it is the most southerly land in this region, and we are proud to have discovered it. Then we beat a retreat, not without an energetic battle with the glaciers, which had closed in on us. All the while following the edge of the pack, we crossed the seventieth degree of latitude; then we sailed northward. The wind arose, a storm assailed us, through which, on the 14th, Peter I. Island was sighted. The fog surrounded us, and a thousand threatening icebergs prowled about us. We fled toward the west, again in contact with the ice, penetrating into all the indentations of the pack, and stopping each time that the weather permitted us in order to take soundings and dredgings. Twice more we passed the seventieth degree of latitude. We reached 70° 13′; but our coal gave out, and there remained only enough to take us through the windings of the Strait of Magellan. In longitude 126° west of Paris we headed north; on the 24th we said good-by to the Antarctic.

A long stretch of new coasts and discoveries of land will make, we hope, a good showing upon the chart. As to the observations with which our books are stuffed and the collections that fill our storerooms, they will be the subject of long study, which will clear up innumerable mysteries that occupy the attention of science.

Celeste the Unforgiving

BY CHARLES TRETHEWAY

IT was one evening down on the shore, where the restless swash of the North Atlantic hurried and fretted and fumed, that it began—down there where so many things had their beginning, and so many things came to an end.

Under the spur of a quickening breeze, the cold gray shroud of fog had lifted stubbornly, scurrying off in great smoking wreaths to seaward, where it vanished into distance and nothingness.

The women huddled close, in chattering groups. Robust, animated figures they made, with strong, resolute eyes that flashed from one to the other lightly as they talked, yet always went wandering back to the heavily laden punts of the fishing-fleet, bearing gamely in from the hook-and-line grounds off the Whispering Shoals.

Soon the boats, well out of the toss and smother of the sea, bore sluggishly up the quieter stretch of the cove, folding their canvas one by one. Then, with the harsh creak of the oars, the men pulled stiffly in the direction of the fish-stages, their yellow oilskins gleaming, as their bodies rose and fell under the swing of the short and choppy strokes.

"Look, Susie, girl! I declare the boats sit as low 'most as lily-pads on the water to-night. Many a tidy quintal o' cod they've taken to-day, I'll warrant ye!"

A frown slipped into the face of Silas Mather's wife for a moment, drifting as quickly out again, as she rattled on to the woman at her side.

"Lor', how Silas do grumble if the vittles do chance to get a bit cold! I've hot bread for the man to-night, with pork an' cod tongues. I tell him it be rank un-Christian for any man to go on so, an' so it be. An' I tell ye, girl, we've all of us got a sight to be thankful for, with the Lord sendin' such lashin's o' fish to the nets and lines, an' Garland & Poole, down at Bonavista, never payin' better wages than they've bin a-doin' this season."

But her companion gave no heed. With her young eyes screened by a calloused palm, she was staring soberly at the picture made by the crowded boats, with their shining fish and swaying men. When she spoke, her words bore the taint of anxiety.

"It does 'pear like there was something wrong to-night, Molly, out yonder. Somehow, I can't rightly figure what it might be, though. Now who'd ye call that up there 'long side o' Skipper Jim Parsons? Don't it look awful strong for Rory Nolan—Big Rory? 'Tis him, sure's you're born, woman! An' Rory had his own boat out with him this mornin'—the old *Siren*, with the green daub o' paint above the water-line. If she's in the lot, I can't make her out; an' neither—neither is young Lacroix. D'ye see the lad?"

Straining forward, the girl again raked the long line of boats swiftly with her eyes. Some of the men were unshipping their oars.

"Molly, the lad ain't with 'em, I tell ye, an' he went out 'long with the rest this mornin' at five, when I came down with Joe's bit o' snack. The boards had sprung some in young Antoine's punt, an' he'd no bailin'-tin. Then Big Rory happened by, an' 'lowed 'twould be a sight drier for the boy to pile in with him. They got away quite a spell after the rest."

Now most of the other women had taken alarm. Excited cries sprang up on every side.

"Where's young Lacroix to? Where's Antoine Lacroix? Any one seen him? He ain't in the boats."

The voices seemed keyed to shrillness, a shadow of foreboding in them all. So they stood, careening for a breathless moment; the next, they were scuttling madly for the landing-place.

Bearing down in a panic, they caught Meg Lubbock's husband already trudging across the float, an ill-disguised concern

in his face, his red hands floundering desperately among the pockets of his oil-skins for his pipe and plug. Even Meg was prone to admit it was his first love whenever he stepped ashore. Others of the men who had landed stood talking in undertones, knocking off timidly at sight of the women. Halting sheepishly, Ned Lubbock was turning hastily back to the boats, when Meg clutched him smartly by the sleeve.

"Hold up, Ned! What's happened? You'd jes' as leave out with it to once. There's something amiss, that we all know."

The man wheeled. Tense and expectant they waited, while his eyes shot through their ranks nervously. His instant relief was evident.

"She ain't here, then? Ain't come, thank the Lord, not yet! Celeste Lacroix? We was afeard the girl 'd be down 'long with ye all."

"Dear God, it is true, then?"

The women closed in. Somewhere a low sobbing sound arose in their midst. Meg Lubbock's hand tightened on her husband's shoulder. He was cruelly slow of speech.

Near the salt-shed, a square, sallow-faced man, in a blue jersey, who was testing the edges of a handful of splitting-knives on his thumb, broke off suddenly, and pointed a warning finger up the long path that zigzagged from the shore to the weather-beaten houses above. Down it the lithe figure of a girl was spinning. She was singing, but it was only the fragments of a quaint old French-Canadian parish chanson that came to them.

Following with half-frightened eyes the little patch of color drawing nearer, Ned Lubbock awoke to words.

"One o' you women—you, Meg—or no, Skipper Parsons's wife 'd do better; she'd not be so apt to make a mess of it, an' 'tis like to be bad enough—stop Celeste afore she gets this far. Tell her—tell her, Mrs. Parsons, ma'am, the easiest ye know how, ma'am, that—why, tell her, ma'am, how that Big Rory's punt was run under in the fog this afternoon off the Shoals. Young Antoine, her brother, was in her. Coast steamer off her course, the way Rory figgers it. The two heard her comin', an' kept their horn a-goin', but they was anchored where the fish had struck on good at the time. Afore they could make clear, the punt was ploughed under—O Lord! ploughed under."

The figure of the girl in the red waist had reached the bottom of the path, and was coming across the shingle.

"After Rory came to the surface, he 'lowed he heard Antoine sing out twice. He tried desperate to get to the lad, but the fog was smotherin' thick, an' he came mighty near givin' up the ghost hisself, did Rory, only for Dick Davis there. Dick he heard him shoutin', an' stumbled on him by a miracle like in the mist. I'll 'low 'tis wonderful sad for the girl, mortal sad for sure."

Long before he had made an end, two of the women had darted from the crowd.

The door of the salt-shed creaked noisily on its hinges, and Skipper Jim Parsons came out, locking it behind him.

"Men, I've a notion, afore ye take to pitchin' in the catch, 'tis best to knock off for supper. Ye'll be all the better of it now, with the splittin' an' dressin'-down to come by lamplight, an' it 'll be right heavy work ahead."

He paused, his look travelling out over the heads of the men to where the women sobbed softly, farther back.

"Did any one"—he coughed, tweaking his nose gravely—"has any one seen the girl Celeste?"

"Ay, your wife's gone," some one spoke up.

He nodded understandingly, turning his head sharply to cover the blink in his eye.

"Where's Big Rory?" he questioned. "Tell him he'd best come up to my place to eat, an' dry out a bit, afore he goes home. The man ain't no call to go takin' the blame to hisself, the way he's bin a-doin'."

"Rory! Oh, Rory!" a voice called. "Does ye hear, man? Skipper Parsons 'd be havin' ye up with him to eat, an' dry out a bit; does ye hear?"

A huge bulk of a man, leaning heavily against the far end of the shed, stirred slightly. He had been looking out over the boats and the tossing water.

Tall as he was, and deep-chested, his garments seemed to give him added brawn. The face of one still under thirty, his frank blue eyes went to things about him dejectedly, while his hands wandered

at intervals to his bared head, as if in quest of the sombrero that had once been there.

Now he stumbled forward.

"Comin', skipper, an' thanks kindly. I vow 'tis good o' ye to offer it. I'll make a shift to dry out a bit, but that 'll be about all I'll be askin', I reckon."

Striding along by the skipper's side, the two followed in the wake of the crowd as it poured off up-shore.

Then, dry-eyed, and still as a spirit, through the murmuring throng of men and women, came the figure of Celeste Lacroix, the heavy masses of her hair spilling in a dark riot about her young shoulders, where it had broken from its coil.

At the sight of Skipper Jim and the man by his side, the girl stopped short. In the soft hush that fell on the crowd, one of the nearest women stepped forward, touching her lightly upon the arm.

"Celeste," she said, gently—"Celeste dear."

Almost fiercely, the girl shook her off, throwing out her hand in a strange gesture toward Rory Nolan.

"No, I shall speak to heem dere. It is Nolan, de beeg man. Is it not heem I shall remembaire all my life to hate? Yes, I, Celeste Lacroix, shall hate heem who tak' my Antoine away, an' breeng heem back no more! So, it is only when I pray to Our Lady, I mus' not hate, yes, only den—but always dere shall be de hate for de beeg man, ah, until I die, dat tak' heem away, an' breeng heem back no more—mon Dieu, no more!"

With a plaintive cry, the girl ended, then turned and sped away, onward and upward before them, where the yellow lights were popping soft through the gathering dusk.

Standing there, dazed and unsteady, by the side of Skipper Jim, the big man was recalling dully that never before, since she had come among them in Pilot Cove, had he been quite so close to this girl, whose accusing eyes seemed to have suddenly driven his manhood away, and left him feeling all but a coward. Yet her eyes were the eyes of the lad who had chattered so freely to him that morning on the way to the grounds—the boy who had told him of his father, the brave captain, who had gone down off the Banks the season before, with his schooner and crew; of his mother, who slept at Bonaventure—and of Celeste, his good sister, who had come with him here to save—yes, to do much, now that the work at the fishing was brisk again.

And that same lad's sister it was who had stood there and said she was to hate him—yes, hate him all her life.

He pressed his great hands to his face helplessly. Twice Skipper Jim twitched him by the arm before he came to himself.

"She's got the right o' it, Skipper Jim! I'm sayin' the girl's got the best o' reasons, Skipper Jim."

He stared at the men about him as if they were miles away.

"Took the boy 'long with me this mornin', an' never brought him back. An' she's his sister. Her face, Skipper Jim, did ye see it then?"

Skipper Jim checked him with a strong gesture of impatience.

"Stop it, man! Stop it, I say! Don't ye know—can't ye see, the poor creature was jes a pore wounded bird—jes plum crazed; any one 'd see that!"

The skipper's voice shook a little.

"We all go mighty sudden hereabouts when we do go, but look ye, Rory Nolan, we all know too, we men, ye played true out there," he nodded silently toward the sea. "An' the little maid 'll know some day."

With a rough, feeling grip of the hand, Big Rory thanked him, swinging on by his side.

Once, before beginning the ascent of the path from the beach, the man stooped, reaching half blindly at something he had almost crushed beneath his boot. As his hand closed over it, he straightened up, an odd thrill going through him. In the dim light he saw, and understood.

With fingers that had a certain reverence in their touch, he placed the thing in his pocket and shuffled on.

Celeste Lacroix kept close for weeks, seeing but few among the kindly women who would have comforted her. All Pilot Cove, busy with the long, hard grind of the fishing season, and the cruel, driving work from the peep of morning till the lanterns flashed at night, spoke softly of the girl, and went about their tasks. Without sorrow there could be no Pilot Cove. They knew it, every one.

Drawn by W. J. Ayland

Such of her kin as the girl could recall back there in old Quebec had, it appeared, like themselves, wandered far. But why should she look to them now, she questioned, a flush stealing into her pretty olive cheeks. She drew herself up bravely. Her hands? Were they not willing, if the work could be found for them? Yes, she would stay.

And so it came about that when Skipper Parsons's wife informed him how matters lay, it was he who noticed how ready was the spirit of the girl, and how strong and deft her fingers were, when he gave into her hands the weaving of some light caplin-nets, as well as such other tasks as he could discover for her.

Once, Big Rory, plodding home from the boats in the fading light, stopped, with a queer intaking of his breath, at sight of the girl sitting over her work, where the barren crags looked forth on a line with the Whispering Shoals.

"Plum grit, that's what she's got, plum grit—more'n any man of us from here clear to the Bay o' Fundy," he blurted, softly.

Then, lest the girl should chance to spy him standing there, he passed on, treading as cat-like as though the scattered stones were so many eggs about his feet, a great tenderness in his heart.

It was the next afternoon that Celeste, going to her accustomed place, knit her brows in puzzled wonderment, finding there, in the shelter of an old dwarfed and twisted pine, a rough-fashioned wooden seat, instead of the stone one upon which she had sat the day before.

Then followed mornings, when she threw open her door to the wholesome sun and the salt-laden air from the sea, when Celeste discovered on the low step outside welcome gifts of garden roots and greens, that came from sources she could not fathom. She knew there were few in Pilot Cove who took the trouble to coax the stubborn patches of soil about them for such things as these, and they had many mouths to feed.

Down on the shore, the women still gathered, and talked, and gossiped, as the summer waned and died, well knowing that no forgiving nod nor friendly sign had ever gone to Big Rory Nolan from Celeste Lacroix as the two went their separate ways.

Then came later days again, when all the little brown houses peeped forth from silent banks of snow; when the ice-packs groaned and jostled in the cove beneath, as they did in a hundred other little coves and harbors along the bleak Newfoundland shore. Dull, dreary days of biting weather, when the women for the most part kept close within, busy with the knitting of yarn mitts and socks, and the patching of leggings for the men. Only Celeste Lacroix did other things.

One evening, when the air was heavy with falling flakes, the girl, gathering some sticks of fire-wood from a scanty pile before her door, chanced to glance up suddenly, and saw some one watching her gravely from a distance, half blurred out by the storm. The next instant, as it grew thicker still, the form was lost to view.

It was that same night, when the sky had cleared again, and the moon at its full, that a man drawing a great load of pine faggots from the woods beyond was met near the cabin of Celeste Lacroix by Jack Riggs, a drunken fool who lived just over the hill from the girl, and who had many times annoyed her as he passed to and fro. Riggs laughed at the other, for his work, and was witless enough to speak sneeringly of Celeste as well. Big Rory, for it was he, was upon him like a tiger, and with a blow from his fist stretched the lout senseless in the snow.

Somehow Pilot Cove heard next day, and there were busy ones who carried the news to Celeste. The girl stamped her foot furiously. Could she not gather her own wood, then? So he had dared, that man. She would not touch a stick, not she.

But the week that followed was bitter cold, and Celeste, stifling her poor pride, was forced to turn against her will to the fuel that Big Rory had hauled by night to her door, without asking by her leave. She found herself full of thought at times, trying in her way to understand this big man, who they said had even struck down Jack Riggs on her account. She took to watching him covertly when she saw him at a distance, for somehow they never seemed to get very near. The girl knew that people talked now more than ever, and she fancied there were some among the women who looked at her

coldly when they met. For this she took refuge very often in tears.

It was Skipper Parsons's wife, more keen than all the rest, who noticed how the cheerful light was going from the face of Big Rory, and the life missing from his sunny, Irish eyes. She beckoned him to her one evening as he tramped by in the snow, speaking to him quietly, and scolding him after a motherly fashion of her own.

"Ye worry over Celeste Lacroix an' her mad words that night, an' she but a chit of a girl? Rory Nolan, I'm tellin' ye that ye'd be a sight better for seein' more of her, man, instead o' takin' to the swamp for fear o' meetin' the girl, as I seen ye doin' with my own eyes but a day or so back. What child's play is that? She'd not be like to call that brave o' ye, d'ye think? Keep to the road, my lad, an', mark my words, Celeste 'll not be leavin' it for anything she holds agin' ye."

"Mrs. Parsons, ma'am, I tell ye, 'tis the hatin' part that hurts, ma'am. 'Tis like a curse, so it be. To be hated, ma'am, until ye die. Ye never chanced to be hated like that by any one, ma'am? God save ye from it."

He stood pulling at the threads in his cap moodily.

The face of the gray-haired woman wrinkled into a smile as she bade him good night.

"One thing I'm given to know, Rory, that ye are not, ye mopin' giant ye. There be more ways o' likin' than hatin' —yes, a sight more o' 'em in this world. Keep fast hold o' that, my lad."

And the good dame went slowly back to her cooking, wondering how the stubborn little French-Canadian girl had got on with the sewing she had left her to try.

The frost had gone out of the earth that spring, and the air growing kind again, when Celeste, hurrying home one afternoon, ran unexpectedly into Big Rory but a stone's throw from her cabin.

A gun swung lightly across his shoulder, and she saw that he had been hunting, although he carried no game. At sight of her he dropped his head, stepping awkwardly aside from the beaten path to let her go by. The girl's gaze had fallen in her distress and embarrassment even lower than the man's, yet not before she had surprised the wistful dejection of his face and the haggard lines that had crept into it. Something of mute appeal, she fancied, had spoken in his eyes before they had gone to the ground. She heard his hard breathing, and knew that her cheeks burned fire. So closely did they pass that her skirt, caught by a puff of wind, blew heavily against his knees.

At her door a new shame came to her. Something was lying there that she stopped to see—a fine brace of freshly killed ducks. So his hunting, then, had been for her?

The girl felt an irresistible impulse, almost, to run after the big man and cry his pardon, but he had not turned in the soggy road, nor had he raised his head.

That night, Celeste, sitting long under the light of the little lamp, forgetful of her sewing, cried again.

Later there came a clamorous squall of wind and rain, beating so hard against the creaking windows that it kept her awake. Once, toward morning, listening to the boom of the surf below, the girl fancied she caught the shouts of men—hoarse voices bandied about in the brief hush of the gale. Hours after, when she rose and peered out, the earth showed cold and cheerless under the raw morning light.

Some women went hurrying by, their shawls flapping fiercely about their tousled heads. Celeste unbolted her door and stepped out, her eyes swimming with the glare of the sky and the froth of the whitecapped sea.

Ahead of her, talking in high-pitched tones, she saw Silas Mather's wife, with Meg Lubbock, and several others. She called to them, and they turned. She found herself running along, trying to keep pace with Meg Lubbock, recalling dimly the shouting and noises she had heard during the storm.

"What, has dere bin somet'ing happen, den, las' night?" she questioned, timidly. "I not sleep vaire mooch for de big win'."

"Sakes alive, child, where've ye bin an' kept yourself, an' not know something 'd happened, with all Pilot Cove up half the blessed night?"

Meg Lubbock stared at the girl in scornful amazement.

Three men brushed by them, going down the narrow road.

"There, that's the mate of the *Star* now, with Sam McVey an' Peter Rogers."

"Ay!" one of the women shouted back. "They'd all be goin' down to Big Rory's most like."

The big man! Celeste wanted to speak, but Meg Laidlaw's stride was carrying her rapidly in advance again. The girl struggled once more to keep pace.

"Ah, but you will tell me—p'r'aps I—I did not know," she said.

Meg took in the girl curiously, marking with a woman's eye the other's sleepless lids and the pallor of her face before she essayed a reply.

"Why, the old *Guiding Star*, child. Trader from down St. John's way, on her first spring trip. She planned to run the Cove for shelter last night when it blew so dirty like, an' found herself fair atop the Shoals instead. The crew was sore pressed, an' sent up lights, an' our men, some of 'em, went off to the wreck in a boat this mornin' at four. Fearful work it was, too, with Big Rory, poor lad, hurt mortal bad, they say, by a nasty blow from a bit o' spar. A lot o' the men are down there now."

At the girl's cry, Meg halted, and the other women, who had turned, fell back to where they stood.

"Ah, but you will tell me? I know not'ing 'tall. You say he—de beeg man—he is hurt vaire mooch? He is not to die, you t'ink? No, you do not say dat?"

About her, the women all seemed to be gabbling at once, and she strove to understand. But something was pressing at her heart, and she only heard dimly. He might die, perhaps, the big man, and she had meant to speak to him—ah, yes, to speak to him—to ask his pardon.

No longer she wanted to hear what the others were saying. The girl was halfway down the wet and rock-strewn street—running.

Once she drew up in despair, her knees trembling under her. Suppose that, after all, she were too late? The big man was badly hurt, the women had said. Something about his chest, that was it.

Inside the rough palings before Rory Nolan's little shanty there were many men scattered about. Three of them were strangers, part of the crew of the wrecked trader, Celeste concluded, as she came nearer. At sight of her they all drew together awkwardly, questioning her wonderingly with their eyes. Skipper Jim Parsons stood in the doorway, measuring something in a glass which he held carefully against the light. Bewildered by the onrush of the girl, he left off in open-mouthed surprise.

"Mr. Skipper Parsons, he is in dere, de beeg man? I mus' see heem, Skipper Parsons. You will not say I mus' not speak to heem for one leetle minute, no?"

The girl implored him with her eyes.

"Ah yes, it is somet'ing I put off vaire long. You will tell heem I, Celeste, am here?"

Marvelling greatly, Skipper Jim made no effort to restrain her. He nodded assent.

"Five minutes, Celeste, unless ye'd keep him in pain. I've a notion that Rory 'd be the better o' the powder at once."

Inside the door, the girl halted, her heart pounding so queerly that her hand went out unsteadily for the support of the wall. There in the hush she caught her breath with a sob as she saw the big man.

But her entrance he had not heard. His eyes were fastened strangely upon the wall above him. She saw that he had been reaching out for something that hung there, and that his strength had failed him. Then, in a flash, the skin of her face and neck ran in a tide of crimson. It was an instant of intuition to the girl, for what she saw hanging just beyond his arm was the little bow that had slipped from her hair that night—that night upon the shore. She drew to the wall, quivering, yet conscious that the man in the corner was speaking aloud.

"Only when I pray to Our Lady, I may not hate, yes, only then."

Hearing, she cried out in pain. Groping for the bed, she fell on her knees by his side.

"Rory! Rory!" She called his name softly for the first time, almost under her breath; wondering, too, that she found herself using it so boldly now to the big man's face.

"See, it is I, Celeste, who has come! Pardon! pardon! it is not so, dese words, an' I have been wicked, ah, so vaire wicked. I don' mean it for be true all dis time!"



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

"SOME OF OUR MEN WENT OFF TO THE WRECK IN A BOAT"

Her voice broke. But the big man on the lee seemed not to heed. He only knew that his head throbbed, and that his chest stung numbly. The girl beside him might have been a dream-woman. Then his arm rose feebly against the wall again, as though he would keep safe what he hoarded there.

"It's him mine, Celeste, since that night down thar. You've not come agin to tell me that ye hate, lass?"

Her cheeks blanched at the sound. His eyes had taken on a troubled look, watching her lips for the words they would shape.

But instead there came a wonderful tenderness into her face, the tenderness, not of a girl, but of a woman who had suffered, and who had learned strange things thereby. She knew, too, somehow, that the good God did not make often such men as this—as this big man, Nolan, whom she in her great trouble had once called coward. She felt all at once a bashful longing for the sound of her name on his lips again—listening. Ah, if the big man would only understand she did not hate him now. In a quick, impulsive movement, scarcely conscious of her action, the girl's arms flew upward to her great coil of hair. Trembling, she wrenched from it the fresh, red bow that nestled there, thrusting it with a half-inarticulate cry into the hand that still groped weakly along the wall.

The big man's eyes travelled wonderingly back to her face. The fire in his head seemed dwindling, and his grip closed tightly over the thing in his hand —watching her hungrily as she knelt there so very near to his side.

"What does it mean, lass? That ye have come here—that at last ye do not hate me, then? That ye give me this, Celeste?"

For answer, the girl buried her head in the friendly coverlet to hide the confusion of her face and eyes. And as she stirred, something fell like a soft flood upon the big man's arms—the raven masses of her hair.

She heard his low cry of delight as he crushed the dark strands between the fingers of his great brown hands—heard him calling her by name again, even while her own avowal trailed off brokenly.

"An'—so—an' so, I fin' after while I can hate not a' tall. Dat word you mus' not speak again—ah, do word dat shame me so. For somet'ing come to me, Celeste Lacroix—somet'ing I know has tak' its place."

Bravely she raised her tear-stained face, looking straight into the big man's eyes. What the girl saw there gave her the courage to speak, yet so low that he barely caught her words.

"Dat for de beeg wrong, I, Celeste, am to lov' you vaire mooch, ah, so vaire mooch, Rory, so vaire mooch, dat it mus' be all my lif'."

The blood was pounding along in the veins of the listening man; his face, alight, seemed to have lost its aging lines.

"Celeste, dear lass! dear lass!" he cried. "'Twas God that let ye know, I thought, dear lass. He'd pass ye word how 'twas, somehow."

At the love, long denied, that spoke from the big man's eyes, the girl drooped, so that the warmth of her young lips came very, very close.

From the doorway the figure of the man who had stood there had long since dropped away. Outside, Skipper Jim Parsons, a victim of helpless indecision, gazed dubiously at the glass in his hand.

There came to him again the soft broken accents of a woman, mingled with the deeper bass of a man.

Sam McVey, who lingered near, thought Skipper Jim did a wasteful thing then—a daft thing. He wheeled and threw the glass and its contents into Big Rory's little bed of sprouting carrots.

Though McVey questioned him severely with his eyes, the skipper overhauled his pipe with exasperating nicety before looking up.

"If it 'll make ye feel any better, McVey, 'twas some o' Doc Harvey's good sleepin'-powders I jes' heaved away thar. 'Cordin' to my figgerin', 'twould 'a' bin runnin' plum in the face o' providence to use 'em—"

Waiting on the slow flare of a match, he blinked craftily.

"An' in the second place, Sam, I've a notion that Big Rory Nolan is goin' to pull through an amazin' sight quicker if we can keep the man awake."

McVey only stared at the skipper blankly.



WATERLOO BRIDGE AND ST. PAUL'S—LONDON

In Praise of Bridges

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Photographs by Alvin L. Coburn

AT certain moments in the history of human culture the destiny of the race, the secret and hidden springs by which it moves, the very goal whither it tends, seem to throw off their strange disguises and welcome us with a smile of encouraging confidence. We live in a century that loves the material; but, "while loving it, conquers it, masters it, and with more passion than any preceding age has shown; in a century that would seem consumed with desire to comprehend matter, to penetrate, enslave it, possess it, once and for all, to repletion, satiety—with the wish, it may be, to ransack its every resource, lay bare its last secret, so as to free the future from the restless search for a happiness there seemed reason once to believe that matter contained." To-day we have learned to believe, to know, that "the old beauty is no longer beautiful, the new truth no longer true." There seems imminent the titanic subterranean struggle of a new æsthetic that shall startle the world with its significance and its immensity. A Whitman sounds raucously the new note of collective, inchoate beauty; a Kipling voices the mighty throbbings of what Coleridge unwittingly phrased as the "material sublime"; and a Maeterlinck, mystic of mystics, deems it worth his while to set forth in exploration of the kingdom of matter. If we may grasp some fragment of the meaning of modern life, and perhaps catch some prevision of a new æsthetic, shall we not best succeed by considering some form of material beauty—indestructible, immemorial—that has caught the fancy of man in all ages, that is linked with the dreamy visions of poets, the martial deeds of warriors, and the researches of men of science? Let it not be some contemporary marvel like the submarine boat, the wireless telegraph, the aeroplane. These things are too new and strange for man as yet to grasp their meaning. They seem to come, not linked with the memories of the life of the race, but explosively—like some sudden primrose outflowering of human, almost superhuman ingenuity. Nowhere in the material world do we find so significant, so continuously enthralling an image as that of a bridge. From the dawn of creation the bridge *was*—coeval



THE MASSIVE PIERS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

with man, contemporaneous with the individual, as with the life of the race, reflecting in all its minute and countless changes all the minute and countless changes of human civilization. The secret forces of its life, its ceaseless pangs of stress and strain, its defiant endurance in face of the pressure of matter, the ravages of the elements, the wearing weight of time, make of it an object ravishingly pictorial, inspiring, provocative. The bridge is a symbol—the symbol of the race, its evolution, its straining life, its stalwart soul.

One day I stood upon a roof-top and beheld a great suspension-bridge. For a moment, with narrowed, half-closed eyes, I saw the stupendous cables and interwoven superstructure take on the guise of a delicate tracery of spun glass, thrown like a fairy web across the great barrier of the waters. Nor did the beauty fade when I looked again with clear gaze. But it was a new beauty that I saw — a beauty of perfect fitness that seemed to come like a revelation. The massive piers, soaring aloft like mighty towers, were there to support the hurrying throng that passed and repassed forever over those everlasting spans. With all the splendid inertia of careless strength, the great cables held aloft in their mighty arms a palpitating segment of the living world. Shore is linked to shore by a dense-packed, swaying ribbon of traffic. With suave and nonchalant strength, man's ingenuity meets and conquers the wild and ungovernable force of the waters.

Under the spell of that picture the meaning of modern life seemed to unfold itself as if of its own volition. One unconsciously throws around times long past a peculiar magic and glamour—as if the ages of wonder were irrevocably past and gone. In the image of the bridge—even of that mystic staircase of gold upon which men and angels ever ascended and descended from earth to heaven—comes a sense of the real meaning of life, the life that is so peculiarly and inalienably our own. To-day man communicates with man in a thousand devious and intricate ways, more magic, more secret, more romantic, than were ever dreamed of in the most mystical epochs of the romantic past. Soul speaks to soul along the quivering thread of the material; the minutest intonations of the human voice sound across the chasm of space; the

depths of the sea and the flying clouds are explored by instruments of man's wonderful invention more wildly real than ever flitted in fancy across the imagination of Captain Nemo or that of the mythical waxen-winged Icarus. Continent is linked to continent with bonds of matter almost sentient with the burden of human interest, passion, and concern; even the ocean of the air is charted with wireless channels of communication along which fly the messages of hope and fate —a nation's destiny or a soul's despair. In his yearning to be at one with his fellows man has overleaped all barriers of space, stretched out invisible arms through all elements, morose, sullen, implacable, and with infinite finesse lifted the inert burden of matter, overcome the malign powers of Nature herself.

The whole meaning of progress is summed up in the bridge—at once a daring symbol and a splendid reality. For it is only in spanning the impassable, in bridging the chasm of the unknown, that man moves forward to that greater spiritual work which is itself a bridge from the material to the sublime. Man seems at last to be touching the very hem of the garment of the Archangel of Matter. As Maeterlinck says: "The utilization by our intellect of every unconscious force, the gradual subjugation of matter and the search for its secret—these at present appear the most evident aim of our race and its most probable mission." In our struggle for the gradual subjugation of matter, our search for its ultimate secret, man does and must ever hold aloft a pure ideal—the realization and discovery of those inner furtive beauties—poetic, æsthetic, sublime—upon the very verge of which the age itself seems to tremble.

If by some miracle of spiritual concentration the modern soul could rediscover Peter Ibbetson's wonderful secret of "dreaming true," and with another, "fair to scan," move unheeded down through all the ages of time, how magically they could trace the evolution of the idea of beauty as witnessed in the



THE WHITE BRIDGE—VENICE

varying forms of the bridge! And what wonderful pictures of the development of human genius and invention they could seize—if only they might take a camera with them! The prehistoric man, momentarily hesitating upon the brink of a stream, would rise to view—throwing great boulders into the stream, or, were it too deep, felling a tree so dexterously that it would bridge the chasm and assure him passage. There would be no age in which was not practised the art of diverting the great sources of power in Nature for the use and convenience of man. Thousands of years before Christ, in Egypt and Chaldea, the arch had begun to rear aloft its graceful supporting curve. At Nikko, in prehistoric Japan, the fabulous Shogun bridge would emerge as the first cantilever of recorded history. Crude arches bear their solitary burdens in ancient Nineveh and Babylon. And even the voussoir is lost in the mist of antiquity.

Before the rapt gaze of the visitants sweep the martial conquerors of the world, bridging the recalcitrant floods in search of conquest and exhibition—Darius crossing the Danube, Cæsar the Rhine, Alexander the Ganges, Xerxes the Hellespont. Upon Trajan's column at Rome one may still discern the outlines of those early Roman arches with spans of memorable extent and graceful curve. First wood, then wood and stone together, then stone alone—gradually the massive structure takes its ponderous shape. How well the Roman engineers built—for these men, the most skilful builders of roads the world has ever known, knew the secret of the materials with which they worked. How high were the requirements for the architect of the day may be gathered from the quaint words of that master of classic Roman architecture, Vitruvius: "An architect should be ingenious and apt in the acquisition of knowledge; . . . he should be a good writer, a skilful draughtsman, versed in geometry and optics, expert at figures, acquainted with history, informed on the principles of natural and moral philosophy, somewhat of a musician, not ignorant of the sciences both of law and physics, nor of



A Bridge in Rotterdam



PONT ST. ANGELO AND ST PETER'S—ROME

the motions, laws, and relations to each other of the heavenly bodies." With grandeur and durability the Roman engineers stamped their bridges; and they seemed to grasp the fundamental principles of æsthetics—with that pleasing arrangement of an odd number of spans with the central opening as the largest. Time itself seems to be defied in these massive structures of simple art; so vast their conception, so noble their design, so perfect their execution that Rome still has nothing more memorable in artistic engineering than her bridges and her aqueducts.

To the bridge the Saracens add grace and fineness of line. In time the mantle of the Roman engineers falls upon the shoulders of the Brethren of the Bridge, the order founded by St. Benezet of blessed memory. Under their régime the arch first takes on its elliptical shape. Gradually and by almost imperceptible degrees art and science unite in joint construction of the bridge. The decorative and the useful go hand in hand in intricate and elaborate design—bridges adorned with sumptuous buildings, fronted with marble porticos, and castellated with majestically towering Gothic spires.

In turn the stone of the Romans gives place to the more ornate marble of the Italians. How has Italy—and that fairest jewel in her crown, Venice—lived and lived again in the dreams and visions of the poet and the artist! That Ponte dei Sospiri, which spans the narrow Rio del Palazzo and connects the Ducal Palace with the prisons, was, as Ruskin truly says, "the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice." *Childe Harold* is memorable alone for the unforgettable lines:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand

Around me, and in dying glory smiles
Oer the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

This fair city, with its gondolas and canals, its vistas and its horizons, overwhelms the visitant with the pearly richness and architectural beauty of its bridges. Nowhere else, perhaps, may one so perfectly realize that a bridge is not a mere mechanical device of man for crossing a stream, but a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And I cannot but recall that the sublimated temperament of a Henry James *found* Venice in a bridge. "When I hear, when I see, the magical name I have written above these pages, it is not of the great Square that I think, with its strange basilica and its high arcades, nor of the wide mouth of the Grand Canal, with the stately steps and the well-poised dome of the Salute; it is not the low lagoon, nor the sweet Piazzetta, nor the dark chambers of St. Mark's. I simply see a narrow canal in the heart of the city—a patch of green water and a surface of pink wall. The gondola moves slowly; it gives a great smooth swerve, passes under a bridge, and the gondolier's cry, carried over the quiet water, makes a kind of splash in the stillness. A girl crosses the little bridge, which has an arch like a camel's back, with an old shawl on her head, which makes her characteristic and charming; you see her against the sky as you float beneath. The pink of the old wall seems to fill the whole place; it sinks even into the opaque water. Behind the wall is a garden, out of which the long arm of a white June rose—the roses of Venice are splendid — has flung itself by way of spontaneous adornment. On the other side of this small waterway is a great shabby façade of Gothic windows and balconies—balconies on which dirty clothes are hung and underneath which a cavernous-looking doorway opens from a low flight of shiny water-steps. It is very hot and still, the canal has a queer smell, and the whole place is enchanting." It was Michael Angelo who characteristically avowed: "A bridge ought to be built as though it were intended to be a cathedral, with the same care and the same material."



A Bridge in Venice

Classic decorative art gave way to

modern necessity and economy in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The use of cast iron marks the first displacement of the materials ready furnished by Nature with such lavish hand. In America, where spans were vast, obstacles immense, and supplies inexhaustible, came the boldest and most comprehensive applications to bridge construction ever known in history. Came cast iron, wrought iron, and then steel. To-day is the day of a new romance—the Romance of Steel.

A bridge typifies the standard and the genius of the age of its construction. And in an age of material accomplishment, the age when America takes its place as the world's greatest factor in the material and constructive advancement of modern civilization, steel as material and applied mathematics as tool became the two great instrumentalities in the development of the bridge. Those strange forces within insentient material which go by the name of stresses demanded gentle and delicate treatment; man must beware how he looses these unknown powers of nature. And it is nothing short of amazing that the design of bridges was not placed upon the firm foundation of a systematic mathematical analysis until almost the middle of the nineteenth century. Within the space of a lifetime the science, or shall we say art, of bridge-building, "has attained to a perfection and a final standard that is comparable with the progress of architecture through all the centuries since the time of the pyramid-builders." Until the inventive genius of man shall wrest from nature some new material to displace steel, the bridge will remain as it is to-day—a vast network of steel bars and cables pinioned together with all of the cunning of art and man's device. And its mechanism has been studied with such arduous intelligence, and in such complex minuteness of detail, that little seems left to do save a more exhaustive study of the actual internal forces in the materials employed. Nothing is left out of account by the bridge-builder of to-day—all is considered—the forces of stress, strain, and shear, of torsion and deflection, in each separate element of its composition; the force, impact, and vibration of stationary and mobile loads; the vast and well-nigh irresistible changes of expansion and contraction in the monstrous mass of metal under the influence of summer sun and winter cold; and even the hypothetically predicable effect



SHADOWS AND REFLECTIONS—VENICE



PONT AU DOUBLE AND NOTRE DAME—PARIS

of winds and storms which come and beat upon the bridge from out the Boreal regions.

In this Age of Steel, in this vast country of America the new word for the new beauty is demanded. It is time for man, in the words of Nietzsche, to say *Yea!* to all the universe. Virgil sang of arms and the man; the modern soul sings of science and the man. The glorious and militant confidence of the age is summed up in Wright's reply to the curious visitor requesting the privilege of assisting at his "experiment" in aviation: "Sir, it is not an experiment: it is a demonstration!" Shall we of today find no new fingering for the æsthetic keyboard, no new word for the poetry of achievement and the beauty of efficiency? The great inventor, the great scientist, the great captain of industry, is the great poet of the century, achieving masterpieces of material accomplishment as Shakespeare achieved a perfect sonnet, Michael Angelo an eternal sculpture, Milton an immortal epic. The great invention is, in the new conception, man's method of expressing the human spirit. And to that invention, to that humanly expressed ideal, go all the aspiration, all the idealism, all the passion of the great artist. The steel bridge lacks the external beauty of the marble arch; the cantilever with its monstrous arms, the suspension-bridge with its colossal cables that might support a battleship, can never hope to rival in artificial beauty the magic of a Venetian bridge. But about these stupendous structures of steel there is a beauty that is none the less real because it is elusive, suggestive, inherent. We must learn the new language of the new dispensation. "The fact that the language of the machine is a new language and a strangely subtle one does not prove that it is not a language, that its symbolism is not good, that there is not poetry in machinery." Goethe was inclined to believe that the more *incommensurable* a work of art, the greater its chances of immortality. This is the beauty and the greatness of the bridge as the symbol of the age, the beauty of the incommensurable ideas—of art, of science, of space, of time, and of infinity —that it embodies. "It may be true, as the poets are telling us," says that celebrant of the *Voice of the Machines,* Gerald Stanley Lee, "that this fashion the modern man has, of reaching out with steel and vapor and smoke, and holding a star silently in his hand, has no poetry in it, and that machinery is not a fit subject for poets. I have seen the few poets of this modern world crowded into their corner of it (in Westminster Abbey), and I have seen also a great foundry chiming its epic up to the night, freeing the bodies and the souls of men around the world, beating out the floors of cities, making the limbs of the great ships silently striding the sea, and rolling out the roads of continents. If this is not poetry it is because it is too great a vision." The new New York, the theme of poets, artists, camerists, critics, typifies the new beauty in its magnificent manifestation of energy functioning for man's material needs. In its fitness, its soaring economy of means to end, its perfect adaptation of material, in structure and design, for democratic and civic service—New York is the type of the new beauty of the new era. "That beauty," says Van Dyke, "is not a harmony of streets, squares, and houses, nor a formal arrangement of monuments, towers, and domes; but rather a new sublimity that lies in majesty of mass, in aspiring lines against the upper sky, in the brilliancy of color, in the mystery of fields of shadow, in the splendor of fields of light—above all, in the suggested power and energy of New York life." And where shall we find a more suggestive image of this American power and energy than in Brooklyn Bridge, with its grace of line, its waving tracery of cable like spun glass, its whole vast network spanning the river as lightly as a spider-web spans a doorway, its millions of passengers, its colossal power and compressed energy!

"This glorious arch, these climbing towers,
Are all for life and cheer!
Part of the New World's nobler dowers;
Hint of millennial year
That comes apace, though evil lowers,—
When loftier aims and larger powers
Will mould and deck this earth of ours,
And heaven at length bring near!"

Quartette

BY HENRY B. FULLER

YOUNG Cargill had been in town for a month, but he was still lunching far from the business centre. True, there were days when, after a forenoon of rebuffs, of disappointments, of weary waitings in outer offices, he would plunge into the ordered frenzy of lunch-room or of cafeteria—anything, anything to be in the world of business, if not of it. But oftenest noon found him, puzzled and discouraged, in the garish and specious restaurant of the Cantabria, three or four miles from the arena in which his young strength was yet to be displayed.

The Cantabria, a complex of vitrified brick and of multitudinous metallic bay-windows, raised its vast cube in one of the best streets (though not in the best part of that street), and Truro Cargill was persuaded that the frequenters of its restaurant were persons of consequence and of fashion. At noon the patrons were principally ladies. Many of them offered an agreeable combination of blond hair and discreet behavior; and the blonder the one, the discreeter the other. At the noon hour each of these ladies seemed to exist but for herself; she seldom communicated with the rest, and Cargill often found himself regretting that fashionable rivalries should be so deadening to the natural kindliness of the human heart.

At breakfast and at dinner a proportionate part of the company would be male. It was then that the ladies enjoyed a due attendance of husbands, fathers, brothers, or whatever: stern men, often enough, with intent eyes and deeply lined faces. The words these paladins addressed to their female companions would be, as likely as not, few and grave; the weary burden of finance, of vast enterprises, commercial and mercantile, seemed almost greater than they could bear. Cargill looked at them from a respectful distance with envy and impatience.

"Some one of these fellows," he once groaned to his roommate, over their coffee and rolls, "might easily enough give me work."

His friend shrugged. He had come to town a few months before, and had found a minute footing in the world of insurance. The two lodged modestly in a side street; it was only their eating that was done amidst splendors.

"I expect most of them have troubles of their own," said Weldon. "I'm doing what I can for you myself, remember," he added.

"I do," replied Cargill, "and thank you for it."

Though the pillars of the business world were usually absent through the day, the Cantabria never quite broke down. Other men, of a different stamp, often came in for the midday meal; and Cargill, after his first week or so, referred them to a certain cross-street in the neighborhood—a street given over to the trolley and to minor trade.

One particular table, in one particular corner of the café, was markedly devoted to such patronage. Sometimes there would be two at it, oftener three, and oftenest four; and when this happened the table was full and the number complete. At first Cargill had not suspected that any proprietary right might be lodged in this little group, and one day, coming in early and finding the table unoccupied, he had taken it. But the foremost of the party to arrive looked at him with surprise and reproach, and sat down in grumpy resignation at the table next adjoining. And here the others, with a bad grace, presently settled down too. Cargill looked a confused apology, and avoided that table in future.

The first of these protestants was a tall, dark, grave man of forty-five or fifty. He wore whiskers of the hussar type, with a shaven chin, and he carried a pair of eye-glasses whose lenses were very

slightly smoked. He had little to say, and said it in a low, soft rumble. None of his companions, however, seemed inclined to question his social qualifications; his very presence was of itself a form of sociability—there was doubtless an irradiation of sympathy perceptible to those within range of his aura. He ate appreciatively yet casually—it might have put him out but little if obliged to drop knife and fork; and he was rather deferred to, it may have been, by the other three.

"A professional man, very likely," said Cargill to himself, after a week of daily observation. He was but a looker-on, and surely the least he could do was to observe.

The second of the group, who came, as Cargill presently noticed, with a finer punctuality than the others, was a man a few years the junior of the first. He was a pleasantly plump and compact person, with a straggling yellow beard that was beginning to gray. He was near-sighted, but never put on glasses unless the day was dark. He had a way of looking intently, during the earlier stages of the meal, at the thumb and forefinger of his right hand; and if there was a delay in the service, as often enough happened among the sons of Ham, he would thoughtfully rub thumb and finger together until the course of things started up again. Cargill imagined a yellow stain on his finger-tips, yet the man never laid a cigarette upon the corner of the table nor upon the varnished oak window-sill just behind.

"He is like the other," thought Cargill; "only not quite so fine, and not quite so far up. But he's got a definite training in some definite line—I wish *I* had. And he must have other people under him—people to leave behind; for he always comes at just the same hour."

The third member of the group, who had a round, sleek face and a boldly springing black mustache, also came at a fixed time—when he came at all. On the other hand, he allowed himself a wide latitude in costume; Cargill never knew what he would wear. Often he was careless and shabby; yet there were days when he would appear in a well-fitting frock coat and a careful white tie. Though he too was a man of middle age, he appeared to have no settled form of behavior; his manners varied with his clothes. Yet if he grew hilarious, he was capable of checking himself; and if, now and then, he seemed pensive, it was still with a subdued cheerfulness that made his company none the less agreeable. Of these three middle-aged men, he was the one who trimmed himself most consciously to fit the company; and Cargill, though but lately from the social simplicities of a small town, conceived the idea that he was under some latent disadvantage which never quite left him complete naturalness and peace.

"But I could never guess what he does—never in the world," the young fellow said.

Compared with the foregoing, the fourth of these tablemates was but a youth. He was a slender blond in the late twenties, of delicate organization and a Teutonic cast of countenance. He made some endeavor to attune his general air to that of the table at large. Without being dull, he was never quite sprightly. If he indulged a single frivolity, it was that he now and then wore a flower in his button-hole. The flower was likely to be of an unusual character, and one day a petal or two fell from the wearer's button-hole into his plate.

These four men ate, talked, kept silent, with the easy informality of accustomed companionship; and Cargill, who was becoming lonelier every day of his life, began to think of the genialities of his native Wayneville as but pale echoes from a previous existence—if ever they had existed at all. He would have liked converse with the sensitive young German of the camellia, who could not have been his elder by more than three or four years. One day his glance sought acquaintance; but the other turned away his mild, beaming blue eye and sent out his slender hand after his fork, all as if to say:

"No; I belong to an older set."

The talk at the adjoining table was quite effortless and casual. It was usually in low tones, too; yet if Cargill had happened to run over the head-lines of the morning paper, he was never at a loss to pick up the general thread of discourse. The little party talked about whatever the journals told them to talk

about. They lived on a daily fall of crumbs; they functioned only in the present moment; the wide air of the world was theirs to breathe, but they breathed it only in short puffs. A little politics, a little "market," a little sport, a little society, a little crime; but nothing with the rudeness and tang of the specific and the individual.

"Good heavens!" said Cargill to himself, at the end of his first fortnight, "what interest binds them together? What concerns have they really in common?"

But he was never to learn.

He was interested enough to take the matter up with Weldon. To little purpose, however. Weldon also was a newcomer, and he was too busy about other things to have much time for idle speculation about his fellow creatures. Besides, the quartette, as such, appeared only at noon, when Weldon lunched down-town in the basement beneath his office. They were seldom present on Sundays; nor did they convene on full-fledged holidays. However, there are certain other holidays, of the half-kept kind, such as local elections, birthdays of national worthies, religious festivals of this church or that; and on one of these occasions, when even some of the weary Titans of finance remained at home to comfort their detached companions, Weldon was able to observe this little party of four at their usual midday meal.

"What do you make of them?" asked Cargill.

Weldon looked them over, and listened as well as he could to their low, casual, broken talk.

This time it began with ward politics, and passed on to a defalcation (which had loomed large in the morning's headlines), and switched off to a divorce and murder (which had loomed still larger), and finally died away on a "game" in which the relative merits of "Mac" and "Chick" came up for discussion. It all seemed like the talk of four lonely men who, if they let go of one another, let go of everything—the talk of widowers and bachelors, without home, without womankind. "If I should come to this!" thought Cargill.

Weldon wrinkled his brows. "The dark one with the smoked glasses," he said, "is capable of something better. The young one is talking just to stand in. The plump one with the beard doesn't mind much—he is merely taking his thoughts off other things. And that careless person with the mustache and the soiled puff-tie—well, he is half outside of himself; he is almost playing a part."

"How do you link them up? Do they all work in one store or in one office?"

Weldon paused and then shook his head. "No," he said, slowly, and shook his head again. "Your little group is too much for me," he went on; "I can't unify our friends along any particular axis. I shall need more time. For the present, I frankly give them up."

But he was to know them all, separately and conjointly—and that before long.

The holiday past, Truro Cargill's sense of enforced leisure rose up against him with increased cruelty. Everybody else was busy; he alone was idle. Some work must be found; somebody must employ him. Again he plunged into the maelstrom of the business centre; day after day he lunched amidst the tumultuous loneliness of this café or of that. He wrote hopeful, even deceptive, letters to the family, back in Wayneville; but the great conspiracy, with all its delays, disappointments, and humiliations, still went on. "You are an outsider," the big town seemed to say; "and an outsider you must remain." He became angry, frightened, desperate. He ranged about in good weather and in bad—and the weather, now, was chiefly bad. There came a week of raw winds and of driving rains. Things were wet overhead, and wetter underfoot. Through all this Cargill plunged daily on his desperate quest, and one day he came home spent. A chill; then a cough; then a fever; and Weldon, coming in just before dinner, found him lying on his bed.

"Hope!" cried Weldon, cheerily. "There is an opening—almost—in our own office. Next week will tell."

Cargill looked at him with a dull inexpressiveness, and placed his hand on his chest.

"What is the matter?" cried Weldon. He laid his hand on his friend's. It was hot. And on his forehead. It was hotter.

Weldon ran down-stairs to the land-

lady. "I have been worrying about Mr. Cargill all afternoon," the good soul said, slowly.

"Where is the nearest doctor?"

"Well, there is Doctor Griswold. He is on the first corner beyond the Cantabria—second floor. He is as good as any; we often have him here."

Weldon recognized Doctor Griswold at once—a tall, dark man with hussar whiskers and smoked eye-glasses. He gravely put on his hat and coat without loss of time. He found Cargill passing into a semi-stupor. "I ought to have been called before," he said, with a look of intense severity at Weldon and the landlady. "Are his friends—his family—in the city?"

"They live two hundred miles from here," Weldon replied.

"Telegraph them. They could come for—?"

Weldon stared at him in fear and anguish. "Yes, they can come for—that," he groaned, youthfully ready to make a dash at the worst.

He turned his face away and looked into the wet street. On the corner the hundred metallic bay-windows of the Cantabria were agleam, and in its restaurant the evening carnival of wealth and fashion was under full way.

"We haven't reached 'that' yet," said the doctor, grimly. He took out a pad and wrote a prescription. "Have this put up at once. At the same time get—" He specified this thing, that, and the other.

Weldon went out with the slip. At the top it read, "J. M. Becker, pharmaceutical chemist"—with the address. Becker was on the same corner with Griswold; his cheery lights, in fact, were just beneath the doctor's office.

While a clerk attended to his needs, Weldon perceived, within an inner room, a plump, straw-bearded man busy with retorts and the like; awaiting the results of some involved process, he thoughtfully rubbed together the tips of his thumb and forefinger.

In the morning, with another prescription, Weldon received the attention of the proprietor himself.

"How is the young man doing?" asked Becker, with some kindliness.

"Badly," replied Weldon, with the brevity of despair. "It's hopeless."

The chemist looked mildly into the distance, rubbing his thumb with his finger. "I can help you in other ways," he said, presently. "Call on me, if need be."

And that afternoon Weldon found himself, a hundred yards from Becker's shop, in the presence of Ira T. Bradbury, who was at once an undertaker and the proprietor of a livery-stable. Bradbury had a broad, sleek face and a boldly springing black mustache; he wore a dusty sack coat and the soiled puff-tie that poor Cargill had noticed on more occasions than one. But his manner today was not out of harmony with the nature of Weldon's errand; it was possible to feel, if not actually see, the well-fitting frock coat and the carefully arranged lawn tie which were to be worn day after to-morrow.

"In case you order a carriage or so more than you need," said Bradbury, "I charge only half. And in case you should want flowers . . ." He plucked a card from a pigeonhole.

Weldon took the card with an inner groan. "I called it a 'group,'" he thought, with the bitterness of the novice face to face with organized society; "but I might have called it a ring." He read the name on the card: "Bernhard L. Waltmann, florist"; and the place was on the next corner beyond. He knew already who Waltmann would be.

The sensitive, blue-eyed young German came forward from behind his palms, and with his own slender fingers wrapped up Weldon's modest purchases. Then he opened his refrigerator again and took a small bunch of flowers out of a vase in one corner. "From me, please," said Waltmann. "He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, and I had always meant to speak to him some time or another."

Mr. Becker met Weldon in the street a few hours before the funeral. It was like enough to be a lonely little affair. His experiments had been successful. "If I might come?" suggested Becker.

"Do," replied Weldon, gratefully.

Mr. Bradbury directed the event in proper costume and in definitely pontifical manner. Just as the carriages were collecting in the street, Mr. Waltmann himself came to the door with a large wreath for the belated relatives from Wayneville. "My boy is so busy to-day,"

and Mr. Waltmann, who seemed not unwilling to remain.

Two of the blood-crossed ladies from the Cantabria, who had husbands "on the road" and whose time was not too greatly occupied, were in discreet attendance. They even offered to sing a hymn, if no music had been arranged for; and a sad-faced old lady, whose hair was only gray, thanked them, when all was over, for their kindly sympathy.

Just as the few carriages were filling up and driving away, under Mr. Bradbury's quiet but expert direction, a tall, dark man, with hussar whiskers and smoked eye-glasses, slid unobtrusively into the house. Doctor Griswold was carefully effacing himself, as is the decorous wont of physicians on such occasions; but pneumonia had again declared itself, on the upper floor, and the house was in a panic which only the promptest attention could allay.

"Ah!" thought Weldon, smoothing his black gloves, as he looked out from the waiting carriage; "a reunion indeed!" He was but a beginner—only one stage beyond poor Truro, who had never begun at all; and the solidarity of the working-day world now came to him with overwhelming force. Should he himself ever help knit such a net, ever enter the warp and woof of some extended and efficient fabric? "How well our quartette work together," he murmured to himself; "how finely their four parts blend!"

Rain in the Harbor

BY LOIS E. BENNETT

WIND from the east, and a wet rain falling,
A tide that moves with uneasy force,
Anxious tugs with hoarse voices calling,
Leaden waters that show no course.

Wet black wharves with slippery floorings,
Boxes and barrels in long defile;
Anchored vessels that strain at their moorings,
Restless waters lapping the piles.

Wind from the east, and the drear rain beating,
The thick smoke hovers and settles low;
Far and away are the buoys repeating
Solemn warnings, steady and slow.

Gray-hooded launches in long rows swaying,
Sloops and schooners that rock on the tide;
Naked masts their slimness betraying,
Whirling waters against the side.

Wind from the east, and a chill rain drifting
Over the city misty and gray;
Out in the open the sea fog lifting
And hiding the face of the sullen bay.

The Perpetual Poor

BY ROBERT W. BRUERE

Formerly General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

MY good friend, the distinguished inventor and manufacturer, had retired from the management of his business, yielding his captaincy to the disciplined salaried staff of a corporation. All the days ahead of his vigorous prime were to be devoted to the disbursement of his very considerable fortune; his principal self-indulgence was hereafter to be the bestowal of magnificent alms.

The ardent youth of the man blazed up again as he unfolded the gloriously humanitarian project that I had come to discuss with him. The scheme had begun with the contemplated expenditure of some $50,000; then the idea had occurred of making the "Home" a beautiful and worthy memorial of a dearly beloved mother, with the result that fifty thousand had gradually mounted to half a million.

As we walked about the ample grounds, snugly nestled amid undulating, wood-clad hills, the model plant sprang up like Camelot to the music of his magnanimous vision.

The "Home" was to be as perfect in its utilitarian appointments as science could make it, and was to be adorned besides with all the beauty that art, inspired by a loving memory, could bestow.

I was listening with admiration, when a sudden flood of emotion interrupted the good man's rhapsody. Looking up, I found his wide, tear-brimming eyes glistening toward a little group of tenement mothers, who sat on the porch of the experimental "Home" watching their babies and singing cozily.

"See," he exclaimed, in a voice like a suppressed hallelujah, "what happiness! You wouldn't recognize them for the same creatures who came here hardly ten days ago," he presently observed, "they are so wonderfully changed."

Our inspection of the grounds and buildings finished, he called his carriage, and we drove along the white State road to his gracious little mansion on the blossom-strewn hill. Luxurious Persian rugs, woven to order after favorite designs, broke the fall of our footsteps as we entered. We settled down in deep, comfortable chairs and our talk ran lightly to poetry and the gentler arts. But more substantial matters soon won our attention.

We discussed first the administration of the rising "Home," and then the management of the great charitable society to whose keeping he had determined to entrust it.

At this point the weight of the theme converted our conversation for a space into monologue. As the salaried executive of the society, I was in a certain sense his business lieutenant, and he was earnestly concerned to ground me well in the basic principles of what he regarded as sound and efficient business. His counsel I have treasured not only because of the high-minded purpose that prompted it, but especially because it so well expressed the policy that has created America's colossal fortunes, her unprecedented philanthropies, and her uncounted multitude of broken and wasted human beings—the twilight armies of her Perpetual Poor.

His precise words I do not pretend to remember, but their interesting gist ran as follows: "Don't employ old people. Weed out those, old and young, who can't keep the pace, and those who fail to work in perfect accord with you. In business, the best manager is the man who gets the whole product out of the machine quickest. There will be better machines on the market to-morrow. 'Don't be caught with junk on your hands,' I used to urge my foreman; 'use the machines up, then scrap them.' So with men. They are at their best from eighteen or thereabouts to forty or forty-five. Get

their full labor product out of them quickly. Remember that business has no room for sentiment. Set the pace, drive your workers hard, use them up quick—then scrap them! It must be done to succeed. New men are being born every day, and will be knocking at your door to-morrow."

And hardly an hour before his heart had overflown with pity for a handful of destitute working-men's wives whose babies his bounty had for the moment saved from starvation!

Yet only gross injustice would suggest hypocrisy. This excellent man, half recumbent on his couch as he addressed me, did not for an instant see the connection between the common short-sighted practice of grinding out men's lives for quick profits and the little company of tenement mothers over there at the "Home." He was not only an able, vigorous, intelligent man, but a sincerely lovable, affectionate, large-hearted, and magnanimous man as well.

Only, he was essentially of a generation that is passing—a generation of captains who waged ruthless competitive war upon one another at the head of their own hard-driven troops, and who have left us on the one hand a few colossal fortunes, with a few unprecedented philanthropic foundations, and on the other our natural resources impaired, our forests despoiled, our mines gutted, our virgin top-soil, built up by slow nature in the course of geologic ages, dumped into the sea at the rate of a billion or more tons each year by our ruined and neglected rivers, and *an annual roll of 650,000 preventable deaths*—more by a hundred thousand than perished on the field from disease and wounds combined, North and South, during the four and a half years of the Civil War—together with a sick list, equally preventable, that year in, year out, day after day, and hourly, never drops below 3,000,000!

And just as my large-hearted friend saw no connection between his policy of scrapping human beings for the sake of quick profits and his little group of working-men's wives too poor to nourish their children, so business in the nation at large has been oblivious of or indifferent to the connection between the common practice of discarding men like worn-out or broken machines and the ever-swelling multitude of spiritually and physically maimed creatures who day after day pour through the doors of our courts and benevolent societies, and in years of prosperity and panic alike keep our almshouses, jails, charity hospitals, and reformatories crowded with human wrecks. It has been cheaper to scrap men than to save them.

Even among professional philanthropists it is not generally realized how literally the phrase "scrap them" has applied to our traditional methods of disposing of the industrially maimed and unfit. For many generations our practice has been not unlike that of the Romans, who exposed their aged and infirm slaves to death by the elements upon an island in the Tiber. Take, for example, the early history of New York's greatest public charity, Bellevue Hospital, which during a considerable part of last century was the general city poorhouse. "There," the records of the institution tell us, "in buildings intended for general almshouse administration, were congregated in one sickening mass the destitute, the prisoners, the victims of all forms of infectious and contagious disease, the insane, and the sick dependent children of the city." And how truly that "sickening mass" was regarded as merely a scrap-heap the care of the inmates bears witness. In the midst of the glorious Sixties, when the nation was aflame for the abolition of African slavery, an epidemic, due to the complete lack of all sanitary arrangements, raged in Bellevue. "The patients," relates a visiting physician, "had been removed to one of the garret-like wards immediately beneath the roof. The shingles were broken, and the beds, on account of the great number of victims, had to be placed so closely that the drip-pans, which were employed to catch the floods of rain, could no longer be kept on the floor, but were placed upon the beds.

"The treatment consisted chiefly of stimulation, and the raw ward whiskey was used for this purpose. On one occasion, in the dead of winter, I visited the ward, and ordered an increased ration of toddy for all the patients because of the extreme cold. There were no suitable means of heating the garret. Early

the next morning, fearful that disaster might have overtaken my patients, I rose and struggled to the hospital through a blinding blizzard which had been raging since the afternoon before. On climbing the last steps and opening the creaking door, I encountered a horrible sight. My two nurses—foul, debauched, penitentiary prisoners—lay in a drunken stupor upon the floor. Snow had drifted in through the rifts in the rotten roof and lay in great white sheets about the room. It covered the dirt. On some of the beds it had been in part brushed away by the dying patients. On twelve beds its surface was unbroken. The nurses had drunk their patients' liquor, and during the night twelve victims had died."

That, to be sure, was in 1863, but in 1893 the conditions from the point of view of human conservation had not essentially altered. Great changes had been wrought in the construction and medical administration of Bellevue proper—owing primarily to the fact that the clinical value of the patients for medical instruction had become fully realized, and a medical school had accordingly been established to educate young physicians and nurses for medical practice among the more fortunate—and other hospital and almshouse buildings had been added to the equipment of the Department of Charities and Correction; but so far as the business intelligence of the city at large was concerned the public hospitals, almshouses, and prisons continued to be regarded—as they unhappily are to a great extent even to-day—as the scrap-heap of the industrially maimed and unfit. For instance, the generally accepted index to the value which a community sets upon human life is the infant death rate; consider how the poor of New York must have been prized when as late as 1897 the mortality among the babies received at the public Infants' Hospital actually rose from ninety-eight and ninety-nine per cent. in 1895 and 1896 to the horrible maximum of one hundred per cent. in 1897! Indeed, in 1900 certain nurses in Bellevue Hospital were indicted by the Grand Jury for manslaughter in the first degree for cruelties, resulting in death, inflicted upon one of the patients, and this same Grand Jury brought a presentment directed against the management of the hospital and censured the medical board. There was no lack of petty model homes and the like in and about New York, but then as now they were designed rather for the delight and consolation of the charitable than for comprehensive human economy.

But within the last decade or so a radically different spirit has begun to be manifest in the administration of our charitable institutions. There has been a noteworthy development of humanitarian sentiment, largely guided by the influence of "preventive" medicine; but by far the most important and hopeful factor in the transformation that is all too slowly but none the less certainly taking place is the recent awakening of the keener business intelligence of the community to the threatened deterioration of our industrial army and to the impending danger of an inadequate labor supply. As the result of our age-long practice of grinding out lives for quick profits and of "congregating in one sickening mass the destitute, the criminal, the diseased, the insane, and the dependent children," physical and mental degeneracy is startlingly on the increase, and in addition the hosts of the unemployable—men and women who have been so long without regular work, or shelter, or food that vagrancy has become a chronic disease with them—are steadily swelling.

The attention of the English-speaking world is to-day fixed on Great Britain's experimental programme of social legislation, a programme that embraces pensions for old age, insurance against industrial accidents and occupational diseases, the establishment of national employment bureaus, and the complete reconstruction of the English Poor Law. The elements of this programme had been urged by a group of humanitarian enthusiasts for decades, but had been brushed aside by the "practical" men of England until the time of the Boer war, when the recruiting officers found that thousands and tens of thousands of British youth were undersized physically and mentally, and the degeneracy was rotting the national fibre. For more than a century English captains of industry, heedless of social consequences, had been grinding out the lives of working men, women, and children for quick profits,

until the war showed the nation that both her military and commercial supremacy were in peril. Then the government initiated a reform.

To-day there are signs that the business intelligence of America is being prompted, by a group of similar discoveries, to undertake, on its own account, a similar programme for the conservation of the physical efficiency of our industrial army.

Our greatest temptation to prodigality in the use of our labor supply has been the short-sighted notion that our store of immigrant labor was inexhaustible, that Europe would indefinitely furnish us with new workers more rapidly than business could absorb them or use them up; but to-day the supply of efficient immigrant labor is visibly approaching exhaustion. Germany, for example, that once poured thousands of sturdy mechanics into our factories, has herself become an importer of labor and is sending us practically no workers at all. (Just as I write this sentence the papers bring the report that "according to the State Commissioner of Labor one out of every four immigrants is found to be undesirable," due, it is said, to the fact that we have drained Europe to its southeasternmost dregs.) Furthermore, in spite of our disgraceful neglect of vital statistics—the national census report on the proportion of children in our total population begins with the confession that our national birth rate is completely unknown—a number of special investigators have made it scientifically certain that our birth rate, like that of France and all other European countries, is steadily falling. And, finally, as the most ominous consequence of our fatuous policy of social neglect, physical and mental degeneracy, with concomitant vagrancy and crime, are, as already observed, fast increasing.

From many points of view these facts are of immense importance to business; for although we are not a military nation, we are engaged in a world-wide war for commercial supremacy whose successful issue depends absolutely upon the health and vigor and loyalty of our laboring class.

Accordingly, as (through splendid endowments) the keen, far-seeing intelligence of our corporations makes itself increasingly felt, the executive officers of both our public and private charities are less and less concerned with providing "interesting cases" for the ten-o'clock edification of ladies' and gentlemen's advisory committees or for stocking kindly conceived though ineffectual memorial homes, and are more and more concerned with the business-like problems of human conservation—the elimination of degenerates, and the development of the latent industrial power of that abandoned and submerged group whom, beyond casting them the crumbs from our tables, we have heretofore not considered worth bothering about. These "biological engineers," as the salaried officials of organized charity are sometimes called, are to-day approaching our vast human scrapheaps in much the same spirit of disinterested scientific economy as that of the civil and mining engineers, for example, whom our great corporations are everywhere employing to eliminate waste of all kinds—to reclaim the water-power of our neglected streams, to drain the fertile beds of swamps, and to rework the great culm-banks that the passing prodigal generation piled up in mountains of waste at the mouths of a hundred mines.

The programme of human conservation as it slowly begins to appear involves the physical and medical care of schoolchildren, the anti-tuberculosis campaign, the campaign for the reduction of infant mortality, and scores of other shrewdly considered activities. I wish to illustrate its spirit by reference to the plans for the elimination or redemption of those two classes that have been regarded traditionally as the types of the predestined or Perpetual Poor—the idiot or feeble-minded, and the vagrant beggar or tramp.

How our sins of omission are visited upon us from generation to generation! Until a few years ago—for the most part even to-day—our treatment of the maundering idiot, like our treatment of the crippled and sick, was to cast him away in the almshouse, as industrially unfit, or to let him drift at large in the slums. How well I remember "Crazy Sam," the common jest of the neighborhood where I was reared. It was every one's privilege to badger and besot the pitiable fellow for the highly appreciated delight of

watching his idiot antics. When he ceased to amuse or grew violent and became a nuisance, he was locked up in jail or "reformed" on the stone-pile. Unfortunately none who laughed had the sense to perceive the vengeance he had the power to wreak through his progeny. The most notorious and costly criminals of our day trace their origin to such mental defectives as Sam. Thirty-seven per cent. of the young men in our State reformatory are "queer," as they say, "in their minds." A few months ago a committee with which I am associated sent an investigator to the State reformatory for women. We had been earnestly assured that none of these "convicts" required custodial care; that they were simply bad, not diseased. Yet of the three hundred women observed by the investigator, thirty-nine proved to be mentally defective, and of these thirty-nine, fifty-four per cent. were mothers, and forty-six per cent. mothers of illegitimate children. These wretched imbeciles had been imprisoned for every conceivable crime from disorderly conduct to manslaughter.

About four years ago the educational authorities of New York City began the systematic organization of the so-called ungraded classes. These classes, made up exclusively of mentally abnormal and feeble-minded children, already have a membership of eighteen hundred, and the authorities are convinced that the city contains at least twice eighteen hundred more. In 1907 the Governor of New York appointed a commission empowered among other things to ascertain the extent of feeble-mindedness in the State. After searching inquiry this commission reported that the degenerate population of New York, like that of the nation, was steadily increasing, that we had at least 20,000 mental defectives, and that approximately 17,000 of these were huddled in common almshouses with the aged, the sick and infirm, or permitted to drift unprotected at large.

It seems trite to refer to the often-repeated history of the Tribe of Ishmael, and yet the significance of the figures just quoted would be lost to many readers without it.

In the seventeenth century John Ishmael, a mental stray, came to this country from England. Dr. Oscar G. McCulloch, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has traced a fraction of his descendants—thirty families out of a possible two hundred and fifty. Concerning these he reports that "there is one continuous history covering a period of forty-eight years, touching almost every known crime, and involving no less than *five thousand* degenerates of all sorts and kinds. Think of seventeen thousand Ishmaels adrift in one State and of their effect upon the health and vigor of our industrial army!

But under the influence of the new spirit of human conservation, a vigorous campaign is on for the protection of our labor supply against the contamination of this degenerate group; last year New York State purchased a splendid tract of some two thousand acres where a colony is to be established to supplement the first experimental colony established fifteen years ago, for the permanent segregation, under medical advice and control, of the incurably feeble-minded, especially of New York City, and plans are on foot for creating an intimate connection between the "ungraded classes" in the public schools and Letchworth Village, as the colony is called, so that these dangerous though innocent creatures may be protected from abuse by society, and may at the same time be restrained from further cankering our working class through the destructive multiplication of their degenerate and corrupting progeny.

Like plans are under way looking to the elimination or redemption of our vast numbers of vagrants and tramps. To-day these pariahs are cast on the scrap-heap or set adrift with other dependent poor under the ignorant or blind notion that they are voluntarily unemployed, shiftless, and bad.

There is abundant evidence that vagrants and "bums" are almost entirely the products of social neglect and industrial mismanagement. At the tenth annual meeting of the National Civic Federation, a manufacturer told the following story: "In our soldering department the conditions have been unhealthful for many years. The atmosphere is heavy constantly with the fumes arising from the contact of hot soldering-irons with the acid flux used. As a result it

has always been a problem with us to keep the force constant in this department. We have been compelled to hire as high as 225 men in a year to keep a force of seventy-five to eighty at work. We have been aware that the men were leaving the service because of the unhealthful conditions, but the difficulties in the way of improvement seemed insurmountable until we determined to find a way. As the result of *a few weeks of study*, we are now preparing to install an exhaust system that will represent an investment of *not to exceed* $1,200, that will result in making the force in this department fifty per cent. more constant, which in turn will fully cover the investment we are making." For many years this manufacturer, because it had seemed cheaper to "use men up quick and scrap them" than to invest $1,200 in a simple improvement, had been sending hundreds of men and their families adrift to become deserters, and beggars, and eventually "bums."

The Russell Sage Foundation recently published a report covering among other things the stability of employment in several typical American industries. "The superintendent of a mining property," the report states, "insisted on the amazing figures of 5,000 hired during the year to maintain a force of 1,000. The largest operator of the district thought this too high, but said that 2,000 hirings in a year for 1,000 permanent positions was not an exaggerated index of labor's mobility. The employment bureau of a huge machine-works hired 21,000 men and women during the year to keep up a force of 10,000."

It is such wasteful mismanagement as this that fills our city's slums with demoralized human wrecks. Individual employers are interested in men while they are able-bodied enough to yield a profit on their wages; when they have been crippled, the temptation is to discard them, thus adding demoralization to disability.

In 1909 the Governor of New York appointed a commission to inquire, among other matters, into the extent of human waste in the industries of the State. Upon thorough inquiry the commission reported: "We must conclude that the 22,722 reported accidents of employment in 1908 [a year when, owing to general unemployment, the number of industrial accidents was abnormally low] were but *a small proportion* of the total number of such accidents occurring during the year." Moreover, the investigations of the commission showed that the wages of a great majority of the industrially injured had not been sufficient to cover the "risk of employment," as it is called —that is, not sufficient to enable the workers either to save money, or to insure themselves and their families against accident; and it was further shown that under our Employers' Liability law only a pitiable fraction received adequate damages, and that "a large proportion of those injured and the dependents of those killed got nothing or next to nothing." What then becomes of them and their families? "With the major part of their incomes cut off," the commission explains, "the injured workmen's family, especially in the case of serious and fatal accidents, must depend upon the work of women and children or upon the assistance of relatives and friends, must reduce their standard of living to the detriment of health, and must often become destitute and dependent upon charity. That these are the actual results of the situation our inquiry has proved." In short, they are driven forth on the downward road that leads to the slums and the bread line.

I do not mean to suggest that all the flotsam and jetsam of our great cities are the victims of industrial accident. I do mean, however, that no one who has mingled with the men in the bread lines or with the demoralized creatures in the almshouses and jails can miss the conclusion that without exception they are the products of that same social neglect and industrial mismanagement of which unrequited industrial accidents are a characteristic example.

As the result of our prodigal policy of "using men up quick and scrapping them" experts estimate that even in prosperous times there are at least 500,000 vagrants or "bums" in the country—millions' worth of labor power wasting and rotting away.

Moved to fresh interest in these facts by the extraordinary accessions to the ranks of the unemployed during the

recent panic, a group of New York capitalists and philanthropists held a conference with a view, first, to securing employment for men and women who were without work because of the panic or for other immediate and temporary reasons; and second, to provide a place of detention and reformation, more healthful, extensive, and efficient than the penitentiary or workhouse for those who had already suffered demoralization and were in imminent danger of becoming chronically unemployable "bums."

In England the government has just opened a chain of public employment bureaus; the New York conference decided in favor of a private employment bureau, and the financier who guaranteed the necessary capital stipulated that organized labor should not be represented on the board of directors. The bureau was established on the theory that unemployment in the case at least of those who are still industrially fit is largely due to "maladjustment"—that is, to the absence of machinery to keep labor distributed to meet the shifting demand. The theory is that there may be a hundred vacancies in Denver, for example, and a hundred idle men in New York mutually unaware of each other. The object of this national employment bureau is to bring the job and the idle worker together, and thus to forestall chronic idleness and consequent demoralization.

The second and far more important measure adopted by the conference provided for a farm colony for vagrants to be established and maintained under the police power of the State. Last year, and again this year, members of the conference presented to the State Legislature an "act to establish a State industrial farm colony for the detention, humane discipline, instruction, and reformation of male adults committed thereto as tramps or as vagrants." It is the hope of the promoters of this measure that the farm colony, if established, will be the first of a chain through whose instrumentality the sound unemployed may be winnowed from the wholly demoralized and industrially unfit, and their labor power thus conserved. The discipline is to consist primarily of agricultural labor, which will not only restore the inmates to full physical vigor, but will enable them to provide food for themselves. As in the case of the employment bureau, it was thought expedient to keep the colony directly and exclusively under the supervision of men of business—"said colony," the act reads, "shall be under the control and management of a board of five managers, to be appointed by the Governor . . . and to serve without compensation." This provision will be effective in excluding representatives of organized labor.

The programme for the elimination of the tramp and the feeble-minded, the "bum" and the idiot, like the related programme for the conquest of tuberculosis and the reduction of the infant death rate, is still embryonic, but it is highly significant as indicating the awakening of business intelligence to the need of conserving the working efficiency of the laboring class. It marks the beginning of the end of the policy of "scrap them," as well as of our traditional self-indulgent practice of sporadic individual alms. The moment it ceases to be cheaper "to burn men than to transport coal," as a New York merchant recently put it, in explaining why he gave up his beautifully located out-of-town plant to come back to the city; the moment it pays better to conserve men than to squander them, business will develop a system of pensions for loyal service, will safeguard the lives of workers and their families by schemes of compensation for accident and industrial disease, and will supply ample funds to charity to tide them over periods of unemployment.

Moreover, with the feeble-minded degenerate and the unemployed "bums," separately provided for or eliminated, our Department of Public Charities will cease to be a scrap-heap, and will become exclusively, what in large measure it already is, a department of splendid and well-equipped hospitals; it will bear much the same relation to the industrial army that the medical staff and the Red Cross corps bear to the soldiers in the field.

The test that business increasingly applies to charity is, not how many have entered your gates, but how many have you restored to industrial efficiency, how much labor power have you conserved for the money entrusted to you?

Who Killed Cock Robin?

BY MARGARET CAMERON

BESS WALLACE, going alone to visit her sister, Mrs. Ford, in the little college town of Brookfield, had been delayed in reaching the city by a wreck ahead of her train, and was obliged in consequence to take the twelve-twenty-five local out, instead of the earlier express she had hoped to catch.

It was a very hot night, the last in June, and she had been travelling since early that morning and was tired and sleepy. Therefore she went out to her train as soon as it was announced; and since a woman with a fretful, sticky, candy-munching child had been sitting behind her all the afternoon, she chose the back seat in the car, insuring herself against annoyance from that direction at least. Then, realizing that in no way could she hasten the departure of the train, she wearily propped her hand against her cheek and closed her eyes.

She could not even lean her head comfortably against the window-casing, for this was in the days of stiff, straight-brimmed sailor-hats. She also wore a high, stiff, turn-over collar and slim cravat, and her mannish coat of blue serge opened over a plain white shirt-waist.

She hoped Kate had received her telegram and would have some one at the station to meet her, and wondered whether Tom Mason would be there, deciding at once that he would not. He would surely present himself in the morning, however; and remembering this, she smiled drowsily, readjusted her elbow, and felt a little less tired.

A few people straggled into the car, hot and listless: a couple of Italian laborers, who chose a place near the middle of the coach and put their feet on the opposite cushion; a pleasant-looking young fellow, who dropped into the seat across from Bess and immediately fell asleep; and the soiled and bedraggled parents of two soiled and bedraggled but still vociferous small boys, whose hands were full of rockets and pin-wheels and whose pockets bulged with firecrackers, in preparation for the approaching Fourth of July. These also found seats near the middle of the car, whence the strident voices of the boys, as they displayed and gloated and quarrelled over their treasures, smote upon her tired ears.

Presently her attention was attracted by a particularly merry and mellow laugh just outside her window, and a jovial masculine voice said:

"The only trouble with you, Jim, is that you don't loosen up often enough. You'll wake up some fine morning and find yourself an old man if you don't look out."

"I am an old man, Frank," replied another voice. "By George! I forget that I ever was a boy except when I get out with you fellows of 'eighty-three and live over my one year in college."

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed a third voice. "We're all boys yet. I defy anybody who's been with us the last two or three days to deny that—or that Jim Mason's the youngest of the lot," he added, whereat they all laughed.

At his mention of the name, Miss Wallace's eyes opened wide, and she was plainly startled. Tom Mason had told her much of a severe kinsman, whom he called Uncle James, who had reared his younger brother and himself from early boyhood, and who was grimly determined that they should take the education for which he had vainly hungered, and achieve in their lives the success that he felt his had missed. She had once asked Tom why he never spoke of this relative as "Uncle Jim," and he had replied, with a dubious little shake of the head, "Uncle James isn't that sort." Could this Jim Mason be that Uncle James, whose home was in Brookfield?

"By the way, how are your boys getting along?" asked the one called Frank. "Fine fellows, aren't they?"

"They would be if they weren't both damn fools," grimly returned Mason, all the genial quality gone from his tone.

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked one of his friends.

"Bob, the younger, is a brilliant, erratic, untetherable young comet, bending all his energies just now on knocking every heavenly body clear out of space—oh, it isn't funny," he interrupted himself, as the others laughed. "And Tom, the elder, is steady enough, but he's suddenly developed an asinine streak that beats anything his brother ever thought of."

"What's that?"

"He wants to get married!" His tone intimated that beyond this criminal folly could not go, and his friends chuckled gleefully; but the girl inside the car window sat erect, her lips a straight line and her gloved hands clenched. Once she glanced hastily about at the seats remaining vacant, and touched the handle of her suit-case. Then, as the voices continued, frankly audible, the impulse waned and she remained tense and still.

"That won't hurt him if the girl's all right," said one of the men.

"H'mph! I've never seen the girl and I don't want to. She's one of those silly society butterflies, accustomed to more luxury in a month than Tom could afford to give her in a year—and, of course, she hasn't any sense. No girl of that sort has. I've no objection to Tom's marrying, when he's of suitable age, but he's only twenty-seven—"

"What do you call a suitable age?" demanded Frank.

"Well—forty." The other men shouted with laughter. "That's all right, but you fellows know as well as I do that 'a young man married is a man that's marred,' and Tom's got too good stuff in him to fool with. I'm not going to stand for it at all."

"Look out, Jim," warned the third man. "You may be monkeying with a buzz-saw. Perhaps he's in love with her."

"Tsh! In love! I suppose he *is* in love with her! Anyhow, he's letting her make a fool of him, all right. He's home on his vacation now—he's an architect, in the offices of Grove & Kingdon, and doing mighty well—and this girl has somehow managed to get an invitation to visit somebody in Brookfield, and is likely to turn up at any time. I suppose she thinks she's going to land him this time—and he's certainly floating around there with his mouth open, just waiting to swallow the bait—but I've a fly or two in reserve myself."

Bess drew a quick breath through set teeth and struck a tight little fist against the window-sill. She knew, and she found it incredible that James Mason should not know, that Tom had worked early and late, and had used all the influence he could summon, to arrange this vacation of his at the time when she was to be in Brookfield. She had been visiting in the West, and it would be their first meeting in several months, as well as her first visit to the old town in which Tom had grown up and to which her sister had recently moved.

"Oh, I'll break it up," confidently continued Mason, "but it's the first time I ever had any serious trouble with Tom, and it took me unawares. Why, when he told me he was going to ask this girl to marry him and I said I wouldn't stand for it, that boy defied me. Yes, sir, actually defied me!"

"Bully for him!" laughed Frank. "I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for a man who wouldn't defy anybody living for the woman he was in love with! And neither would you, you old clam! As for your comet, give him a big enough orbit and he'll be a credit to you. Give him room."

"I'll give him room—to work in!" retorted the other. "I've issued an ultimatum for him, too. One more escapade, and he comes out of college and goes to work in overalls so quick it 'll make his head swim. If he's got so much energy that he can't control it, I'll find a vent for it! He's come near being expelled twice already."

"Oh, come, Jim!" chaffed the third man. "Remember your own youth! Remember the time we painted Prexy's cow green and hoisted her up to the roof of the chemical building?"

"That's right!" chuckled Frank. "That nearly put us all out of business! That was one of your scintillating ideas, Jim. And did you ever tell your comet about the time we held up the train with old Busby aboard?"

"You bet I never did! Nor Tom, either. But confound it, man, I was a Freshie. We were all Freshies then. Hale's past all that—or ought to be."

"Remember Bill Dowing? Brightest chap in our class! Remember what a perfect limb he was—oh, you weren't there! Well, he never got over being a remet. It took the whole class, during the Senior year, to keep him in order long enough to graduate, and look at him now! Probably the most brilliant political writer in this country."

"Right you are!" exclaimed the other man. "Give your remet room to swing in, Jim. Nobody ever gets over being a kid until he's dead. He may be unburied, but he's dead, all right. Look at yourself. You've been walled up for years in that academic mausoleum of a town up the road here, and even yet you're not defunct! You still wake up and raise—"

"Only once a year, boys! Only once a year!" protested Mason, and the others laughed.

"Well, then, make a night of it, for Heaven's sake! You've about three more drinks aboard now than you usually carry, and you're almost human! Come on back with us and we'll give you three more, and then you'll begin to enjoy life again. Come on!"

"No, boys, not to-night. I'd like to, for I still feel like cutting everything loose, but I've got to be home early in the morning."

"Oh, you're a quitter!" gibed the other two, as the starting-bell rang. "Cinderella galloping home to the ashes at midnight! Come on! Dare you to! No? Good-by, then, until next year!"

The train moved, and Miss Wallace, erect and tense and vividly angry, waited for Mr. James Mason to come into her field of vision; but apparently he chose the car behind, for no one entered the one where she sat, and gradually she relaxed somewhat, although it was long before her lips lost their rigidity of line or her eyes their sombre fire.

Meanwhile other people drifted in, elderly commuter patrons of the city's roof-gardens and open-air restaurants, and as the train crawled through the hot night they left it again by twos and threes at the little stations. Shortly before one o'clock, the parents of the boys, awaking opportunely themselves, hurriedly aroused their slumbering offspring and dragged them from the car, reluctant and whimpering, but still firmly clutching their pyrotechnical treasures.

There were few passengers remaining by this time, and of these all were asleep except the girl in the back seat, now the only woman in the coach. Even she finally put aside the magazine in which she had been trying to interest herself, and again propped her head upon her hand and closed her eyes, giving herself entirely to indignant contemplation of James Mason's utterances and attitude.

Thus she did not notice an elderly man who entered from the doorway behind her, and, after glancing at the scattered passengers, selected a seat across the aisle from and slightly behind the two Italians, now peacefully if somewhat audibly sleeping. Nor did she see him go forward and help himself thirstily to ice-water; but as he turned to come back through the car, she chanced to open her eyes, and indifferently observed him from behind her screening fingers. He was a man of medium height and weight, past middle age, and well dressed. More she did not mark at the moment.

He looked with evident disapproval at the unconscious Italians, whose dusty feet still reposed in the opposite seat, and whose open mouths and flushed, perspiring faces were a fitting accompaniment to their loud snores. After passing them, his attention was attracted by something on the floor. He paused, looked sharply at it, and stooped. When he arose he held in his hand that special delight of the youth of our land known as a "cannon cracker," dropped by the children.

For a moment he considered it carelessly; then a mirthful spasm crossed his face, and after a hasty but searching glance at his fellow passengers, he slipped into the seat behind the Italians. Bess cautiously turned her head and looked at the youth across from her, finding him palpably asleep, as all the others seemed to be. She realized at once that her own drowsy attitude was probably reassuring to the elderly man, but she could not know that her mannish dress had contributed to his conviction that there were no women present, her face being partly concealed by



Drawn by Denman Fink

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"THIS IS NO PLACE AND NO HOUR FOR PRACTICAL JOKES"

the prepping hand. Once more he quickly scrutinized the passengers; then fumbled in his pocket, stooped a little—and slipped across the aisle and a few seats back.

A moment later a terrific detonation not only effectually ended the snores of the two Italians, but brought every man in the car to his feet, blinking and pale. There was the instant of bewildered suspense that always follows a shock, which was first broken by wild yells of terror from the Italians. As one of them ran, crouching between the seats, toward the nearest door, the other flung himself bodily upward and hung from the bell-rope, while the still quivering air was resaluted by a shrill outburst of Neapolitan expletives, appeals, and threats.

The train jolted heavily to a halt, under the sudden application of the air-brakes, and the excited crew ran into the car from both directions, followed by other passengers, while those originally there were still asking one another what had happened.

Through all the excitement Bess had kept her eye on the man responsible for it, and he had feigned to be as much startled as the rest. Therefore she was not surprised to see him approach the conductor, with indignant mien, demanding what this disturbance meant, and whether there were not men enough in the crew or energy enough in the management to protect patrons of the road from outrage. She was not prepared, however, to hear the man reply:

"What happened, Mr. Mason? Anybody hurt?"

"Hurt? No! Unless that dago back there has burst a blood-vessel yelling! From the fragments on the floor, I should say that somebody exploded a firecracker, or a Fourth-of-July bomb. An outrage, Jackson, an outrage! This is no place and no hour for practical jokes."

"Did you see who did it, Mr. Mason?"

"Certainly not! I saw no one. But if your crew can't keep persons of that sort in order I shall take the matter to the superintendent. I've been driven out of one car by a squalling young one, and now somebody explodes a bomb in this one!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mason. I'll try to find out who did it," said the conductor, anxiously. Turning to Bess, he continued: "You were in this car, miss. Do you know who did it?"

"I know no more about it than this gentleman does," she quietly replied, whereupon Mason shot a keen glance at her from beneath his brows, which she met with apparent unconcern, concluding, carelessly, "At this hour everybody's likely to be dozing."

"This makes it worse, Jackson," severely declared Mason. To her he added, with a direct look: "I had no idea there was a lady in the car. I hope you were not frightened."

"Thank you, I was not at all frightened," she indifferently returned. "One expects firecrackers at this season."

"I congratulate you on your steady nerves, madam. Most women would have screamed."

Entirely reassured as to her ignorance in the matter, he took off his hat, bowed, and made a dignified exit, while she stood looking after him, a curious light in her eyes. So that, again, was James Mason! Through the open door, she saw him drop off the platform and go forward, apparently to the smoking-car, and a moment later, taking advantage of the excitement still centring on the sons of Italy, she slipped out and found a seat in the coach behind.

From the subsequent comments of people about her, returning from the seat of war, she gathered that it had taken the combined efforts of passengers and crew to convince the Neapolitans that they had not been the victims of a Black-Hand plot, and that even when this had been accomplished, they had discovered in the car an ancient enemy, in the person of a young collegian who had previously hoaxed them, and despite his denials of any knowledge of this affair of the bomb, had threatened him with varied and picturesque vengeance.

For a moment she contemplated going to his relief, but no one seemed to take the affair at all seriously, so she kept both her seat and her counsel, and in time, somewhat delayed by the bomb episode, the train arrived in Brookfield, where Miss Wallace found her brother-in-law awaiting her at the station, and saw James Mason no more that night.

Nor did she see her sister, except for a moment's greeting, until the next morn-

ing, when Mrs. Ford came into her room with the breakfast-tray, curled up at the foot of her bed, and poured forth the details of Bob Mason's latest escapade, which had shaken all Brookfield to its foundations, used as that long-suffering old town was to the pranks and vagaries of undergraduates.

The details of that affair belong to another story. Suffice it to say here that young Mason had taken advantage of his uncle's absence in the city to perpetrate a long-studied trick, involving dignified men and staid institutions in a situation sufficiently fantastic to justify his kinsman's characterization of him as "a brilliant, untetherable young comet," and the end was not yet.

"And the worst of it is," she concluded, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes, "that while it's so funny, it's tragic, too. Bob's uncle will never forgive him for this, even if the others would. Poor Tom was here last night, positively haggard over the thing."

"Do you know him—the uncle?" asked Bess, who had been less amused than the tale warranted.

"Yes—after a fashion. Everybody does. You see, he's our leading citizen; president of the biggest bank, member of the Town Council, director of—"

"Do you like him?"

"*Like* him? I never heard of anybody who liked James Mason—except Tom. He seems fond of him. The men all say he's 'able,' and 'square,' in an eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth sort of way, but everybody grants that he's a regular old curmudgeon. He's never had the least sympathy or patience with Bob's scrapes. If he had, the boy might not be so utterly irrepressible. As it is, Tom's the only person in the world who has the slightest influence over either of them. Bob's such a brilliant fellow, too!"

"Is he? You know, I never saw him."

"Oh yes, he really is! They say there's nobody equal to him in the whole college, when he chooses to settle down to work—which isn't often, to be sure. And now, that terrible old man—!"

"What is he likely to do?" asked Bess, curiously but soberly.

"That's what all Brookfield was asking over the telephone last night. Nobody knows. Of course Bob hasn't done much real harm this time, but he's made a lot of men look perfectly ridiculous, and they're all furious. It's the sort of thing a certain type of man hates more than anything, and James Mason's of that type. He'll never forgive it. These men are all his associates, and it touches his pride."

"H'm!" commented Bess. "Perhaps it will do him good to have his pride ground down a little. I dare say he deserves it. Bob may be an instrument in the hands of Nemesis. Who knows? I'm going to get up."

"Well, I do think you might show a little sympathy for poor Tom," complained Kate. "He's heart-broken about the thing."

"It may not be as hopeless as he thinks. You never can tell," was the unruffled reply. "Uncle may have troubles of his own by night. Even curmudgeons do, sometimes."

"How would that help Bob?"

"It might afford him some satisfaction to see Uncle's banners trailing in the dust, even though his own couldn't be set waving again. There is such a thing as poetic justice, Kate."

"H'm — maybe." Mrs. Ford's lips twisted sceptically. "But I don't see who's going to start the wheels."

"You never can tell," returned Miss Wallace, with a cryptic little smile. "That was a pleasing fancy of the ancients, to place a cup of poison in a man's hands and make him lift it to his lips himself, wasn't it?" Which was as near as she ever came to telling Kate about her encounter with James Mason the night before, for Bess was not one to give half-confidences, and there was that in the earlier utterances of Tom's uncle in her hearing that she would not repeat, even to her sister.

"I don't know what you mean," puzzled the more literal Kate.

"I mean that I'm going to get up forthwith, and that I want you, please, to put on your prettiest frock and take me out to see Brookfield."

While Bess was dressing, came a messenger with flowers from Tom, and a note saying that he had hoped to call at the earliest hour she would permit that morning, but that, as she had doubtless heard, his brother was in rather serious trouble, and he must spend all the fore-

case, and possibly all day, in an effort to straighten out the affair. He said he would try to call late that afternoon, and asked her, in any event, to save the evening for him. He also asked her to believe that, whatever matter kept him temporarily from her side, the knowledge that she was near was his greatest help, and that he was always faithfully hers, Thomas L. Mason.

The sisters were most attractive to the eye in their light gowns and lacy hats as they strolled through the shaded streets of old Brookfield that morning, and many of Mrs. Ford's friends stopped to speak to her, to be presented to Miss Wallace, and to discuss in undertones the latest rumors concerning "the Mason affair." Public sympathy seemed to be almost wholly with Bob, although even the most obvious amusement was always hand in hand with the admission that the young scamp had done an egregious thing, and probably deserved all that would come to him of punishment. Nevertheless, laughter was a running accompaniment of all these discussions, and there was, too, a constant undercurrent of sympathy for the boy in his reckoning with James Mason.

Presently they came into the elm-arched main street, where they met more friends and stopped to chat, in the informal fashion of small towns, and there it was that Bess, glancing back, saw Tom Mason striding toward them, his face set in troubled lines. So absorbed was he in thought that he did not even see her until she stepped before him, saying:

"I know you're too busy to talk, but I must shake hands with you."

He stopped short at that, and the effulgence that overspread his countenance at sight of her told its own story to any who cared to look. Its glow brought answering color to her cheeks, but she met his gaze directly, while she gently disengaged her hand from his long clasp.

"I got your letter," said she. "I'm sorry. Is it—very bad?"

"Pretty bad, I'm afraid," he replied, in a low tone. Her glance followed his to the group she had left, and while he acknowledged the cordial greetings of the women composing it, she moved on a few steps, just out of their hearing, and waited again.

"You mean—it's going hard with your brother?"

"Very hard, I'm afraid—with all of us."

"How all of you? You don't mind telling me?"

"You know I want to tell you—everything. You see, Bob's always been pretty wild. Not vicious—just spirited and untamed. And he's made a lot of trouble for Uncle James, first and last—trouble and expense. The last time he got into a scrape—"

"Yes, I know. I've heard," she interrupted. "But is Mr. James Mason so sure of his own glass houses that he dares throw such heavy stones?" Her tone was loaded with mockery, and he looked at her in surprise.

"People don't understand Uncle James," he said, gently. "They think he's hard and rough and cold—and so he is, in a way. But he's had a hard, rough, cold life. And he's always been disappointed in the thing he set his heart upon. First it was the education he longed for and couldn't have. You ought to hear him talk about his one year in college!"

"I suppose *he* never got into scrapes?" she intimated.

"I don't know. He was probably a Freshman like other Freshmen. But it was his Chance—and it was taken away from him. Almost the only real fun he ever has now is when he goes, once a year, to the reunion of that old class. That's where he was when Bob—" There was a little pause, and she did not look at him. "Well, he had to give that up. Then it was a woman whom he loved, and who was—unworthy. Then it was great financial success, which comes to few men. And now it's us. We're all there is left to him, and upon us—especially upon Bob, for he is brilliant—he has centred all the deflected hopes of his warped and disappointed life. And when he had given Bob one more chance—Bob failed. That makes it hard, you see. Harder for him than for either of us."

"You are generous," she said, but she saw how keenly this thing was making him suffer.

"No, not generous—only just. There's another side to it—Bob's side. Uncle James never understood him. He hasn't

understood either of us sometimes. But he's done his best for us. He's believed in us, been ambitious for us, wanted to give us everything his own life lacked—"

"Except love," she softly supplied.

"Well—perhaps. I'm not sure. I think he loves us, in his way. Otherwise we couldn't hurt him so. And when he's hurt he isn't tender, he's savage—he's savage now. So he's going to hurt Bob."

"And you."

"It doesn't matter about me. I have —other things. And I think I can hold Bob, in a way. He's sorry now. I think he appreciates for the first time what he has lost. But I can't do anything with Uncle James. I've tried everything I know—but it's of no use. And nobody can ever make it up to him."

"Tom, how you love him!" she pitifully exclaimed.

"Love him? Why, yes," simply. "He's the only father I ever knew much about, you know. He's harsh and rough and doesn't make friends, but to us he's been— There he is now, probably looking for me. You'll excuse me?"

James Mason had appeared in the doorway of his bank, at the next corner, and now, as he caught sight of his nephew, he waved his hand and came briskly toward them.

"Tom, introduce me to him," she suddenly begged.

"Oh—would you mind if I didn't— just now?" he stammered. "You see, he might—he's not—"

"Yes, yes, I know! I know a lot of things! But I have a special reason. *Now,* please."

The elder Mason, however, paused for no ceremonies, but addressed himself abruptly to the younger, without noticing the girl.

"I'm going over to the police court, Tom."

"I was just coming to see you about that, sir. I suppose it's Stan Chase?"

"Yes; his father telephoned me, thinking I might know something about it. I do. I can exonerate Stanley, and I'm not in a position just now"—bitterly —"to refuse John Chase anything." John Chase was one of the men Bob had pilloried.

"Very well, sir. But before you go let me present you to Miss Wallace." His uncle perfunctorily uncovered, still with hardly a glance in her direction. Apparently the name had not touched his consciousness. "She must have been on that train last night, too."

"I was," Bess quietly affirmed. "Mr. Mason and I made part of the journey in the same car." Tom's uncle looked at her then sharply.

"Oh," said he, "you're the young woman who didn't scream."

"I am," was the demure reply.

"Were you in the car when the bomb went off?" demanded Tom.

"Yes. Do you know about that?" From his manner she thought for a moment that he might even know the truth.

"That's the very thing we're talking about. Stanley Chase, a chum of—of my brother's, was in that car, and because he's been mixed up in one or two college affairs in which those Italians got rather the worst of it, they pitched upon him as the bomb-thrower, and they've taken out a warrant for his arrest."

"What a very un-Italian thing to do!" she laughed, glancing at Mr. Mason, whose face was like a mask.

"Yes, but you see they're not very keen to tackle Stan personally. They've been up against that before, and he's an all-around athlete. So somebody has evidently told them that they can hit him hardest through the law."

"And is he languishing in prison?" she lightly asked, with another apparently cursory glance at the elder man. It was Tom who replied.

"He hasn't been arrested yet. His father heard about the warrant—you see, everybody knows everybody else here— and Stan's keeping out of the way for a while, hoping that somebody can be found who can swear that he had nothing to do with that affair last night. Then he'll go and give himself up, and have the thing put right through."

"And that's what they have asked of your uncle? But he can't help much," she spoke with light assurance, "for I heard him say last night that he didn't see it done."

"I can have the charge dismissed," James Mason curtly told her.

For a brief moment she looked into his face, deeply lined and grim. Then said she, softly:

"Won't you let me attend to that for you, Mr. Mason? You are a busy man, I know, and—I think I'm the only person who really knows who killed Cock Robin. I saw that 'hand' fired."

"Saw it fired!" he repeated, staring at her. Then the color crept up into his face in a heavy flush.

"Yes, I saw it." Very quietly she held his glance—so quietly that not even Tom was suspicious—and her tone continued one of amused explanation. "You see, I wasn't asleep, though I dare say I seemed to be. I did have my eyes shut for a while, and when I opened them I saw this man coming down the aisle."

"What man?" asked Tom.

"I hadn't seen him before," she replied, with a quick movement of the hand as James Mason opened his lips to speak. "I didn't know when he entered the car, or where he came from, and of course I didn't know who he was." She looked from one to the other as she told the story, smiling slightly, but with the last phrase she again met the elder man's glance squarely and significantly. "I saw him look at those slouching, sneering Italians; I saw him pick up the big firecracker from the floor, where some boys had dropped it; I saw him laugh a little and look about to see if anybody was awake; and I saw him set the thing off. Later, in the height of the excitement after the explosion, I saw him leave the car—and I did not see him again."

"And where was Stan Chase all this time?" eagerly inquired Tom.

"I don't know—unless he was the nice-looking boy asleep in the seat across from mine. There were several other people in the car, perhaps ten."

"Well, there's the whole thing in a nutshell!" cried the young man. "That will fix Stan all right!"

"Why didn't you tell some of this last night?" asked the elder. "You had the opportunity."

"I had several reasons," she returned, still lightly, but fearlessly meeting his stern and penetrating gaze. "You see, when he was doing it, he looked so jolly," she laughed a little, "so like a boy in funny, naughty mischief, that I rather enjoyed it. And those Italians were a little unpleasant; don't you think they were? So it was just funny at first. And then—well, I don't think he expected it to make quite so much of a row, and he was a little upset by it—a little taken aback. Don't you see that if I had told what I knew, some dignified, respected man might be humiliated to-day through having been detected in a foolish boyish prank?" There was now a warm, pretty, pleading eagerness under her laughing tone. "Don't you see that it really didn't do any harm at all, but that petty, little, narrow people might take it up and magnify it, and make him ashamed? He wasn't a young man—he must be a person of some importance in some of these little towns about here—and don't you see what it might mean to him and to his children, if he has any—if those Italians had had *him* arrested to-day on a silly charge like that? Oh, I'm so glad I didn't say anything about it last night! I'm glad, too, that I can honestly say I had never seen the man before, that I didn't know when he came into the car, and that he left it before the excitement was over. It was a very natural, boyish sort of thing to do under the circumstances, but it wasn't, as it turned out, a thing that a dignified, responsible, rather elderly man would care to have published and spread broadcast about himself. Now was it?" She appealed to Tom.

"Most certainly it was not," he agreed, smiling for the first time since she had met him. "Was he that sort of man? A gentleman?"

"He was a man of great natural force and distinction," she quickly replied. "I fancy he had been dining in town, and had had a glass or two of wine. I don't mean that he was intoxicated, but just a little careless and jolly. In fact," slowly, "I have an idea—though I didn't think of this until it was all over—that he was one of three men who stood under my window talking before the train started. The others tried to make him go back with them, but he wouldn't. They said: 'You've got about three more drinks aboard now than you usually carry, and you're almost human. Come back and we'll give you three more.'" She glanced up at James Mason and caught a softening in his face. "Maybe he has a headache to-day, but he was human and jolly and—and a good fellow



Drawn by Denman Fink

THEY WALKED A WHOLE BLOCK IN SILENCE

last night," she dared, audaciously. "Now, you'll let me go to the police court and tell all this for your friend, won't you, Mr. Mason? It will be quite proper," she gave him no opportunity to reply, and kept the same light, half-laughing tone, "for my sister, Mrs. Ford, is with me, and Tom can take us over. And you really couldn't liberate the poor youth, anyway, for you didn't see the man who killed Cock Robin at all. Tom, will you explain all this to Kate and ask her to come with us?" The young man went at once to summon Mrs. Ford, and Bess turned to his uncle.

"Why did you do this?" he asked. "Why should you do it?"

"Will you—will you remember last night, and—be a little kind to Bob?" For the first time she faltered slightly. Then, as his face hardened, she added, with a shaky laugh: "Remember the time you painted Prexy's cow green, and—and all the other times."

"So! You were eavesdropping," he said.

"No; you were careless. More careless than you know, Mr. Mason. I've not been quite honest with you, and I prefer to be." She glanced back and saw Tom still occupied with Kate's friends. "I've given you the reasons why I'm glad now that I didn't tell what I knew last night. And no one knows all of what I knew except you and me. But at the time, the reason I didn't tell was that I was angry—you had made me very angry, and when I found out who you were I concealed my knowledge of your connection with that foolish little affair as I might have concealed a sharp, mean little weapon that I might some day use against you."

"Why?"

"Because, when the train started, you stood with your friends directly beneath the open window where I sat, and said—what you did say. I don't think you quite realize yet, Mr. Mason, that I am Bess Wallace."

"Bess Wallace! Tom's girl?"

"The girl of whom you spoke to your friends—so frankly. I heard every word of that." She shut her teeth hard for a moment, remembering, but continued at once: "So I started down-town this morning, having heard about Bob—whom I have never seen—and knowing about your attitude toward him, and about what you did last night—I started down-town determined that before I returned I would put you in a position where you would have to admit your part in last night's affair and take the shabby consequences. I meant to force you to humiliate yourself—to make yourself ridiculous—to gratify my petty pride."

"Why did you change your mind? Shall we walk on? Why did you change your mind?"

"I met Tom."

"Well?"

"He talked to me about Bob—and about you. But mostly about you. He made me see what this thing Bob has done means to you—and why. I saw, too, that it hurt Tom most where it hurt you. Then I knew that he loved you, and that any blow I aimed at you would strike him. Those are the real reasons."

"H'm!" said James Mason, and walked a whole block in silence. Then: "But I'll have to send Bob away—after this."

"Oh yes, send him away! But send him understanding—*you* know!"

"Perhaps I do. Perhaps I do." Another block. "Miss Wallace, I'm an old man—and a hard man. Apology does not come easily to my lips—"

"Oh, please don't!" she cried. "*Please* don't! Let's forget it all."

"Thank you. We'll not forget it, but we'll not speak of it—at present. Perhaps, when you and Tom are married—by the way, you're going to marry Tom, aren't you?" She glanced up and met his rare smile, to which she instantly responded.

"How can I say, when he's never axed me?"

"You're woman enough to know that he wants to ask you."

"I have the word of a member of his family for it," she dryly retorted.

"H'm! So you won't tell me? Well, I suppose that's right, too."

"I'll tell you this," she offered, looking up at him through eyes bright with tears. "If ever—that—does happen, *I* shall call you Uncle *Jim*."

"I hope you will," said James Mason, stopping to take her hand. "I hope you will! Now I'll go and telephone Chase."

Editor's Easy Chair

THE Easy Chair, while still upon its travels last summer, met again that good brother whom it had first encountered, through one of its separable selves, in Central Park while the season was yet in its first youth. He was then in reluctant charge of his sister's courtship; but, as the reader will readily remember, the Easy Chair and he were later (after her marriage) surprised to find themselves together in Hyde Park, where they had some hardy converse on the subject of the fashions and the excesses of scantiness to which these had gone. The Easy Chair, converted into a penny seat in that low-railed triangle where youth, beauty, and rank are supposed most to resort, had ended by accusing the good brother of being taken by the loveliness of a girl so clearly the daughter of a hundred earls that there was no use disputing her identity. It had warned him of the hopelessness of any republican youth's aspiring to such a hand, and he had apparently listened to reason. Now, in the lounge of a Scottish hotel, populated almost entirely by their fellow countrymen, the Chair greeted him with gay challenge:

"Well, what of her? Did you find that she was only the daughter of ninety-eight earls, and marked down accordingly, or did you decide to be ruled by us in renouncing your vain pretensions?"

The brother had his fingers between the leaves of a book which he carried, and he looked at us with a knot of puzzle in his gentle Boston forehead. As he said nothing, we pursued, "Or have you followed her to Scotland, where her 'heart is in the Highland hunting the deer,' or she is counting as a gun in the slaughter of the grouse?"

Now he smiled intelligence. "Oh! Oh yes! You haven't worn your joke out yet? No, I've merely followed the August current, and drifted northward with no conscious purpose. What curious people these islanders are, and so bloody in their pleasures! One understands, when one comes here, the nature of Lowell's Yankee butcher who felt the beauty of a moonlight night so much that he 'wanted to git up and go to Killin'.'"

"Yes," we assented. "That small, sweet humanity of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century which forbade man—

> 'to mix his pleasure or his pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that breathes'

probably never got from their poetry into their life. In all generations the slaughter of birds and beasts has gone on here, and Sport has been the gory Dagon of their idolatry. Their superstition has infected the whole civilized world, until now the man who hunts or shoots his hapless furred or feathered fellows is the supreme type of manliness. We too have bowed the knee to their Dagon. We have sent an ex-President into the wilds of Africa to perform its savage rites, and he has come away celebrating the involuntary co-operation of the victims. Have you ever noticed those photographs of the late Sacred Majesty of England standing behind his 'bag' of pheasants, hundreds of them, the prey of his gun in a single day, heaped on the ground at his feet? Our ex-President's African 'bag' would have shown far greater in bulk, but we cannot be especially proud of it, except as a mound of elephants, lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and giraffes would have represented dangers to himself not run by that sacred majesty. The pheasants of the King's 'bag' were bred from the egg and nurtured as tenderly as we nurture young turkeys for the market, against the time when they should be big and strong enough to be beaten up from the coverts and felled in their flight by the sacred majesty and his fellow 'guns.' Still, we ought to make the reflection that pheasants were

meant for food, and that the 'bag' was probably distributed among pleasing if not deserving people. We wish some of these Scotch grouse which the English have swarmed northward to shoot would find their way to our boiled table."

"I saw two of them lying on the platform of a junction as I came up," our young man said; "but I don't know that I wanted to put my teeth into them. And the chase of pheasants and grouse bred for the gun seems to me too much like ravaging the poultry-yard within the strict confines of chicken-wire."

"But we suppose that even that," we suggested, "inculcates the love of nature."

"Yes," he assented, "perhaps. I'm not so sure that the love of nature is an unmixed virtue."

"Oh, if you are always going in for virtue!" we protested.

"I'm not," he said. "And I don't deny that nature may be blamelessly loved. When I was a boy and went gunning for birds of any description that would sit still long enough to be shot, I used to feel the charm of the woods and fields. But that was mostly when I had no luck, and had turned to picking berries for my amusement. Our wild birds were far scarcer even then than British pheasants or grouse, and I think it has been very well for our humanity that our game has been mostly shot out of existence. I don't believe that the 'prolongation of infancy' into permanent boyhood by sport tells much for humanity. We have game laws now, but we don't rear birds tenderly for the gun as the English do, and then swarm out at certain seasons to slay the domesticated creatures in the pretence that they are game. I'll own that the spectacle of all the leisure of these islands storming northward in August to kill grouse reared and guarded for its gun is grotesque to me, and, if you like, revolting."

"We don't like 'revolting,'" we said. "We still have a sneaking belief that it is at least good for the health. It promotes kindly feeling and permits the owners of the moors to exercise the virtue of hospitality by inviting their friends to shoot over them. Besides, it keeps leisure out of mischief."

"Yes, unless you call the slaughter of the innocents mischief."

"Well, not just in that sense," we said. The pleasure of controversy was beginning to tell with us, and we pursued, uncertain which side we were on: "You won't call fox-hunting mischief, we suppose. Foxes are very noxious animals and ought to be destroyed."

"But I understand that foxes are guarded, if not quite reared like pheasants, for the chase, and that it's little short of crime to kill them. They are not hunted for that end, and practically the Long Island anise-seed bag serves every purpose of their pursuit."

"But, our dear friend," we returned, "you ignore the influence of the ennobling sport."

"I'm not sure that any sport is ennobling—for men. It may be a means for easing off boyish ferment. But men ought to work and not; for ennobling influences they might take a walk."

We laughed, and we could see his severe young face relax in a smile. "I shouldn't object to their riding, if they liked. It might preserve the horse from the extinction with which the motor and the aeroplane are threatening it. But if you're sincere in defending sport why don't you say something for the stag-hunt as it's practised in Exmoor, where they haul a frightened beast out in a van like a bathing-machine, and, when they've punched it out, hunt it down with dogs?"

"Something," we took refuge in a different turn, "has been poisoning your mind. Is it that book? You've been reading some truculent and outdated sentimentalist who has no real place in a strenuous age like ours." We said this to provoke him farther, though we felt a certain liking for his bold tenderness in behalf of things that have few friends, and his heroic tenure of a point of view which had been lost sight of since the survival of the fittest came to mean the survival of the strongest.

"Yes," he said, "this book has poisoned my mind, if you wish to call it so, though it isn't the work of the sort of outdated sentimentalist you fancy, but of the most modern sort of sentimentalist, whose poetry and pathos are on the side of sport. Its venom has had the chemical

effect with me of clarifying my misgivings concerning this age of sport, and helping me to see it as it really is."

With that he handed us the book opened where he had kept his finger, and we turned to the title-page and read the name, and, with a sort of dismay, the name of the author: a woman. In England it seems that they have got guns for women, though they have not yet got votes for them, and this gayly written volume was the tale of a huntress's passion for killing any sort of game with her rifle. The fact still had novelty, though it might be that soon such "fond records" would be multiplied to the extent of a long line of hunting adventure which stretches from that of Gordon Cummings down to that of our own slayer of pachyderms. It appeared that the author's love of sport was "honestly come by," for in the passage which our young friend had been reading we read: "The very sight and touch of my twenty-bore brings my dear old father before me, who gave it me when I was only fourteen. . . . He taught me to ride, drive, fish, and shoot, and well do I remember my wild excitement and delight at shooting my first rabbit at thirty yards with a pea-rifle out of the drawing-room window. This was a favorite dodge of his, to pot rabbits from the windows. He kept his silver flute and a pea-rifle in his bedroom; in the early morning he would gently open wide a window and play dulcet tunes such as *Rousseau's Dream* and *Robin Adair,* which he declared lured the rabbits out to listen to this modern Orpheus; the pea-rifle then took the flute's place, and poor bunny lay dead."

"Well?" the brother asked, looking keenly at us, when we had ceased to read.

"Well?" we demanded in turn.

"Doesn't it make you rather sick?"

"Why, if you don't use your imagination in studying the little picture, yes. But why not suppose that the poor bunnies shared the pleasure of the kindly gentleman at his bedroom window? They felt the witchery of those plaintive airs, and between their enjoyment and their extinction there was only the pang of an instant's sufferance; and aren't we to consider the overwhelming odds of the kindly gentleman's delight? What a sense of the pale dawn, the sweet air, the fresh grass, and the glad leaping things you get! Come, you mustn't overlook all that. But what else have you marked here? Your author seems to have run the whole gamut of the generous passion of the chase. Driving hares; shooting grouse, ptarmigan, and capercailzie (whatever they are); stalking deer; fishing, salt water and fresh; hunting foxes."

"All of that, and there are other passages on which you can use your imagination, if you like." He took the book from us and read: 'I was slowly tying a boot-lace when the first hare scuttled past. . . . Another hare dashed past below me—one shot, a white fluffy body lay still. . . . The hares varied their courses a good deal. Some came lolloping along, stopping, looking about, sitting up, twisting their whiskers, then slowly on again, where some of them were stopped for the last time. Others came full gallop, with ears well back; some fell; a good many did *not.* . . . "Bang!" the leader went over; "Bang!" the second followed suit. . . . We laughed like children, *full of the purest enjoyment in the world,* that of healthy outdoor sport.'"

Again the supersensitive youth questioned us with his eyes, and again we answered. "A very graphic picture, and how the innocent fun stirs your blood!"

"Innocent?"

"Why not? It isn't like killing men."

"It seems so very like it. But since you like pictures, look on this, of the slaughter of larger prey. 'The stag was lying . . . on a rocky, light patch of ground, the same color as itself. . . . He was flanked on either side by a hind, who stood alert, suspicious, restless, with eyes and ears full cock. . . . The stag was asleep. . . . At last the stag woke, rose, stretched himself. . . . The rifle flew to the shoulder. . . . The stag stumbled as if to fall, hit sure enough, but a step forward showed that it was in the shoulder at the very top of the fore leg. The rifle was reloaded in a moment, but the stag turned at once, tail onward, and limped away. . . . "I see him, Dewar, down there to the left!" The race was over now; there was nothing but to creep cautiously nearer to get within easy shot; but once more the stag went bounding on. . . . Dewar called his dog off, the shot whizzed, the stag bounded and dis-

appeared over the rocky edge of the burn. . . . A few strides on, and there below, in a five-foot pool into which a waterfall played from ten feet above, the stag lay floating, shot through the heart and drowned. . . . There are moments when the words won't come, and the eyes that looked down into the pool borrowed the reflection of the encircling mist for a moment, as I realized the wild relief of the end of the chase.'"

"Fine, fine!" we cried, without waiting to be challenged. "Splendidly dramatic, with a thrill of delicate poetry in that final appeal."

The brother smiled sadly. "You are a very abandoned old æsthetic," he said. "This is what comes of giving yourself up to your artistic instincts. Where is your pity for the stag which furnished the sport, and even supplied the pathos of the chase which you admire?"

"There is," we said, "no sickly sentimentality in *us*. If you have nothing worse than that in your book!"

"I don't know," the brother responded, dreamily, and after a pause he read again from what appeared another deer-stalking episode: 'The best stag was slightly above us. After a very short time he got up, presenting an easy broadside target . . . it seemed impossible to do anything else but shoot him bang in the right place, through the heart. He fell up at once to the shot, and lay for a full minute and a half struggling to rise again.' I suppose you like the notion of that struggling?" the brother interrupted his reading to ask. He pursued: "'Then the day's tragedy descended. The stag got to its feet, stood for an instant tail onward, as all hit stags invariably do, and trotted away up the rise of ground, "over the hills and far away." . . . A few yards from where he had been struggling Donald picked up a tiny tuft of hair and flesh; otherwise there was not a drop of blood anywhere.'"

"Sad, sad," we murmured.

He read on: "'We could only surmise that the bullet had hit him very high on the back, scuffing the top of it, as a stag thus hit always drops suddenly from shock. . . . The charm of the day was gone for me; the grandeur of the hills, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, faded from sight and mind. I had had a chance which a child of ten would not have missed, and I had made a real mess of it. Far too sick at heart was I to even try for another stag. By the roadside Long John was standing with the pony and deer-saddle. . . . Sure of his kindly interest, I said, "Oh, John! I've done an awful thing; I've lost a stag!" . . . The one gleam of comfort was the sympathetic reception my tale received from my dear hosts, yet nothing could exorcise that vanishing form as I had last seen it.'"

He stopped, and we said, "It was a cruel disappointment."

The young fellow stared, slanting the open book from his hands. "For the stag? I thought you began by abhorring sport; and here—"

"Yes, but we have a tender heart for woman's woes, whatever they are, and we forgive to humanity the wrongs of humanitarianism. And," we added, "you're not at all just to the author's love of that wonderful harmony of earth and sky which is the symphonic setting of sport."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "I suppose that as long as it isn't the chase of one's fellow men one oughtn't to object to mimic war of any sort."

"Yes," we said, "and that suggests another point. If they are getting guns for women, it's a step toward getting them votes. One of the great arguments against giving them the suffrage is that they oughtn't to vote in peace unless they fight in war, and if the shooting of pheasants and grouse is mimic war—You see the point? It may be politically educative."

He laughed. Perhaps he did not think we were quite in earnest, and we added merrily:

"If only the 'sports' were not so proud of themselves, and didn't think it such a merit to hunt and shoot and fish, and play at all sorts of boyish games, one might think more leniently of their enjoyments. But they do look down from such a height on other people, and take themselves so seriously, that it is rather galling."

"Yes," he assented, wearily, "that may be the secret of my revolting at their pleasures. One doesn't like being an inferior."

Editor's Study

E. H.

OFTEN the phrase "vital fiction," as applied to contemporary novels and short stories, indicates the representation of violence in speech and action, or of overwrought passion. We cannot say that this tendency to excess and extravagance, so marked in popular fiction, is unnatural, since Nature herself abounds in rages and tempests and animal ferocities not to be overmatched by any human abandonment.

The tendency shows itself in so many ways in life, art, and literature that it seems inevitable. Laughter is an explosion, and fear, pain, and grief culminate in spasmodic outbursts which break down the barriers of restraint and defy modulation. The older forms of tragedy and comedy furnished imaginative suggestions of pity, terror, agony, and mirth to agitate human sensibility. Religion has often, even in the mild-mannered East, found its climacteric in wild fanaticism. Since the first man born of woman slew his brother the high color of legend and epic as well as of history has been that of shed blood. In song and story, whether the theme be that of love or of hate, how much of our human music has trembled and swelled toward its *finale* in the tumultuous orchestral crash!

Since the middle of the last century, when our people really became Occidental, adventurously facing the West, catching the full breath of its wide plains and towering peaks, the high-pitched note has been apparent in American life and literature. How quickly it was caught by Whitman, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte! In theme and style a new kind of fiction sprang up, distinctly American, because it reflected the quick expansion and exaltation of American life.

As we look back upon this fiction we note no extremely sensational features—no strain of boldness such as precludes grace and charm of expression. Undoubtedly both life and literature showed brutal fringes, especially during and after a war which inflamed violent passions; but the flame, at its very core, burned whitely and consumed much dross. *The Rise of Silas Lapham* was a good, if not the best, example of *post bellum* fiction as truly reflecting the American life of this period. *The Gilded Age,* in which Charles Dudley Warner collaborated with Mark Twain, was more extravagant in its humor and social portraiture. It was then that Henry James was writing his most popular stories, in his "early manner." Frank Stockton was doing his best work, Bret Harte was writing his striking short stories of Western pioneer life, and Richard Malcolm Johnston and Edward Eggleston were portraying the idiomatic traits of the people of Georgia and the Middle West. The mention of these masculine names recalls the best wit and humor as well as the best literary art of that period in American fiction.

At that time our women were writing fiction, not eminent in constructive art or for wit, humor, or philosophy, as compared with their brother writers, but nearer to nature and more intimately human. Following older lines, some of these in many ways achieved worthy distinction—as Harriet Prescott Spofford did in an art which she made poetic without departure from homeliness; as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps did, and still does, in tensely dramatic and, at the same time, spiritually significant situations; and as Sarah Orne Jewett did, in finer and selecter portraiture than that of any other American woman of her time. Others, notably Mary E. Wilkins, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and a few Southern writers, like Amélie Rives, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Grace King, initiated a more native and a surprisingly franker and bolder fiction. These writers, especially in their earlier work —as in Miss Rives's *Virginia of Virginia,* Miss Wilkins's *A Humble Romance*

and Other Stories, and Grace King's short story "Bayou l'Ombre"—following no precedent as to manner or matter, broke new ground in the field of imaginative literature. This fresh departure, in which the *technique* of art was, to more or less extent, sacrificed for the undisguised portraiture of human life, as seen and especially as felt, was in the direction of that creative realism which seems to us to be the supreme attainment of modern fiction. The evolution toward this goal has been going on ever since.

But in the lines of this advance our American fiction—so much of it, at least, as we cherish and as may be classed as literature—has preserved a very even temper. The war did not demoralize it, nor did it debase the sensibility to which creative literature appeals—rather it uplifted both. In the present generation, with its immense material progress and expansion of human energy, a good deal of stirring American fiction has suffered a harder strain, both directly, from the impulse of the restless current, and indirectly, by way of reaction from so tense a civilization to elemental conditions. But, in the complex diversification of contemporary fiction, such novels as Frank Norris wrote and Jack London still writes seem to take their place as separate strains in the general harmony.

In the short story our American magazine fiction has especially illustrated modern tendencies, the most modern of which is toward creative realism—that is, toward the representation of human life in its own plainly human terms; and we know no better definition of vital fiction than that. Even as thus defined, the phrase covers enough varieties of fiction to satisfy the most catholic taste. For life has every degree of tension, and it is this vital tension which determines the course, crisis, form, and dénouement of a story, in so far as these are to seem natural and inevitable.

In human evolution, however much restraint and modulation may have reduced and subdued wild and aboriginal impulses, yet, in the most firmly established order, life asserts itself against artifice and convention and insists upon its own current and its own issues. The note of revolt is forever recurrent and passionately dominant in individuals and races of heroic temper. Evil and good commingle in critical storms which no logic can quell and in which all laws but those of Nature are silent. Thus humanity finds free expression in new expanses of the living soul and reason. Thus for crises, such as history records and art reflects. But as time goes on both life and art pass into larger spaces where the human soul has room for dwelling and reflection, on heights of advantage already gained, for society and the individual, over old repressions and tyrannies, and there is freer play of action and reaction. The collective and individual developments, always inseperable, in this release advance with swifter pace. Individual insight and initiative are quickly translated into associate appreciation and action and, in turn, society cherishes individualism. The world—physical, animate, and psychical—exists not simply for conquest and exploitation but for comprehension, interesting for what it is, and for what it may become in human consciousness and sensibility. The curiosity stimulated is unlimited and the sense of the mystery of life illimitable.

It was to reflect social and individual life under these flexible conditions that modern fiction was born. It is easy to see how inadequate any other art, and much more the older forms of fiction, were to this function; their limitations as to form and intention were too fixed. Modern fiction itself, in order to faithfully portray life in its constantly and rapidly varying depth and scope, to overtake its forward drift and "dream it true," has had to undergo many transformations, and is, withal, at its best, the most difficult of all arts—more difficult because of the ease and relaxation which, in its utmost perfection, it must attain. It is not merely the mirror of life but is creatively participant in its evolution and especially in the expansion of human consciousness and sympathy.

The vitalization of social and individual intent and faculty must precede a vital fiction. And this has been the course: first the pruning of life, divesting it of notionally assumed garments and of its unrealities—at least the tendency to all this; then, a like pruning and divestiture in the imaginative rep-

resentation of life—a reinforcement of the realistic tendency. We have witnessed the vanishing, in our own time, of the typical and allegorical, of the didactic and argumentative, of the mock-heroic—of every casual and arbitrary feature not germane to living experience—from all fiction that may to-day claim a place in literature. But vital fiction is determined rather by what it is than by what it excludes—by the genius of its creators and by the interests it stimulates and satisfies. Its limits cannot be theoretically defined—it is as catholic as Nature is, as Life is. No passion or emotion, in any degree of these, no hunger of mind or heart, no thirst of the soul, no joy or pain of mortal existence, is alien to this fiction. It has all atmospheres and weathers, natural and human. But the art is imperative and demands justification of the main intent in the whole sequence of its distributed harmony.

The tang and bitterness of life, in their due measure, are proper and essential elements of vital fiction. The tragic Muse is no intruder. She presided over the ancient drama, and, so long as pity dwells in human hearts, she may not be wholly banished. In so vital a novel as Georg Schock's *Hearts Contending,* with a background of patriarchal simplicity, a household wreck is developed more pitiful and overwhelmingly disastrous than that recorded in the Book of Job. *Pan's Mountain,* Amélie Rives's (the Princess Troubetzkoy's) latest novel, breathes the aura of tragedy, with a suggestion of the old Panic tremor, from the first chapter to the final culmination. These stories, each in its separate individual manner, are examples of rare imaginative power—one reviving the note of older tragedy, and the other the more poetic strain of old romance; the ancient suggestion, in either case, making the deep tragic tension seem natural.

English and American fiction during the last generation has been to a considerable extent influenced by the Russian—by the Dostoievsky type even more than by the Turgenieff—its modern realism modified by a wilder if not more barbaric strain. This and the more recent Celtic modification have sharpened its tension on the romantic side. But the general trend of modern fiction has been away from drastic violence. The truthful portraiture of life, in its living moments, cannot exclude its pathos, but the conscious attempt to accumulate agonies for pathetic effect is resented by the thoughtful reader; and if the latter more readily tolerates and even welcomes the extreme extravagance of comedy, he computes the excess he delights in. An expanded culture informs feeling with thought and thought with feeling, lifting the elemental to the psychical plane, chromatically dividing tensions as the musician divides tones. In this way consciousness, as a developed sense of the varied phases of life, enters as a pervasive element into the art of fiction.

Vital fiction is hardly tolerable if it is not entertaining, but a merely amusing story may have no vital quality. So a story may serve a special purpose or effectively treat a problem and yet not be a picture of life, the picture, as George Eliot put it, lapsing into a diagram; yet vital fiction is apt, incidentally, to teach wise lessons. If a writer cannot create pictorially, his place is not among the creators of fiction; and this picture of life is not a copy of the actual, since the superficial actual is in great part accidental; creation is intuitively selective. Hence it is that women, in the short story or in the novel, have written vital fiction in simpler and more direct fashion than men have—though the distinction of sex in literature is rapidly disappearing. The majority of readers guessed that the author of *The Inner Shrine* and of the still more vital novel, *The Wild Olive,* was a woman. Men, as a rule, have allowed themselves more excursiveness and detachment, an easier range and more *tours de force;* yet, in technical competence, they have come to be fairly matched by women, who have also kept closer to natural relations and the lines of life.

We are too apt to confound vital fiction with that which has serious purpose, or is, as we say, uplifting. Fiction is really uplifting only as life itself is, not through the things we take seriously, but in its freely flowing currents, which are often more visible to us in the ripples and eddies they make on the surface than in their deeper drifts. We cannot always make deep-sea soundings. The play of

life is a good part of our sense of life, and the creative imagination gives the freer play. We find the impersonations of a story interesting not because of the degree of their goodness or of their badness, according to our formal measure, but wholly for qualities native to them and undefinable in terms of our understanding. The more real the fiction, the more these creations will be, in their individual living fashion, plainly human, not types, or bundles of attributes. And the interest of the play itself does not depend upon the creator's well-digested knowledge of human nature, but upon that real knowledge which is divination and into which enters, by a process of vital alchemy, his developed sense of life. The expansion of his own consciousness will, simply as an indispensable condition, determine the scope of his representation. Each individual creator gives us his vision of life, not his views concerning it. That is vital fiction; and we see what unlimited diversification is possible to it. The value of this new art in our modern world is inestimable, and, we may add, fully justifies the generous space given to it in magazine literature.

Nearly all of the best American writers of fiction in our time—at least of the kind of fiction we have been considering—especially the women writers, have begun with the short story. George Eliot began with brief sketches, and so did Dickens, but among English writers it has been, until quite recently, the exception rather than the rule. The tendency toward a more vital fiction strengthens the hold of the short story.

But Margaret Deland, who, in some of the most important respects, is to-day the foremost representative of vital fiction, began not only with the novel, but with what is known as the "problem" novel. In this kind of undertaking she followed a developed rather than a natural inclination. Her awakening genius was prompted to an earnest antagonism with a world gone wrong, and we have good reason for believing that she still nourishes this spirit of revolt, but we find no such reason in her later fiction, certainly not in that which has become familiar to the readers of this Magazine since the creation of her Old Chester tales. The new departure was doubtless against her own obstinate will—her natural destiny overruling her determined purpose. It was as if she had begun all over again—this time, in the natural course of things, with the short story. She probably regarded this new turn as an obsession, and flattered herself with the idea that, as the fits were brief, they were not only sooner over, but they might cease to recur and leave her free to follow her chosen career. The editor, begging for more Old Chester tales, became her tormentor. Still, in her heart of hearts, she knew that she had met her fate, and finally gave herself up to it, in frank espousal. The creation of Doctor Lavendar was a genuine surprise in American fiction. Then came the full tide in a novel, *The Awakening of Helena Richie*.

In *The Iron Woman*, begun in this number of the Magazine, our readers will have the pleasure of renewing their acquaintance with Helena Richie and her adopted son David. But it is those persons who, along with David, are introduced as children at play in the opening chapter who are to occupy the foreground of the story. The readers of this first instalment need not be told how idiomatic the writer's speech is, or how immediately faithful her portrayal is to the lines of life and to individual traits which betray heritage and are at the same time prophetic. Indeed, the author has at the outset prelusively sketched, in childish pantomime, the lines of destiny for the principal characters of the story. We know that this old town of Mercer is to grow under our eyes, not merely as the material centre of the Iron Woman's ambitious industry, but as the scene of a thrilling human drama—so that it shall itself seem to have the breath and pulse of a living presence. This power to people a place with individual human beings, to creatively distribute and blend the strains of life, and to creatively animate the place itself as not only the theatre but the reflection of a living play, whose every incident and situation seems writ by "the Moving Finger," ineffaceably, is one of the most distinctive features of vital fiction. The inevitableness of the dramatic procedure is certainly a singular distinction of this new novel by Mrs. Deland.

The Conscience Cure

BY BEATRICE HERFORD

ANY one who has travelled by rail from Boston to New York must have noticed at some time or other, on a wooded hill not far from Boston, a large, rambling building, more home-like in appearance than the ordinary institution and yet unmistakably that.

I should probably never have had more than the casual glimpse of the place from the passing train had not one of my Boston aunts gone there to take the treatment.

Of course I had heard of the Conscience Cure. It would be impossible for any one having relations in Boston not to have heard of that splendid institution, for the benefit of which concerts and bazars are constantly being given. I was delighted to hear that Aunt Matilda had finally consented to take the treatment, for when she last visited us in New York we all felt that she was in a very unfortunate state and that something ought to be done about it.

Aunt Matilda and my mother are twin sisters, but I am thankful to say that my mother, having lived in New York for so many years, has quite outgrown the trouble with which I suppose they were both born.

One thing which made my mother particularly anxious was the fact that Aunt Matilda insisted on keeping an engagement with some cousins in Brooklyn when she had an invitation to go to a grand benefit performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. All the famous singers were to take part and, as she herself admitted, it was a chance she would probably never have again. But in vain we implored her to let us telephone to the Brooklyn cousins. We knew they would understand perfectly. But she was not to be persuaded. She could not really enjoy the performance, she said; she had disappointed the cousins in Brooklyn before and did not feel it right to do so again; if she were very fond of them it would be different, but not being, she always felt she must be all the nicer to them.

We also found that it was impossible for Aunt Matilda to stay in bed and rest in the morning, after a very fatiguing day with opera in the evening. She admitted that she would enjoy doing so, but that she was afraid of getting spoiled; that she never could feel happy to do so at home, she should feel that everything was going wrong if she were not down for breakfast.

Poor Aunt Matilda, the Conscience Cure must have been very hard for her. Twice a week she had to go into the casual ward, where she had breakfast in bed. Through a register in the floor, by the ingenious arrangement of a talking-machine, children's voices could be heard calling out, "I won't



THEY HAD TO HAVE TWO NURSES IN THE ROOM TO KEEP AUNT MATILDA IN BED

go to school." "Where are my gloves?" "I won't wear my rubbers." Then the sound of some one falling and a crash of broken china.

They had to have two nurses in the room at first, as it was impossible to keep Aunt Matilda in bed; when she heard the fall she would jump straight out, upsetting all the breakfast things.

She was an hour eating her breakfast the first morning. She would hold her fork poised in mid-air for ten minutes at a time listening for sounds.

But she improved so much that she could soon even read a storiette, and not move an eyelash when the crash came.

I had heard so much about the Conscience Cure from my cousins, who were delighted with their mother's progress, that I was eager to see the place myself.

Visitors are allowed at any time, and once during the week patients are obliged to send word that they are not at home and must sit in one of the front windows where there is a chance of their being seen by the departing relation or friend. This was a great trial for Aunt Matilda, for she had always considered it a lie to say you were not at home when you did not want to see a visitor.

The superintendent of the Cure was just the right person for the place, it seemed to me. I thought her very attractive—a woman of about forty-five, I should say, very good-looking and possessing a keen useful sense of humor.

I learned that her mother belonged to a good old Boston family, but soon after her marriage, her husband having accepted a new business position, they had been obliged to leave Boston and go to live in Albany. The poor bride had never been away from Boston except to New York for a week or two in the winter, and to Beverly each summer, and it nearly killed her.

She was never really happy in Albany and at last died, and her daughter grew up determined to devote her life to the work of the Conscience Cure.

The day I went to see Aunt Matilda we walked up from the station, and as the road was very muddy we were particularly struck with the sign at the front door, "Please do not wipe your shoes on the mat." While we were remarking on this odd reversal, the door was opened by a very jolly-looking middle-aged lady, who ushered us in and said quite gayly: "Don't bother to take off your rubbers. It doesn't make a bit of difference." She told us that when the patients came in from a walk they were obliged to go to their rooms in their rubbers and lay them on the bed, the principle of the institution being that only by extreme treatment can a diseased conscience be reduced to a normal state.

We learned from the superintendent that the jolly lady who received us was a Miss Martha Beacon, who was just completing her course and who was considered entirely cured. The superintendent took us first to the drawing-room, where she explained to us that the dust drill was just going on.

It was a beautiful, large room and, being very sunny, was particularly suited to the dust drill. Half a dozen ladies and one elderly gentleman were seated about this room, which was arranged intentionally in much disorder, with dust lying thick on everything.

"That," said the superintendent, looking toward the elderly gentleman, who sat apart at the farther end of the room, "is a most pitiful case of confirmed bachelorism. He was married a few months ago to a lovely young New York girl, who hoped to reform him, but his ungovernable fussiness wore her out completely, and her family, who had never approved of the marriage, at last persuaded her to try what our Cure could do for him."

He was indeed a pathetic



WE WERE PARTICULARLY STRUCK WITH THE SIGN AT THE FRONT DOOR

sight. His boots were unpolished, and when we came into the room he put his hand up to his collar quickly so that we should not see that he had no necktie on.

The ladies were all in more or less uneasy attitudes, and one of them began to apologize for the state of the room, but she was quickly reproved by the superintendent. One lady, however, was seated quite quietly beside a very dusty table, one elbow resting on it, while she seemed entirely engrossed in a paper novel. "That," said the superintendent, "is one of our most promising patients. Two months ago that woman saw dust everywhere. In fact she was in danger of becoming a complete dustomaniac. I think it will interest you to see how she takes a test"—and the following conversation took place.



THE SUPERINTENDENT. "MRS ——, YOU CAN DUST THAT TABLE NOW"

The Superintendent. "*Mrs.* ——, you can dust that table now."

No answer.

The Superintendent. "I think you had better dust that table, Mrs. ——."

Mrs. —— *(not looking up).* "Can't you see that I'm reading?"

The Superintendent. "Do you intend to dust the table?"

Mrs. ——. "Oh, yes, when I have finished the chapter. There is no hurry."

Then we left the room, feeling an immense admiration for the superintendent and the whole institution, and curious to know how Aunt Matilda stood the dust drill. The superintendent said that she was not relaxed enough yet to go in for it, except late in the day when she was tired.

The dining-hall interested us extremely. Over the large fireplace was the inspiring motto, "Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow," and around the walls others, such as, "Rip and let Rip"; "Punctuality is the thief of time"; "It is never too late to mend"; "Never do yourself what you can get another to do for you."

As we passed through the hall we noticed in one of the rooms several patients busily writing at small tables. "That," said the superintendent, "is one of the most interesting branches of our work—'Conscience control in correspondence.'" Aunt Matilda herself was at one of the little tables. She was very busy writing out for the ninth time her refusal to a luncheon invitation. "Doesn't it seem dreadful," she said, "merely to say 'I'm unable to come' when I am perfectly well? I am allowed to make up any excuse I like, but I never could do that."

It would take too long to tell of all the splendid features of this wonderful institution, but of one other I must speak.

On the bulletin-board in the hall we saw the notices of the daily lectures which the patients are obliged to attend, among which were the following subjects:

"The Selfishness of Unselfishness."

"Temperance in Duty."

"The Practical Side of Lying."

"How are we to become frivolous?"

The most fitting ending to this little account will be to give you a letter to the superintendent from the family of one of her patients.

"DEAR MISS S.,—It is now nearly a week since our dear sister returned, and I want to express to you our deep appreciation of all you have done for her and for us. It is delightful to see her so entirely free from her former morbid sense of duty. I can hardly believe that it is really true, for we have felt for so long that she was hardened to virtue. I cannot help feeling that she will now do us all much good, whereas, before she went to your Cure, she had a very bad effect on us all, for she was never really happy unless performing some disagreeable duty, and I cannot help feeling that there will be some hope now for the rest of us."

"Boogers"

SIRENA HUMPHREYS she c'n tell
More stories! An' sometimes, w'y, she
C'n pull' nen almost make you yell—
You got as scairt as you can be.
An' nen Sirena she'll just sit
An' watch you shiver; an' she'll grin
An' jest you if she better quit
A-tellin' 'em wit *boogers* in!

Sirena Humphreys—her folks say
They don't know what in all th' earth
Make her tell stories that-a-way
An' nen just laugh for all she's worth
When you get scairt so! W'y, she'll stop
An' roll her eyes an' twist her chin
An' make you almost purt' near drop
When she tells 'em wit *boogers* in.

Sometimes it's graveyards, an' a *ghos'*,
Or sometimes pi-ruts, 'at 'll take
Somebody 'at was hived th' nuss
An' cutlass 'em! An' goodness' sake!
Sometimes it's cannibals 'at won't
Eat people while they are so thin
But *fattens 'em*. Sirena don't
Tell none wifout a *booger* in!

An' haunted houses—*woo!*—wif lights
'At flashes green on ev'ry floor!
An' when I lay awake at nights
I say I won't ast her no more
To tell me things 'at make me 'fraid
But very nex' time she begin
I hope she has a ghos' or shade
Or 'nother kind o' *boogey* in!

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Natural Cutters

OLD Aunt Sally, the highly esteemed cook in a Southern family, was frequently praised for her culinary skill, and, on one occasion, when a number of guests had been to dine with the family, remark was made touching the beautiful appearance of Sally's pie, which showed a very pretty "scallup" on its edge.

Inquiry being made as to how the old lady managed to get such an even design, Sally was summoned to the dining-room and the question was duly put to her.

The emotions of the guests may be imagined when the old lady replied:

"Oh, dat's easy. I jest uses my false teeth."

Promoted

AN officer of the navy, in speaking of the extent to which the lingo of the navy is used as slang in the families of naval officers, particularly by the young women, offered the following as an illustration.

The youngest girl of a prominent naval officer was entertaining a friend who had called to congratulate the oldest daughter, who had lately become engaged to a captain in the same service. The friend suggested incidentally that the youngest daughter would doubtless greatly miss her big sister. Whereupon the girl addressed replied:

"Yes, I shall. But just think of it—I am advanced a number!"



That Halo

Mothers' — and — the neighbors' view



"I aren't a cry-baby. I'm cryin' 'cos I want to. I aren't cryin' 'cos I can't stop."

A Bad Habit

ROB attended a school where the lady teacher insisted on the use of the broad A during school hours. This was considered by him and his schoolmates as a great piece of affectation, and much too lady-like a mode of speech for the use of the American boy. One day, several months after the inauguration of the teacher's rule, his mother called down-stairs to him as he entered the house:

"Rob, what time is it by the hall clock?"

"Harf parst two, mother," he answered, and then, stopping short, muttered: "Dog-gone it! I knew she'd get me into that habit!"

Nothing Worse

"YOUR villain is certainly a wonder—how did you ever manage to think of so many varieties of wickedness, anyway?" the manager remarked to his playwright friend, as he glanced over the manuscript.

"You know Dobbs? He is the living model."

"Dobbs! Why, Dobbs thinks he is swearing when he says 'Great Scot'!"

"Yes, but he is the model villain. I happened to overhear his wife talking to him when she was angry, one day, and for my villain I just jotted down the various shortcomings and long-goings that she ascribed to him."

Too Truthful

A NEW YORK woman, widely known for her charitable works, enjoys telling of a visit she made not long since to Philadelphia for the purpose of interesting a matron of that town in a certain philanthropic project.

The caller's ring was answered by the little girl of the house.

"Will you kindly say to your mother that Mrs. Blank is here?" asked the charity worker.

"Certainly," said the youngster, who at once departed. In a moment or two she returned.

"Well, did you tell your mother?" was the next inquiry.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what did your mother say?"

"Why," said the little girl, "she said, 'Oh dear!'"

Couldn't Stand It

A LADY visiting Denver suffered greatly from the elevation. One day, after an attack, she sighed, "I can hardly breathe—I believe I'm dying."

"Will you go to heaven if you die?" inquired her little girl, anxiously.

"I hope so, dear."

"Oh, mamma dear," sobbed the little one, "don't go to heaven; you could never stand the altitude."

A Boy on the British Empire

THERE is a lad in Boston, the son of a well-known writer of history, who has evidently profited by such observations as he may have overheard his father utter touching certain phases of British empire-building. At any rate, the lazy shaweel a shrewd notion of the opinion not infrequently expressed in regard to the righteousness of "British exemption." It was he who handed in the following essay on the making of a British colony:

"Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England does it. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country, he gets all his people round him and says, 'Let us pray,' and when all the eyes are shut, up goes the British flag."

A Disliked Innovation

A NEW ENGLAND minister tells of a deacon in Massachusetts who could remember the days when the minister lined out the hymn and the congregation sang it. Although the worthy old fellow had long been too feeble to go to church, his opinions still found their way to the people.

On one occasion an unwary visitor was indiscreet enough to say, in the presence of the aged deacon:

"We are going to have some fine organ-playing this summer. That teacher from Boston is going to play every Sunday while Maria Thompson is off taking a vacation."

The deacon became much agitated. "Send for the minister!" exclaimed he. "I want to see him! Such goings-on! A *musician* playing on that organ! Let 'em go without till Maria Thompson gets home again!"

Without His Jurisdiction

THE story is told of a certain justice of the Supreme Court of a Western State who invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go sailing on the lake with him.

It appears that the wind was quite brisk even at the start, and that it soon freshened, causing the craft to toss and roll in a manner that gave the lawyer much inward uneasiness.

When he perceived his friend's plight, the judge said, solicitously,

"My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, judge," replied the unhappy man, "you might overrule this motion."

Helping Mammy

THERE is a colored cook in the employ of a Richmond family among whose many accomplishments is a talent for making the finest kind of bread. Naturally, the old woman takes a great pride in having her loaves turn out well. One may imagine her dismay, therefore, when, one evening recently, after she had finished setting the batch of dough to rise in the kitchen and was resting herself on the door-sill, she was greeted thus by her seven-year-old son, who came running to her:

"Mammy, mammy! Dere's a mouse jumped into yo' bread-pan!"

The aged cook became frantic, and jumped up to hasten to the scene of the disaster. "Did yo' take him out?" she demanded of her son, as she clumsily hustled along.

"No, mammy," said the child, "but I done jest as good. I pitched de cat in, an' she's diggin' after him to beat de band!"



BILL DUCK. "*Gee! were you washed away?*"
MR. ROOSTER. "*Washed away nothin'! Don't you know a house-boat when you see it?*"



VENUS.. "*Where have you been, darling?*"
CUPID. "*Reno, Nev.*"

Pepper's Proverb

I DON'T know where I found it—
Suspect I picked it up:
This sayin' that has sweetened
The portion in my cup.
It tempers hasty jedgment
An' cools my pestered mind:
"To err is—woman;
To forgive,—mankind."

'Tis curus how it 's helped me.
It must ha' been inspired.
I've searched in Holy Scriptur';
Of Shakespeare I've inquired.
All is to women's notions
I'm more an' more resigned,
Sayin': "To err is woman;
To forgive,—mankind."

A kind of feller-feelin'
Wells up within my breast.
Sometimes it strains my collar
An' tightens up my vest.
A great, magnan'mous, human
Desire to be kind;
Thinkin': "To err is woman;
To forgive,—mankind."

They can't do what we tell 'em.
They do the best they can.
Not all the ribs of Adam
Could make the heft of man.
In pity, then—an' prudence—
We need to bear in mind:
"To err is—woman;
To forgive,—mankind."

M. ANGIER.

He Forgot

THE following furnishes a rare instance of that devotion to a foreign language which has caused one to forget for the moment that he spoke his own tongue.

An Englishman, who spent his time in adapting plays from the French for the British stage, was dining once in an English hotel, when, after he had eaten, he was seized with a desire to smoke. He called the waiter and said to him:

"*Peut-on fumer ici?*"

The man looked blank. "I don't understand a word of French, sir," he said.

The adapter was in despair. "Then for pity's sake send me some one who does!" he exclaimed.

He Was Helping

A BALTIMORE man, whose son is a student at Princeton, has had frequent occasion to remonstrate with his boy touching his extravagance, but the father invariably "comes to the front" when request is made for further funds.

In his last letter to his son, the father, after the usual recital, stated that he was forwarding a check for $50, and he wound up with,

"My son, your studies are costing me a great deal."

To which the hopeful, in his next letter, replied:

"I know it, father; and I don't study very hard, either."



Bedtime Stories

The Old Story in a New Way

SHE *(commenting on old photograph)*. "My picture will doubtless look as ridiculous as that a hundred years from now. It won't matter, though" *(sighing)*, "I'll be only a little heap of ashes then."

He. "And I'll be a little heap beside you in the family lot."

She *(indignantly)*. "You won't."

He. "Well, that's my intention now."

Serious

JANE'S sister was coming home from normal school.

"Why is she coming home?" asked the neighbor. "Is she sick?"

"Yes, she is very, very sick" said Jane.

"What ails her?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, I don't know exactly. Mamma had a letter from the principal, and he said it was lack of mental ability. I don't know whether it is catching or not."

A Poser

JOHNNY'S mother was telling him about his soul. Johnny was interested, but the story to his analytical little mind lacked a satisfying definiteness.

"Mamma," he asked, gravely, "is the soul round or square?"

It Wouldn't Do

A WASHINGTON woman who was conducting the culinary education of a young maid had many amusing experiences to lighten the tedium of her task.

One morning she said to the girl, "I want those eggs to be boiled exactly three minutes."

"But, ma'am," said the maid, "I have no clock to tell me when that time is ripe."

"No clock! Why, you have the kitchen clock! What do you mean?"

"But you have not forgotten, ma'am," continued the girl, deprecatingly, "that only this morning you told me that the kitchen clock was too fast!"

I Wonder

I WONDER if our early troth
Was really wise, or was it stupid?
I wonder, was it best for both
That we gave up pursuing Cupid?
I wonder if we'd been in bliss,
Had we been married to each other?
I wonder if you think of this,
Or all such recollections smother?
I wonder if you think our tiff
Was just as well, or but a blunder?
I wonder if you wonder if
I ever wonder if you wonder?

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.